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**February 17-May 2, 1817. Part 4.**

Travels in Flanders, Germany, Switzerland, Italy  
and France in the years 1816 and 1817.

Vol. 4<sup>th</sup>

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[ 23. February. 1817 ] Naples

... Wrightson and I walked to St. Carlo and the Academia, &c. I called on the Principe Larderia, and sat some time with him, also called with Miss Wrightson on Mr. and Mrs. and 2 Miss Sotheby's, who are just come from Rome and are at the Crocelli. Mr. Sotheby is really a most pleasing man, tho' not exactly what one would expect an elegant poet to be: yet in manners and conversation, tho' plain, he is genteel and agreeable.

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... I slipped off to the Opera ... and was very much pleased with the music of Otello by Rossini. I had only heard 2 acts of it before the storm and thunder and lightning at the time of his murder of Desdemona (which is done by stabbing her on the bed) are very fine and well imagined. The story is very much altered from our Othello, but it makes a very fine Opera: the instrumental music is, however, too full and elaborate and often for too long a time drowns the voice. It is a very wonderful work, and the whole of the second act is exquisite; especially Colbran's scene at the end of it. She was heavily and ill drest in Desdemona. Nozzari and David in Othello and Roderigo (the Cassio of the piece) and Chizzola in Iago (which is here a very poor part) were good. Nozzari and David have a charming duet, also Nozzari and Chizzola.

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[ 24. February. 1817 ]

... I went alone [to the Principessa's], and arrived just before the music began.... There were M. Fioravanti, son of the Composer, with a fine baritone voice and much cultivation, taste, and flexibility; and a M.

Valentini, who has a fine tenor. They sung some good duets and solos -- a young Lady also sung tolerably, and the Duchessa di Calabieto intolerably. ... I had a great deal of musical conversation with Fioravanti and Valentini; the former is the son of the composer of that name, known for his *Le cantatrici villane* and *I viruosi ambulanti*, who lives here now, as does Mayer, Rossini, and several other celebrated musicians. This and Milan are the only places where good music is to be found in Italy.

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[ 25. February. 1817 ]

... I went to the Opera to see, at St. Carlo, the Opera of *Elizabetta* by Rossini. It is indeed, as I was told, his Master-piece, but not, I think, superior to *Otello*. It is exquisite harmony and proportion from beginning to end, and nothing could be more perfect than the silence with which all the charming airs, duets, trios, &c., were heard. Colbrand was Elizabeth, and I never before heard her so fine. She was beyond herself, and really played with dignity, and sung with exquisite clearness and execution. I was delighted with *Canonici* from the *Fiorentini* who played *Matilda* most excellently. She speaks the words so plain and is so unaffected and feeling, and her voice in such admirable tune that I prefer her style to Colbrand, tho' her powers are not so extensive or highly finished. The duet between them, which Nozzari finished as a trio, is lovely indeed. Nozzari is very good in *Leicester*, but there is no great variety -- he sings chastely, but I prefer the greater powers and spirited execution of *David*, who was really admirable in the scene where he (Norfolk) incited his followers to rebellion -- his Song, supported by the chorus, was admirably given; and Colbran in the last scene, where Norfolk is disgraced and she gives *Matilda* to *Leicester*, was

beyond herself in brilliancy and feeling, which she does not often display; but she was really a Queen, and looked

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and acted and sung inimitably. Prince Leopold and his Princess were in the Royal box -- which prevented applause, as when the Royal family are present, there are no plaudits unless they set the example, and they are too stupid to do so.

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[ 2. March. 1817 ]

...Charlotte, Jane, and I went to the Church of Spirito Santo, which we wished to see, as it is made by Mrs. Radcliffe the scene of many interesting interviews in her Romance of "The Italian." It is in in the Strada Toledo and is very large, and of handsome Corinthian Architecture. It forms a Latin Cross, but is too white. ... This Church was founded

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by a sect of Devotees who fancied themselves peculiarly illuminated by the Holy Ghost. ... Above the great Entrance are the Sepolcres with inscriptions of Charles of Anjou and Charles Martel. There is a most beautiful Baptismal Font formed of a great vase of Egyptian basalt, with beautiful bas reliefs of Bacchus, &c. -- it is placed on a pedistal of porphyry. The Sacristy is full of bad pictures: and in closets are kept lots of Sacred relics, and quantities of large gold and silver images of saints very ugly. The subterranean Church below the great Altar is small and quite covered with white marble, carved into Arabesques, &c. There is a good statue said to be by Bonaroti of Cardinal Caraffa kneeling: he built the whole of the subterranean Church. Under the great Altar is preserved the sacred body of St. Gennaro, the patron of Naples. Thro' a little glass window in it, a golden little image of him is seen. Adjoining the Cathedral and opening

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Guglielmi Junior, was so fatigued by the exertion of finishing it in a hurry and having no rest, that it brought on a decline, and he died very young, having only written this and Sidagero, which both gave such promise of future and matured excellence, as makes his loss most severe -- for, except Rossini, there is now no native composer of any genius or distinction in Italy.

