This text was translated

and graciously contributed

to the Sophie Library

by

Richard P. Stebbins, Ph.D.

This text is copyrighted material, and is used by written permission of the author. Fair usage laws apply.

© 2005
ROMAN DIARY
(Tagebuch über Rom)

by

FRIEDERIKE BRUN

with Engravings (mit Kupfern)

[Volume One]

Zurich
Orell, Füssli und Compagnie
1800

Flyleaf:
AUSZÜGE
aus einem Tagebuche über ROM
In d. J. 1795 und 1796

(Extracts from a Diary about Rome in the years 1795 and 1796)
Translator's Preface

There follows a translation into English of Friederike Brun's two-volume *Tagebuch fiber Rom* (Roman Diary) of 1795-96, published in the German language in Switzerland in 1800-01 and here rendered into English from facsimile pages made available by the British Library in London.

To facilitate reference to the German-language original, its page numbers are repeated in bold-face type at the proper points in the English translation. As a general rule, the original text has been followed without significant deviation, although some overly lengthy paragraphs have been divided in the interests of readability. Proper names, though in most cases typographically highlighted in the original, are generally printed in regular type, and their spelling has been regularized to some extent and occasionally supplemented by the insertion of alternative names more familiar to readers of English. Footnotes are those of the original author unless otherwise indicated.

The Tables of Contents of the two translated volumes are placed at the beginning rather than the end of the respective volumes, and the "errata" list at the end of the German edition has been omitted since the necessary corrections, where relevant, have been made directly in the English text. A comprehensive index to the two volumes, usable with either the English or the German text, has been prepared as a separate document. The translator and all readers of the English edition owe a debt of gratitude to Margot L. Arnold for her careful and knowledgeable assistance in reviewing and correcting the translation.

To assist the reader unfamiliar with the background of these volumes, Friederike Brun's text is preceded by a brief biographical sketch from a German Damen-Conversations-Lexikon or Ladies' Encyclopedia of the 1830s. It may also be useful to indicate here the reasons for Friederike Brun’s presence in Italy in 1795-96, a time when life in the peninsula was being increasingly disrupted by the military incursions of revolutionary France, a projection of its incipient life-and-death struggle against the conservative monarchies of Austria and other European powers.

The southward journey of the thirty-year-old, German-born and Danish-nurtured poetess - the daughter and sister of Lutheran bishops, and wife of a prominent Danish magnate--- had, however, nothing to do with international wars and politics. Motivated primarily by serious medical problems that were thought to necessitate a change of climate, it also beckoned with a more cosmopolitan intellectual life than was available in Copenhagen in those early years of the Romantic era.

Accompanied by Carl and Charlotte, the eldest of her four children, and a limited number of servants, Friederike devoted the summer of 1795 to a leisurely progress through Germany and Switzerland. Amid flattering contacts with publishers and poets - one of whom dubbed her "the Northern Sappho" -- she entered also upon a romantic friendship with a highborn, somewhat older woman, the Princess Luise of Anhalt-Dessau, who was traveling with her secretary, the poet Friedrich von Mathisson, on a sentimental pilgrimage to Italy and Rome. As a romantic prologue to the Italian journey, there took place a kind of shared villeggiatura on the shores of Lake Como in Italian Switzerland, its participants consisting of Friederike Brun with her children; Princess Luise and her poet; and Friederike’s mend Karl Viktor von Bonstetten, an aging Swiss man of letters with whom she had become acquainted on a previous
journey. 1

In the volumes devoted to her sojourn in Rome and southern Italy, Friederike tells of further meetings with the German Princess and her poetic traveling companion, whose identities are easily recognized under the half-hearted disguises she gives them. Among the other notabilities with whom she became closely acquainted during her first year of Italian travel, special mention should perhaps be made of Georg (or Jorgen) Zoega (1755-1809), a Danish antiquarian and archaeologist who became almost a member of the Brun family group -- and whose professional opinions she came to value no less intensely than his personal character. The deepening of their acquaintance is a recurrent theme both here and in Friederike's later book, *Romisches Leben (Roman Life)*, published many years after Zoega's death.2 Other "dear friends," like "Hirt the artistic antiquarian" and "Fernow the philosophical esthete," together with artists of renown like Angelica Kaufmann, Antonio Canova, and Wilhelm Tischbein, appear and disappear in a narrative as fresh and sparkling as the time it was written.

In conclusion it may be remarked that Friederike's text, though nominally based on diary entries, shows ample evidence of having been drawn largely from "letters home" - particularly those written to her brother, Friedrich Munter, who succeeded their father, Balthasar Munter, as Lutheran Bishop of Zealand.

Richard Poate Stebbins, Translator

---


Friederike ‘8 dates:

Born June 3, 1765 in Grafentonna, Thuringia, Germany
Died March 25, 1835 in Copenhagen, Denmark

Among those of Germany’s female writers in whom a noble femininity is united with the gifts of the Muses, we may with full justification include also Friederike Brun. By birth she belongs to Saxony, although, having been transplanted to Denmark while still at her mother’s breast, she began her earliest development and struck the real roots of her being in that country.

Her father, who was very highly regarded as both man and scholar, was Balthasar Monter, Superintendent at Grafentonna in the Duchy of Gotha. Called to Copenhagen as pastor of the German congregation there, he took up this honorable appointment as soon as his wife could safely undertake the long journey after the birth of Friederike on June 3, 1765. Friederike, when she left Saxony, was not yet quite five weeks old.

In Copenhagen, where it was soon realized how well the choice of such a pastor had been justified - and where Balthasar Monter, honored and loved by high and low, soon succeeded to the highest place of spiritual honor in Denmark, being named bishop of Zealand - the young Friederike found ample opportunities for her cultural development. An inclination to poetry manifested itself in her at an early age, making itself involuntarily apparent through the gentle tones of song, in which her innermost feelings found expression.

A country residence of her father became for her a paradise. Here, left much to herself and far from the noises of the city and its disturbances, she attached herself to nature as to a motherly friend who became her teacher and confidante, and on whose bosom she breathed out her first tentative songs in trusted secrecy. Even in later years, even now in the twilight of life, Friederike gladly thinks of that time, and of the loneliness in which she then dreamed and poetized.

Her heart, so receptive to friendship, formed a lasting alliance with the poet brothers Stolberg and the families of Bernstorff, Reventlow and Schimmelmann. Particularly firm was the bond of purest inclination between her and Charlotte, Countess of Bernstorff (now the widowed Countess of Dernath).

Her education was simple, her instruction was not pedantically driven, and did not by any means exclude those subordinate arts of housekeeping, and that economic activity, which the future status as housewife demanded of her, and for which she, side by side with the most lively striving toward higher things, showed a pleasure reflecting her sure tact regarding a future necessity.

She read with the greatest curiosity, and since she was given only good things to read, and her good father then talked with her about her reading, directed her attention to its essential
features, corrected her variable judgment, and sought to determine and form her taste, though gently and scarcely noticeably to herself, such reading was the best guidepost for her in the field of knowledge.

In her sixteenth year she undertook with her parents a trip to Gotha, where she made the acquaintance of men like Klopstock, Gerstenberg, Claudius, Jerusalem, Herder and many others. In the following year she was married to the present royal Conference Counselor Constantin Bmn, who earlier lived as Danish Consul in St. Petersburg, and is now Director of the West Indian Company in Copenhagen. She bore him five children, of whom one son died; the other, however, together with three daughters, is happily married.

When not yet twenty-four years old, Friederike had the misfortune, on one sharp winter's night, to lose her hearing for life. She bore this loss with rare fortitude, and if the outer world fell silent for her, all the more powerfully did the lute of poesy assert itself within her.4

In 1791 Friederike accompanied her husband on a trip via Paris through southern France to Geneva. In Lyon she met Matthisson for the first time; in Geneva, Bonstetten. She became an intimate friend of both men, and carried on a lively correspondence with them.

The birth of her last daughter, Ida" was followed by a succession of weaknesses and nervous disorders, aggravated by the sharp climate of her place of residence. To this was added the early death of her indescribably loved father, whose life ended at that time in his fifty-ninth year. Sick in body and soul, she would have succumbed to physical ills, and to her deep grief over this loss, had she not followed the fortunate advice of a doctor that she undertake a journey to the south.

Accompanied by her two oldest children, she left in the spring of 1795, was so fortunate as to meet in Lugano the most excellent Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, who, in company with Matthisson, had a similar aim, and went with them to Rome, where she spent the winter. But it was only in the summer of 1796 that Friederike secured a moderation of her sufferings through the sulfur baths of Ischia. Her life thereafter was a constant struggle between the rigors of the northern latitude, which she had several times to abandon as an essential condition of her survival, in order to revive again in the south.

Of the ripely successful intellectual fruits which she harvested in Italy and Switzerland, and in the educational contact with Zoega, Fernow, Johann von Muller, Necker and his genius of a daughter Anna Germaine de Stael, Humboldt, Sismondi, and many others, her writings give ample witness. From her poems emanates the glow of a pure enthusiasm as well as the deep, mild, and yet lively feeling which characterizes them. Too, they are not just lyrical euphony, but richly and seriously equipped with thoughts which certify to us the quality of her intellect.

But what ranks them higher in life than the talent which nature lent her as a dowry, is dependability of character, truth of heart, sympathy for others' welfare and trouble, and a goodness which - although frequently deceived and misapprehended - never tires of asserting itself again where it can operate and help. And though, therefore, many a leaf from the rich wreath of her friends has already dried up and fallen away, she will never stand alone, for love and thankfulness surround her old age, which even the winter of life is unable to defoliate.

4The reader will readily perceive that Friederike's deafness was a minor handicap rather than a full-blown disability. (Translator.)
CONTENTS OF VOLUME I

I. (November 13-17, 1795)


II. (November 19-22, 1795)


III. (November 22-27, 1795)


IV. (November 28-31, 1795)


V. (December 1-18, 1795)

VI. (December 19-29, 1795)


VII. (December 30-31, 1795)


VIII. (January 2-18, 1796)


IX. (January 19-31, 1796)


X. (February 4-19, 1796)

again. Promenade from Ponte Molle to Aqua Gettosa. German pp. 260-308; English pp. 75-87.

XI. (February 20-29, 1796)


XII. (March 1-16, 1796.)


XIII. (March 1796.)


XIV. (March 20-24, 1796)

(November 13-17, 1795).

Villa Borghese.

It was the most beautiful morning, and I felt myself wholly beneath Italy’s heaven. This villa [p. 6] is drenched in noble Elysian charm. Group stands against friendly group; the dark prickly oak (Stecheiche) shelters the tender weeping willow (Thriinenweide), as it trails its saturated locks in the mirroring pond of the Temple of Aesculapius. Round hills surge up and down, pines thrust lightly woven green umbrellas against the blue heaven. Artists work in the open air, taking from the inexhaustible treasury of pleasant outlines and shadowy places the foregrounds, backgrounds and often the whole scene of their paintings.

Splendid, from the very entrance into this enchanting garden, the view over Rome to the Janiculus and Monte Mario; and noble, from the other side of the villa, is the view back over the governed lowlands, as far as the Soractes and the snow-covered spine of the Sabina.

Campo Vaccino, or Forum Romanum.

It was with a restrained tremor that I walked upon the hallowed [p. 7] ground and looked, with sensations that had no parallel, on ruins heaped upon ruins, and on the afterworld as it trampled upon the ancient times. It would have been impossible for me to speak aloud, lest I disturb the hallowed shades as they gently fluttered about us! This Via Sacra which I scarcely dared to tread upon—that distance, dominated by the Aventine Hill; the closeness of the Palatine and Capitoline hills—as yet I have climbed none of them! These mighty chambers of the Temple of Peace, and the massive walls of the Coliseum! Farewell for today! I flee from you and from myself!

November 14.

Angelika Kaufmann.

She came in the morning, graciously anticipating my call. A woman between fifty and fifty-four. The gentlest femininity, and a well-bred reserve (ein hooJdes in sich Geschmiegteyn) characterize this noble artist. Her voice is the loveliest organ of a tenderly sensitive [p. 8] soul, which, like a faithful echo, gives back every related tone. Very beautiful is her quietly shining eye, whose lingering look mirrors her artist’s mind like the evening glow upon a watery surface. With this eye she, as it were, encircles with grace each object on which it rests.
St. John Lateran.

This mother of churches is great and beautifully decorated—without being overloaded. In this attractive temple there stands an antique porphyry sarcophagus, which, I was told, once held the bones of Marcus Agrippa, but was removed from the Pantheon, which that great man built, and placed here, where it contains the remains of a Pope of the Corsini family. The view from the steps in front of the church is delightful. To the right lies Frascati on the slopes of the Alban Hills. A lower interval with a wide view between [p. 9] the Alban and Sabine hills, the land of the ancient Volsci and Aequi; Praeneste, now Palestrina, in the valley, then the Sabine country, the snow ridge of its hills, and the white gleaming Tibur positioned on the foothills; the aqueduct splendidly drawn across the plain to the mountains. Closer, on the right, the round Mausoleum of [Cecilia] Metella.

The Coliseum (Colosseum).

Yesterday I inspected it only from the outside. Today I ventured into the arena. Picturesque sections of the hanging and often literally suspended walls, a fine blue sky glimmering through the chambers; a wealth of green encompassing these walls and growing down into the inner rooms. Laurel and fig trees often split the stones with their stubborn roots. Ivy and jasmine proliferate and seem to enshroud the collapsing monument of greatness with the tender bonds of Nature, and [p. 10] to hold them together anew. When you walk into the shady side of the building, its dark immensity makes you shudder in perceiving how the mighty rotundity encompasses the airy space, as your measuring gaze moves upward from the ruined basement to the completed height.

Palatine Hill
Ruins of the Imperial Palaces.

Here a new old world was opened to me! We went up alongside the Arch of Titus, from the depth of these ruins, where one skirts the substructures in deep shadow, upon old walls; where the Faroese Palaces and Gardens, now once again dilapidated, mourn over the sunken remains; where I look down into the old, sacred Forum, and where, with a deep tone of melancholy, the soul encompasses everything, where from the Baths of Titus, standing torn apart in gigantic separated masses, over the Esquiline, the Palatine, as far as the Aventine, everything is a monstrous rubbish heap, [p.11] on which the present Roman world seems like confused ants -- where the Coliseum, the Arches of Constantine and Titus stand venerably-- where over there the two pillars of Remus and Romulus, and here the Lake of Curtius, and the three columns of Jupiter Stator place me in Rome's cradle, while you, ye three majestic columns of Jupiter Tonans, and the Arch of Septimius Severns, drag me this way and that, from Rome's cradle to its grave; -- Ah! be greeted with joy, fair pillars of the Temple of Concord! In your neighborhood my spirit lingers with love, remembering high Camillus and the finest times of Rome!

Fair is the view beneath the shadow of the dark walls and chambers, overgrown with lush vegetation, across the Tiber and up to the Janiculum, which lies there so quietly, still clothed in fresh green in this late season. and strewn with villas. There on the first step upward lie the Church [p. 12] of Pietro Montorio, and Rafael's Transfiguration! There on the farthest height, the Villa Mellini, whose cypresses fill my heart with longing; far off and airily the pines of Villa Corsini struggle into pure air! -- But ever and again, it is the Capitoline Hill that draws my

Friend Hirt later told me that this was uncertain.
gaze. It is so close to me! Yet still an inward tremor holds me back from the Capitol! I fear my own emotion, when I go that way, trodden by the Catos, the Brutuses, and the Scipios. -- Ah, you know this heart, which so often succumbs to the full-streaming source of its feelings!

We climbed up from the first terrace, beside the plashing fountains overgrown with wallflowers (1 Mauerraute) and Adiantum, and I found myself under a shelter of thickly twined evergreen oak and carob treetops, as in a dusky grotto. The ground is covered with fragments of column bases, capitals, cornices and architraves. On one column's base lies an architrave as a table; eight or ten capitals stand around like seats; everything is still, and only the marble speaks! Beneath the trailing branches of the oaks, one looks down onto the Campo Vaccino, and thence over the Tiber. What a place! And what a longing springs from an exalted feeling for all that is akin to our soul!

Sunset from the Terrace of the Church of Pietro Montorio.

The first sunset over Rome, spread out at my feet! I was scarcely aware of my own existence, as my soaring spirit modestly traversed the span of time compressed between the Palatine, Capitoline and Aventine hills and the high cross of St Peter's dome, sailing across the airy vault encompassing the inexhaustible plenitude of that which was and is! Monte Cavo loomed out of the clouds like a prehistoric Ossianic shape, and its crown, [p. 14] bearing the high fortress of the alliance god, was drenched in the evening purple! Frascati's white houses glowed on the hillside. Albano lay in distant haze. On the other side, Tivoli stepped forth on its hill-foot, the Sabines stood dark blue, as did the son of the plain, the jagged Soracte. There, next to the green Monte Testaccio, stands the gray pyramid of Cestius, where the high Luise and Matthisso, though undiscovered by our telescope, are wandering today; for we often go each his own way, then again join forces unconstrainedly, and fly about like bees in the meadows of art and history as long as daylight shines. But in the evening we reassemble and make our contributions to the records of remembrance and friendship.

I still am sweeping in great arcs, like a modest bird, around Rome's outlines. Everything is still undeveloped feeling. Little by little I shall try to make my circles narrower.


St. Paul's Church (St. Paul's Outside the Walls)

The way thither through Rome is most interesting; under the Portico of Octavia, which now stands amidst the abominations of the fish market and the butchers' benches, then between the double Arch of Janus and the Vesta Temple to the Tiber, past the white marble ruins of the Pons Consularis (now Ponte Rotta). There, perhaps, from the nearby temple the Vestals wandered over the stream! This is also the place where Horatius Cocles defended the bridge against the Tarquins, and the holy Tiber reverently bore the victorious armed warrior to the shore! Then one drives on the other side of the Palatine, under the gigantic ruins, between it and the Aventine, to the old city wall of Aurelian, which with its patched-up Gothic pinnacles, forms a glaring contrast to the high and solemn Pyramid of Cestius, pressing triumphantly forward out of the barbaric [p. 16] enclosing wall as an indestructible symbol of endurance! There it stands, undamaged by the elements, and only the friendly life of the vegetation emanates from the white, picturesquely graying marble. Only I do fear the conjunction of the marble blocks and the wild fig tree, this stone-splitter, whose leafless branches I saw above.

Now, straight ahead to St. Paul's! Lonely lies the venerable gray basilica, and one is involuntarily hushed on entering it! Cold drafts blow upon you from the wide interior, and seem
to ventilate the lofty grove of columns! One hundred and twenty antique columns stand here; but since I was alone today, I cannot give you the names and nationality of these beautiful foreigners. Egyptian granite shines through the softly melting colors of the original material. Porphyry pillars sustain the altars; twenty-four mighty marble columns stand, twelve on each side of the long nave. Seven tremendous Dorian ones, of different thicknesses and [p. 17] material, separate the actual nave from the longer part of the church. So much magnificence without trivial decoration, so much unity for me spells genuine church style! Yet the intimidating majesty of this temple was for me too overpowering, and indeed I must altogether complain to you! Rome tunes the melancholy timbre of my heartstrings to the deepest sadness! Leaning against one of these Greek columns, I felt as though the heart in my breast were gushing forth! Yet can it be otherwise, here where there is no present time, and only the past speaks? Still, I promise you to arm myself as well as I can.

St. Peter's Church.

At the beginning of dusk, when only the immense yet enclosed space still hung about the colossal masses, the world's greatest building appeared to me in high magnificence. As though half extinguished, the hundred silver lamps flickered over the grave of the [p. 18] Apostles, through the aroma of the incense. I advanced, and advanced, and stood still, measuring the distance before and behind me; walked some more, still without reaching it! The airy tremor seemed to be fleeing before me, yet it became brighter, as when on overcast autumn nights a high-flying storm chases the clouds and discloses the stars.-- Finally, I had reached the high altar, and from heavenly heights the reddish evening light of the cupola still flowed down upon me, while all four corners of the crossing were lost in darkness. I felt myself seized as though by a powerful spirit, and pinned to the spot on which I stood-- It was as though the Genius of Michael Angelo were blowing against me!

Then I wandered around the high altar and sat down on the steps to the tribune, near the grave of the Pope, whose memory must not sully the quiet solemnity of this hour! I remained until the last warning before the church was closed. Single figures wandered lonely in the growing darkness, [p. 19] passing slowly and half seen, like phantoms; we would scarcely meet before disappearing again in the shadows of the pillars! Bernini's colonnade, as I left the temple, seemed to me like a mere casually placed decoration. Indeed, this approach to St. Peter's has ever and again made this same, merely decorative impression upon me. The superabundant crowd of statues on the flat roof of the pillared \alk, and an indefinable sense of dissatisfaction with the thickness of the columns, in relation to the spaces between them, may perhaps be the cause of something that is half unrecognized and indistinct even to me.

In the evening I spent a few hours with Angelika [Kaufmann], who graciously and quietly talked a lot with me. How modest she is! I kept seeing the wreath of the little flower Wunderhold ("Wondrously Charming") on her brow.

November 16.

Rain in torrents, and Scirocco storm! Then, one takes refuge in St. Peter's Church, which [p. 20] stands there like a lofty independent being, and, within its hugely thick walls, has its own atmosphere, on which the outside weather operates only slowly, and on which passing storms have no influence at all; for which reason, it is in winter the warmest, but in summer often a deathly cold strolling-place. But how impressed I was, by daylight today, in the

2Alexander Borgia.
proximity of the tremendous columns! and how this glittering, many-colored and disordered magnificence spoiled, for me, the quiet enjoyment of the sheer dimensions! Also, I was much annoyed by the statues of Bernini, which in part resembled possessed people, with hair on end and garments blown awry by an unmotivated storm. No, the hour Hom sunset to darkness shall remain the hour of my visits to St. Peter’s, until I am sufficiently satiated with the contemplation of sheer size and can, without impatience, pick out the best among the tasteless details.

[p.21]

The Capitol (Capitoline Museum).

Up there, finally! One shudder after another passed over me from the head downward. For at least the ground is old. And they show one, sideways on the way up, the high stone block hewn in the manner of the ancients. --- The present Capitol stands turned around, with its back to the old Forwn! But we went up beneath the high figures of the Capitoline statues, who would rightly occupy their honorable place even if the front of the new Capitol looked out upon the Forum of the old Romans.

First Room.

Capitoline Vase. Grace in form; outpoured lightness of the bas-reliefs. Sarcophagus with the battle of the Amazons. What life, ordered in unforced symmetry; what light outlines of the figures; what fullness, without excess! -- Sarcophagus with the fable of Endymion; chaste Luna, or rather [p. 22] gentle Artemis, well be it for him who, in the careless bloom of existence, is struck by your mild arrow!

Third Room.

This so-called Antinous stands there for me, a high ideal of innocence, in the tenderest bloom of life, issuing Hom the imagination of a noble artist, worthy to live in better times than those in which Antinous was deified! But what gentle traces of grief in this noble countenance! Such prostration, amid such a fullness of life! He is transplanted into bitter times,” and feels Rome’s shame! Ah, the times of the heroes are past; and could this figure ripen into a hero? Opposite him stand Psyche and Amor. Who is it who calls this sweetest of all groups, a kiss which has ripened into the most gracious picture? To me, the bodies seem more gently felt by the artist than the heads, and especially the faces. Psyche (the single [p. 23] figure), bending downward, looks anxiously up at her oppressor [Aphrodite]! Quite in the sublime style of the Daughters of Niobe in Florence! Just such tender wrappings of the soul are the undeveloped folds of this body. She awaits a milder sun, and already the earth has become a Tartarus to her!

Psyche sighs in the deep prisonhouse, etc.

This whole poem of Salis echoed around me as I looked at the charming captive. But alas! The stony weight of the butterfly wings! At first glance she seems to be sinking beneath them! It is believed that they were put on by a later artist. -- The Child with the Swan, an archetype of childish joy, naive grace and charming helplessness.

Second Room.

THE GREAT ROOM.

The Dying Gladiator made a very deep impression on me. One sees the sinking near to death in the face; only the body [p.24] still supports itself through the mechanical strength of the practiced, finished limbs. The Wounded Amazon. What pain in these sharpened features,
yet without any distortion! The marble itself seems to grow pale. The uncovered parts of the body disclose, especially in the transition from neck to shoulders and in the stronger rib cage, as in the muscles of the forearm, a strength and development somewhat exceeding the female norm. But my favorite is the Second Amazon, still quite young and virginal. What a garment! And how cleanly the outlines of this figure emerge from it! What a tenderly lengthened oval, this face, imbued with sorrowful solemnity!

The Capitoline Juno. Impeccable ripe beauty, magnificence and fullness are united in this figure; calm awareness that she is the first, in Olympus and on earth! One contemplates her with admiration, but without lovingly lingering.

[p.25]

**Fourth Room.**

**BUSTS.**

Marcus Brutus. This attribution is uncertain, and to my physiognomical feeling became constantly more so, the oftener I contemplated this face. - Marcus Aurelius; heartfelt goodness and fineness of feeling reveal themselves in this head, which quite matches that of nature. The Dying Alexander was to me a dear reminiscence of the Florentine one [of the same name], to which, however, it is greatly inferior. This one, moreover, seems to me to be not dying, but troubled unto death; perhaps after the kiling of his friend. – Capitoline Ariadne. I gave a cry of delight when I saw her. To me she is quite as lovely, in the expression of eternal bliss, as Niobe in the expression of benumbing eternal pain. Like a morning cloud of dew, a sweet numbness hovers over her brow, pressing the eyelids gently downward – Beautiful Ariadne! You have not yet quite [p. 26] awakened from the stormy night of Naxos to the splendor of Olympus! Your dazzled eye cannot yet accommodate the full light of life and love – but you already sense, what you cannot yet understand, that you are blessed; blessed through your own death! For what are all these divine seductions but symbols of speedy and gentle kinds of death – Elijah's chariot? – Faustina, the wife of Marcus Aurelius, one of the loveliest and most gently executed busts of Rome; frivolity, an expanse of water on which every puff of wind leaves its trace; yet pleasantly friendly, and, as I always thought with Wieland, with no unpleasantness.

A full complement of stupid, silly, tricky faces were also there, just as they run about among us today. Heads of women laden with all the foolishness of fashion from the times of Rome's degeneracy; e.g., loose wigs – all these splendors, manufactured goods, chiseled for jingling coins.

[p.27]

**IL**

(November 19-22)

November 19.

The most beautiful day enticed me into the open, and with our dear Fernow we made the little trip to the Villa Millini on the height of the Janiculus. I rode a frightfully jostling yet also skittish Roman nag, past the obelisk of Heliopolis, out through the Porta del Popolo, along the Via Flaminia to Ponte Molle, then the pleasant route along the Tiber between the stream and the small green hills which lean on Monte Mario. The way led rather steeply uphill as far as the Villa Madama, which was built by Giulio Romano, belongs to the King of Spain, and was formerly occupied by Donna Olimpia of Parma. It was here, according to legend, that the St. Bartholomew's Night originated, and I looked on the place with secret shudders. This villa has a desolate appearance. In the garden we picked sweet oranges from a free- [p.28] standing tree,
which half hid the wealth of golden apples in its darkly gleaming foliage. From here, where the view downward is very rich, we followed Fernows lead along a little footpath which winds upward among hills covered with wild vegetation. Everything S green. Oaks, blackberries, and blackthorn (Schlehen) were still there, and the fullness of evergreen shrubs and bushes surrounded me with the sweet reality of what I had so long been dreaming about.

Sidewise between the hills there opened up very striking views over the Tiber valley and toward the northeastern mountains. Soracte stood dark blue; the Sibine Hills were shrouded in mist. Now we had reached the high, free meadow of the Janiculus, and Fernow led me to the edge, on the stone of an old wall, from where we enjoyed an unlimited view downward over Rome on its eleven hills, and over the whole Tiber valley and the Campagna. Truly, a great and uplifting moment! Ah, who could encompass all this with one feeling, (p. 29) one pure, full, strong thought of repose! To me Rome's youth is so dear, and I linger most gladly on the four old hills, where the valley looks toward Albanum, Sabina, etc., with childlike joy. How inviting is the Pincius (Pincio), its back adorned with the green of cypresses, pines and oaks, and with the villas--Borghese, Ludovisi, Doria, etc! Never did I see a stream roB more freely and boldly than Father Tiberinus through the Campagna di Roma! How fair is the bow with which he rounds the green battlefield of Constantius in Ponte Molle! His banks are well built up here below me, and the tall Lombard sedge wreaths suit him well. Splendidly rises St. Peter's

3This reed, which grows to a considerable height, is used to bind the grapevines in the Campagna.
Church from the pompous city of the Vatican; to the right, the Pamfili Gardens display their green; to the left, [p. 30] those of Korsini (Corsini) on small rises of ground; and there too lies the lower part of the Janiculum. Now I wandered beneath the splendid Gothic vaults of this cypress alley, unique in its noble and melancholy beauty! Beneath the blackish green of the high vaulting, one sees the kindred heights of St. Peter's dome, and glimpses the heaven beyond through the windows of the high lantern.

Sideways are laid out in order, as in a well-organized gallery, one painting after another of the Roman panorama, seen between the piliars of the cypress trunks -- or, a bend in the Tiber, milting heaven, flows past without visibly touching its banks, between air and earth; the optical illusions succeed one another at every moment, their charms only heightened by the mists of the autumnal day, which cheat the eye in a thousand guises. Only when one has seen the dark masses of these cork and thorn oaks [Stecheichen]; the pines striving heavenward, the vacillating beauty of the cypresses, borne upward by the blue air [p. 31] - only then does one learn to understand the groupings and the foliage of Italian painters, and their shadows redolent of coolness.

Lovely, here on this canvas of nature, is the light shading of the olive trees on the slope of the hill, in counterpoint to the heavier shadows that crown its height. But what delight me more than anything are the Roman distances, when now the sun sinks, and the hills arise in TAgrance; there the old Alban [Hills] (now Monte Cavo), where the castle of Jupiter Latialis stood, where Frascati (Tusculum) lies in purple on the hillside, and heaves its high shoulders out of the clouds. The plain toward Ostia lies empty, desolate and was sunk in mists, which shine in changing colors at sunset; the~ too, the rising Campagna toward Viterbo lies in mournful emptiness! We had had our lunch sent after us, and ate it in the open air in a niche above the fountain, whose margin was our table, and whose depth returned with harmonious resonance every tone called into it.

[p.32]

November 20.

The Vatican.

I wandered today with our mends; and the faithful Hirt accompanied us. I, too, admired the [Farnese] Torso, and found it more interesting than I myself would have expected. "Is he resting on his club? Is he cradling his sweet Hebe on his knees?" Let Hirt, Heinz or Herder decide that! But I too could feel the exalted veracity, definiteness and tender completion. One sees and feels the muscles powerfully swelling on the projecting side of the body, resting on the inward side, and only hinting at their strength as though seen under water. Apollonius, the son of Nestor of Athens, was the great artist who animated this block of marble.

Cautiously Hirt led us into the Courtyard of the Belvedere, and first showed us on the left the fine porphyry Doric column. -- Then we stood before the charming bust (Hermes) of the fair Bacchante [p. 33] -- and suddenly there appeared to us Apollo, who for me is wholly, singly and forever the God of Light! Looking out from afar, he launches aITOWS of the mind from his high thought-filled brow! He need not draw the bow in order to hit the mark. Friendly is the mouth; mildly opens the right hand; peacefully rests the garment on the outstretched left arm, extended as for speech. So the Apollo of the Vatican appeared to me; more beautiful, nobler, more lofty than everything I had seen before him. Nothing of scorn and anger was visible to me upon him -- but here I had to leave the Vatican for today. I cannot bear standing, and had so forgotten myself before Apollo that, seized by sudden exhaustion, I very nearly sank down at his feet - a
sony sacrifice!

I fled to Angelika" and brought her the poems of her dear countryman Salis, who had entrusted them to me as a token of his regard for her. We whiled away a short hour in her studio, "the temple of the well-conducted Graces." Aside from some portraits, all of which were idealized but perhaps appealed to me all the more for that reason, I found her latest painting, Psyche and Arnor, inexpressibly charming. Psyche has carelessly opened the container from Proserpina's night-table, which has been brought for Juno from the underworld Stygian mists issue from it, becloud her senses, oppress her heart - she sinks down, growing pale, and, like a broken-off morning flower, rests her tender little head on her lily breast as the last breath is about to issue from the half-opened, blanched rosy lips. -- But suddenly Amor, the loving everpresent one, stands beside her! Tears are issuing from her already closed eyes. With his golden locks he catches the falling pearls. — Soulful Psyche! It was the final test! The most filmy lightness, and a noble ethereal charm are spread over this picture. The tender outlines, in which Psyche is almost visibly enclosed, are perhaps the most spiritual representation that a painter's brush has ever achieved. Here I learned with joy, from Angelika's own lips, that Apollo had also made the same impression on her at first sight; that she too sensed in him neither the conqueror of the Python, still less the exterminator of Niobe's lovely children, but the ever cheerful and mild clarity of the god of light and the Muses.

In the evening, a funeral procession passed our window. The muffled figures of the black-and-white masked participants, bearing torches, proceeded in a long line through the Spanish Square (Piazza di Spagna) and past the Propaganda. The female corpse lay uncovered in the open coffin, and the moon shone upon her pale dead visage. It was frighteningly gruesome.

November 24.

The Capitol (Capitoline).

My companion today was the learned antiquarian Zoega; this modest wise man, whom Rome honors, and whom we Danes proudly claim as our countryman. How gladly I go with him! His quiet, humanist mind, and the melancholy receptivity of his soul, are so in harmony with my way of seeing. and his teachings are as easily understood as his taste is fine. Envy me for the guides among whom I am fortunate enough to be able to choose!

Today we lingered particularly among the sarcophaguses, from whose gentle pictorial language the tender spirit of the Greeks, all wrapped in the veil of the Graces, speaks to you still as with expiring harmonies, and the wisdom of Socrates and Plato rises toward heaven from the silence of the grave. Especially noteworthy is the small sarcophagus on the right of the door of the first room. Beginning with the story of Prometheus, the gentle chain of ideas proceeds, by way of a series of soulful and lovely pictures, through life's sunrise and midday to the quiet, shadowy gate of death. Aurora rises from the ocean; Prometheus robs Vulcan of the lifegiving spark; Mnemosyne draws near, and Minerva with the butterfly, the animated one, to inspirit this life through consciousness and memory. Psyche and Arnor stand in sweet embrace -- the zenith of existence through love! Helios shines down upon them the noonday light of repletion and life. The spirit of the Greeks hovers over all that prolongs our

4This painting is now in the summer residence of the reigning Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, at Luisium near Dessau.
barren existence between love and death!' Mercury appears, the silent guide of the shades! The Fates complete their work! The Genius lowers his torch over the deceased, and Prometheus expiates, with eternal remorse [p. 38] and with the gnawing vulture, the fact that he joined immortal with mortal and condemned the lightly floating Psyche to the naitow prison!