[ 3. March. 1817 ]

Vesuvius

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... [We] proceeded up to the oldest and largest crater, which, as well as the newer one very near it, was so violent the last time we mounted that we could not at all approach it. Now it was quite quiet. The ascent was not long but steep -- but we were amply rewarded: and saw at once the whole of this large crater, very deep, and half a mile round, full of smoke, the sides lined with a deep yellow sulphur, and at the bottom a rumbling hissing noise like a Steam Engine or the falling of water. Not 50 yards from the outside of the circle of the crater to the north, but on another summit, is the newer crater, which every 10 minutes vomited forth immense eruptions of red hot stones. I ran up to its mouth just after one and looked into it.

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It is not near so deep or grand as the old, but now is more active. Behind these 2 craters is the sulphur valley, which is quite precipitous on all sides, and is a narrow flat below. The sides of it are most beautiful, and of the richest green, pink, and yellow shades, which, with the bright sunshine, were most magnificent in coloring. The air is here so rarified and so clear that it seems to move like shallow limpid water in the sun before the eyes: the effect of this is most beautiful. On the farther side of the sulphur valley, but approaching the point where it ends and near the summit

of the newer and now active crater, is the last and newest crater, with the sulphur cliff rising high above it on one side, and on the other a wall of cinders it has thrown out. At the edge of the old crater, we saw all three at once; and the wind, very slight, was so favorable, their smoke was all carried exactly from us. It was a most wonderful scene of desolation: brilliancy of color, of fire, smoke, and mountains of cinders, and torrents of lava.

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[ 6. March. 1817 ]                      Naples

...Yesterday I forgot to mention the very elegant circular interior form of the Teatro Fondo, which has 5 tiers of boxes and is about as large as Covent Garden before it was rebuilt. There are pilasters between the boxes to the height of 3 tiers. The ceiling is very elegant. The Theatre was certainly much better worth seeing than the performance of last night. This morning I looked in at the Teatro St. Carlo, but found there was not a rehearsal of the Opera of Cora till to-morrow evening. I met Mr. Vestris and had a long chat with him: he told me that as well as St. Carlo the Teatro Fondo and Teatro Fiorentini belong to Barbaia, who from being a garçon of a café has by his activity and enterprise become the richest man in Naples. He now farms all the gaming tables, taking the profits of them and paying a certain tax to the Government, and thus makes so much, that he has very easily built this most wonderful Theatre in less than a year, and is enabled to carry it on the immense scale it requires, which makes

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the expenses of new pieces enormous.

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[ 7. March. 1817 ]

... [I] went to St. Carlo where I heard nearly the last act of the rehearsal of the opera of Cora: it had begun very early on account of the Academia, which David had to sing at. There



were a great many people. The music is very fine: full of melody, and fine bravura divisions, and quite in Cobran's way. She sung very well. There was a beautiful quintetto by her, David, Nozzari, &c. I was sorry I could not hear more of it. I was on the stage with David, &c.

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... we all went to the Academia, where we arrived before the music began. ... The Music was most delightful, and very superior to last week. We had Ciabrand, Canonici, David, and Pellegrini. The last quartetto by Guglielmi Sen.<sup>r</sup> was really divine; also a trio sung by the 3 first singers, and a duet by Ciabrand and David from the Vestale by Spontini. Pellegrini sung a fine basso air by Mosca, and David also was in high spirits and full of gesticulation, yet really so powerful and animated as to be delightful. Ciabrand's piercing high notes, Canonici's soft fullness, and Pellegrini's flexible basso were altogether delightful.

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[ 9. March. 1817 ]

... The Opera of Cora is most beautiful and with very fine scenery, and is very like the play of the Virgin of the Sun -- one scene, where Rolla lets Alonzo out of prison, is like Pizarro. Nozzari played Ataliba -- David, Alonzo -- Chiccimarra, Rolla -- and the High Priest, Benedetti. Colbran was very good in Cora. I never heard her sing so well as she sung a grand bravura in the beautiful finale of the last act, after the King, moved by the restoration of his child, agrees to the marriage of Cora and Alonzo, instead of her sacrifice for breaking her vows of becoming a Virgin of the Sun. The storm and earthquake and destruction of the temple, and the volcano, were beautifully done. David's part is the best and he sung most delightfully and with great spirit, but was drest like a postillion. Colbran does not look

the interesting Cora (Elizabeth is her great part), but she sung delightfully. Nozzari had not much to do -- he is too nasal, but sings with the greatest taste and with admirable judgement. Altogether I was very much pleased, tho' not so much as with Otello & Elizabeth by Rossini. The music of this is by Mayer: it is like all his, very unequal, and often very limping and unexpected and unsatisfactory, yet is noble in some parts, especially

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the duet of David and Colbran in the 2<sup>nd</sup> act and the quartett at the end of the 2<sup>nd</sup> act; the whole of the last act is good, and the finale is a most exquisite quintetto.

[ 10. March. 1817 ]

... We all went ... to the Ridotto to the Concert of Spohr, a famous violin player of Vienna. It was full, but chiefly Germans, and mostly men: however the Jerseys, Ponsonbys, Cowpers, Acourts, &c., were there and also Madame Portalis, wife to Count P., who is gone with Evans and Sotheby to Greece. She is very pretty. I had much talk with Lord Jersey, who recognised me from our travels together up the Rhine. ... The Concert was not long, but very delightful indeed. Spohr is a very fine player, of the greatest neatness, sweetness, clearness, and prettiness. It is like singing -- but he wants the soul of Weichsel or Yaniewicz. He played a concerto and a fantasia accompanied by his wife on the piano, but her playing was quite obligato to the violin. He also played some beautiful variations to "Laci Darem la mano," The first overture, by Haydn, was good; the 2<sup>nd</sup> by Mayer, to the "Quattro Stagioni," is a most brilliant and lovely piece, calling forth separately all the instruments of the orchestra. I never heard it before and was highly delighted. Nozzari and David sung a fine duet of

Mayer's and a trio of Cherubini's was most delightfully sung by them and Benedetti. After it was all over, we walked in the adjoining room with the Miss King's and Carcassole, who introduced us to Crescentini, for so many years the most celebrated singer in Europe. He is now near 60, a fine looking old man, and lives at Bologna, where he asked me to call on him. He has long since retired from public life, with a good character, and a good deal of money. He is a most pleasing gentlemanly old man, and we had a great deal of musical conversation. I was quite sorry to leave him, and he was charmed to hear of Catalani, who sung with him at Lisbon when

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she first came out there.

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[ 11. March. 1817 ]

... Went to the Opera and had a good place in the first row next to a very

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goodnatured powdered old Gentleman, whom I have before talked to at the Academia. Prince Leopold and his little wife were there; but they are terribly stupid and never applaud. The music of the Opera of Cora very much improves on acquaintance. Nozzari's song, and Colbran's scene in the last act, and all the 3 finales, besides David's duet with Colbran, are really delightful. Mayer is now composing an Opera to be brought out at Easter. I am truly sorry to leave Naples, were it only for the sake of hearing good music, of which there is constantly something at least to be had here; and on the whole I must allow it is here the best supported Italian Opera, and certainly far the most magnificent Theatre I have ever seen.

After the Opera I took leave of Don Jose de Ulloa, .. who will soon be again in Rome. He is more triste and solitaire,

and I really pity him much. He is very amiable, but fanciful and effeminate.

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[ 1. April. 1817 ] Rome

... Charlotte got a letter from William and one from William Clark, in whose letter are some long extracts from Lord Byron's last Canto of Childe Harold, which are full of most pathetic feeling, and exquisite description of Waterloo, and of the lake of Geneva, &c. An allusion to his quarrel with his wife is most finely conceived, but the verses are very laboured, and very limping and unequal, even more so than usual, sometimes more unmetrical and prosaic than the most plodding prose, the words (Stanza XII) not always "woven into song" (Stanza CXII). I read out Forsythe's Italy, and I never met with a cleverer or more

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ill-natured Traveller: nothing pleases him -- yet there is great originality in much of what he says, and he is evidently deeply versed in architecture, especially. His remarks on paintings, statues, or music are inferior, and tho' clever, are often very unjust. His account of the people, especially at Rome, tho' true in many points, is too severe, and at Naples he makes the lower classes even worse than they are, but gives a fair account of the upper ranks. On the whole it is a useful book, but the style is too dictatorial and without that charm of enthusiasm and flow of language which gives such a zest to the incorrect and partial details of Eustace.

[ 2. April. 1817 ]

... We got to the Vatican before 3 and got good places in the Sistine Chapel, which soon became very full: tho' the music did not begin until 1/2 past 4. ... The Pope was not there. He

is so infirm, it was better for him to keep

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quiet for to-morrow. The Cardinals were all there, and the Chapel illuminated. On one side of the grand altar was a branch candlestick with 15 candles, each of which represent one of the 12 Apostles and the 3 Marys. The music began, and most tiresome it was -- nothing but chanting. Everybody was half-asleep before the chanting ended. ... Gradually as the chanting proceeded the candles were extinguished, until at last only one was left (I suppose the Virgin, for she was placed below the altar). Then all the candles of the Chapel were extinguished, and we were left in the dark or nearly so, as it was past 6. Then began the Miserere, which was sung as an alternate duet by 2 choruses at each end of the orchestra, and between each stave was a short chant of a minute or 2 by some singers placed in the centre. The Miserere lasted an hour, and it was indeed worth the fatigue of waiting, for the music was most exquisite by Marcello -- and the voices accorded admirably. I never heard so fine a voice as that of the soprano of one of the divisions. I could not find out his name, but really such celestial sounds almost reconcile one (at the time at least) to the means by which they are procured -- tho' it is said that mutilation is now not allowed -- however most of the trebles we had to-day were of that nature. As soon as the Miserere was over, I felt myself released from that sweet enthusiasm of Marcello's sacred Cecilian sounds,