The other sarcophagus in this mom, with the Rape of Proserpina, with Endymion in the lap of Morpheus (who is unobtrusively approached by the lightly wandering goddess, led by Amor), with the battle of the Amazons, the story of Chryseis, the Muses; and with Plato, Socrates or Homer on the end-pieces -- all of them lead you back into a world opened and suffused with a cheerful evening light - a world of channing pictures and the exalted product of the noblest philosophy and poetry, -- and into the beautiful flowering time of the human spirit! Schiller's strophe reverberated around me:

There yet came then no frightful skeleton
To the bed of the dying one; a kiss
Took the last life from the lip.
Still and sadly a genius lowers
His torch; gentle cheerful pictures
Jest even about necessity,
And fate's dictum seems to us more tender
Through the veil of mild humanity.

[p. 39] I recited this strophe to Zoega from memory; it delighted this Greek as it did me. I am again writing it here from memory, and beg Schiller's pardon if I have perhaps uncousciously disturbed the hannony of the verse through a false word. -- Why has he not long since given us the collection of his scattered poems? Why does one have to assemble so many a beloved heart-song from the periodicals?

I greeted anew my favorites among the statues, and Zoega showed me those of the busts that are recognized as being authentic. -- Ah, Nero, Domitian, Caraca!la, Geta (who wildly directs a murderer's glance at his brother), Claudius -- Musters! Gentle Marcus Aurelius, and you, great Agrippina, I flee to you -- How deep are the marks of the long suffered, deeply engraved pain in Agrippina's face! Interesting is the succession of the four heads of Marcus Aurelius, from boy upward to youth and man! How the youthful [p. 40] happiness of innocence yields to the hotter sun of the care-laden life of the throne -- and so develops, little by little, the face of the trusted, careworn, true old man with all his troubles and sorrows. I wanted to see nothing new today; Zoega showed me nothing further except a beautiful bust of Ariadne. She is mourning on Naxos, and is interesting as a counterpart to the great one of the subject. Then the ideal busts of Sappho, Plato, Homer and Epicurus.

November 22.

Out by the Porta Pia, past the so-called Temple of Bacchus, on the hill over the puzzolana quarries, where formerly stood the camp of Camillus against the Gauls! Our dear Hirt explained to us everything in this field of the former world that was spread out before us. -Beneath us the Anio (now the Teverone) flowed through the valley. There was the Sacred

5 The style of this bas-relief points to about the fourth century. But the Greek train of thought is still there. On the short head end stand Adam and Eve with the serpent; so perhaps the deceased was a Christian.
Mountain (a scarcely elevated hill) from which Menenius Agrippa, with the ingenious fable of the belly and the limbs, pacified the angry populace and led them back to Rome, where the Tribunes were then created. There beyond the Anio stood the Gauls in the second siege of Rome. Here on this side were the Romans, with only this little river between them. There, contemptuous, stepped the Gallic Goliath, and Manlius Torquatus won for himself the honorable epithet, and freed the family of the shame of his father, the disgrace of the Tarpeian death.

Over there beyond the open field and the bridge Jay the country house of Faon, where Nero ended a life without honor by a miserable death - which field is now called Sarpentara. On the right appears, from one hill to the other, the Aqueduct of Marcus Agrippa, which carries the water of the Aqua Virgo, sacred to Diana, to Rome, where it pours into the Trevi Fountain and is known as the best and purest water of Rome, still under the name of Aqua Virgo. To the left stand the chalk hills of Sabinum; then arises out of the intervening depression the chain of the Alban and Frascatian hills, and the high Monte Cavo (all volcanoes of the ancient world) with the sylvan lakes of Nemi and Albano. There on the hill stood the Sabine Quirinum (the whole is the Algidus of the ancients); and the Monticelli, ranged at the feet of the high Sabines, were bedecked with towns, each of which in its time strove vainly to suppress the young Rome. What a life of the population in this valley that is now so depopulated! - There on the right, finally, stood Kollatia (Collatia), where Lucretia fell and died, in order to rise again!

IlL
(November 22-27)
Rome, November 22, 1795.

Villa Ludovisi.

The Ludovisi Mars -- or, in our Rirt's opinion, a Theseus, in which Ariadne is missing from the group -- seemed to me immediately, and increasingly, one of the noblest and gentlest figures in the world of the ideal. Beautiful is the still, self-aware visage, splendid the wellrepresented amplitude of the body, especially the back in the style of the Torso. Beautiful also is the young and cheerful Faun at the door, whose laughing features radiate not peasant coarseness but rustic good humor. The rendering of the body is somewhat dry; this is not the divine plenitude of consummate youth, but a handsome, rapidly grown-up YOmg herdsman, still rather thin from growing. Shepherd's staff, Pan pipes and deerskin are placed near him as attributes. The trunk of a young Bacchus is of a wonderful soft beauty, and in its lovely fullness stands in an instructive contrast to the young Faun.

Now we entered the room where the famous groups are located, the so-called Lucius.

Papirius with his mother, and then ATria and Paetus! I stood rooted before the Electra6 Oh, Greeks, eternal geniuses of art! Oh, Sophocles, and oh, my friend Herder, your Greek spirit was also around me! I was seized in the innermost sanctum of my soul and held fast by this high representation, and saw everything else today only with my eyes. This virgin matron and this youth -- this bending of the tall figure, whom no slave's garment and cropped hair can dishonor!7

6This group is called Orestes and Electra by the more recent antiquarians.

7This cropped hair identifies the daughter of Agamemnon, kept as a slave in her father's murder-stained palace.
This upward glance of the tender youth into the eyes of his motherly sister; this eurhythm of the whole, which like a stream [p. 45] of euphony is poured over the two of them! - As I said, I saw Paetus and ATria only with my eyes today.

I remember well enough what else I was shown, and what was said to me; but the inward sense that mirrored my own was with Orestes and Electra. I followed this youth, over the bodies of Aegisthus and the mother, to Tauris; saw him, pursued by the Furies, offer himself to the unrecognized Iphigenia, a willing sacrifice! Gluck's harmonies resounded, and the harpstrings of my feeling vibrated in painful-sweet undulation the whole day through. Hitt considers the fine group of Paetus and Arria to be a Gaulish or Gennanic general with his wife, who, in the manner of these nations, has followed him in the baggage train. Forestalling the shame of the [Roman] triumphal march, he has killed her; holding her dying body with his left arm, he plunges the sword with his sinewy right arm into his own breast His barbarian's strength, the rather long hair, the wildly defiant [p. 46] air, and an unmistakable roughness of body identify him; just as she is identified by her mother strong physique and the unkempt shaggy hair. So viewed, it is a magnificent piece. How she sinks down under the mortal blow - How she opens her lips to the last breath! How broken is the eye; how limp the strong but rounded arm and knee; and how gently it is conceived, so that one does not see the wound of the full bosom, but only the blood trickling from beneath the gannent!

The Capitol (Capitoline).

First Room.

November 23.

A handsome Theseus, recognizable from the Ludovisi example, or vice versa. Here, the face of the youth as he listens to his mother's tale is even more charming. Beautiful, too, is the sarcophagus with the nine Muses! Again I was moved by the artist's gently understated idea. Socrates, in front of whom stands Mnemosyne, vested in solemnity! [p. 47] "So, did you also hope for immortality because of memory?" the veiled goddess whispers to him. Yes! because you existed, because you were a thinking and feeling being, the poisoned cup was not the end of your career. Oh eminent Socrates! The fountain's edge, in the form of a round altar (apparently once surrounding a consecrated temple spring), is adorned with the twelve supreme gods in 005relief--and the old Grecian style, the sacred style of the ancients.

Great Hall.

Here I was charmed by the Muse Urania, her victorious head adorned with the Sirens' feathers. The lofty solemnity of this figure, the harmony of the pose, the fullness of the gannent, which still serves to outline the divine limbs, the slight marks of angry contempt around the mouth, especially the slightly curling upper lip, everything [p. 48] serves to characterize this irascibly victorious first among the Muses.

The Dying Combatant; or, according to Hitt, the Gaul who was slain by Manlius Torquatus on the Teverone Bridge. A barbarian's strength, and greatness without beauty in form, distinguish this first-rate work of art.

Villa Ludovisi.

Second Visit.

November 24.

Today we made our pilgrimage to the famous colossal bust of the Queen of Olympus.
The door of the library in the Side Casino, where she stands, is opened only as a special favor. And truly, she is placed so badly, in a corner on the ground, that they must really be ashamed to exhibit her. Unavoidably, one looks down upon the head of the Queen of Heaven, who ought to look down on us, demanding reverence from a height of twenty feet, the stature that the completed figure would possess.

[p. 49] It is the most sublime offensive figures, above which no thought can fly! In eternal, unchallenged possession of all beauty, greatness, power and magnificence, she has nothing more to wish for! She can receive nothing more. In unsullied purity she stood before me, as virgin, woman, mother, all-encompassing, without love and without pain! No trace of the past has impressed itself upon these eternally quiet features; no intimation of the future distorts them; the eternal fullness of the present enfolds her in immortal life. The utmost finish in the working of the marble -- the noble brow, the rounded cheek, the amply modeled chin, the crinkled hair laid flat upon the illustrious head -- but before and above everything else, the sweet gaze of her beautiful eyes, mirroring the undisturbed beatitude of her inward divine being, distinguish this exalted light-beam of art from all other Juno representations. Hirt attributes this bust to the time of Alexander, in other words to the select style of our Winckelmann, [p. 50] who, however, here truly stands in the most enchanting harmony with the noble manner.

In leaving the Casino, we were delighted by the splendid plane tree which, with a second and very beautiful brother tree, makes such a splendid group on the adjacent open space. The trunk of the former tree has a circumference three times the length of Hirt's extended arms (drey Hirtische Klaftern); and anyone who knows Hirt face to face knows that these are of the biggest. We entered the Casino, where Guercino's famous Aurora forms the ceiling of the lower salon. Only, first of all I can't yet see any painting; and secondly, this one will never be there for me. This commonplace Roman street atmosphere, transferred to Heaven, disgusts me!

Mounting to the upper story, we saw another bust of Juno (actually one of the most beautiful in Rome) standing on a dark landing. They have a strange way of placing their Junas in the Villa Ludovisi. We also found a very lovely bas-relief embedded in the masonry above the stairway. It represents two [p. 51] Cupids involved in a secret enterprise: to wit, they have made off with the weapons of Hercules! One little rogue is smilingly collapsing under the unaccustomed burden, while the other supports him with childish clumsiness.

View from the Balcony of the Casino Ludovisi.

It is one of the most beautiful in Rome! One is entirely surrounded by eternally green Nature, on the slope of the beautiful Pincio, and looks so familiarly from the gentle eminence into Rome's world, and out over the open country into dignified remotenesses that open to the Queen of the World like glimpses of the future. It was about noontime; light mists, irradiated by the sun, swam in the atmosphere, veiling and revealing, distancing and approaching to the eye the unencompassable fullness of the scene.

Splendidly lay the hills of the Sabine land, stretching upward into the clouds; the highest mountain of the Abruzzo, known as the Gran Sasso d'Italia, is said to have been [p. 52] newly measured at 10,000 feet -- actually higher than the [Saint] Gotthard, which is difficult for me to believe. Powerful, however, are the distant, heaped-up rocky masses; abrupt precipices were visible among the remote hills, far beyond Tibur's gorge. Between the dark tops of two cypress trees, Tibur appears, shining white at the foot of the mountains. From the other side, looking to the northeast, the view is also agreeable. To the right, Soracte rests in the lap of the Campagna. To the left, the Villa Millini preens itself on the brow of the Janiculus. Toward Viterbo, the empty Campagna rises in the north; the cupolas and towers, the columns of Rome, stand half in
sun and half in shadow; above them extend the heights of Montorio, where the royal pines and cypresses rise from the Pamfili and Corsini villas, the former floating above the distant atmosphere, the latter penetrating it

On the way back, I could not refrain from making another, unaccompanied visit to the Electra. Today I felt quite intimate with the [p. 53] brave and patient sufferer! I went up to her, confidently took her hand, and found her always more touching and noble, the closer I approached. Menelaus, a pupil of Stephanos, is the artist's name.

Villa Borghese. - Museum Gabinum.

Today we visited only the lonely building which, in its rustic styJe, stands so melancholy beneath the floating pine-clad heaven, and is dedicated exclusively to the treasures which were found three years ago in the ruins of the town of Gab ii, twelve miles from here between Rome and Tivoli. It consists of a respectable number of statues and busts, mostly portrait busts and statues presented as heroes. All ofthem are more or less distinguished by the vigorous style of the execution, which, however, lacks the last touch of finished perfection.

Here is found the only fine bust of Marcus Agrippa, the wise protective spirit of Augustus; also a fine statue of the noble [p. 54] Gennanicus as hero. The same bust that is presented in the Capitoline as Marcus Brutus, and whose authenticity is questioned by my physionomical instinct, was also in this collection, and is apparently a portrait of Corbulo, whose daughter (the wife of Domitian) commissioned the tomb in which it was found. The only genuine bust of Brutus was shown me by Tischbein in the porcelain factory in Naples. One of the finest and most soulful of faces -- and oh! heartrendingly similar to Julius Caesar!

I spent the twilight hour in confidential talk with our dear Zoega in St Peter's. We left the temple as the moon was just rising behind the colonnade, and its silvery light, shattered in a thousand fragments, sifted downward through the gentle spray of the fountains. We drove together among the solemn ruins of the Campo Vaccino, where half-extinguished light and black shadows, like present and past, struggled together in monstrous giant shapes; [p. 55] then through the Arch of Titus and around the Coliseum. How ominously the darkness reigned, half visible, in the variously vaulted arcades; with what magic the silver shrubbery nodded downward into the empty chambers! How solemnly the full moon looked through the loftiest vaults beneath the matrons' seats! Luna seemed also to project a friendly glance into the temple hall dedicated to her, which stands in front of the Coliseum and close to the Temple of Peace, and the large niches or twin arces which touch upon it at the rear and are believed to have been dedicated to Apollo and Diana"

The Belvedere [Vatican Museum].

I hurried straight into the Cortile, and today went to the right from the entrance in order to come first to the Laokoon, and then to see the Apollo from the front I lingered before the gigantic work [p. 56] of genius until the dreadful group before me attained such breathing life that I could no longer stand it, but fled from the sight of this extreme suffering (like that of Orestes, on the beautiful sculpture of the sarcophagus, at the hands of the Furies in the shadows

8This ruin is also called il Tempio del Sale (the Temple of the Sun).
of the olive branch) into the protection of the god of the Muses! A friendly Apollo floated toward me, as though borne by an eternal beam of light! Severe yet mild, and friendlier the nearer one approaches him. How greatly I was refreshed by this luminous vision of eternal serenity, of the highest spiritual life and the gentlest rest, after having viewed that other solemn and frightening representation, in which all human outcry, all torment of body and soul—the father dying with and for his sons--is heaped together in inextricable knots of death!

I remained for a long time among the charming sarcophagi, which here, enwreathed with the loveliest pictures of death with the fragrant flowers of night, stand so invitingly open! Ah! so inviting that, to my gloomy thoughts, the choice only became more difficult. [p. 57] Touching is the small sarcophagus on whose cover a young woman lies; around her childish genii play their innocent games, conducting her gently to Hades.

The Large Rotunda.

I hastened, with hands extended, between and past the two splendid Molossen, through the Animals' Room and the Muses' Hall, to the large Rotunda: for I had reserved the colossal Muse for myself for today. Then I stood before the fifteen-foot tragic goddess. Oh! again, she is unique! Unsurpassable even in thought, like the Ludovisi Juno! The quiet sOIT0wing look, the slight inclination of the tall head struck me through and through. "You it was who inspired Sophocles!" How wondrously the hair9 is arranged on this godlike head; what fullness and majesty are united in this entire figure! How the simple but rich garment (a simple chemise with long sleeves and a coulisse around the neck) flows downward, revealing every contour of the pure limbs! How quiet and yet filled with inner life is the whole figure! What a splendid line is drawn from the right foot to the powerful shoulder; and how especially fine is the posture of the left arm!

Among the splendid colossal busts of the Rotunda, I especially like the old Oceanus with the fishes in his beard. The sea's depth shows in his face! The great Ceres, however, is powerfully cold. But only the old, laurel-crowned grumbler (Griesgram)! Only in the great central tribune was a horror to me! I find it incomprehensible how one could plump down such a symbol of imperfect humanity in the midst of these ideal beings. The splendid porphyry basin which gathers the streaming light of the Rotunda, the elegant antique mosaic which embellishes [p. 59] the floor, everything unites to glorify this hall of the gods.

The Room of the Muses.

Apollo Musagetes [Apollo as Leader of the Muses]. Expression, placement, forward movement, all is music in this gracious work of art! He floats past yon, accompanied by unseen harmonies; his lyre sounds, and euphony flows from lips opened to song. The Muses surrounding him are collected figures of very unequal value. The seated one is beautiful, the veiled one even more so. Ramdohr's Melpomene is very charming, and for that reason not very ideal; not free of a certain frivolity, and much more probably the portrait of a pretty actress (Mima) than a representation of the severe Muse.

"It is only from these art works that one can learn to understand the Homeric expression, Ambrosian locks.

[Previously signed] It is the statue of an emperor, but I have forgotten which one.
The Room of the Animals.

The children's favorite, and worth an entire day by itself Today I concentrated only on the old and honorable Nile. With what good nature he lets the undisciplined little mobsters clamber around him! The little rogue with folded arms, grinning with pleasure, who sits up above in the cornucopia, is the very picture of harmless, childish sensual delight.

The Great Gallery.

They almost dragged me in -- despite my outcry, "I can't go on! Have mercy for today"! Genius [a sculpture]: very purely conceived and smoothly executed; but to me it seems somewhat weak and uninspired. Diana: very lively movement. She hastens past you, but looks farther afield. My ideal Diana I found only later on in the Colonna Gallery. - Danaide, or Nymph with the Water Jug; indescribably tender and maidenly - A splendid statue, called Pudicitia (Modesty). High womanly nobility and self-sufficient innocence envelop her. The beautiful symmetry of the limbs breaks through the wide enveloping garment. She seems to listen to a distant tone, and holds her right arm, supported by the left hand, up to her ear.

A sleeping figure, the so-called Cleopatra; very effective from a distance, but her position lacks the naiveté of sleep. She has consciously posed herself.

We hastened through the remainder of this incomparable treasury of art, which is here conserved with such noble ostentation. A glance fell on the touching old couple who still join faithful hands above the grave. This downward glance from the ideal world into a gentle humanity does one good.

The Capitol (Capitoline).

Today's was a purely scientific visit; and since you have long been aware of everything I was learning for the first time, I will not recite my lesson to you. You would, however, laugh at our little disputes. In reasoning, your lady mend is very teachable, but her feelings are very arbitrary. The argument arose over the fair Ariadne; and [p. 62] Hirt found it necessary to disagree with me about the expression in this divine face - yet failed to convert me, and ultimately declared that there is no stubbornness so mischievous as that of the idealists. Upon which, he led me to those masterful portraits, the two old women (one near the splendid Priestess of Isis, known as Phaedra's Nurse; the other in the room of Antinous and the Psyches), and bade me, here before these daughters of reality, to awake from my beautiful dream; but he got nowhere! I fled from these horrific pictures of dishonored age to the protection of Psyche and Amor and their sister, high Urania, whose anger mghtens me as little as that of the long-distance marksman.

Not without reverence could I view the ancient statue of Diana of Ephesus. A mother of the living, surrounded by life; as nourisher, decked out with the swelling breasts of abundance; and as all-embracing mother with [p. 63] outspread arms. Full of majesty, too, is the head of Jupiter Ammon; the only one of its kind. Nor can one view without interest the splendid bronze vase from the triumphal booty of Lucilius over Mithridates. Do you know the fine bust of the great Scipio? It stands in the long corridor, and is identified by the scar on the head: a reminder of that glorious wound which he received in the battle on the Ticino, in which as a youth of eighteen he saved his father's life. Were not you, like M***n and me, struck by a touching resemblance? How nearly the great African resembles the immortal Bonnet! and precisely in the characteristic furrows of the brow and the mobile traits around the mouth.
In the Great Room, I made the acquaintance today of the tender maiden known as the Priestess of Isis, and of the great Vestal, Maxima. She carries the utensils pertaining to the sacred fire; yet her tall figure is completely veiled to the very fingertips. Position, bodily structure, and the full garment are large and dignified — only the face fell short, in my estimation, and seemed to me too weakly.

In the Room althe Philosophers.

I took great pleasure in the outstanding bust of Cicero; in the fine heads of Plato — even though they are actually Hebons or Indian Bacchus busts, yet in no way less beautiful, in their inebriate enthusiasm, their ecstatic gaze half reengorged; and in the first of the four heads of Horner, with which I shall content myself until I see the Neapolitan one.

But now follow me to the sunset, which I do not like to miss, as long as the day-star shines for me over Rome — and oh! sinks for me into Rome’s past! First we visit the tomb of the good Ganganelli, ai Apostoli — of the mendly elder who received you so graciously as a youth. Then to the lonely Carthusian convent which Michael-Angelo constructed above and out of the ruins of the [p. 65] Baths of Diocletian. It stands on the slope of the Quirinal HiJI. From its lonely cloister garden, dedicated to eternal silence, four majestic cypresses rise up like mute and melancholy witnesses. What longing I felt in the shadow of these cypresses! But the strict rule of the order forbade my entrance. I always feel a reverence for the Carthusians; only sufferers pledge themselves to these vows, only a broken heart to this silence! Shudderingly beautiful is the ancient vestibule, which Michael Angelo wedded to his dome, supported by the eight huge antique granite columns.

But come now to the immortal Youths of the Qurinal! See their lofty heads irradiated by the reddish light of evening! Does it not seem to you as though they would arise and hasten to Olympus on fire-breathing steeds? Now the fair ruin of the Pallas Temple, past those two beautiful Corinthian columns, and into the Campo Vaccino; there let us wander beside the Via Sacra, [p. 66] until darkness sinks down from the shadowy vaults of the Palatine.

The Coliseum.

November 27.

After an instructive lecture under the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine, and a topographical glimpse into this most holy locality of old Rome, where ruminant cattle now lay on thick grass, sunning themselves next to the triumphal arch, we entered the nearby Coliseum about the noon hour. We climbed as far as possible into its innermost region, over and around and beneath the gigantic ruins. Only when one has climbed up on these colossal parts of the whole can one appreciate the extent and splendid proportions of this building, unique in the old and new worlds, which, originating in Rome, distributed its copies over the whole conquered world; for it was from the barbaric conquerors that the milder Greeks unwillingly took over the gruesome custom of combative games.

Eighty-six thousand persons could sit on the forty rows [p. 67]of marble benches around the arena, and twenty thousand stand. The skeletons of the huge columns which support the arcades consist of great squared pieces of hard travertine; the surfacing and the walls are of brick, and the vaults, which are designed to combine the greatest stability with the maximum lightness, are of puzzolan material (Puzzalantrass). From within and without, the whole edifice was sheathed in marble, which the barbarians of ancient and modern times gnawed at and plundered until they had totally robbed the building of its splendid garment.
The variable magic of being, in these ruins, is indescribable. Now walls hang as it were toppling over against you, and now you peer down into deep black holes of fallen vaults; high grass overgrows the space where formerly the Senators and Vestals sat. We clambered over fallen masonry into the rear train of arches (or the corridor which ran around the entire building), where was the entrance of Titus to his loge. [p. 68] Here we stood on the white marble blocks which the much-praised Emperor bestrode when he passed through the monstrosely swaying galleys from his palace to the amphitheater to see the dreadful performance.

From here, the view of the massive ruins that constitute the Baths of Titus on the Esquiline is very striking. Here, the best part of the high vaulted passages that ran around the main floor loges is preserved in a long stretch. These were the corridors where one could rest from sitting, take refuge in bad weather, etc. We climbed up to the seats of the Roman women or matrons. Not without dread could I think that women saw these bloody games. But my repulsion grew to absolute horror when they told me that under Commodus and Heliogabalus the Roman matrons fought with the wild beasts, and that under the rule of the mild Trajan, 10,000 fighters entered the arena in three days -- ten thousand fighters for life and death!

[p. 69] But what a view from here around the amphitheater! How it combines the sense of the greatness of the whole with the most fascinating details of the picturesque parts, which offer us dark passages, masonry hung with ivy and jasmine, the inteminingling lights and shadows in inexhaustible plenty! Then a look downward into the arena, which, as one makes the circuit, is now egg-shaped and now, through the same optical illusion, again looks round. How clearly one sees and hears, in and out of the depths!

But more beautiful than all this is the world of thoughts which Rome evokes, with its hills, towers, cupolas, columns, obelisks, ruins and palaces! As one strolls through the arcades, a painting arises in each empty chamber, and you wander in a measureless galleys in which Nature and art, past and present unite in such a way that mind and spirit are alternately bound, loosened, and powerfully directed hither and yon.

Finally [p. 70] we encamped in the mild light of noon, approximately above the entrance of the square which opened toward the Via Sacra and upon the Meta Sudons. Far off, like a point of repose, stood the Pyramid of Cestius, ever lonely and venerable. Close by on the left arose the cypresses on the Caelian Hill, where formerly was the Vivarium. To the right lay the Palatine hill of ruins, dreadfully stretched out; and among the remains of the Emperors' Palaces was spread the solemn darkness of the evergreen oaks. A single palm raises its head high above this dwelling place of the past -- to whom among the high shades shall we dedicate it? To you, oh noble, wise Marcus Aurelius, was it unanimously attributed!

Like a carpet the blue sky was spread over the broad space, and a blue Monte Cavo overlooked the highest circumvallation on that side.

Finally we climbed down again, and walked around the outside of the best preserved part of the whole, which still rose before us. [p.71] We admired in profile the well-conceived decrease in the circumference up to the topmost row of chambers. [Not less did we admire] the lightness and beauty, the appropriateness in the proportions and in the sequence of the orders, with the old Doric order carrying the slender Ionic, the latter bearing the graceful Corinthian, and this in turn being overtopped by the connecting Corinthian pilasters which support the fourth row of arcades.

So stands this building in almost superhuman splendor. [Left to itself, it would have defied the centuries; only arrogance and untamed fanaticism have made it a ruin.}
Today we saw the sunset from the balcony of the Casino Ludovisi. The great garden of this villa is not beautiful, either in its parts or as a whole; and the encircling city wall gives it a constricted, cloister-like feeling. But above, one looks into the massed green of the cypresses, plane trees and laurels, and forgets the tiresome details. We felt what a sunset over Rome on a fine summer evening [p. 72] must be, when all objects swim in the glow, and animated colored mists veil the distances. Today, the sun’s languid rays slid feebly over everything, without life or love.

I committed to memory the map of this well-fined neighborhood. In the south stands the high Alban Mountain; in the north, Soracte. On the west is the majestic dome of St. Peter’s, and in the east rise the Sabine Hills. The green Campo d’Annibale lies beneath the summit of the Alban range; then follow Castel Gandolfo and Albano along the mountainous spine. Rocca di Papa hangs like a jackdaw’s nest over the rocky wall, and Frascati lies sweetly blushing in ever youthful grace beneath its cypresses, oaks, pines and laurels, overtopped by high Tusculum. To the southwest stand, lonely on their empty plain, the Pyramid [of Cestius] and the old gray basilica of St. Paul’s [Outside the Walls]. To the southeast you see Tivoli at the foot of the mountains. Prettily crowning the neighborhood are the three charming, diminutive mountains, or Monticelli, animated with towns and cloisters.

[p. 73]

IV.


I was sick and sad. Up to now I have not received here in Rome a single line, a single word. Torn over the Alps. Lonely I hastened into the solitude of the Villa Pamfili, which Angelika had described to me as a dedicated Temple of Melancholy. One must first make one’s way through a stiff, rather modern foregarden, full of Schneiderscherz and W. L. serwitz, which pours itself out everywhere in thin streaks, before one arrives beneath the high willow grove of the distantly seen pine-heaven and wanders in Dominichino’s garden creation. How greatly I prefer such a garden, in the old Italian style (of which the French [style] was a French translation, somewhat in the taste of La Motte’s Iliad), to all our miniatures of the English gardens! How much rather do I wander in a high, untrimmed alley of majestic [p. 74] trees, opening upon a blue distance, than in those pointless entangled wind-coriidors where one sees nothing and almost becomes giddy. Torn the constant turning!

Here, beneath this broadly outstretched pine grove, my anxious heart beat more freely; a gentle carpet of turf extends up and down hill. Uniquely beautiful is the unencumbered view from beneath the bright green leafy canopy of these royal spruces, toward distant objects which, seen Torn within these all-Y shadows, take on a quite special charm. Too, the tall pine exudes a very pleasant restifting air. They had just been occupied in knocking down the bough of these trees with long sticks, to me a quite novel type of fruit harvest. To remove the individual hearts from their resinous setting, they roast the whole pine cone, and knock out the individual seeds, which my children did not wait to be shown a second time; for Torn that time on, everybody gardener pressed pine-fruits on the little blond-heads (for which the Italians have a tender preference, I suppose in honor of Apollo, Bacchus, and perhaps Guido’s and [p. 75] Omeggio’s angels’ heads), and the roasting and crackling, to my great distress, had no end.

By the garden walls stood splendid orange trees, loaded with golden fruit, and around a
little pond the most beautiful weeping willows that I had seen since the garden of the former Archbishop in Montpellier. In the Casino there are a few handsome antiques. Below in the patio (Vorplatz), the sarcophagus whose masterful but much damaged has-relief tells the story of Meleager. Above, in the upper stol, stands a wonderfully beautiful statue known as the Vestal. The hair on her head stands up like flames, perhaps a symbol of her office; no one could provide information. Especially beautiful was the way the garment was wrapped about this tall figure. There is also a very beautiful young Faun. The view from the balcony of the Casino is charming.

From St. Peter's I drove conveniently up Montorio, and stand overlooking Rome. From the West. [p. 76] Here is the finest prospect of the Sabine Hills. The views extend deep within, as far as the sun-sparkling snow mountains of Subiaco. There is indeed a wonderful splendor and greatness in these Roman distances. To the left one sees, between the mass of St Peter's and the cypresses of Villa Mellini, straight through to the lonely and, as it were, isolated, rugged Soracte. To the right lie the Corsini Gardens, with their Palace and Casino, climbing Tom Rome to the backbone of Montorio. The pine-tops swim like little green islands in the sunny, misty air, and the trunks are concealed. Here and there the Tiber gives a mendingly upward glance. There greenly lie the meadows of Cincinnatus and the Circus of Nero. A ladder of cheerful green rises from the vegetable gardens and reed-wreaths (Schilfkränzen) of the Tiber, past the olive trees and laurels, to the summit of cypresses and oaks.

[p.77]

Large Casino of the Villa Borghese.

November 29.

From the abundance of beauty which presses upon the beholder in this most tasteful of exhibitions, the following figures spoke most intelligibly to me today. Three Cupids lie sleeping on a marble basin, and present the most charming picture of childish beauty and helpless grace. They have just crept out of the egg, and lie like young birds in the nest, soft and warm, clinging together over and around each other. Only a woman, only a mother, listening to her sleeping children with motherly adoration, can wholly feel the quiet charm of this group. The good little creatures! Up to now they have done nothing wrong, for they are not yet fledged, and their little wings are still limp like those of young doves. -- And yet a loose, half invisible smile plays upon the half-open lips -- Ah! they will only too soon awaken.

[p. 78] Fair are the two black-clad statues called the Camilli, outstanding in workmanship and appealing in character. They are truly sacrificial boys, and I could not forbear imagining Agathon in his innocence, in the sacred grove at Delphi, in this form.

-Apollo astroct/hJonas. I admired the pure, tenderly matured body, the lightness and assurance of the beautiful pose. Only this finely formed face is an unwritten paper - the emptiest I can possibly imagine. Wonderfully beautiful is the colossal bust of Lucius Verus, the co-ruler of Marcus Aurelius, one of the most finished of art works. Subtlety and cunning of feature, without nobility of mind, characterize this visage. The fine lips seem opened for crafty talk. The counterpart -- the bust of dear Marcus Aurelius - is wen executed, but less characteristic than that of the Capitoline. The famous Borgese Gladiator (or, as some believe, a statue [p. 79] erected in honor of the Athenian Chabrias), is something a woman can only admire; the violence in the pose never permitted me a [moment of] quiet contemplation. You alone, noble Muse, who stand there in cheerful reflective repose, leaning on the altar, you alone can I lovingly admire! How the concealing garment is poured around this high bodily structure! How chaste and how full of grace and charm!

In the next room is a bronze female bust concerning which I was afterward informed that
it was a cast from one of the Daughters of Niobe. To me it seemed like something never before seen. It is the most charming, virginal head; an archetype of beauty, tender, and verging on ripeness; it needs only the breath of love to open the bud.

In the first large room I was much struck by the alto rilievo [high relief] over the door, which depicts Curtius as he is plunging into the flaming depths. They say that only the horse and rider's torso is ancient; and even this is questioned. But not the less [p. 80] beautiful is the noble enthusiasm in the face of Curtius. Fun of truth, also, is the frightened resistance of the horse; one can measure the depth of the abyss in his wild and fieIY expression. Here, too, is the famous basso rilievo (bas-relief) of the dancing Horae [minor goddesses]. It gives one a quite special feeling to see the prototype of this most charming idea, whose dun copies we had so long grown tired of on wallpaper, flower pots, sugar bowls, funs, etc., here soulfully breathing the ever youthful life of art.

The Palace of the Conservators (Conservaton).

November 30.

With friend Zoega I visited the Palazzo dei Conservatori, where the single Roman Senator (now Prince Rezzonico) lives. Assembled here, in addition to the Capitoline GalleIY of Paintings, is much that is of greatest interest. The statues of the captive Princes, of bigio, a stone much harder than marble, splendidly chiseled. Ah! they look [p. 81] with silent pain on their mutilated hands, proclaiming simultaneously the cruelty of Rome the world-tyrant on ground dedicated to the memoIY of Rome's greatness! The inner courtyard of the palace is littered with a quantity of\Tagments of colossal statues, in heads, feet, fists, etc., compared with which the colossi of the Quirinal are miniatures; these would be 26 feet tall.

The Capitoline GalleIY of Paintings was the first I have seen in Rome; I was struck, among many others, by:

1. The Persian Sibyl, by Guercino, the first painting of this famous master that I have seen with real pleasure.

2. An Ariadne on Naxos, by Guido Reni, one of the absolutely most frightful of paintings. Oh, that Guido had given up painting sooner! All colors are mixed up together, and so crude! The bodies look like flayed skins, like those ephemera which deposit their mind- and bodiless remains [p. 82] in thousands on our windowpanes on fine SIUllmer evenings.

3. A veIY nice miniature painting, the Washing of the Feet, by mad. Subleyras; veIY tender and feminine in feeling, and executed with elegance.

4. Presentation in the Temple, by Fra Bartolomei [sic], Rafuel's second teacher. The young and tender M3I]J' is a charming, still rather weak Sechswiichtnerin [new mother], and seems to totter as she bears her sweet little burden. Saint Sebastian (and God knows how he, with the arrow in his liver, gets into this painting!) is a fine, expressive head and body. On the left, the artist has painted himself quite naively. I really heartily liked this painting. The groups are so natural, the heads have such individuality; the organization of the whole scene is understandable, and a characteristic purity of outline, combined with a strict sobriety in the brushwork, distinguish this noble painting, which to me was the most likable in this collection.