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which had indeed a delightful effect in these gloomy walls, lighted by one taper and by the glimmer of twilight thro' the long high casements of the Chapel. I really never was more pleased than with the solemn strains of the Miserere, of a rich harmony yet varied and smooth; and the silver sounds of the beautiful

soprano I never shall forget.

... Nightingale and Ulloa are just come from Naples and told me that never was any thing so complete as Catalani's success at Naples. Her first night was at the Fiorentini, and she sung with such effect that on her second night at St. Carlo 6000 crowns were taken at the door. She has been introduced at Court and has created such an enthusiasm at Naples as has not been felt there for a long time.

[ 3. April. 1817 ]

This morning my Sisters went off at 9 to Mass at the Sistine Chapel, but there was really nothing to see more than usual, except that the Guards were all there. I went at 11, and got into the Hall of the 2 Chapels which was full of people who had come to see the Procession of the Pope from the Sistine to the Paoline Chapel. The choristers, Cardinals, and guards,

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&c., proceeded the body of Christ in a linen cloth--lastly the Pope himself under a canopy walking, but supported on each side. It was very splendid. The procession went into the Paoline Chapel, which was lighted up very brilliantly, and there the body was buried by the Pope. We did not attempt to go to the burial, the crowd was so immense, but went with a great crowd also to the Capella Clementina, a large and very elegant Chapel which I never was in before. Here we were in time to get good places for the Ladies, and I had a tolerable place to stand, for as usual there were no seats for the men. Such a crowd I scarcely ever was in, but it was a very brilliant one. The Ladies looked well placed on raised seats round 3 sides of the room. Thirteen Priests all drest in white and with white caps, and their feet

wrapped up in flannel, sat on a high raised seat on the 4<sup>th</sup> side of the room. The King of Spain, Prince of Peace, Queen of Etruria, Prince Henry of Prussia. and lots of others were in their boxes. The Pope entered from a small door with all the Cardinals, Officers of the Guard, &c. He was placed on his throne. The liturgy of the Gospel was sung, and then the Pope, assisted by his 2 train-bearers, went along the line of the 13 Priests, drest as Pilgrims, and washed their feet, and kissed their legs, and gave each of them a medal with an inscription from scripture on it, and a flower. It is a most strange ceremony, and meant as a type of humility, and of Christ washing the feet of the 12 Apostles.

Here there are 13 Apostles because once when

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a Pope was performing the ceremony, an Angel descended from Heaven and sat with the 12 and received the holy kiss and ablution. The Pope, after the burial of Christ at Mass, gave the Blessing from the Balcony above the Great Portal of St. Peter's to the multitude below. ... From the washing of feet, we ran upstairs, getting thro' a great crowd, and at last found the Gregorian Hall, where was the Table of the Pilgrims. It was full, but we got a table at the door and with several others stood on it, and had an excellent view. The Table was very long. The Priests and Pilgrims all on one side. The centre of the table was covered by flowers and arching branches, very pretty. Opposite to the Pilgrims were the boxes of the Royal Parties. The Pope entered at the other end of the room and gave to each of the guests separately a flower and a bit of bread, then he returned and handed separately to each a goblet of wine, then again to each a plate of meat. After this ceremony he retired: but the Cardinals remained and

served the poor Priests and Pilgrims with the rest of the dinner and desert, all of which seemed most excellent and delicate. It was a curious scene, and I am glad to have seen these ceremonies.

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... We went to Signora Corsi's Academia Sagra in the Via Coronari, for which we had tickets. It was a private concert, tho' there were some professionals. We were in good time, and had the very best places. The Signor and Signora della casa were very civil. It was full indeed, but the party was chiefly Italian, and there were some very pretty women. I had a great deal of conversation with Madame

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Marconi who sat near me, and who speaks French, English, German, and Italian very well indeed. She is a German and a very pleasing unaffected woman, and a fine actress and singer. I also met Maroni, my music master, who was glad to see me again here. The band was formed -- plenty of violins, basses, and a harpsichord -- 4 or 5 sopranos -- one charming woman, a contralto, sung with exquisite taste and a most capital strong and fine voice -- Signora Corsi is passata, but has been a delicate and sweet singer -- but the chief Soprano was the Eunuch of St. Peter's. His leading of the choruses, for feeling and clearness and brilliancy, I really never can forget. The 2 chief tenors were pretty well. One sung a good many solos and duets with good effect, tho' a little too nasal. One young man, the chief bass, is a most capital singer indeed, and lots of the others were good: in all there were about 40 singers. The performance was a Miserere in Italian, the music by Marcello: and I never heard choruses so admirably performed. The effect was like enchantment. I really could not have believed any harmony could be so perfect with so many voices.