[p.83] 5. An Anima Beata by Guido [Rem]. Charming upward glance of the tranfigured spirit. True, it has become as gray and dull in color as a fine Magdalen that hangs
nearby; but one quite forgets the shortcomings of the coloring in the devotedly beautiful expression of these heads.

6. A Night Piece by Salvator Rosa; a soldier at the base of a wild cliff, very alarming!

7. Various paintings by Garofalo, whom I begin to like, and who is characterized by clear outlines and gently executed mezzotints.

We visited the old Etruscan she-wolf of the Lupercailia, with the lightning-struck haunch; the most venerable relic of ancient Rome. Also the bust of Junius Brutus; a serious, severe and anxious countenance. It is open to doubt. In Zoega's opinion, the work is of the third century. It is very hard and dry.

Then we went together to the Villa Mattei, the favorite resort of our dear Zoega. It has a sequestered situation on the southern slopes of the Colius (Caelian Hill), and is neglected; that is to say, under this heaven, beautiful. How blue was the aether! How pure the sunlight! How dark the shadows! The air was a bit sharp, after a frosty night, but very invigorating. The view around and downward from this perspective into old Rome and into the empty, spread-out fields of the past is touching, noble and melancholy. Zoega led my wandering gaze with his characteristic gentle good nature and his condescension to my limited erudition.

Just beneath us we had a long stretch of the ruins of Rome's walls; then, almost before us but a little to the left, the huge masses of the Baths of Caracalla. Beneath us, the green Caelian Hill extended gently downward; farther on lies the San Giovanni Gate, formerly the Porta Latina, and the road to Alba Longa. Then the San Sebastiano Gate, formerly the Porta Capena; nearby stands the triumphal arch of Drusus, the brother of Tiberius. Somewhat farther off, the beautiful monument, the round tomb of Cecilia Metella adorns the plain; and a half-mile thence stand the little hills, covered with green shrubbery, beneath which rises the Spring of Egeria.

We lingered long on this terrace, quietly and happily wandering beneath the solemn shadows of evergreen oaks and olive trees. This villa has a delightfully mild situation, as is proved by the joyful profusion of the tenderest plants. We plucked the fine-leaved myrtle out of boxwood hedges; Venus and Proserpina (said Zoega) culled wreaths of the luxuriant ivy against the old wall, and robbed the lovely wild olive of its tender shoots, formerly destined to crown the head of the Olympian victor. Ab! I had so heartfelt a sense of well-being, so quiet and holy a mood, in reverent remembrance and the gentle present.

In the darkness of a solemn rotunda, formed by the twining branches of evergreen oaks, [p. 86] stands a magnificent column of Porphyro verde (sic; green porphyry); the only one of its kind. The view torn beneath this shadow into the gently disappearing blue depths is unspeakably beautiful.

We returned home in high spirits. The ivy wreaths, myrtle sprays and olive twigs were shared with the dear sister, and the chamber decorated. Then we took a cheerful meal with our Zoega.

Afternoon. It was the Feast of the Apostles, and music in the beautiful church of St Andrea della Valle. I went. But the newer Italian music, for us Northerners, whose ears have been spoiled by the soulful tones of Bach, Gluck, Schulz, Benda, Naumann, Reichard, Kunzen, is mere Klingklang which goes, without making any impression, into one ear and straight out the other. Good execution of spiritless tones! The more tasteful Italians, who know how to value
their nation's old masters, acknowledge that [p. 87] the art of music has migrated over the Alps to Vienna, Berlin and Dresden. I would not like to admit to them that it is no longer found even there any more; that there, too, spiritless tonalluxuIY has expelled high simplicity, and that the serious Muse now floats between heaven and earth with no fixed residence.

Dear Schulz! you are now silent - who will detain the fleeing one?
The Giustiniani Palace.

(December 1-18, 1795).

Today with Hirt and the mends. A painting gallery in the Great Room, to the period of black shadows and vulgar nature, whose Stygian Tenzy took possession of the better artists, even some of the best. Here are pieces by Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, Guido, Annibale and Ludovico Carraccio, Hondhorst, and especially Guercino, a full consignor! I appreciated the badly lighted room and the overcast day, which carried us rapidly past these aberrations of taste.

In one cabinet I found redress; two masterful paintings of a subject that was differently handled by two excellent artists. John [the Evangelist] writes of the soaring eagle, *qui plane dans les airs*, borne, the Apocalypse: inspiration, at its most exalted moment, animates and deifies everY feature of this exalted countenance, and seems to permeate with an ethereal glow the whole body of the bold, heavenward-straining youth; the painting is executed in powerful brown mezzotints by Fattore, a pupil of Raphael. To the left, a second John. Here it is a gracious, loving enthusiast, whose softly opened lip breathes enchantment; the lovely face is raised toward the whispering angel, and the shining brow wreathed with golden locks; the angel is a powerful, handsome genius, to whose prompting the tender youth surrenders utterly, with no personal initiative; by Domenichino. In another room we found Adam and Eve, presented with Gessnerlike grace as a lovely idyll by old Franza, Raphael's futherly friend. The Giustiniani Palace was built on the ruins of the Baths of Nero. They found there a tremendous lot of statues and busts; these, most of which were no longer from a good period, had been restored in the bad times of Alexander Severns [p. 90], with the result that a frightful quantity of the most horrific rubbish is heaped together, in which, however, one espies, like true gold in dross, or like stars of the first magnitude:

1.) The so-called basalt Alexander. In Hirt's opinion., Memnon the Ethiopian., the son of Aurora; a hero of the Iliad, killed by Achilles at the Scamander. A splendid heroic head; but only the head and hair are old. Noteworthy are the embellishments on the cheeks, which one might almost take for a kind of tattooing.

2.) The so-called Vestal; according to Zoega, Juno of Samos. The fuller modeling of the face, and the powerful breast, are entirely Junonian., and greatly exceed the reticence of a Vestal. This is a high-quality work of art in the *Stilo lntico secco* and duro; the somewhat angular contours, the straight lines of the garment, like the channeling of a column, did not deceive me, any more than the sharp edges around the eyes and lips. There is in these [p. 91] simple basic forms an accessibility to the highest beauty! Mind and fancy rest satisfied before this high figure, which thought does not bypass, and where perspicacious taste does not misconceive the slight and easily removable crudity. So could only Greeks begin, and, to the stony ground of physical necessity and esthetic value, raise themselves to that Ullattained height which stands gazed at in astonishment for thousands of years.

3.) A splendid colossal bust of Jupiter Serapis.
4.) The Apollo Giustiniani, resting, with bound-up hair; he stands between the Stilo antico and sublimo, but closer to the latter. Sweet melancholy is the dominant expression of this head-bust; he seems to be recalling gentle nostalgic airs concerning Daphne's transformation.

5.) The famous Giustiniani Pallas. I must become intimate with her! Strict sober reason is the dominant concept she awakens. Her execution is DIY rather than rough. Seen from the left side, the profile appears in inexpressible grandeur.

[p. 92] From the balcony of this room there is the most splendid view of the Pantheon, which one cannot enjoy from below, because it lies so deep down and is so profanely situated between the city markets; as though looking into the darkness of a sacred grove, one looks between the noble columns into the twilight of the peristyle. Only from here can one admire the elegance of the gently elevated portico and the attractive decoration of the frieze. In my dreaming fancy, I moved the tall divine figures, which enchanted me here, back into the niches of the Pantheon! Vengeful Jupiter appeared, armed with lightning bolts, on his chariot of thunder, descending upon the ridgepole of the temple - the present disappeared!

December 2.

We made our pilgrimage today to the oldest part of old Rome: to the locality of the Cloaca Maxima and Juturna's Spring, which bubbles out at the foot of the Palatine Hill, and which was the only domestic water source of [p. 93] water-poor Rome. It is named for the sister of Turnus, whom Aeneas struck down, and was sanctified by the appearance of the Dioscuri announcing victory after the battle at Lake Regillus. I can visualize the tall figures of the Colossi of the Quirinal, appearing at the hallowed spot; but their Rome is no more; the flaming horses strain upward, and the apparition fades away! Nothing remains of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, which was built on the Palatine.

Our joy and wonderment at finding ourselves in the most ancient Rome was constantly refreshed through each new encounter. Thus we found ourselves at an opening of that powerful human creation, the eighteen-foot deep and wide Cloaca Maxima, which underlay and purified the oldest Rome, the gigantic memorial of Tarquinius Priscus. These were Rome's children's games! One can still distinguish the triple arcades (1 die drey/adzen Hallenreihen) at this spot; they are constructed of gigantic travertine blocks, in the imposing style of the masoDIY of those [p. 94] times!

On the way there, through the Arch of Janus, we had seen the site of the Ficus ruminal is (the fig tree of the goddess Rumina). Now we visited the church [known as] Bocca delia Verita [sic]; it stands on the foundations of the Templum Fidei built by Numa. Here, according to an old legend, youths took the oath of citizenship and maidens the oath of fidelity and guarded innocence. A mask of Jupiter Pluvius -- an old manhole cover - now bears the honorable name of Bocca delia Verita.

From here we strolled to the Temple of Vesta; it marks the site of [the temple?] erected by Numa, and his house, the later dwelling of the Vestals, stood nearby. This elegant temple, whose remains show us its whole form and arrangement, was built by Domitian. All of the slender Corinthian columns are still standing, although embedded in the walls; between them and the inner Cella there ran a circular vestibule; the sanctuary contained no statue of the goddess, but Vesta was worshiped here in the holy flame as an [p.95] all-animating fiewY power of the earth. If the sanctified flame went out, it could only be relit under the light of heaven.
But there existed also a second Temple of Vesta in old Rome, between the Forum and the Campo Boario; there the goddess was worshiped in her own form (im Bilde). Here, in our [temple], the Palladium, the house god of Aeneas, was preserved. The temple was encased from within in white marble; this was covered with mortar and painted with the story of the flight of Aeneas. Through the vestibule we mounted a narrow winding stair inside the columns into a couple of pretty, veIY pretty little rooms, which have the bad reputation of being used by the worthy fathers of the present church for parties fines, quite inconsistent with the holiness of the place; this indeed was one of the sharpest contrasts between what was and is, in which Rome is so superabundantly rich.

Now we drove up the Aventine, on whose summit with its wide view stands the Priory of the Maltese Order.

[p.96]

What always remains incomprehensible to me is how anyone, amid the monuments of ancient art, with their simplicity and dignity, is able to bring forth such miserable, tasteless foolishness as Piranesi's decoration of the forecourt of the Pri0IY, or the statues of the Angels' Bridge [p.nte Sant'Angelo]. Astonishing, none the less, is the view of St. Peter's dome as seen in perspective.\Torn the portals of this building, between the green walls of the garden hedges; but uniquely impressive is the view down and around.\Torn the steep summit of the prioIY garden!

Beneath us flowed the Tiber; beyond the stream rises the long backbone of the Janiculum, with all its churches, palaces and villas. There to the left, the quiet slope of the hill is cultivated like a garden, with vineyards, orchards and olive groves. The most picturesque of all groups of trees is situated between Pietro Montorio and Aqua Paolo; while on the brow of the hill the cypresses of Villa Millini preen themselves, and below us to the right floats [p. 97] upon the heaven-mirroring stream the white ruin of the Pans Aemilianus, built by Scipio A.\Ticanus (now the Ponte Raffa); and closer beneath us is the Pons SubliCius ofHoratius Codes.

Opposite us in the present-day Ripetta was the camp ofPorsenna - I looked for the general's tent, and the fire-basin ofScaevola. There between Rome's heaped-up houses rises in modesty the stepped roof of the Rotunda; and fur off above the city and its empty Campagna, glitter in the sunshine the snow hills above Subiaco.

Now we glided rapidly through the church on the western slope ofthe Aventine; here empty stillness receives us! The Pyramid [of Cestius], the jewel and adornment of the locality; the quietly greening Monte Testaccio, the gray Basilica of St. Paul [Outside the Walls], and the silently gliding Tiber form a melancholy ensemble c.omparable only to itself! We descended the Aventine, in heavenly pure warm air, and lingered among the graves of the foreigners, [and] by the Pyramid, it [p. 98] which set as touching a goal for today's inexpressibly interesting excursion, as it [the pyramid] had unexpectedly become the career path (Laufbahn) of so many a hopeful youth!

"Caius Cestius, Jupiter's table-setter, lived in the time of Augustus. The Pyramid, which defies the millennia, was built in 330 days to house his body.
A gentle cheerfulness eddied around us; these mild Ausonian [Italian] airs wafted memories to us, heightened by the immediacy of tender and true friendship; and we heartily thanked our true Hirt for the noble enjoyment of this day, in which with such true feeling all the objects of instruction had been assembled for us in a wreath of beautiful eurhythmia.

After the meal I hurried away from the bustle of my dwelling, and of the Piazza di Spagna, and saw the sun sinking amid the rushing of the cascade of Aqua Paolo. Rome's evening scenes will remain eternally unforgettable to me- as, in the center of the city, first the ruins, then the cupolas, then the nearer and farther hills compete to catch the last ray of sunshine, until twilight, shadow, darkness cover past, present and nature!

December 3.

Another extensive pilgrimage, and this time among graves in the narrower sense -- for truly Rome itself is just a huge mausoleum!

We drove out through the Porta Capena, where gruesomely arise on the left the vast ruins of the Imperial Palaces, overgrown with Immigrant green, and where the Cactus Opuntius trails its picturesque tendrils (? Vorgrund-Pflanze) over the walls. Soon arise from the open country on the right the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla in heaped-up, powerful masses. We halt at the church of San Sebastiano on the Appian Way, where ruined tombs are aligned, inhabited by a starving populace, and the whole plain around is bestrewn with ruins. Single columns of red granite stand by the roadside, now hung with the accessories of Christ's passion. From this church one descends into the Catacombs, which do not correspond to the prevailing conception. They seem to me to be quarries irregularly hewn out of this very ancient volcanic soil.

Some of the stories of these subterranean labyrinths are even more frightful than the labyrinths themselves. A goldsmith entered one of the mouths of this network in Frascati in the hope of finding treasure, but lost his way and emerged the following evening in the Villa Medici, where the men working in the garden took the deathly pale and disfigured apparition for a ghostly visitor; so this underworld extended twelve or fifteen miles under the earth! A monstrous thought, but perhaps also -- that the old volcanoes formed many of these hollows.

Circus of Caracalla.

So called, but actually the tomb of a private person, whose name is unknown, to whom the circus belonged and to whom the customary funeral games (especially the chariot races) were dedicated. The form of the building is noble, and similar to that of the Pantheon. The vestibule is now an occupied house. Around the center of the building ran a powerful vault, in the walls of which were niches for the sarcophaguses. Now, this vault was a stall, and a solitary black pig sacrificed grunting to the Manes. The second floor was a rotunda, whose form and space were still preserved in their entirety, but whose roof had fallen in. Here in a circle of niches stood the family portraits, like the gods in the Pantheon. Beneath were arcades in which stood the horses and chariots, all of them dedicated to Neptune.

Romulus' entertainment for the Sabines is said to have already taken the form of circular games, and from Rome's cradle the following circuses emerged: Circus of Tarquinius Priscus; the Circus Maximus, between the Palatine and Aventine (and ultimately enlarged under Trajan to a capacity of 350,000 persons); Circus Flamininus on the Campus Martius; [p.
that of Nero near St Peter's; the one near Hadrian's Mausoleum; that of Sallust near his gardens on the Pincio, where the Villa Ludovisi now stands. We looked at the ruins of the villa of the man to whom the tomb apparently belonged, and which lie scattered about on the little hills. The obelisk of the Piazza Navona was found in this circus, like all the other obelisks in other circuses.

We now drove farther along the Appian Way, which for twelve miles, as far as Albano, was adorned with tombs of every kind, decoration and style.

Capo di Bove (Tomb of Cecilia Metella).

Tomb of Cecilia Metella, wife of Crassus, who was slain by the Parthians. The base of square-hewn travertine blocks is huge; from it lightly rises the powerful tower as far as the delicate round frieze, decorated with handsome bulls' heads, for which the monument is now named. Upon the tower was formerly a round terrace, where the [p. 103] commonplace Gothic battlement is now stuck on; from the Middle Ages, when this tomb, like so many others, was misused as a fortification. We went inside. The shell here is tremendous, and the nucleus (the inner tomb hall) small like that of a coconut; but with a ghastly beauty (schauerlich schön), and at the same time picturesque as the daylight fell from above through the creeping vegetation that grew about the round opening. Here in the neighborhood are shown also the ruins of the tomb of the Servii.

Continuation of the Circus of Caracalla.

From this side near the Metella tomb is the most convenient entry into the interior of the Circus, by the real ancient entrance, where were the chariot arcades, and where on both sides of the oblong square ran the wall with the Planum indinatum on which the seats were arranged; below, the sheltering Podium was extended as in the amphitheater; but this circus held 18,000 people. Lengthwise through the middle ran the Spina, [p. 104] but in such a way that there remained a large space above, where the chariots entered and departed, and a small room below by the Porta Triumphalis. Above was the goal, the Meta, at the end of the Spina, but attainable only after three circuits.

The Spina was a broad wall on which were exhibited the insignia (? Feier) of Leda (in honor of Castor and Pollux), the Dolphins (in honor of Neptune), an obelisk, statues of the gods, and likenesses of the dead; these last were first borne around in a solemn procession in front of the spectators, and placed on the Spina; then sacrifices were made to them, and they watched the games. Opposite the end of the Spina and the Meta was the Emperor's loge; 100 chariots drove here, twenty-five of each color; and four contestants 1. Tom each, making twenty victors. In front of the chariots were harnessed two, four, six to twelve horses. Here, eighty defeated contestants slipped away unnoticed to the Porta Libitina — but there at the Porta Triumphalis, twenty victorious palm-bearers proudly drove out! Those [p. 105] to the left and right, these straight ahead, toward the exit. 2

We, too, left by the Triumphal Gate, which seemed to us like a higher emblem of the

12Should I have here misunderstood something, I beg friend Hirt's pardon! I say what I know, until he silences all lay persons with his long-promised work On the Architecture of the Ancients.
future; hand in hand, deeply moved and much rejoiced by the vivid impression of a circus and its games which we had received today through the care and fidelity of our Hirt: *Soutenans nous dans Za carriere, Za victorie est au biltl [sic]>. And now we visited the lonely Elmo VaHey, where breathes all melancholy repose. Like an image of Lethe, the lazy brook glides hence between reedy banks!

The Grotto of Egeria.

Picturesque is its vaulting, overgrown with rank vegetation and wreathed with shrubbery; but the mournful [p. 106] spring runs impeded and uncared-for through the mud and crumbling mortar of the vault; where, in the depths of the grotto, it trickles out of a niche, mild nature has adorned the deserted spot. The tender Adianthum twines itself with trembling dew pearled arms about the lonely nymph. Good Numa, if I lived in Rome, I would become the caretaker of the sacred spring!

This grotto is the ruin of a temple of the Muses. 'Torn the time of Augustus, and Egeria was honored here as a tenth Muse; now, a mutilated statue of the old river-god Elmo occupies her place in the central niche of the enclosure. Bare and sad is the surrounding locality, with not even a tree nearby, to say nothing of Numa's sacred grove; yet the immediate surroundings of the grotto are very picturesque.

We also saw, before returning to the city, the ruins on the right of a little temple; dedicated, according to some, to the god Ridiculus, by others to the fortunate return after Hannibal's withdrawal, or to the Fortuna muliebris after Ciololanus' reconciliation. Presumably [p. 107] at one time a tomb -- but pro tempore a pigsty.

With reverence we lingered before the old Capenian Gate (*Porta capena*), where the triumphal Arch ofDrusus still stands nobly; overarching the way was the section of an aqueduct, whose pipe-hole (*Rohrenloch*) is still visible at the side. Everywhere among these ruins we found a joyful vegetation; on the bare fields in the Circus, a thick green turf swelled under our feet. The grass in these unmowed meadows rots unused, and pollutes the air around Rome.

December 5.

The Palatine Hill

We spent a splendid morning on the Palatine Hill; a cool Tramontana was blowing; blue was the sky, and mellowly the December sun; the omnipresent green meadows around Rome, and the luxuriant shrubbery of these gardens of ruins, smile with ever-renewed charm; these [p. 108] delightful wild thickets, in which the visitor wanders about on winding half-lost footpaths amid the gigantic ruins of the imperial palaces. Today we climbed the hill on the subterranean foundations (? *Substitutionen*) on its western side; then through half-ruined arches between devastated walls and across rubbish heaps to the brow of the hill, where one suddenly looks down into the vast space of the Circus Maximus, now industriously cleaned up and filled with vegetable gardens. Directly below us was the Imperial Loge -- (one still recognizes, in embracing the whole layout with a single quick glance, the eliptic-al form, dimly marked by the heaped-up earth of the circumference, and senses the long extended Spina); -- to the right, at
the end, still stands one of the signal towers where the signal to begin was given when the Emperor arrived.

Around us was the most lovely plenitude of shrubbery run wild: blooming Citys (or rather colutea), seed-bearing Antirrhinum majus, aloe plants everywhere; majestically, on the right, the Tiber beneath us, with Ponte Sesta [sic: Sisto]; far off over the long valley of the Aventine, the Maltese Priory. The Vatican City and St. Peter's hill rise majestically, and in the emptiness to the left, the Pyramid [of Cestius], as unique as it is lonely, next to the old city wall of Aurelian; there, down from the summit valley (Gipflrthal) of the Alban Hills, happily and greenly shining like an Alpine meadow, the Campo d'Annibale.

Now, through laurel-rosemary-Citrus-and-viburnum shrubs, past many a deep and open pit and overgrown abyss, we made our slippery way to the southern, quite unencumbered platform of the hill, carefully led and guided by our Femow. Here one seems still to see the ground covered with ancient marble paving (Alarmorguss), on which the Emperors strolled at evening through airy corridors. This view is one of the most charming in Rome! The bright green pines of Villa Mattei are swept by our peaceful gaze; farther off; brilliantly ensconced in the cheerfulness of heaven, the snow-covered chain of the Apennines; sunk between the spurs of the hills, the Vale of Praeneste. The pines and cypresses of the villas above Frascati, and even the forest tips on the summit of Monte Cavo, were visible in the clear distance.

In front of us shines the Coliseum in full splendor, and nearer at hand the Arch of Constantine stands solemnly. How picturesquely the black oak grove of St. Pietro in Vincoli (sic) emerges from the cloister walls.

Porta Capena, Metella Tomb, gigantic masses of the Baths of Caracalla! Who can take it all in at once? We rested in the lovely Villa Magnani, still nestled in the ruins of the Palatine like a violet among Alpine detritus. Here I sat for a long time on a marble balustrade, where feet of marble statues were incorporated into the masonry beside me; sad souvenirs of the long barbarian interregnum! But above me, a fragrant lemon tree cast its shadow and lowered its fruit-laden branches; the sun shone so warm and life-giving on the dark green-shining foliage -- Oh good Mother Nature! You work beneficently in ever friendly mildness, unheeding of the chaotic times that darkly rush past you!

Some Tesco paintings by Raphael's pupils decorate the vestibule of this decrepit and abandoned villa; and, though much damaged and faded, still bear the traces of their noble origin.

In the kitchen garden are two deep holes like wells; they are the openings of the subterranean Baths of the Empresses, into which one peers down as into graves - and now sees with astonishment that the whole garden is actually a terrace sustained by huge supporting structures. We returned via the Farnese Gardens, got back into our carriage near the Arch of Titus, and still saw by this fine sunlight the one beautiful and most picturesque ruin of the Minerva Medica on the Esquiline.

In the afternoon we visited Michael Angelo's Moses in the church of San Pietro in
Vincolis. It is a powerful and splendid faun's head, to which breach of taste (MissgrifJ) the great artist may well have been misled by the attribute of the horns. The stance is imposing, the body like that of a Titan, the beard intolerably long. In this church are very fine antique columns of Pentelic marble, which, according to the received opinion., were brought by Sulla from Athens to Rome. Pentelic marble is here also called Zippolino; the ten columns of the Temple of Faustina are also of this material. Parian marble was more suitable for sculptural purposes, for which the Athenians used the marble of the hill of Pent he Ie only because of its convenient proximity. They showed me numerous quartz veins in Pentelic marble; the work on these columns is attributed to the time of Pericles.

Today I dreamed away the sunset hour [p. 113] in the arena of the Coliseum and then by the columns of Jupiter Stator, which rose slenderly in the glow of evening, and then wandered around for a while in the Campo Vaccino.

December 6.

The Palatine Hill

The Villa Magnani (now Brunati).

Am I right? You will gladly accompany me once more to the Palatine Hill? - As with me, evenY beautiful hour binds you more intimately to the place, or the object, that prompted it? To him who enjoys with the soul, the Tuit of memoIY always ripens where the bloom of the present buds -- and only he is at home in Hesperia [Italy].

Today your loved ones wandered together; the weather again was splendid, and Hirt was our companion. I mention this so that today you wiJ] piously believe in each of my words as in an oracle -- as I do with Hirt. Now, hear!

[p. 114] We first descended \TON the vegetable garden into the subterranean chambers I had glimpsed yesterday. These were the women's baths; and this one belonged specificalY to the beautiful, unfortunate Juli--the daughter of Augustus. Still recognizable on the walls are the niches in which formerly stood the porphYIY bathtubs we still see so splendidly in the M.P.CI. [Museo Pio-Clementino] Smaller niches were for statues. One still sees clearly the rounded form of the vaults. But they have been robbed of all decoration., and even the marble has been clawed off the walls -- for a Frenchman (not yet a New Frank, though worthy to be a reborn one) lived in this villa, discovered the baths and all their beauties, kept silent as a mouse, and had statues, decorations, etc. quite secretly conveyed to the Tiber and from thence onward, it is said, to Toulouse!

We saw also a vault of the kind that were called Laconicum or steam bath. Then we climbed up and [p. 115] wandered in the former Gardens of Adonis, where artichokes and lettuce now grow, to a point where, sitting on a marble wall, one overlooks the site of the former Hippodrome in its elliptical form. To the right we looked into the three immense chambers of the Imperial Loges, and, through this emptiness, into a delightful Roman distance, in which the picturesquely grouped foothills rise in a gradual splendid ascent to the heaven-high mountains. Opposite us can still be identified the crescent-shaped form of the Exedra by its decayed and wavering walls, where Virgil once read to Augustus and Olivia that canto of the Aeneid in hearing which the latter, overcome by grief for Marcellus, sank down in a faint
Description 01 the Library alTerence.

There on the left, where the cloister and other houses now stand on the ruins, [p. 116] was this wonder of art. Around the building [on the outside] ran a hall supported on the inside by 150 columns of Punic marble. In the niches formed by the intercolumnnar spaces stood beautifully wrought statues of the 50 daughters of Dana us. The doors were encased in decorative sheathings of gold and ivory, presenting the story of Niobe; on the facade (Frontispiz) stood Halios (Helios) on the sun-wagon. Around the altar stood four bronze bulls, a work of Myron. Apollo, as Musagetes [leader of the Muses], [stood] in the sanctuary between the statues of his mother and sister. From the vestibule extended on either side the rooms of the libraIY. Now, only the beautiful palm of the Palatine still stands greedly above the ruins!

Northern Side 01 the Palatine.

Here were the porticos beneath whose pillared halls the Emperors, even at noontide, enjoyed eternal cooling, looking down as rulers upon the Queen of Cities. There beneath the Capitol stood Romulus' [p. 117] house, then his temple, in the ruins of which was found the She-wolf of the Capitol, [and which is] now the church of St. Theodore.

We followed the shaded path along the foundations. How wildly these darkening halls have been overgrown by the luxuriant fullness of the most joyful vegetation! The tender Adianthum trembles over every damp wall. In the shadow stands with shining dark leaves the Acanthus, and the rose-red fruit of the Evonimus Europeus opens its flower-like capsules, which hang in pretty clusters on the greening bush. Here we came to the steep northwestern slope of the hill, where the house of Valerius Publicola stood. Beneath was the overgrown hollow of the Lupercalia. Near here, we saw the place Tom where Caligula had the bridge built to the Capitol; directly opposite is the Tarpeian Rock.

How many places for thought, hereabouts, does the eye find and the heart feel! Wandering around the Palatine is unique in that [p. 118] one takes in all Rome, from the cradle to the grave, in a single look around. Most picturesque from here is the position of the ruined Temple of Concordia, on the slope of the Capitoline Hill. Camillus' and Cicero's shadows were about me. There rises into the air the high terraced hill of the Villa Medici, like a green island; there sways airily the Colonna pine borne on its high trunk; and St. Peter's stands, like a second Simon [sic] Stylites, on Trajan's Column.

Now lied the friends into my favorite sanctu3IY of the Farnese Gardens. How invitingly stands the open sarcophagus there, supported by old marble fueze joists! - wh-hat an enviable resting place for the long sleep, under the holy shade of these evergreen oaks, beside the lost lisping of the fountains! It is impossible that the thought of dying should not take pleasurable possession of anyone in Rome, where are so many charmingly opened graves! How touching, under the thick crown of oaks, is the [p. 119] view downward to the deeply sunken Forum, to the mighty arches of the Temple of Peace, to the rising majesty of the Coliseum, and, past the ruins of the Baths of Titus, to the far-offhilJs!

December 18.

I have made a long pause; for I was ill, really ill; and without Domeier's faithful care, without his genius-like penetration into my whole physical and moral condition, my way to the Pyramids would perhaps already have been accomplished! But I am still here, though still
without joye *de vivre* -- where will I find that again?

Villa Mattei.

Sick and melancholy, I fled thither with my dear, even sicker and more melancholy Zoega. At the foot of the Palatine, between it and the wall of the Villa Mattei, stands a fine old flying buttress or pier-arch (*Schwibbogen*), the *Arcus Collectarum*, which holds the oldest [p. 120] local inscription, and the only one. From the times of the already dying Republic. It is from Dolabella, Cicero's son-in-law. Here are also the remains of the subordinate aqueduct which *Nero* had connected to that of Appius Claudius Caecus.

From the terrace of the Villa Mattei there is a fine view of that part of the Algidus which was called Tusculum, and where Cicero's Tusculan villa lay beneath the present Aldobrandini villa. There still flows a spring which bears the name of *Aqua algida*. Beneath tall cypresses, beside a lonely meadow, stands a melancholy but very beautiful colossal bust of Augustus. In the middle of the meadow stands an ancient marble sarcophagus with a bas-relief of the Muses of Socrates and Homer. A lonely ivy shoot had taken root in the flat earth, without finding any nearby tree trunk to support it; it twined itself up onto the sarcophagus itself, and its gently bent-over tip fonned a charming wreath right over Homer's bald head [p. 121] We were touched to see the immortal poet receive the rewarding wreath after thousands of years. From this delightful meadow one enjoys a beautiful view in the western distance.

On the way back we lingered before the Obelisk of the Lateran. It adorned the Circus Maximus, was born in Thebes, and was the last one brought from Egypt to Rome.

From the steps of the Lateran one has not only one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most informative views into the earliest field of history, if one goes with Zoega's guiding hand. He showed and named to me the small territories of the populations which young Rome little by little devoured. On the Algidus, Alba Longa, capital of the Latins; behind the mountain, the land of the Volscians; capital Veletri. Around the mountain lived the Aequians as far as Preneste, where the Tiburtine hills arise. Then followed Samnites, and finally the Sabines. All of these streams of population flowed, so to speak, into the Tiber Valley of the Campagna, and were always threatening to swamp the young Rome, which had only the great choice between victory and death. Here, too, we saw the waterworks of Nero merging with the splendid Claudian or rather Appian Aqueduct.

---

13See Fr. Stollberg's Hymn: The Birth of Homer.
II.

(December 19-29, 1795)

December 19, 1795.

I was too weak to undertake anything, too exhausted to feel worthy of any great sight—so for once I plunked down with eye and sense into the new Rome, which, to tell the truth, I have overlooked up to now as though I were among the ruins of Palmyra. So, I took a cab ride (kutschierte) in the heart of new Rome, a great part of which stands on the campus Martius of the old one. Here there is little joy and much stink, the more so as today is a fast day. On such days, the poor folk live mostly on rotten fish, cabbage soup and furinaceous foods, which are soaked in bad oil and broiled. An cookshops, mobile street ovens and house corners exude these pestiferous odors; and yet Rome could be more easily kept clean and fresh than any other city I know. From the old aqueous opulence of the aqueducts and [p. 124] baths, well-supplied fountains and springs have developed everywhere, even in the most out-of-the-way quarters; but these are mostly so unsuitably designed that animals can seldom, and people only with much inconvenience, get at the water; for which reason the Roman people have dedicated the pompous and very superfluous steps of the fountains as their Petits-Lien:

Splendid are the rich water-bursts of St Peter's Square, and I am never tired of looking at the fantastic Trevi Fountain, that heaped-up (zusammengebir&'fe) child of fantasy. Would that they had had the courage of simplicity, and had let the precious Aqua Paoli rush down in a single stream instead of splitting it into four separate channels! Among the great fountains, I like least that of the Piazza Navona.

December 20.

Zoega, Domeier and I today took our dear Pfaff to the Corsini Garden; we drove past the basilica of Marcus Aurelius, [p. 125] which stands at the foot of Monte Citorio, and supports with its Corinthian columns the new Dogana [custom house], in which the foreigners win hardly encounter Marcus Aurelius' fairness and good nature! I rode out of the garden and up to the bosket or thicket that covers the steep ascent, in hopes of [enjoying] the famous view. \Torn the Corsini Casino; it must deserve its reputation, judging by its situation on the Montorio and its considerable altitude. But the fog was implacable, flowing through the air like halfcurdled milk, in which the tower-pinnacles and dome-lanterns, and the statues on the columns, swam about, as Domeier said, like drowned wasps. Our dear Swabian, to whom we had promised to show the riches of the world and the splendor thereof (in expectation of a transfigured noon hour) put on an extremely tragicomic air at this scene. \Torn the territory of Jupiter Scirocco!

Hardly had we gone down the hill, when [p. 126] the heavens cleared to spite us! So we drove our friend to the Villa Borghese, where the friendly sunshine had assembled Rome's beau monde in whisksys, phaetons, sparkling coaches, on horseback and on foot! There also appeared some newly arrived Parisian beauties, who, in Rome, like a drop in the ocean, contribute the ruin of their fortune all their charms to the great display of the transitoriness of all earthly greatness. All my Roman acquaintances are unanimous in their reports on the unmannerliness, immodesty, incivility and crudeness of the neo-Roman matrons. How badly, unpleasantly, and often even vulgarly ladies from the upper classes speak their noble tongue! Only in the middle class does one occasionally find a somewhat cultivated woman., as well as traces of domestic happiness, and often examples of the most tender sibling love; for it happens
VeIY often here, that in bourgeois families the oldest son remains unmarried in order to support his sister's children [p. 127] when her husband is either unable or unwilling to earn a living. This nepotistic love extends from the Papal See all the way down into the bourgeois and popular classes, where it often appears as the most sacrificial tenderness. Thus, for example, the Abbe Giunto-Tardi, the noble and charming preceptor of my son — a young man who, thanks to his unusual cleverness, his talents, and above all the excellence of his moral character, would have a claim to everything, and could support without anxiety a finnily of his own — [but] actually lives only for the children of his siblings, especially those of his tenderly beloved sister.

December 2 I.

I rode today from the Porta Pia to the Pons Nomentanus. The view of this now desolate scene, so animated in ancient times, induces a quiet, melancholy wonderment which is not without charm. The air was clear; the Teverone flowed quietly, like my thoughts, and with its fresh green the Sacred Mountain recalled the legend of prehistoric times.

Villa Albani.

Second Visit.

From there I rode to Villa Albani. Here one enjoys a quite new view of the hills, which present themselves in a magnitude and order such as I had never yet seen. Here I went as it were hand in hand with my beloved Winckelmann, whose flaming words of enthusiasm sounded constantly around me. I remained longest before the colossal bust of Pallas, which is a new ideal of my inner spirit. Today I was with dear Zoega; the first time I was alone, and so sick that I turned around. I immediately sought out my Pallas in the loge of the lofty beautiful columned passage of this noble villa; it is a masterpiece of the Stilo sublimo. How beautiful is the unrestored right cheek — [p. 129] how strong the full head of hair, strained back beneath the helmet — how Teely the head is carried by the juicy (sajivoll) neck — how tenderly the goddess's far-hearing ear is formed! Free and powerful breathes the invulnerable breast beneath the snake twined Aegis! the only bosom on earth, in high Olympus, and even in the shadow kingdom, which the arrows of the little distance marksman [Cupid] never struck! To him, honored by all living creatures, only this proudly vaulted temple of wisdom remained closed. Unembarrassed, serious, yet mild, she gazes from wide-open eyes. So appeared to me the Pallas Albani; I would have liked to bring her forthwith a violet wheat and olive spray, to the lovely peace bringer and friend of quiet womanly joys; for the high quiet of wisdom is deeply imprinted on this august visage.

In the peristyle stands also an unusual statue of Domitian, a physiognomical masterpiece of secret malignity.

In the garden Zoega showed me, on a little antique sarcophagus, the following lovely [p.130] bas-relief: On it is represented an opened circus and chariot race, led by genii; lacking is only the palm-bearing victor -- for the deceased was a child. How tenderly and truly felt! Here stand also, in two neighboring niches, the colossal busts of Trajan and Titus. Nature had not given them the impress of their inner being as their endowment on the throne. How high and tenderly, on the other hand, does humanity speak to us from the features of the Antonine!

We now entered the main building; every corner here was holy to me! Here Winckelmann had lived, thought, felt, worked! And I hastened straight to Winckelmann's Antinous, the famous high relief! Dear, thoughtful Winckelmann, how could this brainless,
chubby-faced youth enrapture you? He is puffed out as with milk and Robs, and for the first time I recognized here, [p. 131] in the unidealized portrait of Antinous, the favorite of Hadrian.

**Large Room at Raphael Mengs.**

Pallas armed, with spear in hand. Great style in the fine garment; magnificent head; only, for me, not the goddess of wisdom, rather an armed Juno. There is something of ostentatious greatness in this splendid statue, which is not appropriate to the high seriousness of a Pallas. Leucothea, a nymph, or Ino, sister of Semele, with young Bacchus on her arm; one of the most charming groups. Tom antiquity; a Greek Madonna! This virginal wet-nurse does appear with loosened girdle; but how pure are these deflowered forms, joined with the most obliging liberality! How lovingly the beautiful head on its swanlike neck bends down to the beloved nurseling; how lightly and securely she bears the lovely child in her left arm, as it disarmingly strains upward to her with its little head and hand [p. 132] in trying to reach these sweetly smiling lips. This is Greek in feeling, and represented wholly without ostentation; touching truth united with exalted beauty.

Famous ceiling by Mengs. Mnemosyne, the mother of the Muses, is received as the tenth Muse. Here I found it equably difficult to praise or to blame, but impossible to feel. The Apollo seemed to me a finely colored Apollo. The facial formations of the Muses are all as beautiful as cold! I have never seen brighter and fresher colors; but they seem to me, especially in the heads, to lack the harmony of life. But I don't like the subject at all! I do not like to think of Mnemosyne's daughters as her judges, nor to see the beautiful and true relationship of Memory to each of the arts and sciences inhibited for a moment.

In the next room is a splendid bas-relief, apparently representing Antiope with her sons; it is in the old Greek style, sober [p. 133] and full of restrained feeling. On the stairway, another charming relief is built into the wall. Leucothea, with Bacchus in her lap; about her, serving nymphs; the figure standing before her is full of grace.

We lingered for some time on the balcony outside this room, held fast by the most splendid view. Zoega showed me, on a foothill to the right of the Alban Hill, where the little town of Collona now lies, the site of the ancient Labicum; farther to the right on the Alban Hill, the approximate site of Alba Longa. In front of us, numerous ruins were strewn over the landscape and bear the name of Roma Vecchia. There, between the two old highways (Labicana and Preneste), lies a large ruin called Torre dei Schiavi. Concerning these two groups of ruins there is no definite opinion.

**December 22.**

In divinely beautiful weather I visited [p. 134] my dear friend Electra, in the Casino Ludovisi; I always hope she will one day break her long silence for my sake and tell her friend all the suffering of her high soul. The handsome Theseus here also becomes ever dearer to me!

"The work on this bust is excellent. the See the vignette at end.

The original German reads as follows: Diese Jungfrau-Armnere erscheint zwar mit gelostem Gurtel; aber wie rein sind diese entknospeten Formen bey der gefalligsten Ergossenheit! Translator's note.)
How you would smile at the enthusiast, if you saw me, charmed and solitarily, wandering among these exalted figures, from whom I would oh! so gladly wring speech, and who, even though silent, radiate so much intelligence that I greatly prefer them to most articulate company. This Theseus, like Orestes and Electra, has the fine Greek ear; which beauty, as you know, I prize very highly, as I have often found it even more characteristic than the finest rosy lips. The genuine Greek statues always possess this fine allurement.

The view from the roof of the Casino was exquisite today. But you know it. In the evening, in splendid moonlight, I made a lengthy excursion, first to Monte Cavallo. Did you ever see the Colossi in the silver light of the moon? The horses snorted, the youths seemed to breathe, inspired by the full streaming glory of the moonshine. Viewed from the shady side, they looked like noble Ossianic spirits.

But why do they look up at the dead palace? Why not downward into the Vale of the Quirites? We drove the lonely way past the Baths of Diocletian to the Coliseum, and twice, thrice around it every moment creates a new scene, where silver floods and black nocturnal cinders seem to sift through the vaults, and everything seems now to rise in the air, now to sink into eternal darkness; then back via the Campo Vaccino, where shudder continually ran through me, and the past — even if I spent my life in Rome -- would never be displaced by the present Cardinal Spinelli was buried today in the Church at Apostoli, where Ganganelli also lies.

We went, hoping to see a solemn ceremony. But all these corteges are handled very cavalierly in Rome! Never did I see priests and monks doing their office with less dignity. The corpse was placed in the midst of the beautiful, totally black-draped church, on whose decoration they were still hammering before his very ears! The candle-bearing monks miserably bawled out their litanies! The servants of the graybeard stood with torches around the open coffin, laughing and joking. Awesome, nevertheless, was the effect of the moonlight, which fell through the high windows into the raven-black depths of the church.

December 23.

I drove out to see a few churches.

In the Madonna di Loretto, on the Square of Trajan's Column, is a statue of St. Agnes by Fiammino, whose beautiful Cecilia I had already admired. This, too, is a gracious, virginal being, full of quiet grace. Charming is the gentle head with the parted, wavy hair; the neck and its position are full of sweetness. Incomparably beautiful is the right shoulder, the tender breast, and the beautiful lowering of the arm with the palm branch; to judge by the upper part, they could have told me this lovely work was antique. But the deception dissipates as soon as one notes the false and animated posture, and the folds of the garment over the hips and the lower part of the body.

The Church of the Gesù is a great, tastelessly decorated ostentation chamber.

In Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, we visited the Christ Bearing the Cross of Michael Angelo. The head is fine, and full of inward nobility and powerful endurance. Not less beautiful is the whole posture of the excessively detailed body, which, like the statue of Moses, seems to lack the epidermis (Fetthaut) that veils the play of muscles and nerves.

Ara Coeh. This church of the Capitoline Hill occupies the site of the former church.
Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; in it stand very ancient, charred granite columns, of the Doric order and of very noble origin, brought here according to tradition from the Temple of Jupiter Olympus.

Then we wandered about the Capitol and looked for the foundation stone of the old building, which is thought to be discernible at the left near the summit as one climbs up from the Campo Vaccino in the direction of the Via Sacra.

Rospigliosi (Rospigliosi) Palace.

The Aurora of Guido still remains, after all, one of the finest creations of fantasy; and I do not need to tell you with what delight my own fantasy lost itself therein! Here Guido [Reni] is right in his own field of lovely twilight feeling; here, where a tender imprecision becomes almost an asset. Who can restrain the fleeing Horae, or pin down the changeable ones? Ah! (p. 139) they bring us and alternately rob us of grief and joy! Charm of the entire group, ethereal coloring; beauty of the tawny Hora with the yellow garment; grace of the two last ones - they retain an almost childish innocence. But the Sun God has not yet slept his fill; he is a pitiable Sire, whom I would heartily like to have down from his chariot!

But Aurora! What an inimitable floating of the poured-out, mildly broadening figure; how upward-breathing did I feel the gentle shudder of the updraft that raises her garment (wie emporgehaucht, lühte ich den leisen Schauer des Azifgangs, van dem ihr Gewand geblahet wird). And she herself? Ah! this gentle melancholy visage, this longing glance! Her two hands are full of flowers; they have not yet fallen on the dark earth.

"I scatter flowers on the Earth -- but flowers bedewed with my tears!"

In this palace stands also the famous basalt bust of Scipio Africanus. Here, too, the venerable skull bears the honorable scar of the Ticino. It is a dear, serious and firm (vest) countenance, especially interesting in half profile; one of those faces whose nature one would accept on faith -- there is something Old German in this honest face.

December 24.

We all were homesick on Christmas Eve! The combined efforts of the noble Luise and myself could only offer the children a rather colorless Christmas celebration; the mother's heart was divided between the near and the distant children; and I myself longed like a child for my own mother!

December 25.

We attended the High Service in St. Peter's Church, where I, through the kindness of Cardinal Borgia, that venerable mend of Danes, had a very good seat for each changing scene in every act of this religious drama. The appearance of the Pope, carried swaying on a throne beneath the swaying baldachin, is imposing! The beauty of this elderly figure, his noble decorum, the splendor of the snow-white gown in which he was swathed, did not fail of their effect on me. But hardly had the god touched the earth, hardly had all these stupid and mindless ceremonies begun, than the brief spell was broken -- to whose duration, moreover, the whole demeanor of the Holy Fathers of the Church contributed nothing; for the pompous processions are being ever more casually carried out, because the more sophisticated (die Gescheuten) undoubtedly feel that the whole business has by now become witenable, and among the less sophisticated, hardly anyone is stupid enough to believe any longer in this
foolish tissue of aberrations of the human mind.

We went up into the loge above St. Ludovico, one of the four colossal statues on the four main altars which adorn the giant pillars of the dome around the high altar. Here we had right before us the Tribuna in which they played puppet games with the Holy Father before the eyes of all Rome. On the back side of the altar was displayed his entire wardrobe of caps (seven, if I am not mistaken), together with a rich silver and gold buffet. He himself sat on a throne, to the left of the altar in the Tribuna, and received the homage of all the Cardinals; from time to time he was (I could never understand why) undressed and dressed like a doll, first reverently kissing each new item of his wardrobe, down to the slipper, before it was put on him. Meanwhile there resounded some noisy but insignificant music, accompanied by extremely mediocre singing.

I soon turned my eye and heart away from this tomfooleY, which really annoyed me to the point of sadness, in order to lose myself in the fullness of the powerful space, which bold spirits with their gigantic genius knew how to encompass and confine in a harmonious whole. I could see from my unencumbered position into three corners of the crossing; the fourth one, at the base of which I stood, was hidden by the protruding column. The movement of the human masses, like the waves of the sea, and so easily dispersed in this open space, has something magical about it. They expected about 10,000 people in the church today. The noise reechoed as euphony in the upper vaults.

We then visited the little Christmas Eve theaters, which, beginning with this night's birth scene, are still opened and illuminated in the churches, in Francesco a Ripa beyond the Tiber, and then in Ara Coeli on the Capitoline. Here the Bambino lay radiant with jewels, but still couched on straw; the rustic scene was presented with a naivete that is not without charm.

The picture of the young mother, beside the cradle of the newborn Son of love and hope, speaks to every human heart -- and I liked even the honorable long-ear donkey, who always appears sideways in life size, sympathetically regarding his dear mistress. The children's joy over all this was, as you can imagine, veIY great, and Lotte indicated that such a Bambino would have been a veIY welcome present to her yesterday evening!

[p.144]

The Farnesina.

December 26.

The ceiling in the Salon is adorned with the famous fresco paintings containing the story of Psyche, painted by Raphael's detailed sketch, and under his supervision, by his pupils, and retouched by Carlo Maratti. Before following this Psyche in her fateful adventures, one must lay aside all touching sensitivity, and quite forget the spiritual Psyche with the butterfly wings!

Here we have a sturdy, full-bodied, but good-naturedly naive count!Y girl, such as I saw in the grape harvest around Florence; the whole thing is a celebration of a fantasy filled with joyful pictures. How wonderfully beautiful are all these childish genii, fluttering about like little birds in their mischievous games! especially the three who are bearing Psyche in triumph to Olympus, armed with the box of Proserpina against the anger of the vengeful goddess. The female figures are most voluminously formed --- and I make full allowance here; for they would hardly have emerged so Rubens-like by Raphael's imagination. Venus, rising in anger to Olympus, is magnificent; she breathes flames! Beautiful in the glow of youth and love is the stripling Eros, as he indifferently aims at the poor mortal the arrow which, invisibly reversing, strikes him in the same moment. All the groups are well arranged and thought out
with much understanding.

Raphael's capricious exuberance is unmistakable in the Council of the Gods. The Olympian ladies, unfortunately, are all more or less ugly and vulgar. Only Athene, who stands there blue-eyed and cheerful as Aether, is tall and lovely to look at. Apollo is handsome and penetratingly intelligent. The jaunty Hercules, who with all possible good nature rejoices "that poor Psyche, like him, after full investigation has made it to the nectar party," is naive to the last degree. Very witty is the [p. 146] trefoil of the three superior (? ehrenvesten) over-gods, whose features show a family resemblance. Neptune is such a doughty sunburned seaman as might have been fished out of the Thames. The feast on Olympus, like all court festivals, in spite of the Horae, Graces and Muses and all dazzling splendor, is a little tiresome, especially to the bridal pair. Hebe points out to Hercules the Psyche, who, like him, has been spiritualized by suffering. Luxuriant fruit and flower garlands assemble the whole panorama of human passions, sorrows and joys in a pleasing whole. Raphael seems to have treated this fable in a rather Lucian-like (lucianisch) way [apparently a reference to Lucian., a second-century Greek writer known for his light touch].

We also visited the monastery of St. Onofrio, which lies near the outermost tip of the Montorio. This was for the sake of the painting of Torquato Tasso which is preserved there. But the bust (of Tasso), which is thought to be more like him, is kept inside this monkish cloister, where no woman may enter. To place Tasso's bust where no woman can see him is [p. 147] an insult to his genius! Who honored women as he did? The wreath which Petrarch for one woman attached to the starry bow of heaven, Tasso wound about the entire sex in a variegated efflorescence of higher, gentler and ever more touching femininity! Splendid is the panorama of Rome, beneath the oak upon the terrace; but today it was cloudy and cold.

The Vatican.

Raphael's Stanze.

December 27.

The real goal of our visit today was the Loges [Logge] of Raphael; but the Tramontana blew so bitingly into these open halls, that we entered directly into the sanctuary without first acquainting ourselves with the vestibule. We found the lilliends - whose lengthy and continuous wanderings I have been unable to follow for some time, but, like an autumn bird, could only enjoy the fairest flowers, fruits and nuts. Tom the divine garden [p. 148] of Hesperian art-standing here and there in Tom of Theology, Jurisprudence, Philosophy and Poetry. Of our two dear friends, Hirt, the artistic antiquarian, now accompanied the others, and Fernow, the philosophical esthete, attached himself to me. I myself merely gaped like a child, with eyes wide open and mouth scarcely less so.

The wise disposition of the groups, the truth of the figures, the purity of their outlines, the fire, tempered by reason, of their expression--- a rich fullness of the forms, liveliness of expression, and prevailing nobility in the heads, were clear to me everWhere. Here there is no petty coquetry with the colors, which appear only as modest servants of the spirit; here there is no mannered chiaroscuro; every thing is directed less to the fanciful than to the understanding and the feelings. But the greatness of the composition, and the inexhaustible creativity of this great genius, are exhibited, as in a magic mirror, in Constantine's Battle. This valley contains a whole Iliad.

December 28.
Today I drove with Zoega out through the Porta Joanna (p.rta San Giovanni?) on the way to Albano. We alighted in the neighborhood of Aqua-Santa, a Roman curative spring, in whose efficacy, however, present-day belief seems to be slight. The air was clear, but everywhere noticeably cold; and though at night it felt only two or, seldom, four degrees, I do not remember ever to have felt colder. But how splendidly the hills present themselves in this Tramontana! The nearby foothills of the Campagna are shrouded in a violet-bluish haze, while the far-off snow-covered mountain chains resemble transfigured beings. Beautiful, Tom here, is the view of the great Claudian Aqueduct; like a first fusion to prehistoric times, the airy pier arches (SchwibbOgen) are drawn across the historic Campagna! Here and there, the restorations [ordered by] the Popes [p.150] are patched together (angelflickt), and there are hovels of poverty, beneath walls that still are useful even in their ruined state. Fragments of grave monuments are visible here and there. The way to the Porta Joanna leads past the former Forum of Nerva and the three Corinthian columns of the Temple of Mars, then past the Coliseum, up the Esquiline, and past the Lateran.

Villa Giustiniani.

It lies high up on the Esquiline, and offers a most interesting overview of the great aqueduct and of the subordinate hydraulic installations that supply and are fed by it. The picturesque ruin of the so-called Minerva Medica (a baptistry belonging to the Baths of Titus) arises from its vineyards in the foreground, and the flat-arched roof (das Jlachgewolbte Dach) of this charming octagon is decorated with a wreath of ivy. A single pine tree splendidly projects its bright green umbrella into the brilliant air. Ruined fragments and arches still hover here and [p. 151] sink there, and shimmering distances appear through the open rooms as through a telescope; in the background shines the snowy Samnite mountain chain.

Apart from its beautiful situation, this villa is noteworthy for the large number of bas-reliefs which are in part cemented into the outer walls of the house and in part scattered over the garden. All of these treasures of art, now exposed to every insult of the weather, are the side walls of marble sarcophagi. Among their number I name only those which are distinguished by their artistic finish or the beauty of their ideas.

Ceres in the dragon's car; Minerva and Venus; Proserpina is lacking – The daughters of Leucippus, kidnapped at their wedding feast by the Dioscuri; the figures of the fainting maidens, carried off by the heroes, are poured out (hiflgesossefl) with unspeakable tenderness and beauty. -- Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes; beauty of the composition in this mediocre copy of an outstanding original.

[p. 152] On a sarcophagus in the garden: Adonis separating from Venus; Diana calls him to the tragic hunt; he is wounded. -- On another one: Cupid (Amor) holds the butterfly over the flame; Psyche and Cupid, refining flames of love and death! -- A naive representation on a third sarcophagus: the true genius of Love holds his client, in the form of a hunted hare, shyly turned away and anxiously sheltering him; a dog in greedy pursuit leaps to seize him. \Torn behind: Ah! dear companion, you will not save him! - We also found a nice representation of the Graces on one sarcophagus, and Apollo, Minerva and the Muses on another.

December 29.

During today's noon hour I rode the lonely way which Moritz so loved, from Ponte Molle along the inner bank of the Tiber back beyond Porta del Popolo. The view of Rome [p.153] stretched upon its hills, the towers and domes of the new city, the pleasant Pincio, decorated with the most charming groves of trees, is as wide as it is beautiful. On the right,
With the pale dawn of the dying year, your friends were *en route* under the leadership of Mr. Hirt. We went out through the Porta Tiburtina (now San Lorenzo), and immediately got into a bumpy sunken road whose side walls revealed horizontal layers of an old lava tuff. Soon we were in the Campagna, having passed the old boundary of Sabinu III, the *Pons Mummius* (now *Ponte Mamae*). We lingered by the Lago di Tartari, the swamp of an old sulfur mine. 16

The peculiarity of this Stygian pool, with its exhalations of pestilential vapor — namely, its way of cloaking everything in it with a coating of sulfurous ooze, is well known, and the products of this natural factory, under the name of *Confetti di Tivoli*, are [p. 155] on view in cabinets of natural curiosities even outside of Italy. From this level there is an agreeable upward view of the three Monticelli and the little town of the same name on the middle summit. These foothills have gradually detached themselves and now stand before us as though suddenly grown up and free.

About a half hour farther along stands the funerary monument of Marcus Plautius, a fine monument in the style of the *Capo di Eove*. He was Consul and one of the Priests of Jupiter under Claudius. The inscription says not "that he lived here for nine years," but "that his son of nine years is also buried here." A rapid brook rustles past the monument. Soon afterward we crossed a sulfur-blue canal which drains a second sulfur mine at one side and exhales an intolerable sulfur-liver stench.

**Hadrian's Villa.**

We had now reached the Villa Hadriani, [p. 156] whose largely inexplicable ruins are strewn so romantically and picturesquely on the gently rising threshold of the mountains, it is difficult, even impossible, to find one's way through this labyrinth of ideas which the restlessly journeying Emperor assembled on his travels through Asia, Egypt and Greece and plumped together here. In a space of seven miles [sieben Miglien], this prototype of the modern English garden was subdivided and the architectural styles and buildings of Asia, Greece and especially Egypt were transplanted onto Roman soil.

We saw:

1.) A Roman Theater; the semicircle of the ground-level seats in the amphitheater (now in part) was still very clearly perceptible. The arena of the parterre, and the whole fom1, is still there. We admired the acoustical perfection of this roofless building. When we placed

"The *Albulae* of Strabo and Martial."
ourselves at the highest point, even I, deaf though I am, heard every word which our Roman servant spoke in the arena. It is true that the very beautiful and romantic situation [p. 157] is deliberately calculated to this end. It leans against a hill, green with olives, in which the seats were hewn out; the spectators had a charming view of the Monticelli and Soracte.

2.) The quiet meadows of Thessalian Tempe, formerly divided by the river Peneus, had also been magically brought here from Thessaly by Hadrian; but the time of the Virgils, Horaces, Ovids was no more!

3.) A splendid old vault, where the marble applique (..Marmorstlcc) was still visible.

4.) A long doubled portico, formerly adorned with columns, whose place was now so touchingly occupied by rows of dark cypresses. The immense walls still stand. This was the imitation of the Athenian Ceramikus (Keramiko.~); and deeds of famous Athenians were painted on the walls. We admired the consummate opus reticulatum (reticulated work), still derying the elements in the ruins.

5.) A majestic half-rotunda, probably originally an imitation of the Prytaneum at Athens. Picturesquely [p. 158] overgrown with wild shrubbery, the min stands there mournfully.

6.) A tribune and space of the courtroom. This is one of the handsomest ruins; the colonnade, overgrown with ivy, is of the highest effectiveness, and young shrubbery proliferates happily at the sides of the hall. I have been assured that in the best season, these ruins would be no less remarkable to the botanist than to the architect. Here, lost and lonely, bloom the vestiges of noble plants of Asia and Egypt with which Hadrian adorned his gardens, and which in all Italy are found only here.

7.) A very large round building, thought to be a public dining room.

8.) Very remarkable are the so-called Cento Camerelle (Hundred Cubicles), or the dwellings of the Pretorians, in the basements of a building that is no longer extant. How pure the air was in these roomy chambers, no one of which communicated directly with the other, but where each resident [p. 159] could reach his cell only through an outer gallery which was probably there but has been destroyed without trace. From behind, where they are built into the hillside, these chambers had a double wall with a space between, probably to provide access for a drying current of air. Oh! that we dwellers in the North had learned to fear the damp and to defer to it, as the Ancients did, and the southern nations still do!"

"One hears with ever-renewed pleasure of the wonders of Hadrian's Villa. Actually, it becomes more impossible each year to gain even a shadowy impression of the plan of this microcosm, which the most artistically experienced of all Roman Emperors
Here [p. 160] your poor exhausted friend had to let the others go on and return alone to her carriage, where the dear people found me two hours later. During this period I quietly feasted heart and eye on these so touchingly contrasted scenes. The air was mild and the heaven overcast, but with that shimmering brightness which has something so promising about it. The olive trees stood scattered about everywhere, dominating the picture of this lonely field. I would like to call this tree which is so dear to me the tree of shadows: [p. 161] first, because it is the symbol of peace, which we find only in the kingdom of shadows:

The poor heart here below, Shaken by many a storm, Achieves true peace Only where it no longer beats.

Secondly, because these lightly extended and airy branches, and the pale yellowish green of their little leaves, provide the shadow of a shadow, rather than real shadows; and therefore, just enough for the land where no sun and no moon, no Lucifer and no Hesperis shine! Shadow upon shadow, twilight in twilight, the cloud-gray tree sank down. Single cypresses protrude from among the olive trees, and form groups of such melancholy contours and such mournful tints that I, quite lost in dreams, saw floating among them airy pictures which slowly lost themselves in the far-off chambers or walls.

Now the way to Tibur begins [p. 162] to climb along the hillsides, covered with lovely olive groves. Among them, the young herbs are already pressing joyfully upward in preparation to greet the new year. Cheerful red-cheeked girls were collecting the ripe fallen olives— an Hesperian winter scene. But it is vain for a mild heaven to sprinkle its blessings on this unfortunate people. For the oil-press of the oppressed countryman also works for the papal chamber; every barrel of oil must be delivered to it; and the same with wine. There, the mild and pure oil of the more industrious and well-endowed peasants is mixed with the spoiled and rancid oil of the negligent or impoverished host in the all-devouring oil cisterns of the Pope,

magically assembled here with the aid of the treasures and skills of the Roman macy’ocosm. When PYYTO Ligorio, Michael Angelo's successor in the building of St. Peter's church, in the sixteenth century developed what is even now the only usable plan of this villa, the traces of this wonderful park were much clearer and not so effaced by the endless excavations of later investigators.

(One-fourth of all the antiquities in Rome came from the Villa Adriani.) Now that the 30-volume collection of his antiquarian manuscripts, with drawings and plans, has been brought from Turin, where they were almost totally inaccessible, to the National Library in Paris for everyone's use (see Itymar's letter in the Decade philosophique l'an 7. n.19. p.50 ff.j, we too can perhaps also arrive at satisfactory elucidations of these matters,
where often a small container of spoiled oil will contaminate many tuns of good oil; hence good oil in Rome is a
great rarity.

About half-way from Hadrian's Villa to Tivoli, one sees foundations of large villas on the higher hill on the
right. [p. 163] Here lived the last Romans, Cassius and Brutus. From this already significant height one enjoys a
wide view in the Campagna and on Rome. With what feelings must Brutus often have looked down on his sinking
fatherland, to which his noble soul struggled to bring the great double death-sacrifice - lost, indeed, for Rome, but
not for posterity!

Fled from the dust, his soul inspirits still the union of
the noble!

Tivoli is visible from a distance on the projection of the mountain gap where the Auio flows rapidly
forward, hastening into the open plain. The banks rise abruptly over the wa.-hedout depths and faithfully follow
the twistings and turnings of the mountain stream, and the houses of the little town follow the gyrations of the
banks, so that a semicircle of white buildings looks down abruptly into the depths of the stream bed. We alighted at
the end of the town at the place of old Francesco, [p. 164] who received us with cheerful benevolence and
presently, with manifest joy, recognized in me la SoreUa del Sigfwre Federigo [MUnterJ - and now led me to the
wall, where the worthy Doctor Friedrich Munter had formerly appeared in caricature; he had, however,
unfortunately been painted over, like my dear Moritz and many others who had formerly appeared on these walls
through the genius of their artistic mends.

I felt intimately at home in this little house, where so many friendJ'y spirits had preceded me in the
enjoyment of nature and life, fettering the light wings of the present with the solemn wreath of memory. Familiar
as I already was with the house of old Francesco, its romantic situation nevertheless exceeded all my expectations;
and I could not tear myself away from the windows of the corner room, where one sees the Anio from one window
as its quietly gliding course suddenly gives place to the great cascade over the broad rock dam, and rp. 1651 then
disappears beneath the nearby bridge in the narrow rock gorge. On the left, a smaller arm pours from a darkly
overgrown hollow and streams foaming into the depths; beyond the stream, which invisibly churns its way through
nocturnal clefts, there lay on the high bank the villa of Manius [sic IV opiscus. Huge foundations still emerge from
the rocky banks. For the Roman had built chambers suspended over the very abyss. Behind it, the bare fortress
mountain of Monte Cotillo rises high in the air. From the left corner window one sees into the mns of the Vesta
Temple, uniquely beautiful in melancholy grace, through what it was and is! Strewn around are the rising mountain
heights above the depths of the stream; on their slopes are green olive groves, followed by little reddish
beechwoods still covered with cinnamon-colored winter foliage.

Our midday meal was very cheerful, though the heaven with its gloomy clouds threatened to fill the
sounding grottos of the Albunea with snow. rp. 166 J In the early dusk of the
short day, we visited Vesta's shrine, which is separated from the house only by a short grape walk. We saw and listened for a long time, leaning on the balustrade of the little platform that overlooks the abyss, to the spray and thunder of the waterfalls. It is splendid to see the flood as it quietly glides from the dam, passes foaming through the perspective arches of the bridge, and then, right before us, disappears in wending its way through nocturnal rocky cliffs! The sight reminded me greatly of the shudderingly beautiful bridge of Verzasca near Locarno - where I descended unafraid, with a true mend's hand, into the cliff-bottom where the green rocky stream was boiling. Our longing flew over the Apennines and the heaven-defying peaks of the Alps to the dear friend, and holy Nature united the separated ones in her all-embracing arms.

The long winter evening passed rapidly. [p. 167] We were cheerful from our very hearts. The joy of the beloved brother at being really and truly in Horace's Tibur, and over Albunea's haunts, was unspeakable; and in this happy hour the veil of melancholy sank even from the eye of the exalted Luise [presumably Luise, Princess of Anhalt-Dessau].

See, we strangers dedicate on Tibur's hill
To thee, swan of Venus, chaste Daphne's
Darkly glowing hair,
and sprinkle, sacrificing, Mild Alban (wine?).

I had taken possession of the corner room, which, it is true, having no fireplace was very cold and unfriendly, but where I could plunge with sense and spirit right into the fullness of the waterfalls. Splendidly did Orion shimmer against the blue of the sky between the high mountain clefts above the cataract. For an clouds had disappeared. and the brilliant night promised us a cheerful morning.

Long did I remain at the window in enjoyment of the sublime hour.

How gladly, till the stars' extinction,
Would I have listened to the cataract,
Which wildly foams in Tibur's rocky gorges,
And proudly sounds again in [Horatius] Flaccus' hymns.
Matthisson.

But the hope of the coming day called me to rest; and I fell asleep rapidly, lulled by the tumult of the waterfall.

December 31.

I wakened early, and cheerful as the last morning of the year, which rose smiling from Sabinum's hills and sent up its rosy light at the side of Monte Cotillo. How charmed I was by the wild loneliness of this region! How harmoniously the waterfall joined in the fulness of my impressions! How filled with promise was the present, on this morning that smiled with repose,
and how sacred was remembrance; just moistened with the quiet tears of melancholy, like the dew on these tenderly green winter meadows!

Now the sun cast its first glance over the sunken spine of the hills, and onto Tivoli's little white houses. The reflection of the golden, streaming light [p. 169] sank in the mirroring stream, then moved slowly to the waterfall, and downward with the floods— but not into the abyss; the son of Aether tears himself loose from the heavy element, and floats with the colors of Iris in the lightly ascending mist.

Soon the friends were joined together en rollte. The fine December morning was cold, as it is with us around the beginning of October. The sun was not yet quite over the mountains, as we rode up and down on the girdle of the olive-clad hills, and around the deep bed of the Anio, which rushed boisterously beneath us, now visible and now sinking in deeper clefts. Handsome in their wild grace are Tiburnus' heights and lonely depths. Splendid, nom each rocky projection and each unencumbered slope, is the view into the majestic distance, where, in the light mist of the Italian atmosphere, Rome proudly spreads itself in the lap of the plain, while the broad circumference is demarcated by bright blue, gently drawn hills.

We followed every outline of [p. 170] the wildly cleft banks of the Anio. Delightful on these cliffs is the gentle green of the still flourishing shrubbery. And now we saw the towns where, in an enchanting situation, nestling in the hills and on green meadows, stood Horace's Tiburnian villa. In front of him he had the picturesque double fall of the great Cascatella; on the right, the Campagna and Rome. Here your mend, full of exalted enthusiasm, burst out with Horace's praise of Tibur, lauding with overflowing heart the sacred grove Tiburnus and the resounding vaults of the Albunea.

Here I recognized, in a second moment, the viewpoint from which Hakkert had taken the great painting of Tivoli which hangs in the room of my mend Julie Reventiow at Emkendorf. Perhaps no greater praise of the artist is possible than when memory, in an hour as favorable as this one, brings to mind the copy thus juxtaposed with the great original.

Beyond the Cascatella proudly rises the ruin [p. 171] of the villa of Maecenas on its rock, and Tivoli's cliff-cup at every moment unfolds new beauties, filled with uniquely touching graces; so impetuous are the down-rushing waters, so luxuriantly green the rocks nom which they leap, so tender the descending silver locks of the nymphs, as, gently whispering, they lose themselves in the larger stream and are received, here in the charming bosom of the meadows, and there in the secret depths of the dark shrubbery.

We visited the remnants of the great villa of Varus. The ruins covered a considerable hill, which on the north is abruptly separated nom the Campagna, and nom which there opens an unimpeded view as far as Viterbo's mountain heights. On the right, the view is limited by the nearby Monticelli; on the left, one looks down into Tibur's charmingly reticent valleys. The whole hill is hollow with foundations, water-pipes, baths; the ventilators (sollpiraux) or
openings for air and [p.172J light of the subterranean vaults are everywhere visible in the grass, and one needs to walk carefully.

Here lived Quintilius Varus, Augustus's general, who, after having acquired great wealth in Syria, left Tibur's sweet loneliness for Germany's forests in order to die, with his legions, the disgraceful death of the world tyrants. Klopstock's bardic choruses resounded with eagles' wings around me; and M...n (Matthisson?) translated for us Horace's ode to Varus, in which he advises him to plant vineyards at the foot of Mount Cotilins. Today it is no longer wine but, doubtless, the oil of Tibur that is highly valued.

From the Piscina belonging to the baths, the circumference and its surrounding wall were still visible in an elevated green meadow. Nearby, a white marble column lies under olive trees. From this point, the view to the south, first into Tivoli's foundations, then to the villa of Maecenas and the elevated groves of the Villa d'Este, is notably beautiful. At the same time there opens a glimpse [p.173J into the charming distance of the Apen mountain; and the picturesquely Rotunda (called il Tempio della Tossa), half hidden in orchards, presents itself in the most advantageous manner.