[ 4. April. 1817 ]

... We drove home and with us Grey, who was going with us to the Academia Cecconi. We set off at 9 and arrived soon after -- but it was crammed full. ... The band was good: pianoforte, violins, flutes clarionets, horns, bass, &c. The Stabat Mater of Gazzaniga was performed by 4 singers: it is all arranged as quartetto,

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except 5 or 6 solos -- some of which were really most beautiful, but quite in the opera style, and not a very new style: however they were a most brilliant and difficult set of airs to execute. Signora Ciabatta, who sung so well last night, sung several solos most charmingly and spoke the words most distinctly and with great feeling. Signora Cecconi was the prima -- her voice is a very brilliant, fine, acute one: especially the upper notes, and she sung a very difficult bravura most admirably, with great precision, taste, and neatness, yet some tone of her voice and some of her turns are too abrupt and harsh. The tenor and bass were the same we had last night. Altogether I was much delighted and the music was excellent: but it was more like what I have often heard; and nothing can come up to the choruses of the large and capital band of last night, or to the sublime effect of Marcello's music so executed.

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[ 6. April. 1817 ]

... Soon after 8 we set off for St. Peter's ... the great splendor and diversity of the scene were most striking. The Procession of the Pope, &c., was the same as at Christmas, and the Mass also. I was so near I saw the Pope put on the Greek and then the Roman habit: the Gospel was then read by him in Latin and then by a Greek Bishop in Greek. These Greeks belong to that part of the Greek Church which acknowledges the Pope as the head of their

Church. The others consider the Patriarch of Constantinople as their chief. The Pope chanted the Preface to the Elevation of the host, and the trumpets sounded, and the Host was proclaimed and elevated. The horns played. Every one was on their knees and there was a dead silence.

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... one curious thing ... is done at the Benediction. The Pope with much ceremony showers down a square paper on which is inscribed the Bull of Excommunication for the family of Colonna. This severe penalty they incurred some hundred years ago for having murdered Pope Boniface the 8<sup>th</sup> -- but having long since made their peace with the Church, the paper is followed by another which is most greedily scrambled for by their dependants below and which contains the bull of pardon and readmission. It is not very evident why the ceremony should be kept up: and it seems very odd at so magnificent and awful a moment when assembled multitudinous thousands are on their knees to receive a blessing they believe to come directly from Heaven, that the agent of dispersing this blessing should also have to throw down 2 scraps of paper merely relating to the crimes and pardon of one family.

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... We went to the Portuguese Ambassador's in the Corso before 8 to a grand concert by him to celebrate the anniversary of the Accession to the Throne. A fine suite of rooms were open and an elegant gallery about 150 feet long, but narrow, very elegantly painted: and quite dazzling with light. The Orchestra was arranged at one end. We entered at the other end and were most politely received by Don Carlos di Pinto and his wife, apparently very elegant people.

... The Music was most admirable, and commenced with a chorus and solos, the words written by Tambroni, alluding to the restoration of Portugal to the Queen, who is Sister to the Queen of Etruria. The music of it was very beautiful and finely adapted for the commencement as it was brilliant and full. Madame Marconi next sung very finely a song. Then a young singer called La Silvestra, with

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very great powers quite à la Catalani and a most amazing clearness and flexibility, sung a grand bravura. Her voice wants modulation: she should study a little more the gliding spianato style, but she is really a delightful singer: and also sung a trio most admirably with one of the tenors and the bass: it was by Rossini from L'Inganno Felice: also we had another young female singer who sung with great neatness and delicacy a fine air of Rossini's. A beautiful trio was next sung by the 2 tenors and the bass. Madame Marconi then sung Mozart's song, with a long recit: of "Porto ma tu ben mio," very finely, but I had rather heard her and La Silvestra sing duets than any thing else.