We now descended on the steep inner edge of the Anio's hanks, on narrow zigzag paths, but always beneath olive trees, into the gorge of the Cascatellen. The position of the waterfall, its leap and tone, the form of the rocks, the groups of shrubbery, the shimmering moss carpet of the cliffs, everything is uniquely beautiful, wild and charming. Dark and bright, light and shadow are so harmoniously mingled, all nuances so finely melted together, the variation in the views with every step is so inexhaustible!

And now we have arrived in the depths, at the very moment when the first sunbeam slipped down with the waterfall into these wild clefts - and soon, now, floats in changeable rainbows above the abyss! We stood before a [p.174J little gateway that leads to the one favorable viewpoint; it was locked, impassable, pitilessly locked, like the portals of Orcus; for - today is a feast day. Far away was the castle Jan and guardian dragon of the treasure, and, moreover, at Mass. - "Oh you dear good Switzerland, where they lock up no waterfalls!" With this pious sigh I rode on, comfortless, following the reedy banks of the Anio, not without many a longing backward glance at the rapidly disappearing Cascatellen.

We, however, remained below on the Anio's reedy banks, where wooded hills bordered our narrow way on the right. Before us proudly rose, on a chalk cliff picturesquely draped in green vegetation, the ruins of the castle of Maecenas in airy vaults. Like gentle curls the silver Kaskatellinen (little cascades) flowed down from the cranium of the rough cliff-wall between wild shrubs, gently lisping and irradiated by the sun-illumined spray. Everywhere [p. 175] the ever-present magic flood of the Anio and its tributary springs, KascateJlen and Kaskatellinen, the whole mischievous nymphs' choir had gnawed through the chalk cliff here on one side, clothing it on the other with brownish tuff; everything has been imitated and beautified by this living element.
A pure spring quietly and unobtrusively gives rise to an emerald brook; and though our dear leader did not venture to decide for the charming source, he nevertheless was able to substitute no other, and we decreed it to be *Elandusia.* 8

Soon afterward we crossed, by a bridge which picturesquely joins these high banks, to the other side of the Anio. To the right of the path is a grotto, formerly [p. 176] called *il Tempio del Mondo.* The cavity has been in part enlarged or hollowed out, and is of inconsiderable size, but is very remarkable by reason of the alternating strata of the different stones that its walls reveal. Volcanic tuff, puzzolana, travertine, and only then limestone, succeed one another. But the calcareous level is again followed by volcanic strata. Dolomieu in viewing this grotto has calculated from its strata such an enormous number of years that this unimpressive hollow became for me a most honorable Temple of Vesta or Archive of Cybele.

We now again forsook the cold lowlands, riding uphill into the dear cheerful sunny air, always skirting half-buried foundations and romantically overgrown cliff walls, and on a path sustained by the underlying structures, to the castle of Maecenas. On the height, in the midst of the vineyard, lies the so-called Temple of the Goddess of Coughing (now actually travestied into *Madonna della Tossa*). It is a very [p. 177] similar building to the *Jyfinerl'a Medica* on the Esquiline. But here the lightly spherical roof over the rotunda is intact, and receives the gentle blue of heaven through the round opening in the middle, while from without it is bedecked with a rich net of ivy. It was a bathhouse in the Tiburtine gardens of Sallust. Round about are the niches for the bathtubs; above, the empty chamber space of the windows; nearby, a fast rushing brook, which must formerly have furnished the water for a refreshing bath.

The villa of Maecenas, too, we had to bypass. For here, too, everything was closed, and the castellan absent! You see, today we are sentenced to the peripheries! Remarkable is the appearance of the fine Ionic column which, from its Gothic base, rises high over the house gable, reaching lonely into the sky.

We visited the Villa d'Este, which lies majestically on the height. The proud [p. 178] pines, the giant cypresses, and the mighty plane trees combine to form a group of the most sublime beauty. This eternal green, arching boldly upward into the aether's eternal blue, marries heaven to earth; and the soul, borne lightly upward from the obelisk of the cypress, floats happily off in the cheerful element!

Here lived Ludovico Ariosto with the builder of this villa, the Cardinal Hippolito d'Este. We picked *Asperil/um* and blooming (~*vtisus Laburmm;* and the grass was permeated with the fragrance of the mint (*Miinzen)* and thyme (*Thymian)*).

---

18 [Blandusia] should probably be sought some ten miles farther on and above on the Lucretilis (Monte Gennaro) in the Sabine country, as the Roman lawyer Sanctis has recently shown with imposing erudition. B.
We now returned for this time to Francesco's house, heartily but happily tired. While the men climbed down to the Neptune's Grotto in the bed of the Anio to visit the handsome halls of Albunea and the hidden waterfall, I remained with the dear (femal) mend at the feet of the Vesta, where the sun was warm on the little terrace, and gently shone upon us while the Cascade surrounded us with its rushing sound. From here we followed the friends with our gaze until they disappeared in the dark cleft; then, pursuing our own interesting way along the girdle of the hills, we rehearsed again our fine journey of the morning, looked at Horace's, Tibullus's and Varus's places of residence, at the ruins of the splendid villas of opiscus and Maecenas, and then returned to the lovely temple of the Mother Earth [the Temple of Vesta?], who is always close to us, who took those old ones into her all-sheltering lap, and now receives in friendliness also us pilgrims from the North. Ten of the graceful Corinthian marble columns (among the most beautiful I have ever seen) still stand around the vestibule of the temple. Thus, only half of the slender sisters who surrounded the hall, and lightly supported the elegantly wreathed superstructure, have escaped destruction.

The return down to Rome, by the setting sun of the dying year, was one of the pleasantest of my life. Serious words of remembrance with Luise and M [atthiso]n alternated with the humorous teasing of our Hirt, who lives in a perpetual state of mendly discord with me, until the loveliest red of evening poured around the magic of its gentle tints over Sabinum's and Latiun's mountains, gilding the far-off snow-crest while purple animated the nearer clifs, and thus in gentle transition, gold became rose, and purple changed to violet, until at last the snow-mountains, like noble dead, sank into semi-visibility and the rocky cliffs hardened into gray-black colossi.

Then, before us in the West, Venus was borne from the misty veil of sunset; and little by little we all fell silent, each floating on the pinions of individual thought.

The German word Purpur is often translated ~crimson," "scarlet," or "Cajdinal red" (Translator).
Some time ago, beneath a lowering heaven, I had half glimpsed, in the gloomy incense-darkened vaults, some of the noble sibyls' and prophets' figures that loomed out like ominous apparitions. Today not only was the air clear, but a favorable illumination fell through the high skylights on the left-hand side; and I saw what smoke and time had left of the colors, as long as I could stand the strenuous posture of looking upward, which often makes me feel nauseated and dizzy.

1.) The corner painting on the right: The Elevation of the Serpent, contains the particularly touching group of the youth who is holding his dying sweetheart up to the healing view of the serpent. The strength of the youth, the weakness of the sinking maiden, are represented in the noblest and most lifelike outlines; the drapery around the limbs of the young girl is of surpassing beauty.

2.) Ceiling painting: God, animating Adam. How bold, and at the same time naive, is the idea of the wide-spreading garment filled with little angelic children. This confident whirl of life around the noble old man awakens a feeling of good-natured omnipotence which passes over into adoration. But Adam is really the most helpless clod of earth that ever received human form in flesh and bone, on canvas or in marble. To the esthetic gaze he seems unquickenable, doomed to spend his entire existence between sleeping and waking!

3.) How lovely, on the other hand, is the Creation of Eve, the noble, modest figure filled with the expression of a tenderly thankful emotion! Poor thing -- one pardons her in advance for the misstep against which the solemn judge warns her with upraised forefinger!

4.) How noble is the figure, how beautiful the garment, how lofty the face of the solemn and melancholy Sybil of Eritrea!

5.) David and Goliath -- precipitate mass of the soulless colossus, next to the victorious adroitness of trained strength.

6.) Above in the depths of the chapel, the splendid old man's figure of Zachariah. How magnificent is his rich yellow garment; what consistency in every fold of its grandiose projection! And what a head is wedded to this body! Light and strength stream from the noble brow!

7.) Corner painting: Judith with her Maid. Heaven grant that this fearful subject might always be presented to us with such reticence! Here Judith helps the maid to set on her head the basket, which she has immediately covered. Both are most lovely light figures, and one guesses rather at anything, flowers, fruits, etc., in the covered basket, than the bloody head of the old general.

8.) Isaiah. A royal youth. Full of exalted enthusiasm, his inwardly awakened sense hearkens to the angelic pair which hovers, whispering, near his head; in his left hand he holds the open book.
9.) Daniel. Especially beautiful is the powerful young angel who supports the book for him.

10.) Great and noble Delphic [Oracle], you, Urania, among your playmates! Surrounded by the bloom of eternal youth, your wide and calmly opened eye encompasses past and future, as, passionless, you let the turbulent present flow past! The highest exaltation raises and swells the muscles of the godlike figure. The highest repose of strength binds even the indwelling god. This sibyl is for me the noblest female figure that a painter's brush has ever evoked. The whole figure is an archetype of consummate beauty, yet without beauty's ever-necessitous girdle.

Among the Rests on the Flight to Egypt, in the triangles and the caryatids, is the plenitude of attractive figures.

[p. 185] To my feeling and vision, the greatness and purity of the outlines, in colors, has by no artist been brought so close to the ideals of the antique as by Michael Angelo.

Never have I seen garments flung on by the brush which have so indicated the outlines of the body, and come so close to the high simplicity in the art of drapery of the ancients; the greatness of his art, disdaining all sensual appeal, appears especially in his female garments, which truly and cleanly disclose the noble sex of his creations without offending the imagination. With a deep veneration for the high spirit of this noble artist, I left the chapel, without for today having any reserve of fortitude for his Last Judgment.

Palazzo Cbigi.

1. The first objective was the famous [p. 186] antique vase presenting the beautiful, touching, allegorical bas-relief upon which the genins of life - or death - or (according to Zoega) the genius of the passions - holds Psyche over the flaming torch.

Bonstetten's and Zoega's beautiful, true view, which honors also the originator of our own [feminine?] opinion (animated as is the latter only by passion) - i.e., the view "That our spirit is formed and purified through the flame of passion" (as with Hercules on Oeta), became to me a deeply felt truth as I came to sense its high significance in this work of antiquity. Sad, with averted gaze, stands the genius on the altar, holding the painfully crouching evening butterfly over the [p. 187] torch that flames at the foot of the altar. On the left, Hope with a languishing look bears the pomegranate flower of gratification. Alone, on the right near the long-suffering Psyche, stands Nemesis, the avenger, with the rewarding apple-twig of immortality.

2. We visited the fine Venus and Adonis couple of this palace. She rises from the bath; admirably beautiful, pure and mild, are head, forehead, cheeks, and the sweetly gazing eyes.

Adonis is a handsome youth, immersed in quiet nocturnal feeling, and one of my favorites. The first sweet, holy youthful love is fully portrayed in his person.

2° For the Psyche of the ancients, with the spirit still bound to the body, is almost always shown as a stout and scarcely winged bird of dusk; and only when Minerva enlivens the representation of Prometheus, or when Psyche escapes from the urn, does she appear as a lightly fluttering daytime butterfly.
3. A fine herm of Mercury; true, the head is gone, and then not much remains of a herm; but this leftover shoulder and the garment, how fine!

4. Above in the beautiful Salon hangs the most beautiful Claude Lorrain. What distance, and what an atmosphere overspreads it, and what a fresh coolness in the foreground; the whole heart wishes to enter it.

[p. 188] 5. Large landscape of Salvator Rosa, opposite the foregoing, and in sharpest contrast. Gnarled oak trunks, dark green, deeply shadowed water; wild and mountainous distances of the Schreckhorn and Wetterhorn [in the Bernese Alps]; huge, wild and intimidating!
The two landscapes are considered the most beautiful among the works of these two great artists in Rome.

The Chigi Palace is a noble building, and clean and well maintained inside. They say that the wife of Marchese Chigi is an Irishwoman. It stands on the Piazza Antonina, and from nowhere can one see the Antonine Column in such splendor as ITom the windows of this salon.

After taking a sunbath on the Medici Terrace, I quietly spent the rest of the day with Wieland's Horace and Bode's Montagne [sic; Montaigne?].

January 4 [1796].

Friend Zoega drove (fuhr) with us, in splendid [p.189] Italian winter air, out through the Porta del Popolo and past the Villa JuJia; then the road slowly rose between endless white garden walls, where, to me, riding ahead by myself, the time seemed very long; finally, a gate was opened on the left -- I slipped through it, it was a vineyard; I rode along its length, expecting from the layout that there would be a good view. And there I found myself, as in a great magic circle, surrounded in beautiful distance by all the hills (Bergen) of the Can1pagna, and beautifully hemmed in by all the hills (Hiigeln) of Rome. The air was ethereally pure; pure and animating was the mild sunshine. The distances were misty, but all the outlines of the mountains stood out sharply. The enchanting foreground was formed by the evergreen oaks and pines of the Pincio, and of the Borghese and Appollinaria villas.

Wide and far extending was the view into the Can1pagna. The awesome formation of this volcanic terrain is most characteristic. [p. 190] It is a plain without being flat, and the whole landscape rises and falls in a thousand hills, like the endless motion of the sea. This villa belongs to the Marchese Upri and bears his name.

The Palazzo Rondanini (Rondinini).

Here I fully enjoyed the pleasure of wandering around with Zoega among works of art which, in nearly all instances, came from grave monuments. I single out what remains in my heart and memory from among the numerous bas-reliefs which were cemented into the walls of the rooms.

1. Jupiter, and beside him Vulcan with his fallen hammer; the poor parturient (der anne Akkouchirte [i.e., Jupiter]) is still quite stupefied. The gray-eyed (or, as Lucian says, cat-eyed) newborn Minerva is lacking. To me, the whole Luciauesque farce was so convincing, thanks to the naively vigorous figure of VUJcan and the bewildered appearance of poor Jupiter, that I was quite prevented by laughter from honoring the genius of the Goddess of Wisdom.

[p.191] 2. Hercules, as herdsman. The bulls and cows are ofthe most finished beauty;
one sees them wandering heavy-bodied.

3. Large sarcophagus with a double representation. a) That of Endymion; how cautiously Luna approaches the loved slumberer! How flatteringly Amor (Cupid) tries to dispel her modesty! b) That of Peleus, who surprises the sleeping Thetis; Morpheus from his lowered horn pours grains of slumber into her bosom. Beside them rests the quiet Okeanos. This is very beautiful.

4. Orestes and Pylades. The true friend lovingly holds Orestes, inert in a death slumber brought on by the inward struggle with snakes of his bosom. The figures of the youths are of the highest nobility and breathtaking beauty.

5. A Sarcophagus Lid. A male figure rests upon it. In an urn at his head rested the ashes of his wife. The inscription on the cover of the urn, which one can lift oft was: Ossa [p. 192] Juliae c.L. Attis. The male figure holds the bust of his wife, worked into a medallion, on his lap, and raises his head to look at her, as though this were the dying man's last longing movement! Both heads are portraits; she neither young nor beautiful, he true and sad. We stroked the cheeks and foreheads of the faithful spouses, blessing the Manes of both.

This is unique in Rome as a monument, perhaps no less unique as regards the present time!

6. The Head of Medusa. Paralyzing death speaks from the open, wide-open eye; the teeth, as cold, from the parted lips; how the beautiful face is prolonged through the supine posture (durch den Langhinstrecker)! It is death that has laid its iron hand on full, blooming life.

The farther one withdraws through the long series of open rooms, keeping it always in one's eye, the more animated the dead one appears! - Now she floats after you, on wings of terror! It is death in the moment when life takes flight. [p. 193] This winged head is, as Moritz says, "a being in itself," and only comparable to itself. So deeply had this fearful picture impressed itself upon me, that for several nights I saw it around me; and always floating, and armed with the fear of death.

Probably this serpent-entwined face was a high relief placed in the center of a colossal shield. What a whole figure must the Minerva or Perseus have been, of which this work of art, conceived in the highest style of the sublime, is only a part!

7. They show here a half-length portrait statue of M. Brutus. He holds the dagger turned against himself. Strange are these portraits which are named for Brutus, all of them with a facial expression so greatly at variance with his actual character. This is the face of a good-natured failure, who is obliged to pull himself together for the first time. Not that admired hero, whom [p. 194] disappointed belief in the reward of virtue, and anger over his lapsed fatherland, armed him against himself after he had sacrificed his friend to them!

8. A mediocre statue of Alexander, noteworthy as the only example of its type. Face and hair are beautiful, the whole apparently a copy.

9. Statue called Hygeia; a beautiful seated woman. She is feeding the snakes of Aesculapius.
The Vatican. Raphael's Loges.

Last time, we slipped through this hall as with closed eyes, since our visit was actually directed to the Stanze. Today we preferred to linger in the mild and cheery air of this uniquely decorated vestibule to Raphael's temple.

The very charming decorations on the sides, these luxuriant fruit and flower displays, these little gardens and landscapes, [p. 195] the ideals of a lightly floating childish fancy! These caryatids of graces and girl-Cupids (Amorinen), this swarming of birds and squirrels -- and all the delightful monsters animated only by Raphael's, Ariosto's and Wieland's magic wand, are quite lost -- the colors faded, the plaster fallen, etc. How happy I am that I possess them in fine engravings!

My prior acquaintance with the Loge paintings was also very useful in coming to know these often half-vanished hall-paintings.

Cheerfulness is the predominant tone in these wonderfully beautiful works; and wherever the subject permitted, it is handled in an ideal spirit. The colors are flowers and fruit; and Raphael is visibly right at home in the old sacred stories of the Patriarchs, which are so full of childish charm and high simplicity. Unfortunately I once again could not hold out very long, for the unnatural position in which [p. 196] one must contemplate this heaven soon caused me dizziness and nausea.

I recovered myself in the Stanze, where I took a few drops from the fullness, not for descriptive purposes but just for memory's sake.

1.) The Burning of the Borgo. Painted from Raphael's cartoon by his most distinguished pupils, Giuglio [Giulio] Romano and Fattore Penni. The splendid woman on the right, with arms outstretched in entreaty (which only Raphael could represent so robustly, so equally remote from the muscularity of Michelangelo and the weak indefiniteness of most other painters), and with golden, silky undulant hair.

The large woman on the right, driving the screaming child ahead of her.

The seated mother with the rescued single sheep in her lap. One feels clearly that this is her all, and she will now let bum what will!

Precious groups of pleading women, ardently extending their arms toward the balcony [p.197] where the Pope is just appearing in full regalia to quell the flames.

The fiery Giuglio Romano, they say, worked particularly on the left-hand side. There the flame is raging. Lovely group of the young man who is bearing the old man out of the flames; outstanding academic figure of the outstretched man to whom the mother is reaching the nursing infant from the burning window space. What rapid, life-breathing, overpowering truili in the figures, the movement and the illumination! Everything comes and goes before your eyes; it happens; it is there! and you would now like to help immediately with bringing water, extinguishing and ceasing to be an idJe spectator, save that the Holy Father, extinguishing the flames through his efficacious prayer, has saved you the trouble.

2. Peter, awakened by the Angel; prison darkness, illuminated only by the brilliancy of
the heavenly messenger. Peter sleeping the sleep of the just. Light ethereal movement of the angel. [p. 198] Outside to the left is dark night, cloud-enshrouded moon, and the Watch awakening in amazement. On the right the Angel, who is gently and easily leading the halfawakened Peter away. One sees through the grating into the prison; the truth of the space within is presented in the most beautiful illusionism. Here, too, the lovely miracle takes place before your eyes; the chains fall silently from Peter's limbs – now he is at the door -- the sentries come too late.

3.) Heliodorus or the Church Robbery. Flying haste, stormy approach; strength of the angels, without violence. Ahead of the breathing flames, the lightning-like gaze, stagger the criminals, loaded with booty, lamed in all their limbs, breaking down in dull unconsciousness. The midmost of the avenging heroes has a striking resemblance to our mend Joachim von Bernstorf. To the left of the Pope is the famous women's group with the three heads, on each of which astounded panic is so characteristically imprinted [p. 199]. The bearers of the Pope are splendid portraits. The picture of Julius II, Raphael's protector (who had wit enough immediately to recognize the seventeen-year-old youth, and, unconstrained as he was, to let the works of the others be taken down immediately after the first allegorical figures of Raphael were shown -- Theology and Poetry I believe), is here solemnly heightened; although one does seem not to understand how he comes to appear suddenly in the temple?

4.) The Mass of Bolsena. This *ne plus ultra* of the brush, even that of a Raphael! The Pope is a godlike head, and a noble figure. What national faces in the group of the sturdy Swiss Guard! Among them are men of Schwyz and Unterwalden. Yellow and haggard are the Italians who stand before these powerful figures. The four altar boys who carry candles are earthly angels. It is the highest youthful beauty, innocence and self-possession. To the left is the group of the woman with the three [p. 200] precious lively children, children of unspeakable charm such as every mother would like to have! One would like to see the face of the well-formed woman who shows her full neck; but the children one would like to caress and kiss to one's heart's content. In one of the tousled babes one recognizes the boy from the Madoffi1a of the Chair (Seggiola); he appears frequently in Raphael's paintings, but never too frequently; for it is a young Son of God, and a child of great hope. On earth a child resembled him! It was not I alone who was struck by this resemblance, which I noticed from childhood in the excellent copy of the Madoffi1a of the Chair in the room of our worthy Preisler. Ah! Eduard SchulZ, plant so full of life and intellect, death broke you before I saw the gardens of Hesperian art. Alone, I scarcely glimpsed the boy of the Madoffi1a of the Pitti Palace, the tears of remembrance so filled my eye. Such was Eduard SchulZ, beloved son [p. 201] of a much-loved father, at the age of five trimesters.2! Especially this thought- muscle between the eyes, and the deep and fiery gazing eye.

**Villa Millini.**

**January 6.**

21SchulZ's friends know, but not all of the widely scattered admirers of this great man can know, that this then only child, this adored son of his heart was fatally injured in his fifth year of life by a carelessly replaced corner cupboard whose panelling the enterprising boy had been attempting to climb. He died only after nineteen days of unspeakable suffering, which he bore with manly fortitude, and after he had twice been trepanned.
Our dear Luise brought me and my children in clear weather up to the Janiculus today. We spent some hours up there, and saw Rome spread out beneath us; glimpsed, through the Pantheon of the air (St. Peter's dome), the blue of heaven beyond, and [p. 202] saw, in descending through the vineyards on the other side of the hill, the silver-sparkling sea encompassing the Campagna like a belt. Luise greatly enjoyed the solemn groups of oaks and cypresses. Like a melancholy noble thought, the dark green obelisk thrusts upward into the limitless blue of the aether, while the introspective oak seeks the earth with its shadow. Stirringly beautiful is the moment in the Great Alley where, standing in the middle of the gently arched shadow passage, one glimpses, through both perspective chamber openings of the high vault, on one side St. Peter's dome, on the other a mountainous blue distance like a beautifully held painting.

January 12.

Until today, a small but very exhausting fever has kept me confined to my room, and often chained to my bed. Livy, Klopstock's Odes (these geniuses which have always been close to me since my fourteenth year), and the noble [p.203] Sakuntala were my companions in imprisonment. Sakuntala, the bud of charm, the bloom of grace. Nothing more lovely breathes in words on earth than what became poetry two thousand years ago on the Indus.

After I had allowed my universal balsam, the air, to blow well about me, Femow drove us to his friend, the artist Reinhardt from Bayreuth. He is a fine landscape painter, as I felt before two big landscapes intended for the Duke of Bristol. The first represents a party on the Lake of Aesculapius from the Villa Borghese; the other, the valley and the gorge of Terni, with the lower fall of the Velino over broken rocks and through wild underbush.

Reinhardt's foliage is the boldest and strongest I have ever seen. His trees rise beautifully in fullness and grace, in which one sees unmistakably every noble species in all its individuality, and not just meaningless masses which merely [p. 204] flatter the eye. The cooling of the shadows rustles around you, and you do not merely see, but are actually in the sacred grove! Mossy banks and water he handles well. I liked less his cliff and his distances. But we always forget that our expectations, especially with landscape painters, are boundless, and that the artist who conjures up for us a magnificent tree with its roots, trunk, bough, twig and leaf, with the illusion of the rustling in the treetop and the spreading coolness of the shadows, is not merely an artist but already a poet, and a creator! I would like some day to possess a landscape in which Hess in Zurich had depicted with a bold hand the mountains of his land, trussed with clouds, but Reinhardt had planted the shadowy foreground with mighty oaks and with whispering alders over the rushing woodland brook.

Then we wandered around for a short hour in St. Peter's, where one feels more and more at home. [p. 205] We looked today at the monuments which are of less artistic value. That of Queen Christina. The one that Urban VIII had erected to Countess Mathildis was especially interesting to me as I noticed the striking resemblance between the beautiful figure of the Countess, lying on the sarcophagus, and my beloved sister, Johanna Eggers. What we found horrible was the appearance of a boy of eight years, begging in a black monk's cowl! He looked more like a demon, poor fellow! Fear and craft spoke simultaneously from his prematurely distorted features.

In the street which leads from the Angels' Bridge (ponte Sant'Angelo) to St. Peter's Square, new Madonna has treated herself to a very elegant boudoir; she has only lately become the fashion. The sick donkey of a passing peasant was cured by the perhaps quite coincidental belief of his master in this unknown wall Madonna, before whose neglected image only scattered
lamps burned at the time. Now she has silver stuff, stucco walls, pretty dresses, and continuous visitation.

[p. 206] In no place in the world have I seen such copious victuals (*Schnabelweide*) hung out as in Sacred Rome. Well-fattened meats, poultry, tempting fruits at every street corner; in every embrasure, on all squares, smoking eateries (*Garkiichen*!). The locality around the Pantheon, in particular, is a real Pays de Cocagne (*vic*); all the fowl of the Pontine Marshes lies here, cooked or at least plucked, in thousands; night brings no end to the buying and selling; these tiring galleries of the Netherlands School are open, and advantageously illuminated, even late in the evening. Either a section of the modern Romans must indulge beyond measure, or all of them must at least eat their fill. And one does in fact see fewer starving people than ragged and filthy ones. Only the cripples and those smitten with disgusting diseases are innumerable. The children mostly laugh while begging, when it is not cold. Fine, black, lively eyes are commonplace; but the women [p. 207] in the Tras-Tevere quarter, beyond the Tiber, have, with strong black hair and fiery eyes, the most beautiful coloring; that fresh white and darker red where the fullness of life shines through in full waves. Among the men whom I assign by their appearance to the middle class, I saw fine figures; the men of the people are ugly. In the numerous class of the clerical and monkish orders, idleness and good eating are plainly visible; here reigns, often at the cost of the facial expression, the roundness and redness of excessive well-being in these moonlike countenances.

Artists' Studios.

January 14.

Cannova (*sic*: Canova), the almost deified darling of Italy. There exists a little volume of poems, sonnets, etc. entirely in his praise. He was born a Venetian, and all who know him personally are [p. 208] united in acknowledging the amiability of his moral and social character. Unfortunately I never found him in his studio. So here was the beginning of the modern school (*? modernes Original*) of the art of sculpture.

1. The first group on which my eye fell was Arnor (Cupid) and Psyche, at the moment when the latter, enshrouded by the Stygian mists arising from the opened vase of Proserpina, sinks down dying, and the other hastens to her aid. This group has a noticeable lack of unity and repose, and a stormy movement which exceeds the province of the brush and, in marble, becomes quite intolerable. Arnor's wings are wildly stiffened; he seems rather to want to overpower Psyche than to aid her. Both figures are beautiful in part; the marble is worked with the greatest art and delicacy, but to my feeling too much like wax. Neck, breast and torso of Psyche are most pure, tender, and true, and really, if I may so express myself, [p. 209] buds of a future bloom; but arms and legs are dry and umuscular, like willow branches, such as one would like to give to the sisters of Phaeton at the moment of their transformation. Arnor's head is beautiful, his face full of expression.

2.) Theseus, resting on the slain Minotaur; a cast of one of the oldest works of Canova. Tome this piece was by far the most likable. Thesens is large and quiet, like repose after action. Why did an artist so rich in mind and imagination leave this road of simplicity and truth in order to cultivate an extravagant mannerism?

3. Venus and Adonis; a lovely group.

4. Arnor, the latest among the artist's works here present; torso and thighs are very softly and beautifully worked out, and less waxlike. But arms and legs are again dry, dead and thin!
And what a neck, what a prince's pose! This Amor looks as if he were holding court, and is to be recommended to all young girls as completely unrangerous. The most and [p. 210] most prized works of Canova are in Naples and Venice. He is working on the model of a colossal group: Hercules hurls Lichas into the sea, a gigantic idea!

Trippel's Studio.

We did not find Trippel any more! but a large number of excellent casts after his best works. The truth of the individual life speaks from these faces. True, the handling of the mass is a subordinate service, and merely a prerequisite of the fine art which orders the marble to breathe; but this, too, Trippel fully possessed. His marble has the tender play of the muscles, which at the next moment the soul animates. We saw here, after many interesting busts of savants and heroes, the death mask of Frederick the Unique [Frederick II (“the Great”), King of Prussia (1712-86)]; but Trippel himself was gathered to the shades before he could undertake this work so worthy of him.

[p. 211] We shuddered to see the stamp of all-conquering death impressed upon this face. Oh! how that fiery eye, deep and firm and forever closed, flashed life and spirit, decision and strength over his thousands!

Here too there was a group of Psyche and Amor, worked up from Trippel's model. The idea is not so tender and fanciful as Canova's; but there is more lasting truth in it. Trippel's best worker, Schmidt, a Dane, has successfully copied various busts from the antique which one is happy to see again, even though only in pictorial form.

At the studio of Mr. Busch, the Mecklenburg court sculptor, we also found finely worked busts, among which I mention particularly the two lovely daughters of Niobe, the fine Mercury with the hat (the original of which has gone to England), and the Capitoline Ariadne. In my judgment, this fine artist copies [p. 212] the antique with a most trustworthy eye and the most pious truth and respect; and his way of handling the marble is manly and noble. Later he did my bust, which is so like that one can take the silhouette from its shadow as well as from my own.

January 15.

Still weak, I spent the noon hour with our dear mend Pfaff in the Villa Mattei, mainly on the southerly terrace. How so much present quiet encompasses these old-time fields! My joy in the fresh and overflowing delight of my young mend was a real medicine for me! We stayed long in the enlivening sunshine, - Ah! these pine-islands, borne on tender stems into the brilliant blue of the air, and these thought-obelisks of cypresses, this olive twig of Olympia, shadowing the myrtles of Venus, and these, [p. 213] married in their turn to the boxwood in the hedges, this imitative myrrh of the underworld, which we dedicated to the mourning Proserpina, because the joyless shrub greens in winter and blooms without sun, almost without air, in damp and dismal places! -- Around us stood the mns of the Baths of Caracalla, of the old city wall and its dependent aqueducts; Porta Capena, Tomb of [Cecilia] Metella, Grove of Egéria; and the proximity of the Alban, the distance of the snow-covered Sabine hills-everything was touched upon in order. Every new word, every named place, which gave reality to an idea, was a fresh delight for my dear companion, and he made circles around my hand as in the joyous giddiness of a magic round; and I was cured by this delightful sight.

January 16. A feverish day after a feverish night. -- Ah! I had to let Carl (sic) travel alone to Freskati
(Frascati), with his tutor and Fernow, in heavenly weather!

I had barely strength enough to undertake a leisurely drive with my noble [female] mend to the Lateran and [Santa] Maria Maggiore. It was Sunday, the feast of St Anthony -- and of the horses, asses and dogs of Rome; for on this day, in front of the chapel of this saint, all these animals are blessed, i.e., a priest stands in the entry to the cloister next to the font, with the aspergillum in his hand, and sprinkles, as it trots past, each showy conveyance, each curveting riding horse, each quiet mule, and each creeping donkey (Langohr) - with the Aqua Santa. The dogs, who are also brightly decorated (among them, the black poodles and white spitzes (1 Spatze) distinguished themselves with red and blue ribbons), ran past and received the residue. A great crowd of people was assembled on the Piazza of [Santa] Maria Maggiore to see the decorated equipages of the fashionable Romans, which seldom [p. 215] distinguish themselves by taste, and in which today the lackeys paraded in colorful livery. We in the carriage found special joy in the good little donkeys; decorated with colorful ribbons, and with a ribbon-rose woven into their tails, they gravely proceeded in full awareness; many pointed their long ears, and raised their heads pertly after receiving the blessing, as if they had drunk champagne; most were ridden by happy and handsome boys, and I saw with sympathy, in these singly led and lovingly decorated beasts, the true house-friend and load-lifter of poor happy families.

Wax candles, and occasionally small coins, are the gratuity [given] for the free blessing of the holy devil-conquerors.

We returned by way of [Santa] Croce di Gerusalemme and the Lateran. Uniquely beautiful is the setting of these great lonely meadows, which, however, on the feast days of these sacred places are animated by the prettiest and brightest [p. 216] groups of ordinary people. The broken pieces of the aqueducts stand like triumphal arches of the long-gone Romans, in single vaultings of magnificence (prachthallen); to the left, the old city wall encloses the meadows. The air these days is pure and fine, but cold for Rome; at night, around two or three o’clock, it actually freezes up to four degrees. Late in the evening, a friendly-happy Carl returned from his walking tour via Preskati (Frascati), Nemi, Merino and Albano, pressing the thorn of longing deep into me by his warm description.

The Casino Corsini.

From midday on, until the short day of the young year had neared its close, we remained...
here and saw the sun sinking -- sinking over Rome, and behind the nearby pine grove of the Villa Pamphili.

What a gentle scale of colors, tender as the sound of lightly fingered strings, passed before our gaze! What tender tints on the northern chain of the Apennines above Viterbo; what airy mantling of the nearby southerly Alban [Hills]; [p. 218J what a shimmer of gold on the snow-ridge of Sabina and the far-offSanmite land! Then there stood out from the lap of holy Rome, clad in glowing purple, and awakened to short life, the ruins in the Campo Vaccino, and the Palatine mins in their wreath of oak! The Coliseum, the Temple of Peace, the lonely Minerva Medica, raise their glowing tops above the present. Far over the plain toward Albano, the aqueducts stand out; lonely reflections redden the Tomb of [CeceliaJ Metella.

Rome's towering palaces shimmer in a thousandfold gleaming; above all, the high Famese and the Quirinal, where two high windows long blazed like torches.

But it was old Rome that held us fast, the glittering Tiber, and you, oh sacred sun, who with the same gaze saw Rome rise, grow and fall! In how friendly a way you lingered in the treetops of the pines, before you sank for us, in order to illuminate a new world, [p. 219J where all is still future, as all in our hemisphere is past!

Then we turned from sunset to morning - deader than dead, the ruins sank down! Only the higher hills solemnly raised themselves, like returning primeval spirits, to the moon's selfkindling beams.
January 19, 1796.

We continued our visits to the artists. Hudson, an English sculptor. His studio is a real bust factory. The clay models of the human faces modeled by his hand stood around, innumerable, like bread in a bakery; the completed marble versions were nearly all unfinished (sbozzato). The artist personally apparently puts only the last touches to the marble. Similarity (but without spirit or life) is found in these busts; the work is tasteful. Among the busts known to me I found one of Angelica, executed with love and care, and strikingly like.

Scultor Dear, also an Englishman. Here stands the beautiful Venus recently excavated on the Alban road, six miles from Rome, for Prince Augustus.

She is declared to be the first after the Medici [Venus], and is preferred to the Capitoline [one]. [p. 221] She is of white marble, in the position of the Medicean [one], noticeably larger and, it seems to me, somewhat heavy.

The head is extraordinarily beautiful, full of nobility and quiet self-assurance; the hair arranged with luxuriant art, like the Belvedere Apollo. From behind, one sees exposed the most charming lines of the robust full body, and the beautiful back is gently split, like a ripening fruit. But breast and torso lack the gentle, ever virginal fullness of the Alcomenian goddess.

Dear also makes very tasteful decorative pieces based on antique bas-reliefs, with the Horae, Muses, etc. They go to London and Paris.

The Theater delia Valle.

The first [theater] I have visited in Rome. Miserable location; pitiful lighting; bad decoration that destroys every illusion. [p. 222] Long-legged and thin-armed [male] sopranos, travestied as lovelorn females. I was particularly amused at one of them, who appeared as a shepherdess with a fresh flower garland on his flowing muslin skirt, out of which there suddenly emerged the biggest bear's paw that any soprano has ever borne. The tucked-up arms were now twisted into tender contortions; and then the plump hands, forgetting their new assignment, would fall manwise on the long knees, and the vulgar fellow appeared in a real pouring posture (Schenkenattitude). In short, it was insufferable, if one takes into account also the exhalations of a miserable illumination and an unclean public. The music of Cimarosa was a resounding, well executed lyrum-iarum. We who are accustomed to Gluck's and Schulz's harmonies, to Gellian sense and the taste of the French theater, left this corner shop of Thalia and Terpsichore, on which no one of the Muses ever cast a dedicatory glance.

[p. 223]

The Spring of Egeria.

January 21.

Rome is the home of contemplative melancholy, and of temples dedicated to memory; and my heart has never felt the charm of sadness more deeply than here. But especially gruesome [hochstschauerlich] is this way here beneath the ruins of the Palatine, where the ivy
hung chambers arise from the black of the oaks; and when the Colosseum *bic* then arises on the left in space-devouring dimensions, and on the right the massive overhanging walls enclose the Baths of Caracalla, I feel myself so much a captive of past and pensiveness, that the present falls away from me as in dark floods. Under the Arch of Drusus and out through the aqueduct arch of the Porta Capena, where today's little people have nested like owls and crows in the indestructible walls, the ever more lonely way to the Grotto of Egeria is a train of thought, [p. 224] a color effect of sensibility. Abbe Giuntotardi today guided his pupil to Numa's consecrated shrine.

Poor Nymph, mankind has thanklessly abandoned YOU; but Nature adorns your mourning head with the trembling green of the Adianthum Veneris, which pours its dewy locks lovingly about you! Above us the sky was overcast, and the lazy waves of the Elmo flowed deep in the misty valley; only the Alban Mount stood reddish-blue in the sunshine.

On the way home we visited the tomb of the Scipios, which still lies in a lonely little garden within the old city wall. It has been hewn out of the tuff- and travertine rock; here stood the sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus, with the authenticating inscriptions which are now in the P.C.L [Pio-Clementino] Museum. After this most interesting tomb had been conjecturally located at three or four different spots, it was identified by chance. It has been irregularly hewn out in several diverging lateral excavations (*in verschiedene abstaltende Seitenholen*), apparently under growing [technical] difficulty. Scipio Barbatus lived at the time of the war with Lucania, where he was Consul, 540 years after the foundation of Rome [AUC]. But the pearl of the monument is lacking! For thankless Rome was not worthy to shelter the ashes of the great [Scipio] Africana within its walls. I picked blooming rosemary from the rocky base of the sepulchre.

**Villa Doria.**

January 22.

Friend Zoega guided me to this favorite villa of his, which lies on the garden-covered Pincio and formerly belonged to the Gardens of Sallust. Around it rise the proud arboreal groups, the pine-laurel-oak-plane- and cypress-treetops of the Medici, Borghese and Ludovisi villas; only this villa [Doria] is quiet and lonely. It features so-called English landscaping; and since, with little art, heaven and earth do much, it has become a lovely spot. [p. 226] The air is very mild, with, indeed, a breath of the Scirocco - which, however, as long as it remains merely a breath, is rather beneficial to me, since it relaxes my overstrained nerves. My friend Zoega and I are plant-lovers; but we love botany for the sake of the flowers, not the flowers for the botany; and we love the symbolism of the plant world more than either; therefore with weak knowledge we have great joy. Violets already exhaled their scent from the grass at the edge of the spring; the charming white, dark red and violet blue of the Sinngrin glanced shyly from mossy banks and between thick aspen garlands. The aether-blue iris rises proudly above its little sisters. Carpets of hyacinth and narcissus adorn the flowerbeds.

In my house I found the lovely child who recently met me on the Medici Terrace on the arm of its nurse. Its resemblance to my little Ida in Copenhagen was so great that I [p. 227] stood stock still with emotion -- then the sweet child stretched out its arms to me and willingly let me caress it. Since then the nurse (a fine, fiery Neapolitan) often brings me the child, who only cries when it must leave me; the little angel is called Amila, and is the daughter of an old, sick English General Geffling, who with his young wife is here caring for his weak health; the little one looks like my two oldest children, like a sister, and my joy in the little being is
January 23.

With the intelligent and well-informed Count von R**** we looked at a collection of gems and intaglios at the home of the banker and antique dealer Jenkins. The following things seem to me worth mentioning: A splendid intaglio of a hero's head in onyx, on a ring; an excellent head of Germanicus, much like the portrait statue in the Museum Gabinum; Venus in the bath, with [p. 228] a down-slithering garment, a vase and the rabbit (an extraordinarily beautiful cameo, white on a dark ground for a bracelet); the allegedly antique companion piece, Ganymede with the eagle, is much inferior to it. This last piece is said to be priced at 300 pounds sterling.

Also in this house was a collection of old and antique statues and busts, which Mr. Jenkins good-naturedly makes available to visitors. Beautiful among these things were a Plato or Indian Bacchus, and a youthful Commodus, whose noticeable similarity to his noble father [Marcus Aurelius] I never see without pain; both were busts. Antoninus and Trajan, depicted in statues as heroes. Group of Amor (Cupid) and Psyche, after the Capitoline one. Among the Muses here present, I would have chosen Urania alone, in that first been able to get rid of the ugly, apparently restored legs. All this is claimed to be antique, and does look very old.

In the evening we visited the Theater Argentina. [p. 229] Here one can at least breathe, and does not sit in a dark mousetrap of a loge as in the Theater della Valle. The costumes of the actors were most wretched, the music mediocre. One singer distinguished himself by virtue of a gently, very caressing voice.

In the ballet (in which was presented the Conquest of Mexico, with all possible noise), the fire of the Italians showed itself in both the dancers and the spectators. The ballet was brilliant, and some better trained French dancers distinguished themselves greatly from the Italian leapers by their serious histrionics and more noble poses. Still, there was strength and life in these wild leaps, in which they passed very well as Mexicans. Never have I heard such passionate tones of rapture as, at each somewhat tender scene, each picturesque pose, these people audibly sighed: Ah bravo! bravissimo! Ah bello! bellissimo! One group, which aroused in all of us the utmost repugnance, [p. 230] and in which a young, very handsome dancer embraces his old, miscostumed beloved in the roles of Psyche and Arnor, and in which we were all on the point of loudly protesting such a profanation, there sounded some sentimental Ecco! Ecco Psyche con l'Amore. In general, either chance or the moralistic influence of the modern Roman arbiters of morality has so arranged matters that both in the opera and in the ballet the female lovers' roles fall to the longest, thinnest and oldest sopranos. This, and the interruption of each act of the opera by the ballet, and this again by the opera, so that one takes no interest in either, destroys all illusion, even if the mediocrity of decorations, machines, lighting, costuming allowed even a shadow of illusion to make itself felt; and this ridiculous custom, prevailing throughout Italy, of the fragmentation and mixing of opera and ballet, shows the sunken sensibility of the nation, which seeks only a quite superficial sensuous pleasure in its stage plays. [p. 231] I have been unable either in Milan, Rome or Napés to sit through a whole theatrical performance (ein Schauspiel auszudeuern).

January 24.

In the evening our Roman friends, and especially Abbe Gilnotardi, who is one of the most zealous of shepherds, brought us to "the Arcadians," where cultivated and fashionable
Rome was assembled; I saw here the Lieutenant-General of the Papal Army, and the Censor of Rome, a General of the Benedictines; the Senator of Rome, Prince Razzonico, and his spouse, and the whole diplomatic corps of the Christian-Catholic powers of Europe. Initially there were a lot of brief speeches, sonnets, etc., in honor of the Madonna and the feast of her lying-in and churching, to which nobody paid attention, although at each pause people clapped while yawning, and yawned while clapping. To me, as a foreigner, the *Lingua Toscana in Bocca romana* [Tuscan language in Roman accents] emanating from many a full and sonorous organ, sounded splendidly in the ear.

Then the famous *improvisatrice* Bandettini sang, on subjects given her on the spot. This interesting woman comes from Modena, and used to be a dancer. Her portrait by Angelika had already attracted me. She has a splendid fiery eye, and a flaming, yet never wild, expression; her poses are beautiful, and she opens her mouth like one inspired. The subjects given her by the great ones of Rome were in part trite, and in part highly unsuitable for a woman: the Flood, Apollo's quarrel with Marsyas and the operation [i.e., the flaying of Marsyas], the battle of Lapiths and Centaurs, were in no way calculated to inspire gentle, tender and charming pictures. In the Flood, she introduced a few idyllic episodes, and she handled the birth of Christ entirely as a lovely pastorale. Her accompanist each time plays a melody given by her, which she twice altered, together with her [p. 233] poetic meter (which, however, was always in stanzas) [of eight lines? *Das jedoch immer Stanze war*]. She often uses the double beat of the anapest, which greatly raises and animates her singing. Her voice is weak and trembling, so that much escaped me. In conversation she is hearty, naive, but uncultivated. She has a very delicate figure, and must have been decidedly beautiful. How would this gifted creature, in another country and with careful training, have ripened into an ornament to her sex! So I was thinking, as there appeared in my mind's eye the picture of the one German poetess who deserved the so frequently awarded sobriquet of "the German Sappho" -- Karschinn -- who sadly asked, "Where is the happy land, in which a mild genius cultivates the flowers of the feminine spirit? Do they not everywhere bloom untended and, as it were, clandestinely, struggling against the pressure of pointless or hostile education and of a prejudice which is everywhere armed against them?"

---

**The Quirinal Palace.**

January 25.

Here in the Chapel of the Annunziata we saw the transfiguration of Guido Reni's brush in Rome.

1. A tenderly soulful light is poured over the main picture of the Annunciation. The angel, a serious youth full of dignity but also full of reverence for the most gracious Virgin, is one of Guido's best realized figures; though kneeling, he seems to hover in a light silver cloud. Mary is all submissiveness, and her tender face is very beautiful. The colors are still fresh, and, with [or next to] the Peter in Bologna, the best preserved of dear Guido's oil paintings. Alas! the reason so many of his paintings look green or gray as death was his poverty, which often made it impossible for him to buy the best and most durable paints! It is quite believable that the tender Guido lived more in the world [p. 235] of lovely ideas than in reality, and in painting his lightly insubstantial figures sometimes forgot the material means by which he was expected to give lasting existence to the ethereal children of his fancy. The wreath of charming little angels high in the vault of the altarpiece is wholly Guido-like.

2. Mary, who is sewing baby clothes; one of the most naively feminine figures, in the fullness of motherhood. How conscientiously she busies herself for the loved being that raises
her fair bosom! Oh, she is wholly mother, a true ideal of motherhood, and they ought to make Rome's degenerate women of the fine world ply industriously in this chapel. Above her float two lovely angel children. Next to her kneels a noble genius, with tender swan's wings.

3. Birth of Christ. Always the same Mary on these two fresco paintings; here are fair figures, among them women subject to the secrets of Juno Lucina; but these plaster paintings have suffered greatly from the dampness. [p. 236]

4. In a room of the palace, Saint Sebastian. A fine, large painting by Tiziano (Titian). The figures round themselves astonishingly from off the canvas, stepping forward toward the viewer. Splendid head of Saint Augustine. A more commonplace but extremely animated body of Saint Sebastian; the arrows strike deep into his flesh. In the Gloria above is a very beautiful youngster; but it is a mischievous Cupid, not an angel. Guido alone understands how to conceive of angels which are neither frivolous cupids nor commonplace children.22

5. The powerful Juno-like Madonna of the Tower, by Carlo Maratti. A fine-looking woman of the Trastevere, elevated to be Queen of Heaven, but no gracious Mary!

The view from the balcony of the Quirinal is one of the most splendid in Rome. From this height of the Monte Cavallo, one embraces the whole northwestern part of Rome, from the crescent of Monte Mario and Montorio, from the cypresses of Via Mellini to the pines of Cassini, with a single glance.

Among us, we counted seventeen domes. The Pantheon (sic) of St. Peter's Church rose high in the misty air; but the old Pantheon rounded itself humbly out of Rome's depths. To the right lay the fair garden grove of the Pincio, heaped up in great masses of luxuriant green; beneath us plashed the fountains of the Quirinal Gardens.

In the afternoon we took my favorite drive beneath the Palatine and back by way of the Aventine, and then saw the sun from the Medici Terrace, setting in clouds of glory such as Guido must often have listened to (beleucht). Carbuncle and orange alternated in the glowing streams of the West; the rest of the sky was gray. Then we drove toward the rising moon, across the Ponte Sant'Angelo; fully and silently blushing, the great ball swam up from the earthy mists into the aether, pouring [p. 238] pure silver into the yellow waves of the Tiber; then, with the moon, we hurried onto Saint Peter's Square. Oh, how majestic it seemed to us, in this illumination! Behind the northern colofflade, the trembling light was just rising, and shining into the vaulted twilight of the southern halls; the vivid life of the world's most beautiful fountains floated in shining silver in the dark evening light -- now the cupola of the church was illuminated -- then the facade -- and now the noble whole stood before us, like a great thought; then we drove up to Aqna Paoli, and entered first the shadow of the cypresses; then, abruptly, we came out into the full brightness at the waterfall! Oh, this rushing sound in the moonlight, where the eye feels that it, too, is listening, and loses itself in the billions of silvery sparks that fall like dust into the green basin!

Over Rome a silver covering was spread; the cupolas and towers shone brightly above it; like far-off coasts of the [p. 239] past, seen from heavenly fields, one perceived in the uncertainly shimmering atmosphere the hills of the Campagna. Next me stood Pfaff, lost

22Michael Angelo's angels are young Herculeses; and Raphael's powerful angel children are also young heroes.
in an ecstatic trance; we all seemed to be caught up in a blessed dream.

January 26.

I spent the morning quite alone in the Bosco [wood] of the Villa Medici. Much too weak to climb the rather steep stairs, I was carried up by my servant. These tremulous palpitations which are brought upon me by every stair-climbing, and in the city air, and which then pass over into an oppression of the chest (Brustlumpf [sic: Brustkrampf!]), rob me of many a pleasure. For friend Domeyer has strictly forbidden the climbing of Trajan's Column and the dome of St Peter's, although, on the other hand, he offers me all the heights of Albano and Tivoli.

Back, alone, to the Bosco di Medici, where, lifted high above [Santa] Triniti dei Monti, one looks deep down upon the old Campus Martius and the Gardens of Sallust. The view of the heavens from all [p. 240] these charming villas is surprisingly beautiful, and their pine-cypress laurel-plane tree groves arrange themselves in picturesque groupings. A broad perspective view has been created between the pine islands of Villa Borghese and the cypresses of Villa Ludovisi; its foreground is occupied by a reddish bit of the ruins of the old city wall; then, lightly positioned on the rising plain, are the Monticelli, and in the distance one sees the dark blue mountain peaks of Sannium. Being much moved by the recent news of his death, I read with heartfelt benefit in my much-loved old Rothe's fine work, Naturen betragtet nach Bonnets Maade, the lovely chapter on granite. Good Rothe! how you will now be eagerly studying in your great favorite chapter about the unveiling capacity (Enthüllbarkeit), refinement- and completion-capability (Verfeinerungs- und Vervollkommnungs-Fähigkeit) of our being! May this solitary hour remain to me as an unforgettable remembrance of one of the greatest and best men of the Danish world, of this liberal thinker, [p. 241] who, progressing with the times, in his clarifying spirit immediately separated the gold from the dross, and so, laden with ripe fruits, landed in the harbor.

The Palatine. Ruins of the Emperors' Palaces.

January 27.

Zoega and I had brought books, and remained here in restful quiet for more than three hours. Oh, what a deep quiet of death now encompasses these halls, where was formerly the center of the world -- the den of the she-wolf Rome!

What life, from the grotto of Lupercal and the substructures of the Pretorians, those arbiters of world power, up to these marble-encrusted summits! Here rose the column- and pilaster-borne halls; here reigned a greatness, and shone a magnificence, of which we weaklings know no shadow more.

Now the devastated walls stand [p. 242] scattered and sinking. Isolated red fragments protrude from the debris! The pure blue of heaven streams through the open halls; in the farthest room, the most beautiful landscapes are magically revealed as through optical mirrors; and most fortunate would be the inventor who could faithfully copy these ready-made and even framed paintings from the halls of the Colosseum and the Palatine.

Mighty evergreen oaks darken the base of the hill, vegetable gardens offer a touch of green in the empty spaces between ruins; heavy pieces of the wall often hang suspended in a strange equilibrium; luxuriant garlands of thick-branched ivy grow over them, and seem to hold the sinking ensemble together. From the wildest ruins in inaccessible places, the picturesque
agave plant looks out; the wallflower (*Chairanthus cheiri*) in full bloom shines fragrantly from a distance, often out of reach of the flower-loving Charlotte; the tender *Anemone nemorosa* stands in the shadow of the wild clumps of *Cytisus*, *Viburnum*, and blooming broom. [p. 243] The view from this southern part of the Palatine, on which we have settled ourselves, encompasses what is perhaps the most interesting part of Rome. The whole northern side is concealed from us, and the far-off crescent in whose heart we are standing rises, beginning at St. Peter's dome in the West, by way of the South to the East. In this great amphitheater, individual sections distinguish themselves, and each hill, each rise, forms a complete painting; and each painting would have its foreground and its attractive viewpoint. As an aid to memory, I recorded the whole gallery of Nature, the Present and the Past, as follows:

**West:**
1.) Green height of the Janiculum, dome of St Peter's, group of trees of the Villa Santi.  
2.) Pines and Casino Corsini (the magnificent, seen from afar!); next, the attractive Villa Giraud; beneath, the church of Pietro Montorio, with the picturesque group of trees.  
3.) The Aventine, with the far-off, preening Priory of Malta; lower down, the church of St Sabina; as background, [p. 244] the gently declining ridge of the Janiculum.  
4.) Now follows the quiet valley, gently rising to the southwest, with St Paul's Gate, the city wall, the lonesome melancholy Pyramid, and the green Monte Testaccio; here the Tiber glints feebly upward, and in the distance rise the heights with the churches of St. Saba and St. Bambin Giesu ([sic: Baby Jesus]).  
5.) Ruins of the [Baths of] Caracalla; in their desolate splendor they cover a whole lowland, anciently called the Intermontium, and would provide more than sufficient matter for the most shuddering moonlight paintings.  
6.) Porta Capena; behind it, the picturesque tomb of Cecilia Metella; in the distance (1), the remains of the Claudian Aqueduct; ahead, the Arch of Drusus and ruins of the city wall.  
7.) The green Caelian Hill (*Hügel Cälius*) with the lonely church of St Giovanni a Porta Latina.  
8.) Caelian Hill (*Berg Cälius*), with the pines and arboreal groves of the Villa Mattei; arched ruins of the Nerouian Aqueduct; to one side, the monastery of St Giovani a Paolo ([sic: Saints John and Paul]); behind, the blue distances of the Alban Mountain: cypress group of Domitian's Vivarium; distant mountain slope with the ruins of Palestrina. -- This painting would be breathtakingly beautiful! 9.) The Esquiline. Massive ruins of the Baths of Titus. Charming ruins of Minerva Medica. Church of the Lateran.  
10.) Ruins of the Campo Vaccino, Coliseum and Arch of Constantine; splendid group of oaks of St Antonio; distance (*Feme*) of Tibur.  
11.) Finally, the Palatine itself, on whose southern slope (*Abstllrz*) we are standing, encumbered as it is with many ruins, and luxuriantly green. Splendid cypresses of the Bonaventura monastery, and the lonely palm of Marcus Aurelius!

**Gallery of Paintings of the Borgbese Palace.**

January 28.

First my confession: That it is always difficult for me to make up my mind to look at paintings; the nature of the plastic art, which provides a much quieter and more harmonious enjoyment, and, even more than [p. 246] this concern for my weak and limited personality, the so deeply related sense of beauty and truth of the ancients -- the greatness or psychological beauty of the subjects there treated, and the characters there exhibited -- this whole genius of antiquity, wholly absorbing and animating the regions of an ennobled humankind, has so possessed me, that in this dream of the world of ideas, I still lack a sense for the enchantments of the brush.

I pass coldly by the majority of them; linger doubtfully by what attracts me, and seldom
arrive at the pure, full, quiet and devoted contemplation which seizes upon me before the representation of the gods and godlike humans, who breathe from within the marble and, unveiling pure form from noble material, appear to me as in truth and reality - so that I would just like to take casts right away, and, praying for Athena's reanimation, could send the noble race out into today's world! [p. 247] I saw with delight the reflection of this attitude in the figures, so full of life and spirit, of Raphael! I glimpsed with reverence these noble outlines in Michael Angelo's bold representations, and thankfully honored the artists from whom I am separated by centuries, like these, or even millennia! - And yet the gulf which time and custom, religion and popular spirit, have opened between us and that Hesperian age of art, remains unbridgeable, and the foremost painting in the world, according to innermost feeling, stands far below the highest of the antique. From the plenitude of noble paintings, I mention only what spoke especially to my mind and spirit.

In the Second Room.

1.) Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto. The Madonnas of this artist (whom I learned to know better only later, during my return journey by way of Florence) are characterized by the distinctive expression of rustic simplicity, cheerfulness and health. These are the most joyful [p. 248] young mothers that one can see; but child and mother lack that anticipation of future glory with which Raphael illuminated his Christ child and Guido, the enthusiastic Sasso-Ferrato, and the tender Fra Bartholomei their Madonnas. This conflation (Vereinigung) of the Virgin, who rejoices and loves as a mother -- with the mother who is filled with ecstasy and pain, moved in her heart by exalted words of the future -- and whose joy is replicated in every womanly heart, as every human heart feels penetrated by her sorrows, while every believing mind is raised on her wings of presentiment - was a new gift of the Christian religion to art.

But as the arts shook off the chains of long-continued barbarism, it was only painting that awakened; the art of sculpture will never do so under a northern sky and amid northern customs. This is evident from the mere thought of a Madre di Pietà (sic), such as even an artist as conversant with the antique as Michael Angelo executed; [p. 249] and when Hellas and Ionia once awaken, ab! then the pious enthusiasm (die fromme Schwiirmerey) which alone creates worthy Madonnas will be long and totally passe.

2.) An old schoolmaster in a reclining chair, by Guido; extremely moody! Asmus' "once quietly sat in a reclining chair" suddenly recurred to all of us.

3.) The Raising of Lazarus, by Garofalo; quiet, heartfelt and holy! Why have the artists not more often given us scenes from this inexpressibly touching and charming episode of the life of Christ? They have simply been afraid of beauty, and made vows of pain and sacrifice, even including [a sacrifice of?] the practice of art, which must often have become a torment to them.

Third Room.

1.) Portraits of Machiavelli and Casar (Cesare) Borgia, highly individualized, and frightfully characteristic; that of the latter by Tiziano. [p. 250] 2.) A very charming Nun by the same, and to me the most lovely painting of Titian that I have yet seen.

3.) Holy Family, by my dear Francesco Penni, whose brush is so tender and clean, his tints so harmonious -- and who paints such lovely Christ-children.
4.) Samaritan Woman by Ginglianello. The inexpressibly noble head of the exalted woman makes me anxious to see more of this artist.

*F ollrth Room.*

1.) The world-famous [Saint] Cecilia by Domenichino, who has been repeated for us by Guercino as a Sybil and even as Dido. A most charming woman; but in spirit (*Geist*), how: fur she stands below Raphael's inspired heroine in Bologna!

2.) Entombment, by Raphael. The most famous painting of this greatest gallery of Rome; the first work of the young Raphael in Rome, and to me of all of them so dear in heart [p.251] and soul! I would greatly prefer it ([hinversetzen]) to the *stilo. ~uhlino* of painting, or of Raphael. Simplicity of spirit, inwardness of feeling, and the strictest chastity in the outlines, is (*sic*) united in this noble painting with an inexpressibly ethereal lightness (which I would not for anything in the world call weakness). The composition is very understandable; the figures have in their poses that tranquility of inner feeling which the newer artists of both chisel and brush so often try in vain to awaken in the viewer by mannerism and noisy movement (the Germans only where they allow themselves to be led astray by Franks and Brits [*yon Franken und Britten*]. The male figure who raises the body with an extreme effort is of unsurpassable truth, and the tenderest beauty; a young woman in a green garment, kneeling with lightly raised arms.

3.) A beautiful St. Catherine, by the young Raphael; these women of the young Raphael [p. 252] are real Eves before the fall, the product of an angelic fancy.

4.) Splendid Madonna of Gaudenzio di Ferrara.

5.) Portrait of Raphael (I don't know by whom), very much like the noble youth in the School of Athens.

6.) Youthful works of Raphael. Sweet idea of the mother, suckling her twins; were they not twins, she would be the most virginal Madonna, with her modestly lowered Perugino eyelids. This young Raphael is still coming to be my idol! In the Marriage at Cana there is a Christ on whose forehead all the godliness of the world's great Creator, spreading itself over the fiery Chaos (in the *Loggie*), appears as though at the dawn of day. It is this presentiment of greatness, in conjunction with youthful simplicity, that makes the young Raphael so enchanting. He himself does not yet know the genius that is bearing him aloft!

[p. 253] 7.) Sleeping Children by Annibale Carracci; they are two young heroes.

8.) Lovely Agatha by Leonardo da Vinci.

*Fifth Room.*

1.) Famous painting of Tiziano: called Earthly and Divine Love. God knows! on neither of these prettily tinted ladies is visible any breath of love, still less a spark of divine love.

2.) Madonna, of Andrea del Sarto.

3.) Some fine portraits by Tiziano. His portraits, of aU those I know, are the most beautiful.
And now my receptivity for today was exhausted to the very depths - I hastened to the Villa Doria in order to find myself again amid flowers and greenery. Climbing a mountain does not exhaust me, even physically, as much as wandering through a picture gallery.

Beginning of the Carnival

January 30.

At the hour of noon it was permissible for all Romans to put on an external mask — and one can perhaps truly say that today nobody yet put on two, one on top of the other; for today it was mostly only children, or people from among the joyless and never masked proletariat, who wore masks.

We first drove around in the smaller streets, and then into the Corso. The jubilation of all the children, seeing themselves also masked in the crowd, is inexpressible. But today was just a prelude; and hardly one-tenth of the human masses which were squeezed together, in carriages and on foot, on chairs, benches, and in windows, are masked. I enjoyed seeing many a one who, miserable and dressed in rags, behind his black oilcloth nose, as though sheltered beneath a great amulet, forgot the sorrows of his life in jubilation!

[p. 255] Death's-heads and cadavers' faces, frightfully realistically made, wandered around with satyrs and fauns! I saw only two beautiful masks in antique style; and I would like to wager that they [each] concealed either a man or an ugly but charming woman -- for a beautiful [woman] would not have thought herself sufficiently unrecognizable, whereas an ugly one must still be charming to have chosen with such good taste. It was amusing to see two carriages on whose high boxes two tender pretty little women drove a load of heavyset men.

Also attractive was a Whisky [vehicle], in front of which fine, black, fiery horses, harnessed in rose garlands, were led by a young lady. Harlequins, hunchbacks, disguised graybeards, and little boys disguised in fish-scales swarmed around together. The wallpapers and silk curtains hanging from the windows made a cheerful sight; but the weather was dim, [p. 256] with Scirocco air. How this wind and its accompanying haze drain the color and spirit from everything is known to all who are acquainted with it.

On the whole, the Roman women are dressed in a variegated, overdone and tasteless manner; and the study of the antique, which is imitated by the current mode (coming, however, by way of England), is visible in their drapery. The bodily formation is strong and compact, rather than tender and attractive. Regular and pronounced features are commonplace; but it is seldom that an expression of good nature and lively feeling animates these often stiff features, which clearly betray the lack of inward cultivation.

Among the women of the popular classes one sees noticeably more beauty, spirit, and physiognomy, for with the other group, pride, fashion and boredom have done away with their natural qualities and even killed the instinct which tunes every feminine being to mildness and
agreeableness.

[p. 257] The Quackeri23 and Harlequins quickly recognized us as foreigners, and shouted a thousand gaudy jokes into our carriage; but they always remained within the bounds of gallantry ITom the times of chivalry. For the blond-haired children, oranges, both sugared and natural, and bonbons of every good kind (for the times of the tricky plaster bonbons have not yet come) rained into the carriage. We were equipped to reciprocate, but always received more sweet words and things than we were able to give back in view of the limitations of our Italian word and sugar supplies.

After driving up and down the Corso once or twice, at a foot's pace and interrupted by long pauses (to turn off into a side street was not to be thought of in view of the ever-increasing floods of people), it seemed to me as if! were spinning around in the rainbow shimmer of an immense soap bubble [p. 258]. The really oppressive air in the Corso, filled as it was with so many thousand people and already narrow and closed in by truly mountainous palaces, made it difficult for me to breathe. This whole dolls' world flowed together in monstrous, formless masses, and glimmering colors danced before my eyes; the many-voiced clamor became duller, seemed to grow more remote, and I would have sunk into a fainting-like sleep, had I not been awakened by the noise of the twenty-four horses just dashing off, and the popular jubilation arising to heaven. Heard, seen and gone! in a matter of two seconds! Quickly as the wind furrows the waves of the sea, these zephyr-like little horses divide the popular masses, which flow together again behind them, without a trace of their hoofs remaining in the sand, or oftbeir lightsome flight in the roadway -- ITom where one cannot follow them with the eyes to the goal, for which reason the drama loses much of its interest. This time, people are awaiting much pleasure [p. 259] from the Carnival, since for the past four years the Roman population has been given no horse racing. They could be wrong! For one asks whether, during these four years, the people's sense of pleasure has been nurtured or repressed?

23See Goethe's description of the Roman Carnival.
X. (February 4-19, 1796)

Carnival Scenes.


The Scirocco, and its even more obnoxious cousin, the southeast wind (*Libecciv*), have raged so implacably the last few days, and shaken down so much stupidity and fever on me from wings loaded with the vapors of the Pontine Marshes, that I have seen and felt everything through the double gauze of the ash-colored air without and the confused senses within. In the afternoon we paid another visit to the Corso, and again with the carriage, for we lack acquaintances with whom we might find a window on the Corso. The crowd and the madness, as the festival nears its end, increase with every hour. But I find very little variety in this ultricolored whirl of folly; one bursting soap bubble is like another, and the complete stupor which attacks me, when [p. 261] I have watched the spectacle for a quarter of an hour, spoils it completely for me. Goethe's description, true as it is, was really much too charming, and, through the medium of his ordering min~ proceeded in a far more lively way (*viellebendiger*) than the reality appears on the animated canvas.

They do tell me that the Carnival has never been less brilliant than this year; that the lightsome joyousness of the people decreases from year to year -- that the growing poverty is apparent in the dress of all classes, etc. And there was really small trace of the blooming imaginative influence of a milder heaven! The eye was seldom pleased by a well-ordered costume; and even more seldom was it charmed by a beautiful and innovative mask.

The women of the upper classes mostly have such a yellowish complexion, and in addition, are so painted, that we often had trouble in distinguishing between mask and not-mask. [p.262] And often it was equally difficult to distinguish the end of the mask from the beginning of the immodestly bared bosom. The lack of propriety among the Roman women is quite a novelty for a northern lady, and I wholeheartedly cried out, with Walther von der Vogelweide, Friedrich Miinter, and Leopold Count Stollberg:

The fruit of my travels was
An appreciation of German decorum!

Tbe Farnese Palace.

[p.263]

February 5.

In my view the first in Rome, and, they say, built according to Michael Angelo's directives. And it stands, like St. Peter's dome among Rome's churches, like a mountain among the palaces of the Eternal City, when viewed from the Montorio. The deep, dark courtyards of these immense dwellings have something uncanny about them; above all, this lonely grass grown one, around which the majestic building rises on the three orders of the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian pilasters!
Room of the Farnese Palace.

As is known, it was painted al Fresko (sic) by the Carracci, especially the great Annibale. The whole is so overladen that it is difficult to distinguish the details. The two groups of Polyphemus and Galatea are without doubt the most finished masterpieces on these walls, which are dedicated to the play of an unrestrained imagination! On the smaller painting are some Nereids of the highest and most delightful charm. But I had to pass the large group rapidly and with eyes averted. Not Polyphemus, but the highly animated and voluptuous Galatea made me blush to the very heart! Depicted with this realism are several episodes in this great epic of the Venus of Guido's (Cuidos); for example [p. 264] Jupiter with Juno wearing the girdle of Venus, where the father of the gods is degraded to a satyr.

I fled with my glances to the frightfully beautiful representation of Perseus, who, appearing with the head of Medusa, transforms the wild struggle of the Centaurs, inflamed by a bacchanal, to deathly stillness. Here life ceases to breathe before your very eyes, and the paleness of marble spreads itself over those who have seen the Medusa!

Perhaps the noble thought of the great Annibale was deeper than ordinary onlookers imagine! Perhaps the great esthetician wished to supply an antidote together with the poison, and to quench the flames of sensuality with the picture of congealing death?

Beautiful, cheering and lovely is a ceiling: The Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne. With a light hand she gnides the brilliant team of the fawning tigers; and the whole train of ideas of a loudly celebrating joyous troop, in the most brilliant colors, floats lightly past your gaze!

The Farnese Hercules.

Truly a hero! For such repose rewards only such deeds! What a head! for me, an ideal of strength, united with the most good-natured joviality! How fine is his strong tousled hair, and the ambrosian beard. Viewed from the front, the weight of the shoulders, and the hugely road chest, seem to press upon the lower part of the body – seem, I say; but from the left side at the window, seen in half profile, I could not tire of looking at him. Oh, high antique, my moral sense pays homage to thee! To thee, my esthetic sense! To thee, eye and heart! These pure, detached forms of clear concepts never mislead me, nor do I ever blush before a work of antiquity!

Good old fellow! I rejoice to see you again in Campania in life-breathing marble. How heartily he is allowed the conquered golden fruits of the Hesperides, which he holds in his quiet right hand!

February 6.