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[ 7. April. 1817 ]

... we then all drove to the Villa Ludovision of the Pincian Hill. It is not shewn without a permission which the Prince

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di Piombino is very apt to refuse: but Canova is privileged to take his friends there, and he was so good as to take us and the family of Mr. and Mrs. Norcliffe and 3 daughters lately come from Florence. They are very pleasant people, and the same young Ladies who acted the Earl of Warwick at Florence just after I left it. ... Canova conducted us to the Casino, which is filled with a small but good collection of statues. 2 heads of Juno

colossal are very fine. Pluto and Proserpine large as life by Bernini is spirited but forced, and Pluto has a mean face. A very fine Mercury. A statue sitting with the legs stretched out and the arms resting on the knees, the body bending forwards and a sword: it is of Mars but very much injured and broken; the head is a model of beauty and the whole attitude, tho' extraordinary, is so free and natural it is really astonishing: but yet far inferior to the Mars resting, which is in perfect preservation, and the most beautiful sitting statue I

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ever saw: The bend of the body, the crossing of the legs, and contour of the head are really inimitable. Next is the famous group of Paetus and Arria, as it is called: but that it certainly cannot be from various causes -- it seems to be some barbarian who in a fit of rage has just killed a woman and is in the act of stabbing himself. His face and outstretched attitude, his arm raised its full length above his head, the sword just entering perpendicularly into his breast very high, the head turned away; all this and the blood just gushing gives this statue an appearance of life and really quite frightful, but for dramatic sympathy far inferior to the female figure he has just killed -- the blood is streaming from her breast, her right arm hanging over a rail, her head sinking -- the most exquisite soft and tender expression of face, and most lovely features -- altogether this is one of the finest things I ever saw. The combination of the 2 figures and their contrast are most wonderful. There is a good Bacchus, &c., and a great many others -- but the most valuable group of all is one called Electra recognising Orestes, or Papirius and his Mother trying to get from him what he had heard in the Senate House. Canova thinks it is the former, as the woman's hair is

short and it was never cut so in Rome, except for slaves for a sacrifice, or for being publicly infamous: however that may be, it is the figure of a large and beautiful woman with beautiful drapery giving her hand in the style of salutation and looking earnestly at a youth of 16 or 17. She seems to be older -- 25 or 26. I never saw such 2 beautiful mild placid faces, and much alike.

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His figure is most elegant, and his face seems full of thought, as if he had heard something very extraordinary. This group is somehow very affecting, and I cannot help thinking the female figure cannot be meant for any thing so unamiably as Electra. It seems like a Mother meeting her son, and enquiring of him, while he is full of something of importance: and yet they in age are more like sister and brother than mother and son. It is I think the finest group of 2 I ever saw by far. It is so very natural and interesting -- the figures, faces, and drapery are perfection: and it is quite unspoiled and perfect. It is not known where any of these fine things were found -- Paetus and Arria, Mars, and Electra and Orestes -- but they are 3 of the most perfect chef d'oeuvres I have seen. 3 casts are now being taken of the last -- one is for the Prince Regent. We went next to the Belvidere, a very pretty building of 2 stories. On the ceiling of the ground floor is painted the famous Aurora of Guercino in fresco. This is the rival of Guido's at the Rospigliosi Palace, but very different. It is in a broad and vigorous style of coloring, very harmonious and grand -- but much more adapted to a subject of force than the soft representation of Aurora in her Car. The composition is not good -- it is too much divided. Titan behind the Car is not a good figure, tho'

his surprise and admiration are well expressed. The horses are fine piebalds, and Aurora is very lovely with a most soft and exquisite countenance yet perhaps not animated enough and too pale -- yet truly charming. The Hours most fascinating

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in a corner are chasing off the stars. Lucifer (the morning star) is represented as a young man with wings in a separate apartment on the side of the room, and opposite is Night, a large woman sitting very pensive and dignified -- a book on her knee and she asleep. Genii are hovering about Night and about Aurora. The whole is not well combined, perhaps partly because the place is not large enough for the grouping of the whole together, and it is as a whole inferior to Guido's. The great beauty of it is its extreme clearness, distinctness, and force. I was highly delighted -- and upstairs is another fresco of Fame sounding her trumpet and carrying a laurel branch, and behind her Honor and Virtue. This is also by Guercino, and the attitude and face of Fame are most beautiful and animated, and the color is natural and admirably managed. Guido's Aurora has too much light and wants relief -- here there is too much contrast of light and shade; yet the drawing and design of the former are far superior, but tho' not so brilliant, the force and clearness of the coloring of these freschi of Guercino give them in that respect the preference. On the whole the brilliant effect and fine combination of figures and beauty of drawing gives Guido's far the preference. We mounted to the top of this Belvidere (which is a very neat pleasant house in a lovely situation), and had an enchanting view of a foreground of ilex and cypress, the Borghese villa, and the Pincian Walk, Medici Villa, and then the whole of Modern

Rome -- the Dome and facade of St. Peter's just opposite look finer than any where I have seen them; at