At last one can again breath more normally. Scirocco and Libeccio have fled away, and the former is perhaps already hastening over the Apennines to my beloved Alps, where, under the name of the Fon, it is loosening the fetters of the glacial streams with its warm breath and heralding the springtime. But here, spring has appeared! It looks down from the reddish clouds, and everything buds, sprouts and greens as it does with us in April. We drove via the Campo Vaccino, Via Sacra and Arch of Titus, past the Coliseum, through the Arch of Constantine, to the Palatine. The spring sun shone warmly; high up between the ruins of the Palatine bloomed the white and red crests of the almond trees, and birds sang from the laurels. Through the (Saint) Paul's Gate and past the Pyramid, passing beneath the Aventine, we reached the bank of the Tiber, where the Temple of Vesta still stands, and the Corinthian columns of the Temple of
Fortuna virilis. and the remains of the bridge named for Horatius Cocles, lie before us. Getting out at this very interesting spot, I soon found, going down to the riverbank near one of the small landing places, a green spot overlooking the stream, where pretty young women were drying laundry and happy little children were romping about. Granite stumps of former columns stood there, and ships’ cables and chains of the Tiber mills were attached to them! A mighty trunk of splendid black and white Egyptian granite served us for a table, and nearby ones as chairs.

Here we breakfasted, bathing to our heart’s content in the Hesperian sunbeams. Beneath us swirled the Tiber; and the ruins of the white marble Ponte Rotto, which the Scipios had vainly tried to set against the current, testified, "Here will Father Tiber suffer no yoke!" Beyond the river, Montorio bore its pine groves on gentle heights in clear air; and the nine great Corsini pines waved a greeting to the dear friends who left me yesterday, and are now hastening through the Pontine Marshes into the Campagna felice! We drove over Ponte Sesto to the Tiber Island. On the bridge there opens, beside the finely grouped trees of the Villa Mattei, a picturesque view of distant blue mountains. We now entered the Trastevere quarter, which is crowded with beautiful women and children, and where Raphael undoubtedly studied diligently. The women of Trastevere have almost uniformly beautiful foreheads, eyebrows and eyes; the profile, too, is often fine and noble; the facial color is clear and fresh; only the mouth, in contrast, is almost always large and vulgarly opened. Then we drove out the little subsidiary Porta Portese to Ripa Grande, that Tiber bank where once the camp of Porsenna stood, and where now the Pope is having poor children trained as artisans. Beautiful Tom here is the view of the greening Aventine, raising its proud head from lovely groves of trees, and past whose foundation the Tiber rapidly flows.

From old Rome we then subsided into the midst of the maniacal throng in the Corso, and drove past the Antonine Column, where I smilingly thought of our dear M**n - who, on this spot, in the midst of the clamorous Shrove Tuesday mob, responded to my lively exclamation, "Oh, look how beautifully the Column is reddened by the evening glow!" by shortly and drily remarking, "Say rather how it blushes!"

February 7.

I spent the morning with my children, quietly and happily, in the grounds of the stately and beautiful Villa Pamphili. Here it is the most beautiful blooming time of the many-colored Anemone Petano. The great meadow -- splendidly beautiful, enwreathed by the most beautiful pines and oak groves, was quite covered with these dew- and color-sparkling flowers. What a riot of colors blooms beneath this heaven! Modestly in the shadow to one side, scattered in small isolated groups among the tree-roots, bloomed the tender but strongly scented Anemone nemorosa, which also adorns Zealand's romantic beechwoods; but spread out in colorful display on the sunny meadow were the straw- and lemon-yellow, purple and scarlet-red violets Veilchen and sky-blue violas Violetten, white and poppy-colored homonyms Namesschwestern in luxuriant plenty. The inexpressible joy of the children, who had soon decorated my hat and filled my lap, was a real spring festival. "Mother," cried little Cbarlotte, "the meadow shines like the starry heaven!"

Last Evening of the Carnival.

February 9. All caprice, all jollity, all mischief and high spirits, all madness and craziness were today
squeezed together as at a central point, ITom which they [p. 271] spread out in rays. The side streets to left and right of the long Corso were occupied on both sides by brilliantly colorful equipages from all periods, with Whyskys and high-rolling phaetous and miserable fiacres, while the middle was occupied by streams of Pulcinellos, Taborros, Baggaros, and Quakeris; the vehicles had to remain where they were, for the Corso itself had long since been crarumed full of wheeled traffic. The pedestrians streamed, pressed, flowed this way and that; now in great masses, as though blown together by the storm, and now as though thrown backward by a sudden ebb tide. The din, the noise and hubbub of all tones en masse, and the heat in the Corso were today really unbearable; and yet, in spite of the ceaseless complaints which the pedestrians had to put up with, in spite of the continuous pushing, stepping, pressing, despite all the mischief that was practiced, I have not heard a single unfriendly word; which, with such passionate people, seems unbelievable, but [p. 272] is none the less true, because the passionate enjoyment of pleasure in these days excludes everything else, even jealousy. The women disguised as men, and men as women, occasioned much laughter. Such a tall young Roman fellow, in a towering white woman's skirt with colorful hat and long corset (Leibchen), is one of the funniest caricatures. But, unfortunately, the high-bosomed and broadhipped Roman women in men's costume were more offensive than laughable; for the female form requires, in proportion to its femininity, all the more gentle envelopment Of beautiful, bacchantelike fiery faces I saw many today among the ladies; and also many women whose figures were largely and nobly defined; and indeed one can say that this is generally true in the popular classes. But the forms are heavy, the shoulders broad without pleasant slope, and the related parts actually exceed by far Helen's beaker-based dimensions; the hips are often excessively strong. But [p.273] the slow and dignified walk of the Roman woman is very characteristic; they pace majestically along, and in this the ordinary Roman woman outdoes our proudest dames. Many a woman of Trastevere seemed to me to ambulate like a Juno, with a solemn fiery look of her great eye.

Today it was impossible to get out of the Corso; one had to let oneself be slowly moved along with the halting coach traffic, and each time, in the strait formed by the Ruspoli Palace, to hold out under the ever more lively artillery of the constantly larger plaster bonbons (which are pumice-stones coated with plaster, often in the size of an almond). Deep in the Corso, the twilight was already beginning; the unfortunate [riderless] horses, irritated by hung-on spurs, had already panted past us, and the sun had set; and still we were slowly pushed forward with the column of coaches.

The monstrous hubbub, the enthusiastically disobliging people, the coaches attempting, with the greatest danger but vainly, to get past each other, the heat, everything multiplies itself from moment to moment! It was almost night, and we were in front of the Palazzo Ruspoli; from both sides rained plaster confetti, which were not actually aimed at our carriage but which we had to admit through our lowered windows in order to avoid getting glass splinters in our eyes. The persistence of the throwers on both sides - who, ignoring the cries of those who were hit, continued to throw untiringly -- and, even more, the grim features of the half-masked heads, and the angry tones behind the fully masked ones, made it easy for me to believe that the two parties into which Rome is divided had mutually entrenched themselves and were using the opportunity to insult each other with impunity; for here everything was pressing together. The conchs, shell horns, and trumpets of the Pulcinellos -- the Bm! of the Quakeri, which buzzes like a brmh fire through the entire Corso; the Charivari of the choruses of both, who besieged my carriage with bells, kitchen mortars, zithers, dulcimers, fiddles, often thirty men strong -- the devil masks, which broke through the growing darkness like hellish faces, with enormous black, fiery red and yellow noses -- this

24The original reads: "... die ihnen verwandten Theile sagen weit über den Becherumfang der Helena hinaus.........................." 
(Translator's note.)
whole, ever growing monstrosity made up an ensemble which finally formed itself into such hideous groups that I began to feel giddy; but both children (Charlotte bitterly weeping) lay down on the floor of the coach, with wrapped heads and covered ears, and vowed "Never in their life to go to the Carnival."

The roughness of these throats which had shouted themselves hoarse, the mad pursuit of enjoyment on the part of the thirsty ones, and, in the midst of the stream of rapidly abating sensual pleasure, those who still thirsted for amusement - this outcry bordering on the convulsive, accompanied by the unveiled demeanor of the lowest enjoyment, was a drama such as I had never dreamed of.

[p. 276] Fear possessed me. I felt oppressed and anxious, as in the entrance hall of Tartarus. -- Oh! truly I saw before me the agonizing troop of the Danaldes and Tantalides! Poor, unhappy, degraded people, condemned to find joy only in the world of masks - how I felt your deep abasement!

February 10.

Until this day we have lived in the great guest house of Signor Sarmiento, on the Spanish Square, overrun as it is by foreigners, and amid all the inconveniences of a Roman inn. Because of smoke I cannot heat my own fireplace, and yet all the cutlet, onion, and fried food exhalations from the big house-kitchen come right up to me! Furthermore, on the Spanish Square one lives directly amid the horrors of Rome's non-police! Often is heard in the evening, from the nearby steps of Trinita dei Monti, the frightful 'amazzatol [Ym killed!]' and the dull sound of the falling corpse; while the culprit escapes unpunished, or takes refuge on the nearby church steps (or buys a letter of exemption from the butler of Cardinal Al***i for four Paoli; as everyone has told me in Rome). Opposite me stands the palace of the Spanish Ambassador, who confers immunity on this square. There I have seen a coachman from the neighborhood, who had stuck his dagger deep into the bosom of his young wife, standing openly in the doorway for days on end!

On the prettily decorated square next the fountain, all offal and all vegetable remnants from the palaces, inns and houses are heaped up; without ever thinking of conveying this expensive fertilizer to Rome's barren fields, and getting rid of this fermenting and pestilential mass. Children and poor people dig around in it, gnaw hungrily on the broccoli stalks, and in seeing this one forgets to pity Yorick's donkey gnawing on an artichoke stem.

(p.278) We escaped all this today in the direction of [Santa] Trinita dei Monti, up the Strada Gregoriana, where, for the sake of the clear air, quiet, and lovely view, I have taken up residence - with, as they say, the meanest woman in Rome (a painter's widow), whose house no foreigner ever left without a lawsuit.

I spent the day with my friends, the excellent painter and Professor Hetsch from Stuttgart and his delightful wife. Hetsch is perhaps the first portrait painter of his time. An equestrian portrait of the Duke ofWürttemberg, exhibited shortly before our arrival and then sent off, was the admiration of all Roman artists; now he is working on an enchanting children's group. Two surviving children of the Duchess carry the third, who recently died, crowned with flowers, upward as in triumph. The children appear as spirits in a sweet state of nature; and every mother would like to see her lost darling so represented! [p. 279] Ah! the tender father did not guess, as he was poetically painting this charming transfiguration, that meanwhile the last hour of his own darling was approaching. The gentle mother did not realize that her eye, oft lingering in tender tears of longing on the lovely picture - to which the father's heart had transferred the lineaments of his own heart's child -- would soon seek in this gentle group the picture of her own departed angel (for her
second son died of smallpox in Stuttgart while she was in Naples) in the friendly spirit (Genius) who bears the smaller angel on his shoulder!

February 11.

How comfortable we are in our new lodgings! Here the cheering hearth fire glows on damp mornings and cool evenings; I look past the house-covered heights of the Pincio (on whose nearby slope I live) into the old Campus Martius, and, past its houses, upward to the green crescent of the Montorio, Janiculus and Monte Mario; and thus I overlook the northwestern and southwestwestern part of Rome! On the right I have the whole facade and dome of St Peter's, and look straight into Raphael's Loges and on a part of the Vatican where the Belvedere is. From my window I see the sun declining into the pines of the Villa Corsini, and the cypresses of the Villa Millini illuminated by the early morning light. Ah! and in the evening the holy constellations arise before my ever-longing gaze! Do you feel my happiness? Did you sense that you were being thought of as, today, the evening star projected its friendly glance from out of tattered clouds?

***

We continued our visits to the artists living in Rome, making use of the Camiyl period when all galleries are closed.

[p.281] Professor Carstens from Schleswig.

A scion of that noble line which, hopefully, we shall long remember through the universally revered Confidential Counsellor and Chamber-President Carstens, who remains the object of profoundest love by those fortunate enough to have known him. The Roman Carstens - whom I blush to call by that name, for his fatherland did far too little for him, and that little far too late, to be entitled to claim him for its own - was deuied [the possibility of] early training and appropriate study by an untoward fate and by the anti-artistic spirit of the North (der Kunst erstickende Geist des Nordens), and it was only belatedly that he was able to go to Italy.

But he struggled with fate like a man! He devoted himself to historical painting, and often chose strange and, one might say, abstract subjects, e.g. the Theogony of Hesiod, for example, and sometimes with even greater success from Homer.

[p. 282] The composition of his often very large and full representations is rational, understandable and noble. His style is broad, and one recognizes the deep study of Michael Angelo and Raphael in both; the contemplation of his sketches was always an undiluted pleasure for me; for understanding and imagination are satisfied and nurtured.

Dante's Bottomless Pit, Ossian's Fingal, Aristophanes' Clouds, and Lucian's Tirann (sic), who bears the shoemaker's shadow on his proud shoulder over the Styx, are representations as popular as they are really humorous. Hardly anyone will look without laughing at Socrates [sic: Diogenes?] in the Basket. Fingal is large and noble, struggling with the spirit Loda, and felt with deep fantastic truth. But the dearest to me of all his sketches was "Homer as a Rhapsode." Even Raphael would not have been ashamed of this composition!

1.) Rape of Ganymede, painted for the Duke of Bristol. [p. 283] Great is the downward view with the eagle from the height of Mount Ida's summit, from already dawning skies upon the still darkling earth; for it is the first dawn of a terrible morning, and morning red spreads itself on the eastern horizon. The Scamander flows into the dark sea. But high climbs the eagle, kingly indeed, and painted with greatest fire as comrade of the nectar; but Ganymede is cold, and very dryly painted.
2.) Space and Time. The latter [Time] is represented as quite young (for only we grow old; time is ever newborn) with the hourglass in his hand; the former [Space] is shown with the earthly sphere, the symbol of all-encompassing space. Both are noble, lightly floating figures.

3.) Night with her two children, Sleep and Death. The figure of Night is large and extremely touching. She turns back the broad mantle of the two spirits, slumbering by her side in the most charming positions, and looks [p. 284] smilingly down at them in quiet sweet melancholy.

In short, intellect, strength and ingenuity were sufficiently melded in this modest workshop of genius to animate ten ordinary artists; but Carstens is forty-one years old, and still no painter, and therefore will never become one! So sternly does the material to which he did not soon enough subject himself take vengeance on the innocent. Now, in copying this out from my diary written in Rome, the noble Carstens has completed his path of anxiety and suffering. He died in the struggle of his fiery genius with its feeble envelope. Well for him that he departed early for the land where one no longer needs pallet, brush and colors to reveal high thoughts to kindred spirits!

His friend Fernow, amid the storms of collapsing Rome, was the true comrade of his sufferings, and was gratefully designated as the heir of his artistic treasures. [p. 285] May time and circumstances make it possible to carry out his plan of making his friend's sketches available to the public on self-engraved sheets (in selbstradirten Blättern), in order that the coming generation of Danish artists, after the loss of Abildgaard's paintings, may yet see before it a treasure of teaching and a goal of imitation. Or should Denmark really eternally renounce its Carstens in death as in life? Should all the rare flowers of art which our cold heaven brings forth die out from lack of loving care, and eternal barbarity freeze (umstarren) our coasts? The dedicated temples and chambers of earlier times, the groves of the arts, have been desecrated, destroyed and plundered through the depredations of blasphemous barbarians, and their ever fragrant blooms, their pearls, have been scattered about as things of no worth! And we, in the shadow of the olive and the palm tree, amid growing wealth and luxury, what have we done to assure ourselves of even one work of art, in this [p. 286] period when one could have purchased masterworks for a mere nothing? Oh, why do we not avail ourselves of the law of the seashore, in order simply to haul ashore the rich remains of southern Europe? How will Britain luxuriate in the acquisition of art treasures! Ah! how the stolen gods and heroes are mourning in rank, blood-steaming Paris! We would be amassing future riches - and kindling the extinguished flames on the abandoned altar of the fine arts!"

[p. 287] Woutky, a Bohemian; a landscape painter, especially famous for his Vesuvius Hells (Vesuv-Hollen).

25 It would still not be too late to entrust to sure hands and trained eyes a sum raised by subscription from the rich and comfortable inhabitants of Denmark for the purchase of antiques and pictures; for the inward misery of these two unfortunate cities [Paris and Rome?] has apparently not yet reached its peak. The inhabitants would then donate the art treasures assembled in this way to the Academy of Arts, for general use. I made this proposal to a number of our businessmen and patriots already in the autumn of 1797. -- I repeat it here with the heartfelt wish that it may find hearers. The Author.
1.) He it is who transferred the interior of the crater of Mt Aetna from the depths of night onto canvas; and, moreover, in that condition in which Hamilton saw it seventeen years ago, when a hill raised itself up within the crater, immediately spitting fire, and formed an island within the glowing sea. Sulfurous flames with their bluish tongues lick at the outer funnel-rim of the crater, and the stones with colored sulfur-flowers whiz past almost before the eyes of the astonished spectators.

2.) The Eruption of Vesuvius, which made a desert of Atrio del Cavallo [sic] twelve years ago in filling this valley between Vesuvius and Somma with a horrible outpouring of lava. One sees the glowing stream rapidly rolling through the steep mountain valley. Sky and sea are joined in fiery reflection. Far above Sorrento's coast, the moon rises and quietly reflects itself in the sea.

[p. 288] 3.) The Solfatara above Pozzuoli. The fine sulfur dust that veils all objects is depicted with unequaled art, and from high above one sees the sea rolling long waves onto a flat shore.

4.) View from the Camaldolensian Cloister behind the Grotto of Posillipo. The distant sea in this noble painting is unsurpassably great, and the uniform movement of the waves is very realistic. I heard the murmur of the surf Deep on the horizon, the heavy clouds descend on misty waves (as I subsequently often saw in Naples). Afar off, Ischia rises from the mist The foreground is fine in [its treatment of] the masses; the patient rendering of tree and shrub is frankly not the specialty of this painter, who likes best to pit the sea, fire and earth against each other.

5.) Storm near Naples. With astonishing boldness, this is snatched from the lap of the present -- the representation of a moment!

6.) I liked less the Waterfall of Terni; here, Reinhardt surpasses Woutky.

[p. 289] In this house, in which the artists have nested like faithful swallows, we visited the widow of Pompeo Battoni. We saw a few more pictures of this artist, well known among the more recent painters of Rome. I think only ashamed for his own paintings. Here, too, reigns a decorative charm; the coloring lacks truth, it is just a motley palletflower.

But there was here one fine painting, which they said was a Nicholas Poussin (but which, according to Hirt, is by Romanelli, and according to Hetsch, a copy after Poussin). However that may be, it gave me great pleasure. Armida is carrying off Rinaldo, who is held fast by a magical slumber. The group formed by the gracious enchantress, with the slumbering hero in her lap, and surrounded by lightly fluttering spirits, is really delightful! The landscape is broadly conceived; cool shadows, and a splendid blue distance such as only Poussin paints that way.

The Capitoline Hill

[p. 290].

February 12.

Carl, thrilled and proud to be my guide today to this greatest and smallest of the hills of the old and new world, accompanied me alone, and I surrendered to his guidance in a spirit of willingness to learn.
First the Tarpeian Rock was visited. The site which is claimed to be that of the old Stage of Death is on the eastern height of the Capitoline Hill. But the terrain is so raised by all the strata of ruins of the ancient world, and the slight depth resulting is so built over with dependent structures, that I could form no idea at all of what had been there before, and was very reluctant to exchange my former fanciful idea for this poor, bare reality.

Down below, the swampy terrain of Velabrii is still recognizable, and an old basilica stands there. I passed through a vegetable garden to the extreme southern edge of the precipice; and here I was [p. 291] surprised by one of the most touching panoramas of old Rome. To my right, above the Tiber, stood the fair Aventine, green with its gardens and crowned by the brilliantly white Priory. To the left rose the whole Palatine in awful splendor; never before had

I been able to seize it all in one glance like this; from the dark chambers of the Pretorian infrastructures, which wall in its foundations, to the sinking and often seemingly floating remnants through which peeps the pure blue of heaven! What masses of shadows and light what raiment of the thick ivy carpets, and what groups of trees! Like looking into the dedicated grove of the Eumenides, one gazes shuddering into the powerful darkness of these evergreen oaks; everything is large and stately on this hill of ruins; and quite in contrast to the light green and smiling Aventine, everything is none the less ordered as by a classic taste. Between the two hills lies the lengthy valley which was occupied by the Circus Maximus – and where now [p.292] vegetable gardens lie greenly on the level ground, and peach and almond trees cradle their white and reddish crowns in the mild evening breezes.

To the left stands the little church which covers up the temple of Romulus and Remus; and on the Palatine below they show the site of the Lupercalia. Between the two hills, over beyond the Circus, one glimpses the Porta Capena and the Baths of Caracalla, shining in the red of evening. To the left, next the Palatine, the Coliseum splendidly rounds itself; there appear the airy and magnificent arcades of the Temple of Peace, and far off, the picturesque remains of the Baths of Titus; to the right, the Tiber bends toward Ripa Grande in a handsome curve. Long, long did I linger here on this site, sitting on the edge of the low garden wall, and Carl's joy at having first shown me this favorite view of his had no end. Now my Roman hired lackey (Miet lackey) led me to the northern precipice of the Capitoline Hill, which the people call the Tarpeian Rock (la Rupa Tarpeia), and for whose authenticity I too preferred to cast my vote; for here the rock really does form an abrupt precipice, from which one could still easily fall to one's death. From here one looks into the Theater of Marcellus and across to the Janiculus.

Villa Aldobrandini.

We visited it in company with our friend Hetsch. Naturally I began with the famous antique fresco painting which was found in the Baths of Titus, and which, under the name of the Aldobrandini Wedding (Nozze Aldobrandine), has hung for some years as a colored engraving over my sofa in Copenhagen.

Quiet in the representation, and a charming lightness, characterize the whole. The bride, in a suitably modest pose, is very pleasing. The female lyre-player on the right is also beautiful] but Mr. Bridegroom is most insignificant, as is the figure leaning against the altar. The completely [p.294] preserved parts of the picture have a delightful freshness in the coloring.

From this villa's collection of paintings I mention only the following:

1.) Christ Drives the Money-Changers from the Temple. A miniature painting with numberless figures by Mazzolini, an old Italian painter. Care and fidelity in the treatment distinguish the painting. Many of the indescribably small miniature heads are full of expression,
and done in a good style.

2.) Painting by Garofalo. Christ Drives the Devil Out of the Madman and Into the Swine. Despite the repellent subject, this is nevertheless a pleasing painting. The figure of Jesus and his garment would not be unworthy of Raphael. John in his golden locks is full of exalted grace. A Peter or James, whose face is not visible, nevertheless expresses so much strength and fire through his mere figure that one does not mistake him. The herd of swine plunges [p. 295] down from the high bank. From a distance comes their owner, accompanied by a few people, hurrying in very lively movement. The whole picture has such harmonious tints, is felt so quietly and truly, and so authentically executed according to the old pious custom, as is no longer done today. The landscape, too, is fair as though proceeding from a childishly naive fancy; especially the blue lake, and the high sunlit mountain peaks, and behind still higher mountains, a mournfully clouded heaven. This is a painting I would love to possess!

3.) Famous Bacchanale by Titian (Tizian), full of life of the flesh and blood, but without soul!

4.) Splendid landscape of Joan (Giovanni) Bellini. It is a lofty, airy wood, picturesquely penetrated by the afternoon sun; but a horde of the most commonplace human groups is encamped on the swelling greenswards and the moss-covered roots, from whose confused [p. 296] movements we cannot decipher what they are actually up to? I would have liked to ask our Hetsch to cover over all these clumsy figures and to paint me a better society in the shadows of the lovely grove.

My friends remained with me, and a few others joined us. The conversation focused on Winckelmann and some of the newer antiquarians. Artists and antiquarians are like fire and water to each other! Only the well-trained Mengs formed an exception. The truth wanders unnoticed between them, and I gladly and often listen to both parties.

Churcb of Gregorio Magno on the Caelian Hill

February 13.

Saint Gregory fallen to his knees in enthusiastic prayer; near him, angels in the guise of youths. From the midst of the high halo of the angelic children, the dove descends. For here, Annibale Carraccio has attained the height [p. 297] of his powers through the study of his great predecessors, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio and Titian (Tizian). This painting is considered his masterpiece in Rome. Beautiful and correct drawing, charm of the color scheme and blooming freshness of the colors are spread over the whole. The angel on the right is a high messenger of Heaven, full of solemnity and fire. The Saint himself seems to me a bit mannered, as though he could not forget that he is not praying alone; and the painting as a whole falls short of the deep impression of powerful boldness that so strongly moved me in the great Annibale's unforgettable youthful paintings in Bologna. In a side chapel of the church is the cupola, painted with a halo of angels who are performing a heavenly concert.

Here, my friend Guido [Reni] is quite at home. Grace, lightness and the sweet innocence of Heaven are woven into this charming wreath of ethereal blooms. The halo consists of thirteen angels, approximately life-sized. [p.298] [The painter takes] full advantage of the rounding of the cupola, in which the heavenly musicians stand behind a balustrade; on the three middle ones, in the position of the Graces, the water paints have faded badly; among the other ten, each one is different yet each has his own character. Some actually glow with exultation and eternal joy;
others gaze upward in ecstasy on the Father, and some look tenderly down on the marble statue of St. Sylvia; others are quietly sunk in the sense of their own blessedness. All have delightful wings, snow white or tinted with delicate rainbow shades. My favorites among the heavenly youths were: 1.) The two mandolin players. 2.) The one with the violin, on the left. 3.) The one with the flute, on the right. 4.) and especially the one with the tambourine, in his thick golden locks. But painting a God the Father is not Guido's affair. This one spoils everything; he sits there like a Turk who is having music made for him in the harem, sleepy and in pampered beatitude.

[p. 299]

14 February.

Strolled in St. Peter's. I am still unable to grasp any plan of this building. All these crossings and perpendicular arms of the great Cross confuse me, and people have said, to comfort me, "that artists who have lived in Rome for years could not get their bearings without consulting the ground plan." Nothing, I think, can more clearly prove that St. Peter's as a whole is great not so much through unity of aim and thought, and consistent execution, as through the hugeness of its masses. As form, to my feeling, it remains deficient. The many side chapels could just as well be separate churches, and only the party walls are lacking for this; for each one has its cupola, pillars and columns, and many of them cannot even be guessed at from the great nave of the church. I reserve for this great nave and the noble dome the appellation of "St. Peter's," which I truly venerate but do not allow myself to be distracted by all the subsidiary work.

Villa Albani.

February 15.

To see older works of art with Zoega, to enjoy the eternal youth of Nature with him, is an enhancement of both these spiritual joys. His mind is as fine and delicate as his taste is pure, and his deep knowledge is perhaps unique.

After sacrificing to my Athene Albani the violets pledged her in my heart, we entered the gallery on the right, where, apart from a splendid ancient Greek Juno (referred to by Winckelmann under the heading of the Stilo antico secco e duro, with the bitch, there was little of merit; and this little very much restored. In the cabinet of the semi-basement I noticed: 1.) The excellent coating of green breccia. 2.) The splendid great column of Oriental alabaster. 3.) The powerful lion of green basalt. 4.) The bas-relief of Phaedra and Hippolytus; the group of serving maids, Cupids and genii surrounding the languishing Phaedra is extraordinarily beautiful.

In the smaller rooms: 1.) Beautiful but much restored Cybele. 2.) Splendid Jupiter Serapis with the measure (? mit dem Maas, ~e) on his head; of black basalt. Oh! how great and quiet, what a form of the head, and what hair! He ordains peace to Olympus and the earth!

Then we went up to the Gallery (in den Saal), and led our art-student [zmsem KIIT_.vtadepten P**ff pfaff] (since I, who was in Rome five weeks ahead of him, consider myself an initiate, and am over-wise, especially when with Zoega) to our beloved Leucothea, whom I find each time lovelier, gentler, more charming, nobler, and more virgin-womanly-motherly! If only the child were more beautiful; if it were as well nourished as it is graceful, and had more strength - in short, if it did not show the effects of the three months' sojourn in the calf (in der Wade) of the Thunderer -- I would like to place my Leucothea immediately, as Madonna, on the high altar of the Pantheon; [where] she would certainly receive many pious vows, as we three
guaranteed, rooted before her as we were and unable to separate ourselves from the charming Image.

Truly! she is there to delight every unspoiled masculine eye, and to show every maiden what female maidenhood is.

After we had led our young student (for I already sometimes relieve Zoega of his burden) before the Juno, the chubby-cheeked Antinous, the fine bas-reliefs, and beneath Mengs's ceiling, we went out on the balcony, where I humbly sat at Zoega's feet and listened to his account of the early history of the Algidus Mountains (of which Mount Albanus was the southern part). Alba Longa, Rocca di Papa, Nemi, Albano, and its lakes, Marino and Castel Gandolfo lay to our right, against and upon [p. 303] darkened mountain heights. In the depression between the northern and southern peaks of the Algidus, almost directly in front of us, lies the so-called Campo d'Annibale, probably a sunken crater of the primeval volcano. Then follow on the left, on and over one another, Frascati on the slope, Villa Mondragone on the end of the hill to the north; the high groves of trees and the bare summit of the Tuscanian mountain, which forms the northern horn of the Algidus, as the summit of the new Monte-Calvo forms the southern one. Near the foot of the mountain lay Labicum; then follows the level plain of the Aequi, and behind this plain rises a snow-covered mountain called Somma; then followed the Hemici, behind around the mountain. [The Aequi and Hermici were ancient tribes.] All the moderate heights are covered with snow; e.g., the Campo d'Annibale; and Soracte is as Horace describes it in his splendid ode. The Tramontana blows sharply.

[p. 304] Church Paintings.

February 16.

We went today to Trastevere, to see the famous altarpiece of Annibale Carraccio in the church of Francesco a Ripa. That is a real nuclear painting (Kerngemälde), and here I again recognize the powerful master who took such firm hold of me in Bologna. Mary holds the dead Son on her lap; it is a high, noble figure; a woman who has courage to endure, and strength to feel her grief quite through and through! The dead Christ in her lap is a hero's body, and the head is conceived in the grand manner, full of the deep repose of death. But even more beautiful than the two of them is the Magdalene, full of passion and unmixed grief, which she represses only with the utmost effort! Her face is most attractive, so womanly tearstained, and her blond locks so beautifully entwined upon her head! I'd like to call Annibale the Painter of the Magdalene; as they called Guido the Painter of the Madonna. [p. 305] The others paint weak and yielding women; he [depicts] a high, passionate woman, one who cries out with Heloise, "After Abelard one can love only a god!" [Saint] Francis rounds out the group, and is included because the church is dedicated to him.

The angel on the right, who holds the hand of the corpse, is a strong, courageous Roman lad, who appears ill at ease and restless for the first time in his life; there is no trace of anything angelic about him.

[Santa] Maria (in) Trastevere.

A large and venerable basilica, with high antique granite columns. On the ceiling, an Ascension of Mary, by Domenichino, is much admired. It is a lovely, fading apparition! Mary, in a blue, star-strewn garment, looks lovingly down, with mildly outspread hands, on the earth which she is leaving; there is a sweet and blessed mildness in her face and her whole attitude.
Gregorio Magno.

I again visited the sainted Pope [Gregory VII] of Annibale. It may indeed be the most completed work of his brush; certainly it was no child of his heart! To me it seems entirely without originality, and more the result of foreign studies than a creation from one's own inwardness.

In the evening I again made the splendid promenade between the Lateran and [Santa] Croce di Gerusalemme, where the view is so fine and one is surrounded by old ruins of aqueducts and walls.

February 17 and 18.

Sick with fever. My good friends, Domeier, Hirt, Zoega, Fernow, come then, with so much love and fidelity, to care for and cheer me, that I forget the foreigners; all the more because every conversation here is informative, and one would have to be completely abandoned by all the Muses in order, within the walls of Rome, to fall into the tone of everyday conversation.


Drove in lovely air across St. Peter's Square through the Porta Angelica, along the beautiful road between the Janiculus and the Tiber as far as Ponte Molle; there one alights and proceeds along the path on the inner bank of the Tiber as far as Aqua Gettosa ["Spouting Water"]; and this is one of the pleasantest spring walks around Rome. The narrow pathway leads along [?] the right bank of the Tiber, this side of the bridge. The views are so charming and picturesque, the green slopes along the banks rise and sink so gently, and the greensward lies over everything like a fine, soft garment. Before the first bend in the Tiber, the Sacred Mountain made its entrance, decked out in tender green; where it ends, a sunny meadow opens, and far off on the mountain peak shines the little town of Monticelli. On the right rises the blue mountain [chain?] of Sabina, and higher, shadow-covered hills come forward; a friendly Tivoli lies above the cleft in the hills. But splendid is the view backward over the crescent [p. 308] formed by the heights of the Janiculus. There the Millini cypresses rise into the blue air, and at a deeper level are displayed St. Peter's and the Vatican.

The countryside is already turning green; peach, almond and plum trees bloom in the gardens; lilacs, willows and poplars overspread the roads; the sweet revivifying breath of spring rises from the earth. Now the stream bends away on the left; to the right rise steep, bushy heights, and majestic distances stretch far out. The jagged Soracte thrusts upward, and soon afterward the mountain summits of Viterbo. The walk from Ponte Molle to the ornamented spring known as Aqua Gettosa is just what a convalescent likes. On the return to Porta del Popolo by way of the Villa Giulia there is a magical view of St. Peter's dome, which, seen through the opening of a grotto into a defile, looks like a splendid piece of stage scenery (Dekoration).
Rooms of Prince Aldovrandini, in the Borgese Palace.


Today's visit was to this small, choice collection. We found:

1.) Its principal piece (Lionardo's famous Christ with the Pharisees) set up on an easel for copying, in the middle of the room. After all the copies of this high work of art that I had previously seen, [the original] was none the less completely new to me, and never suspected! Only Lionardo da Vinci could thus bring forward his Christ-ideal from the fullness of his noble and beautiful mind, the creation of his gentle soul. Heaven is opened in this countenance; and the longer one looks into it, the more godliness emerges from it. It is not only the most consummate beauty, bedewed with the purest sweetness, that attracts you so irresistibly; a clear understanding enlivens the tender figure. These heavenly [p. 310] eyes, this thoughtful brow, these sweet lips of wisdom, this quietly wavy parted hair, which gently outlines the consummately beautiful form of the noble head, everything places before you the most fully organized and complete Son of Man, and the worthiest representative of the human race. A light veil of sadness wreathes the high countenance, without clouding this eternal cheerfulness; to anger him, the four fellows who surround him in sharpest contrast are much too low; according to my taste, they are too low in every respect. The one on the left is a real Jewish haggler, who brings junk to market — and vulgar craftiness speaks from all of them. The best thing is to forget them completely.

2.) Two landscapes by Orizonte (van Bleumen); two by Lucatelli and two by Vernet; beautiful in their way, and in their master's style. — I liked particularly a cool wood, transpired by an Ausonian [Italian] blue heaven, by Orizonte, and a Neapolitan sea piece by Vernet.