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a distance we saw the whole of ancient Rome, the Tiber, the Colosseum, the tomb of Decilia Metella, the whole Campania's flat contrasted with the hills of Albano and Frascati, and the Sabine Mountains, Soracte, and the Appennines to the north. This was the Panorama view of Rome first exhibited in London in the Strand, which I well remember seeing. It is a pity that it does not take in more of the antiquities -- but as a landscape, I think it is the finest. For an idea of the buildings, the Capitol is the best spot, and for a view of Rome both new and old at once, St. Pietro in Montorio is the place. From hence, however, the Monte Mario, Vaticano, and Gianicolo have a grand effect. Having long looked at this lovely scene with a clear unclouded sky and rich declining sun, we descended, and looked at a colossal recumbent Silenus, lying on a Sarcophagus with bas reliefs of a battle between the Romans and Dacians. They are very good, especially the last, but come ill after the statues of the Casino, where there are also 2 very fine reliefs which I could not attend to, being so taken up with the statues. Highly delighted with our hour and a half at the Villa Ludovisi, and especially with our most amiable, unaffected, and pleasant Cicerone Canova, who, though confessedly the first sculptor of the age, rich, titled, and universally looked up to, took as much trouble in explaining the statues to us, as if he had nothing else to do: and bore the repetition of questions and the excessive stupidity of some of the party with the greatest good humor. He dilated with enthusiasm

on the merits of the 3 chief objects among the statues -- and we left him with almost as much regret, as we were hurried from the admirable works he so delightfully explained to us.

[ 12. April. 1817 ]

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... I drest and at 9 went with Lariveu to the Contessa Odendeci to a Societa of Italians with Music. The room was very elegant and there were about 50 people -- but very little conversation even before the music, and less after it began. There was not another English person but myself. The Ladies sat in a kind of circle and the men either sat or stood apart from them; exactly as an old-fashioned English party is described. Very quiet -- and dull -- yet every one was quite at ease, and it seemed to be the usual style of the society; occasionally people changed places and walked about, to speak to each other. The Lady of the house was a lively well-bred woman and went about to every one doing the honors very well indeed: but here was a society of people who meet at least once a week and sometimes oftener and yet they were all half asleep and seemed to have little or nothing to say to each other. Very different would have been a Neapolitan

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Society, or a Florentine. The Romans are really a vegetating race, and I could not have believed they could have been so much more like the inhabitants of torpid Lapland than of a climate like this. Certainly of all the Italians I have seen, they are indubitably the dullest. There was only a pianoforte: but we had 8 or 10 singers. One tenor was a very fine singer. His duet with La Silvestra was most charming. Moroni also sung well. La Silvestra was most brilliant. Her variations to a little Italian



air were exquisite. We had also Signora Cecconi, and 2 others, one of whom I heard before at the Portuguese Ambassador's. The songs, duets, trios, and quartetts were really delightful. As for La Silvestra, she only wants cultivation to be a second Catalani. It must be allowed that if the Italians do not seem to care for music in public, it is very much because they can have it better at home: but it is a great pity that such singers as La Silvestra do not adopt the stage as a profession, and it is very unlucky also that the prejudice against it is still so strong in Italy. It is odd it should be so in a country where the arts have made such a progress and have always been so much encouraged: but it is owing to the cause that there have been so few fine Italian female singers, and that so few are now to be found at the Theatres.

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[ 15. April. 1817 ]

... I called at Lady Belmore's and the Robertson's, and saw them, and on the Minto's, who were out -- also at Bomba's and at Abbè Taylor's; who promised to take Wright and me to the Pope on Friday. Called at Catalani's. Saw her, Valabreque, Miss Corri, and Madame Pucitta. I went with them to a rehearsal at Rufini's of the Concert for to-morrow night. An A.D.C. of Prince Henry of Prussia, Col. Scheckin, and several other Prussians, Poles, and Russians were there. The music was delightful. Miss Corri sung "O quanta l'anima" very finely. She is much improved. Catalani sung "Per queste amare," "O dolce" with new variations, "Della Tromba," and a most brilliant and beautiful air of Portogallo's I never heard

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before. She was in exquisite voice and spirits.

[ 16. April. 1817 ]

... Signor Rè, the Antiquarian, called. He seems a very intelligent well-informed man, and is to go about with my Sisters and me as soon as they go out. He gave us a good deal of information. The inscription just found on the base of the Pillar of the Emperor Phocas is merely stating that it was erected by an exarch of Ravenna out of gratitude to Phocas for the appointment. This, however, proves it to be (as was always thought) built in honor of Phocas. Signor Rè

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... gave us an account of the discovery of Gabbi, a city between the Sabines and Albans on the plain below Frascati. Here many of the Statues of the Borghese family now at Paris were found, as the ground belonged to them. The law of excavations, which asks a man who excavates to ask leave, and offer what is found to be purchased by the Government, is very good, but it further and most absurdly enacts that 1/3 of the value of the produce must be given to the Government and 1/3 to the Proprietor of the soil, so that even if any thing valuable is found the expence takes off all the profit, if it be undertaken by strangers or artists; and the Roman Proprietors are too indolent to attempt it in general. This last part of the law is soon, it is said, to be revoked. This law was, of course, eluded whenever any small thing was found, and by this means many beautiful small remains, coins, urns, metal works in silver and gold, have been secreted and sold to foreigners. I went with Signor Rè to the house of Camuccini, the most celebrated painter of the day in Rome, who is a friend of his. He was not at home, but Mr. Rè shewed me a fine collection of casts of the best statues elegantly arranged in one room, a pretty library, and 2 other

rooms both filled with some very rare and valuable chef d'œuvres of the Great Masters of Painting, and not more than one or two pictures by each, and in all not above 30 or 40.

... After dinner I went to the Concert

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of Catalani at the Teatro Argentino. Luckily I was an hour too soon, and met Valabreque, Catalani, and Miss Corri just going into the Theatre, so went with them to their private room, where we had a great deal of pleasant conversation. It was said that Valabreque had lost immense sums at Naples at the Rouge et Noir of St. Carlo, but it is not true, as he only drew £100 from Chiaveri before he went there, and brought back some of it, after paying all his expences while there and the journey both ways. The Profits at the Theatre were sent as received from the Banker at Naples to Chiaveri in a bill -- so this story is as true as Catalani's being overturned near Bologna and staying 2 days with an English family to whom she sung and charged 50 guineas for the performance.

Both these stories are in the English papers. No accident happened to them on the road and Valabreque, tho' he lost his own fortune at Lisbon by play before marriage, has never once played since in any shape or form. It is really cruel to invent such calumnies. I spent an hour most agreeably with them, and then went to a good place in the pit, where I sat near Beltrame and Leonardi and with Fisher and Wright. The House was full: but not crowded. Queen of Etruria and her Son and Daughter were there, and the Duke and Duchess of Genoa, and Prince Carignano -- but opposite to these were a much more interesting party. The beautiful Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon and very like him. I never saw a more lovely countenance and sweet expression. She was in a most

elegant and simple dress. Louis ex-King of Holland was with her, and also his son, a very pretty boy with a Napoleon face. Louis is a very gentlemanly man in appearance. To see him better we waited till they got into their carriage. I was delighted with the manner of the Princess, and there was a very elegant woman with her. The whole party seemed cheerful and happy and much attached to each other. They were a pleasing contrast to the dull ugliness of the Queen and Duchess opposite. The music was most delightful indeed. Catalani outdid herself -- and sung all her songs to a miracle. The first of "Mio bene" by Portogallo was really exquisite, then "Della Tromba" and "Per Queste amare Lagume," then came "O dolce concerto," and last "Nel corpiu non mi sento" which she sung with 2 new variations -- for the 2nd time. She was called for after every song and the people were really in raptures.

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[ 18. April. 1817 ]

This morning I got up early: dressed in my court dress, which was composed of Tambroni's hat and Chiaveri's coat and waistcoat, Canova's sword, Lariveri's buckles, and Charlotte's lace ruffles. The coat fitted me exactly -- better than Wright's. The carriage came and I went and took up Wright and then Robertson and Shedden. We arrived at the Abbè Taylor's, and met Sir William Bellingham and Mr. Hartop, a Mr. Saunders, a Mr. Fitzsimmons, a Mr. Brien, Colonel Pemberton, &c. We were in all 11 besides the Abbè. We paid the fees (which I suspect go entirely into the Abbè's pockets), 15 pauls each. We then set off in 3 coaches to the Vatican, and were ushered into Cardinal Consalvi's levee room, where were some foreign ambassadors, or rather secretaries, and the Cardinal had his hands full of papers. He however got up and was

introduced to us severally. He said it gave him much pleasure to see so many English here, and then asked several questions first of one and then another. His manners are mild and pleasing, and a mild expressive face: yet indicative of active abilities. He is a very clever man and well disposed to do what is right. We left him and passed thro' 4 elegant rooms hung with good paintings and each with a crimson throne. The Officers of the Guards were there, &c. The Pope was engaged with some foreign ministers, so we had to wait and the most officious old Abbè would insist on our going into the Gallery or Raphael's rooms till his Holiness was ready. We went accordingly -- and it was very cold -- not all our admiration of Raphael's School of Athens, St. Peter in Prison, or the burning of Spirito Santo could keep us warm. At last we received a summons to return. We met Fuscaldo (Ambassador of Naples) and some others leaving the Pope, and having left our hats and swords in the last anti-room, we went into the small room in which his Holiness was standing to receive us, headed by Sir William Bellingham and Colonel Pemberton. The Abbè introduced us severally. We passed and knelt -- and kissed his hand. He looked well and smiled benevolently on us all, and when we had passed he said he was most happy to receive so many English and hoped they would always come to see him. The Abbè then said something about each of us, as to where we had come from, or were going to, &c., but he said so much that it was impossible to get a word in; however when he

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he said I had lately returned from Naples, I said "Sono molto felice et sono molto onorato avere occasione de vedere la sua Sanctita," to which Pius replied "Mi piace molto de vedere tutti gli Inglese." This was all that passed -- nobody said anything.