[p.311]

On the Top Floor

1.) A small Holy Family by Raphael, from his second period. The [Saint] John here is already the boy aglow with godly fire whom Raphael is constantly developing: from the noble, enthusiastic and enchanted child in the Florentine Madonna, to the young prophet with the vessel (Schale) in his right hand.

2.) Christ appears to Peter: "Follow me"! A noble thought of the great Annibale Carraccio. Sketch.

3.) Christ with the Woman taken in Adultery; a miniature of Mazzolini. Very intellectual heads, and fine architecture of the temple hall.

4.) Two charming boys, embracing and kissing, by Lionardo.

5.) A happy Madonna with the two smiling children, by Andrea del Sarto. Very charmingly and individually, this spirited artist has conceived his Madonna as [p. 312] a cheerful blooming Florentine peasant girl.

26The Deutsche Merkur has informed us that the whole Aldovrandini Gallery has been bought by an Englishman for the ridiculously small price of 6,000 scudi. The painting by
We were already in the pediment (Giebel) of the palace, and climbed upon its high battlement (Zinne), where a little garden with a miniature fountain and a fragrant flower arbor floats in the air, and where, in a bird's-eye perspective in the center of Rome, one commands one of the most dazzling of views. Everything appears here as in a magic circle drawn around you. The Tiber flows from St. Peter's beneath the high arches of the Angel's Bridge (ponte Sant'Angelo), streams past the Janiculus, and leads your gaze through the valley far into the mountainous distance; Soracte and the Samnian Hills shine high in the noonday radiance; the Pincio smiles in ever youthful green; at the rear rises mightily the high Gennaro in the blue distances of Subiaco. Around us in a narrower circle, immortal Rome is spread out, with all its charming natural episodes, wreathed by the greening hills.

Oh, Rome, you magic city, how shall I separate from you?

Before lunch we also entered the Villa Ludovisi, where a blue carpet of violets covers the earth, and one swims in sweet airs. In the afternoon we visited the villas of Cae I us and [Mons] Caecilius, and then Pietro Montorio saw the sun sinking.

- Ah! I must just admit, today I saw Raphael's Transfiguration for the sixth time -- the last gift of his genius to the afterworld; and it still remains to me among all Raphael's paintings the one I like least! It leaves my imagination empty, my heart cold; my impertinent reason and my taste actually find a great deal to blame in it! I would like to cry, when I see the dear sister and the beloved brother standing before it in ecstasy, while I must coldly move on! For the lower scene I feel all respect; only the possessed person frightens me, and his mask pursues me. The whole group of the sister, mother and apostles is pure, human and touching; but this hill, which is no higher than a haystack, where I must always fear that the sleepy James, if he turns a little bit more, will tumble down, disturbs the illusion. The expression of mere bemused sleepiness in the faces and positions of the three apostles does not match the height of their characters. Certainly their gestures are as naive as possible; but they are not worth the vision (being vouchsafed them). The Transfiguration itself shows me only a weak saint. This transparent body has, with its earthly garment, laid aside all strength, instead of clothing itself with the new authority of the world's judge. Did Raphael choose this subject? Was it given to him? I would like to find out.

I passed the lovely evening quietly in my room. We sat long without light, and saw the moon sail solemnly over Rome, and the evening star sparkling over the Janiculus. The lights of the city shimmered magically far beneath us.

February 2 L

The early hours of the day are always spent very quietly and peacefully. But to me, Rome becomes dearer every day. The complete freedom which the foreigner enjoys here, the quiet in which I draw what my small receptacle can hold, ITom the fullness of the great, the beautiful and the illustrious, and the peaceful domestic existence which my feebleness requires and my natural inclination prefers, give me a clarity of ideas and self-awareness without which life is only a feverish dream. Today, in fine weather, I spent a long time in the Villa Borghese, and went walking with my friend N.B. His [p. 316] is an extraordinarily clear mind; but his natural inclination to sarcasm _ especially in the closer relationships with Rome's great world, and with the fair Roman ladies, which his profession involves -- finds only too much scope; and I fear that he gradually extends the results of his observations farther than his actual experience justifies. Only his really great good nature can shield him from this. In general, I believe that a very prolonged stay in Italy, on the part of temperaments which are not very full of benevolent love _ or, on the contrary, are too much inclined _ Leonardo was considered one of the stars of the first magnitude in the Roman art heaven, and was among the priceless ones!
that way -- can easily lead them to despair of morality and virtue.

February 22.

An unlucky trip to Freskati (Frascati) used up this day. Friend Domeier drove me out; for truly, one must exile me from Rome in order to get me away at all. As we neared the heights, the cloud cover sank deeper in the hills of us; we [p. 317] drove through the cold drizzle up the mountain slopes as far as Freskati. The chambers in the inn were cold and damp, and! clearly saw the clouds hanging on the hills, while the plain enjoyed sunshine. My decision to go back down to Rome was quickly taken. Yet hardly had we entered the Campagna when we had clear air above us. The full moon rose out of mists over old Labicum; behind us, Algidus leaned back in its enveloping shrouds. The arches (Hallen) of the immense aqueduct and its dependencies, especially in the neighborhood of Porta Furva, where they came together, were penetrated by the moon, and the mystic shadows of the endless arches sank down on the open fields. I couldn't see enough of this ghostly twilight, which transpierced the giant thoughts of old time. In the hills of us, the evening star smiled down on Rome.

[p.318] Church of St. Agnes Fuor Ie Mure.

February 23.

Past the Baths of Diocletian, out through the Porta Pia, where immediately on the right the lovely Villa Patterson sits invitingly on its far-sweeping terraces, we went in order to visit with Zoeja his favorite church, dedicated to St. Agnes. Even its entrance is unusual; one goes down forty steps from the surface of the lonely fields; on the side walls of the stairway are many gravestones of Christians from remote centuries, and among them we found the frieze of the sarcophagus of a child on which the following juvenile celebration was presented in stately sculpture. On both sides are two masks of Bacchus and his companion, Ampelo. Psyche, as a child, with butterfly wings and the beltless tunic, lies on the lectisternium, and holds her right hand coaxingly under Cupid's chin as if she wished to draw him to her and kiss him. He raises himself, gently approaching her, and holds a vessel (chale) in his left hand, resting on the mattress, while Psyche seems tenderly to repose upon his bosom. This group is followed by a resting figure who holds in its raised right hand a nard-flask, as if anointing the lectisternium; but with a wreath in the resting left hand There follows farther to the right a little spirit (Genius) who is busily engaged in blowing up the fire on a little hearth under the small pot. On the left side, resting at Psyche's feet, is Ipno (Hypnos), the spirit of sleep: in his relaxed and sunken left hand he holds the wreath of the banquet; the right hand rests on his shoulder; next him lies Zephyr with averted but noble head, and with the fanlike leaf of the Nymphaea (water lily?) in his right hand.

There you have it Zoeja's lips the description of this delightful children's love-feast, served by friendly spirits. This monument has not yet been described, and I chose it immediately as the frontispiece-vignette for the second edition of my poems. The work, [p. 320] it is true, is only sketched, but the position of the lovely children is so charming, and the thought of the whole so naive! Now, finally, I bring you down into the church, which is a small, regular basilica built in the very best conditions. The proportions of this pleasant, half subterranean building are clear and simple; the daylight falls gently between the frieze over the colonnade and the decorative ceiling. Not for nothing is it Zoeja's favorite little church, and Hiet's model of a purely orthodox basilica. Antique columns of many kinds stand here: four big ones of Porta Santa, a rare and beautiful type of marble, support the

27A feast offered placed on couches and note). was put before them (Translator's
high altar, on which the Saint sits alone with antique heathen torso and very fine antique alabaster garment. This church was built in the fourth century in the time of the Emperor Theodosius.

Tomb of Saint Constantia.

A rotunda and, in Hirt's opinion, [p. 321] the actual grave monument of St. Constantia, Constantine's niece. Here stood among the niches, dug out of the encircling walls, the magnificent porphyry sarcophagus, decorated with splendid grapevines and clusters, which now stands in the M.P.Cl. [MuseoPio-Clementino]. A double circular colonnade surrounds the innermost vaulted space, but the columns are unequal in height, thickness, proportions, and capitals, and of different types and colors of granite. The vaulting of the thick one is decorated with attractive arabesques in inlaid work, representing in part angels (or rather spirits) and in part the jolly business of the vintage, the treading and the bringing in [of the new wine]. This, and the grapes and spirits on the sarcophagns in the grave monument of a Christian saint, seem to prove that some considerable time elapsed before the cheerful death pictures of the ancients were driven out by the frightful images which married fanaticism and gloom to the most cheerful and human of religions. [p. 322] This grave is still surrounded by a vineyard, on whose gentle slope it lies.

We lingered, sitting on severed vine-shoots, in the heavenly mild midday sunshine, our gaze falling on the nearby villas of the Romans.

As we passed the ruins of the Hippodrome of Theodosius, Lotte found a piece of marble with an inscription which she excitedly brought to her friend Zoega. It was a fragment of an antique funerary inscription which a man had dedicated to his wife and freed slave, with handsome lettering of a good period; but on the back of the stone Zoega also found words of an inscription with bad lettering from later centuries of Christianity. The Christians stole the gravestones from the poor heathen, and reversed them like an old garment. This must often have given rise to comical contests among the antiquarians.

We afterward climbed the high staircase of the villa of the Braschi Princes, where a splendid [p. 323] view opens over the plain between Labicum and Praeneste, closing with the hilly terrain of the Algidius and Tibur. How the splendid mass of Algidius lay there! Howpicturesque were the light and shadow over Tibur's white houses, and in the mountain ridges that rose one behind the other, mixed, until sparkling snow, close to heaven, covers the high Sabine [hills]. Silently we gazed into the history-laden valley. Zoega remained the entire day with us; and we still saw, from the Tarpeian Rock, how the sun shook its last golden arrows into the oak grove of the Palatine. The Coliseum aspired with purple radiance into the air; beneath, the Tiber rolled, at the foot of the Aventine, through the valley as it opened in the lovely glow of evening.

Restorer Albergini.

February 24.

We found here various antiquities of the Famese Palace which this resuscitator (Wiederaufhelfer) [p. 324] (as a Parisian "stomach-restorer" or Magenrestaurateur called himself on his sign) is to complete (ergiänzen) for their trip to Naples.

Antinous of the Famese Palace. This torso is in its way the most beautiful that one can see; and even the Capitoline Adonis-Antinous must stand as far behind this in bodily allure and delicacy (morbidezza), as this one stands behind in nobility of expression and ideal beauty of the head.

Colossal Flora Famese. Does not measure up to its reputation, according to my feeling, and
I was struck by the lack of freshness and youthful vigor in the whole figure. It is a faded Autumn Flora. The new head had just been attached to it, and the result will be a laughable composite! For they have given her a stiff Juno's head, with wide-open ox eyes, and a bolliche beante [with gaping mouth]. Where the body is too relaxed, the head is too severe! It was an altogether tragicomic sight, in the courtyards and rooms, on the walls and cornices of this house, to see all these Tagmented gods, muses, fauns, heroes, Caesars, Alexanders, Demosthenes, Cicerons being driven about, hand, leg, head, torso, shank, and often in the most extraordinary groupings, with deadly enemies confidently juxtaposed to one another. Most interesting to me was a colossal bust of Cicero; it belongs to Count Puniatowski (Poniatowski), I Tom whom I would gladly have stolen it!

Also visible here were very mediocre copies of the most outstanding antique works. This restorer seems to me a mere journeyman, and I would rather see Antinous eternally as a torso, than armed and legged by him -- the Flora, as far as I am concerned, he can give a head to.

February 25.

Church of St. Ignatius; a cruciform basilica. It is one of Rome's biggest churches; looks splendid at the first glance; truly a worthy building. As long as one doesn't look more closely; the clumsiness of these pillars, decked out with pilasters and half columns. Here is a strange decorative painting by Pozzi; a most deceptive trick of the brush. A round stone of the pavement in the middle of the church is the viewpoint; I Tom it, the airy architecture of the equally airy temple painted on the flat ceiling of the church, I Tom which Saint Ignatius is going to Heaven, is really astonishingly bold and deceptive, as though built in the blue air; but scarcely do you take one step away I Tom the small magic circle, and everything above you is displaced; the columns in the air bend and incline themselves on all sides; symmetry and equilbrium are suspended; and you fear that you will see the high temple, with the innumerable white, yellow and red inhabitants of every part of the world whom the Propaganda has here assembled for the assumption into Heaven of St. Ignatius, will collapse upon you. A real theatrical diversion-in a temple of the Unseen!

February 26.

Again today I particularly single out for us the following matters which, in a cheerful hour, seemed to me as wonderfully good-natured and "folksy," as a jovial Raphael must have painted them.

The Donation of Constantine. There, right away, is the living Raphael in the splendid group of women, children, men and beggars on the right! What a multitudinous life in this populous throng between the pillars of the architecture! Do not forget to look at the fine old man, Pope Sylvester, and the rich red garment of the man on the steps of the throne.

The Mass of Bolsena is and remains for me one of the first paintings in the world. The choir boys behind the priest are cherubim in refugent white garments, in golden amplitude of locks, and illuminated by the flattering candlight. Ardent reverence of the beautiful woman on the left!

In the Robbing of the Temple I especially admire today the honest, ingenuous faces of the four secretaries who carry the Pope, which are portraits.

In the School of Athens. First everything! and then especially, again, everything! From right to left: Group of Archimedes; man who reflectively leans against the pillar. A youth who stands industriously writing; the splendid Bembo; the four fine men's heads that follow Bembo along the colonnade. Occiput (Hinterkopf) of the newly arrived and undecided youth! Aristotle, whom I like.
better than Plato; youth next to Plato, full of sweet enthusiasm. Powerful skull of Pythagoras, and quiet group around him.

Parnassus. Tasso, Corinna, Petrarch, Ariosto, Sappho, Dante - what a group! What understanding, intellect, fineness, force and passion in these faces-and what poses! Especially that of the not beautiful but charming Sappho. The group on the other side with Horace is cold by comparison. Parnassus itself is very arid, sunbrowned and uninviting; and Apollo seems to be suffering from the heat -- But Homer is the god of the festival! -- On the way from the Loges into the Museum one sees through the openings in the wall a broad view of the semicircle of the hills, Tom deep in Samnium (Abruzzo ultra) to and beyond Castel Gandolfo; there, everything is covered with thick snow, Tom which only high Gennaro is Tee; but the southern hill of the Kingdom of Naples, Somma, is dazzling white; Soracte, on the contrary, and the northern Apennines, are without snow. This is because the snow fell with the Vento greco.

At lunch, Giuntotardi told me of many interesting traits of the life, customs, love, marriages and folk songs of the Trasteverines; i.e., especially of the church play Maria-Maggiore Trastevere. Until a short time ago they married only among themselves; despise the other Romans, whom they do not regard as descended from the old Romans, and look on a connection with them as an affront. There is more domestic felicity among them; more passion in love, less jealousy before marriage, more faithfulness afterward. They had simple folk songs, touching through their innocence and tenderness. -- A fashionable young Roman poet took the trouble to provide ambiguous texts for the popular melodies, the offspring of his impure soul, and to distribute the offprints gratuitously the scattered seed grew rapidly and luxuriantly; the Trasteverines are, by far, no longer what they were!

February 27.

I spent the morning in the ruins of the Campo Vaccino; first beneath the columns of the Temple of Faustina; then I scrambled around like a mouse on the Arch of Septimius Severns, eventually climbing up to the Capitoline Hill and the entablature of the columns of Jupiter Tonans.

At noon, in an instructive discussion with Giuntotardi, this truly noble and enlightened young patriot (using this word in the old, honorable sense in which Klopstock composed his Ode of that name), there was much talk of the new Rome; about the total decadence of the populace; and of how the physical beauty as well as the 'Joviality' of the masses is disappearing amid decaying morality and ever-increasing poverty. This is claimed to have become especially noticeable since the death of Ganganelli. Many assert that the good Ganganelli was not poisoned at Mass or Tom chocolate, but that he actually died of a putrid fever resulting from the antidotes he was taking, against the advice of his doctors and in excessive quantities, in his very fear of being poisoned by chocolate. The harmful effect of the decomposing antidotes was intensified by a severe heat wave occurring at that time. Since the BuJl against the Jesuits, he had been certain of his own death, and believed that he had signed his own judgment with theirs. If this version of Ganganelli's death were correct, what a miserable end would this fine man have encountered!

February 28.

Today was a pilgrimage to the Academy of St. Luke on the Campo Vaccino. Raphael's skull is preserved here as a valuable relic. We looked with trembling on this empty moldering vessel (Schoole) which had held one of the completest organizations, this cleanly tuning (rein- stimmende) instrument of a beautiful soul. The collection of paintings is one of the most mediocre in Rome. Its major component is an extremely spoiled painting of Raphael: the Evangelist Luke, painting the Madonna, who appears to him; the expression of lovingly enchanted rapture in Luke's face is
irresistibly touching.

We went on to walk, as far as dampness and wind permitted, in the Villa Ludovisi; it appears that the Roman winter, which otherwise ends with January, is coming later this year; for some time we have had few good days. -- We visited Orestes and Electra, Paetus and A' Tria, and the handsome Theseus. How the truly beautiful, great and noble becomes more attractive at every viewing, and presents itself ever more clearly to the inward feelings! Then we visited also the Antinous newly found at Praeneste. This colossal statue of the youth travestied as a hero is much admired. The hair, adorned with the ivy and grape wreath and lotus bud, is wonderfully handsome and elegant. But I frankly admit that for me this statue seemed to lack the strength to go with its size, and that to my eye it has something heavy and awkward about it, however beautiful the execution. In short, I miss in this work the elastic vitality in repose which animates the Castor, the Hercules Faroese, the tragic Muse and the Theseus Ludovisi. Antinous' well-nourished beauty was apparently not so easily translated into the ideal of the gods; thus I much prefer the quite human Antinous of the Faroese Palace.

February 29.

Today transfiguring breezes blew, and I hastened to enjoy the fine day and chose for this purpose the Villa Magnani on the Palatine. The foundation, the soil and basis of this lonely villa rest on the vaults of the Baths of Julia, Livia and the Faustinas! To the left is the Library of Augustus, whose capacious chambers still bear remnants of masonry that seem to float in the air; then the walls and chamber of the Courtroom of Domitian, which I never look into without thinking with terror of Tacitus' fiery painting of those dreadful times. Straight ahead at the end of the vegetable garden, one sees past the substructures and down into the Circus Maximus. I spent some hours here in quiet contemplation, and former times often became so immediate that I shuddered! Beginning with Augustus, who had his house here, what a bloody chain of fright, murder, tyranny, and nameless crime! With what deathly anxiety must these ruthless tyrants often have looked down on the teeming life of Rome, and with what fury must the ruined populace have looked up at them? The tigers of the wolves! the howling wolves to the dark caverns! Then the better times of Hadrian, Trajan, the Antonines, until the time of the tigers began again, and Rome sank and sank - to a depth that equaled the heights on which it stood.

But back to the lap of the present! Lovely was the scent of the blossoming lemon trees, beneath whose darkly shining leafage I sat, penetrated with the enlivening warmth of the mild spring sun. From this charming site, the view falls directly through three powerful brown ruined chambers, whose bold architecture awakens admiration even amid the wreckage. The air space enclosed by these chambers was in each case combined with an interesting perspective as though artistically calculated. In the first stood the Pyramid of Cestius, in the second St Paul's Church, and in the third a perspective view of the Alban heights. What inestimable cabinet treasures of Nature!

In the evening our gallant Giuntotardi gave us a domestic concert in his residence, where we found a society representing Rome's bourgeois stratum; the conversation was very pleasant, unforced and goodnatured. His sisters and cousins are cultivated, blooming young women. One sang very nicely, without art but correctly and lightly; this full Roman organ falls pleasantly on the ear in speech and song. There were also two female amateurs here, one of whom was a real virtuosa and combined art, energy, and spirit in her singing. [p. 337] Giuntotardi himself sings a well modulated tenor, full of charm and feeling. Quartets by Pleyel (Pleyel) were excellently played, and some quartets and duets of Tom Cimarosa's Cosa rara were performed with Italian spirit and mimic talent.
March I, 1796.

[p. 338] Zoega took me today to the Ruspoli Palace. A Ski-Tokko [Yic] was blowing such as I have never before experienced. Hovering over all the hills of Rome is a semi-transparent, semi-solid atmosphere like half-run sour milk. The burning sun assaults it without being able to dispel the stubborn mass. We entered the cool, dark palace like a shaded wood, and breathed more freely in these otherwise dank chambers.

Here are seen:

1.) The group of the Graces. Every foreigner visits it, as the only such group of some significance in Rome. I would not like to have it! They stand there cold and shallow, and the pose of the middle one actually seems to me very ungraceful, since by stretching out the arms, the back appears flat and bent inward, and the gentle charm of the descending wavy line of the neck and shoulders is lost. The heads are stuck on, and apparently do not even belong to the group.

2.) A handsome bas-relief: Hercules' son Telephus is on the point of unknowingly man-ying his mother Auge, when the warning snake and threatening sword appear to him.

3.) Group of Silenus with the little Bacchus on his arms, in duplicate; would that one of them were mine, for I am infinitely fond of this representation! It is such a hearty togetherness! The truehearted old fellow, and the smiling child who is wriggling with pleasure in his arms; there is such a purely human sympathy in the downward look of the old one, and the upward look of the little one. These marble statues bore indications that they were once painted red. Imagine my astonishment when Zoega told me that such painting was also customary in good periods of art, even under Romans and Greeks! To me it seems really dreadful!

4.) Fine busts of Nero, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, the younger Faustiua, and the wise grandmother of Septimius Severus.


I.) Statue of Pompejus (Pompey). It has been definitely proved that this is the statue of the Curia of Pompey, at whose feet Caesar was assassiated! Now, feel with me the long shudders that shook me as I stood before the image of the great and noble man to whose Manes was brought the most sublime of all sacrificial deaths! The face is full of soul and fiery anger; the body strenuously worked, but sharply and strongly articulated. The marble shows stains of age and dampness (for the statue was found under the earth, on the site and in the ruins of Pompey's Curia); on the underside of the body these are reddish - with trembling I imagined I was looking at Julius Caesar's blood!

The discovery of this statue gave rise to a ridiculous lawsuit. For its body lay on the property of one litigant, and [p. 341] its head on that of another. The judge decided like Solomon; but here no mother's heart and no love of antiquity were in play, but only pure envy. Poor Pompey was once again beheaded! A Cardinal bought both the head and trunk, and let body and soul be reunited.
2.) Bas-relief Apollo brings the lyre to Hippolytus, to inspirit him in honor of his sister Diana.

3.) Paris as a shepherd, with splendid bulls.

4.) Ulysses and Diomedes, in the act of stealing the Palladium. How characteristic is the fierce violence of Diomedes, and how naively is the quiet watchfulness of Ulysses depicted!

There was in the Spada Gallery nothing at all for my nose, if I may use the expression (which says all too well what I want to express). The Dido of Guercino has much truth in its own kind -- but I cannot look at the swaggering, two-ell-long sword on which she is impaled, while continuing to harangue [p. 342] its enormous length honors the house and heraldic crest of Spada -- without breaking out like Homer's gods in inextinguishable laughter.

Darmstadt Historicale aDd Landscape Painter Schmidt.

My mends Hirt and Zoega accompanied me to see this noble and modest German artist, whom I left with admiration. I was first shown his just completed Lake of Nemi. It is a mile of the heavens such as I never before saw in a painting; the foreground fully detailed and true; the great pine and plane tree splendidly executed; both the foreground and the closing in of the far-off woodland rendered in beautiful perspective. But the depression of the deep volcanic lake is especially worthy of admiration, and presented with magical art.

The Dying Cleopatra. I was not shown this painting, but my friends had set it up in such a way that my glance [p. 343] must naturally fall upon it when I turned, as they wished to surprise me in the most agreeable way and to observe the naively response of a child of nature. They knew me aright. This noble painting struck me as no other work of the modern school has done, and I stood there stock still and moved to tears!

Cleopatra sits, rather close at hand in the foreground, on an antique bench, her feet resting on a stool; the room opens upon a vestibule upheld by Ionic columns. Cleopatra is quietly fighting the death struggle, the pallor of which is visibly overspreading her splendidly beautiful countenance. But this eye, breaking out in tears and raised to heaven, and this languishingly open mouth, are actually looking and breathing the distress of love, which still struggles with death for her awareness. It was this tender spiritual truth that delighted me above everything else. An elevated simplicity overspreads this painting, conceived in the grand manner and carried out with taste and finesse. Cleopatra's figure is, [p. 344] contrary to the traditional opinion, rather bold and noble than soft and charming. Lovely are the pose and garment of the woman who stands in wordless grief behind her chair. Before her kneels a young and charming maiden. Amor (Cupid) steals quietly away, with trailing wings, by the statue of Venus, as much as to say, "This is more serious than I thought!" A delicious little rogue, this small traitor, to whose defense Lotte [the writer's daughter] immediately sprang, unsolicited. She noticed the almost invisible wound: "Tom the asp's sting on Cleopatra's breast, and saw him sneaking off with trailing bow. "Mother! he is anxious! But you can believe, he didn't mean it badly; he only wanted to play, not to shoot the poor woman dead! Certainly not; for he is so beautiful!" This naive penetration into the artist's true intentions gave the latter great joy; he tenderly embraced the little one, and expressed the wish that his painting might ever be regarded with such childlike looks.
March 2 and 3.

On these two days I was imprisoned in my room by the most frightful weather imaginable. I would never have believed that anything comparable was possible in Italy. Rain, storm, thunder and lightning, hail, Skirokko and Libeccio, wreaking havoc all together; but our dear Roman house-birds flew now and then, and with the aid of the readings, which, in Rome, are doubly attractive and lively, the hours flew rapidly.

March 4.

Cavaceppi. In Germany a famous uarue. How often, piously credulous, have I looked at his copies from the antique in art collections and gardens! Here, this restorer and copyist is quite favorably known for claiming, in his copies of the most finished antique works, Niobe, Juno Ludovisi, the Apollo Belvedere, etc., to have [personally] bestowed the finishing touches (die letzte Hand anzulegen) and somewhat modernized the antiquated ideas of a Polyclitus or Agesander; the clear proofs of which we could lay hand on in his marble boutique (where, moreover, was exhibited a brilliant inventory of gods and goddesses, heroes, bacchantes, nymphs and fauns). Here, every kind of taste has been provided for; and one understands how Cavaceppi became a rich man.

Among hundreds of statues and busts, I mention these few: 1.) Excellent casts of the two colossal busts.

2.) An accurate copy of the most powerful one, which certainly escaped Cavaceppi's glances; for the main de maitre (master hand) is here totally lacking.

3.) A little antique Hercules with the snakes. Smilingly he throttles the monsters, as though for fun.

4.) Copy of the Pallas Albani.

We took refuge from the continuing bad weather in St. Peter's, which is already very lively because of the pilgrimages of the country people from the Campagna. We observed these scattered groups, which took such childish pleasure in the silver lamps, the golden church fathers and marble saints, and wondered at the colorful radiance of the pillars and columns. The greater part of this poor agrarian population was yellow, emaciated, half-naked in short, pictures of misery! Among them we saw two perfectly beautiful boys, one of whom possessed the genial strength of a Raphaelite, the other the blooming grace of a COITeggian figure. Then we looked at the mosaic paintings of the church, among which I mention four.

1.) Guido's Archangel Michael, who is no doubt a powerful messenger of Omnipotence but is also a divinely beautiful youth (especially the head).

2.) St. Jerome's Last Communion, by Domenichino. On this splendid painting one is very conscious of the sparkling reflections of the mosaic.

3.) Raphael's Transfiguration. The copy is excellent, and hangs here infinitely better than the original. If one [stands] at the end of the side aisle commanded by this altar, and to the left of the entrance, and presses closely against the wall, the painting appears to greatest advantage and becomes a real apparition.
4.) A piquant painting by Guercino, the content of which I have forgotten; but that makes no difference with this artist, whose talent never lost itself even in the esthetic domain.

We have now had thunderstorms on three afternoons at sunset, bringing frightfully beautiful illuminations. The dark blue thunderclouds stood, in the West, above the sinking sun. Below them, a broad belt of saffron and purple drew itself about the horizon; as it began to grow dark, the lightning played splendidly among the blackish clouds, and 'tis time to time illuminated St. Peter's dome, which lay beneath the storm. Slowly the thunder rolled through the long Tiber valley.

March 5.

Joy of reunion! The dear friends returned from their excursion to Naples. [p.349] The birds of passage did not even twice see the Hesperian skies unclouded, and Luise assured us that it is only at Naples that one learns what rain and storm are. The frightful weather overtook them on the trip to Paestum, where last year Prince Augustus of England found snow. All of this leads me to remain quietly in Roma santa.

In the Carthusians' church we looked at the original of Guido's Archangel. The head is full of grace and ever-blooming youth. But it is no messenger of power who storms onto the scene, no destroyer of evil like those powerful figures in the Temple Robbery; the lovely head does not suit the shoulders, and it's as if he wanted just to exploit the devil a little merely for fun.

Paul, Cured of his Blindness by Ananias, by Pietro da Cortona. A fine painting full of character and truth, the individual heads and figures full of life, and harmony in the [p. 350] colors. The expression of unfamiliar blindness, and of cautious groping on Paul's part is extremely naive. The splendid old Ananias is full of belief, of love. The unbelieving blackhead (c"ichwartzkopf) over the Saul is most eloquent

Original of the Extreme Unction of Jerome, by Domenichino. This painting has greatly darkened. According to my feeling, Domenichino never has nobility in his heads, but [does have] greatness and strength in the outlines, of which the old man who is giving Jerome the Host is a fine example. But the dying man himself is truly no saint, but only such a lowly, debilitated sinner's figure as only some military hospital can provide. Decoration, drapery and illumination in this celebrated painting are very effective

March 6.

Today at the Lateran we heard a [p. 351] Capuchin sermon for the souls in Purgatory. The good monk overworked himself to such an extent that he himself, in spite of a poor soul in Purgatory, perspired, and had constantly to interrupt the thunder of his eloquence, and the imploring prayers for the salvation of the poor souls, in order to wipe away the running drops. There was good music with choirs, accompanied by the fine Lateran organ. Tradition tells us concerning the four beautiful antique Corinthian columns, which now stand in front of the St. John altar, that Titus had them poured from the triumphal booty of the Temple of Jerusalem, and dedicated them as a tithe to Jupiter Capitolinus. Then we wandered around a while longer on the steps of the Lateran.

March 9.

Finally spring air again, which we, like long denied spirits, greedily inhaled at the Villa Pamphili (Pamfili). How gently blew the breezes beneath the oaks, and dancing, [p. 352] almost
like Hesperian spirits made visible, intoxicated with joy, Tom the treetops down into the most flowery meadow, whose loveliness the Vale of Enna cannot exceed! Do you remember the great meadow of the Villa Pamphili, this cheerfully opened scene Tom Elysium? You emerge from deep shadows of evergreen oaks, as Tom the grove of the past into the mild light of a cheerful present! The carpet of anemones still blooms, and unseen violets modestly exhale their fragrance, beneath the brilliance of their odorless but color-flaunting sisters. Today was like the betrothal day of Zephyr and Flora. Never have I experienced such sweet airs, never such enlivening breezes! This extended quadrangle of the meadow is surrounded on three sides by oak groves; but before you, it sinks in charming, softly greening slopes, over which the majestic, newly matured pinewood bears its bright green umbrellas into the blue aether. Between the slender trunks, one gazes into far-spreading cheerful distances; to the left, up to Albano; to the right, over the still sinking plain down toward Ostia.

Actually, Zoega wanted to show me today the handsome sculptures on the sarcophaguses in the Casino. But, "Spring is fleeting! the flower fades!" The sarcophagus is always sure! – So we remained among the flowers. -- Ah! So to die amidst the flowers! Happy Proserpina, hadst thou wandered to Elysium from Enna's blooming vale!

We found an unusually colored Iris Persica in great numbers, which we had never seen before. The whole flower has a pale yellowish green; the three pistil leaves [carpels?] are like black velvet, which is covered with an ashen-hued dust that gleams dully in the sun. We dedicated this flower of mourning, amidst the jubilant spring colors of Proserpina, to the evergrieving bride of Orcus. In the garden we found the following antiques:

1.) A happily conceived and well executed bacchaul on a sarcophagus; children, fauns and bacchantes, a joyful tumult with lyre and pipes, and sweet wine in fancy containers. The poses and costumes are free and attractive, and even the faces are full of expression.

2.) Ulysses creeps away under the ram's belly.

3.) Ulysses gives Polyphemus to drink. Both statues were already mentioned by Winckelmann, if I am not mistaken. We couldn't tear ourselves away Tom this magic garden. Ah! this florescence of past and present, interwoven in one Hesperian wreath, blooms and exhales its fragrance only in Rome!

We saw the sun setting in my newly discovered Villa Upri, which lies to the right between Villa Giuglia (Giulia) and Aqua Gettosa; splendidly rose the Apennines in the distant, rosy glow of evening.

In the evening the very intelligent and sensitive Count M****r came for some hours to show me his collection of antique gems and intaglios, which had been assembled with as much knowledge and taste as with unusual good fortune. The following pieces stood out by reason of their careful adherence to the allegories:

1.) The spirit of Mercury, with the attribute of the caduceus, appears on the sea in a shell boat drawn by dolphins; the dolphins are a symbol of peace after StOITnS at sea, which is presaged by their appearance; so that they are a suitable accompaniment for the shadow-leader (Schattenfilhrer) [Mercury].

2.) Minerva and Fortuna appear together. Wisdom and Good Luck (but neither one without the other) rule life.
3.) Nemesis raises the garment in order to appraise the bosom, and holds the bridle of moderation in his left hand.

4.) Nemesis stands fast on the rolling wheel of fate.

5.) The Sphinx holds the wheel in the middle of which the unfortunate Psyche is being spun around; the serpent of eternity encircles this enigmatic fate. This allegory [p. 356] shook my soul with a melancholy feeling! For truly, only eternity can solve the storm-driven, blooddripping riddle of our times, and unveil the turbid fate of suffering humanity!

6.) The Genius of Passion, holding Psyche with both hands, rushes head over heels away with her.

7.) The winged Nemesis looks quietly into her bosom. 8.) A dove carnes Psyche in her bill.

March 10.

On this day, during the midday hours and in fine weather, we made an excursion to the tomb of the Nasos; the route goes by way of Ponte Molle along the right bank of the Tiber, so that one has the stream on the right and, on the left, the embankment of tufaceous limestone which the stream has broken and converted into its bed.

Beyond the river, far-reaching green fields agreeably fill the eye, until these high Apennine mountain peaks raise themselves, the nearer cliff-rows being violet-misted, the farther broad ridges and the high mountain-land blindingly snow-covered. In the near distance, the charming seed hills, Colli dei Venti, swell before one’s gaze; behind, the Sacred Mountain rises above the Teverone; between the two, to complete the picture, the Salarian Bridge (Ponte Salaria). Farther off, the hills rise splendidly from the neighborhood of Temi; between two near heights, the great military road thrusts itself; on the hill to the right once stood the old Fidena, where another old, if not actually antique, tower rises picturesquely.

The mausoleum of the Nasos is hewn out of the volcanic tufa hill. Still recognizable are three niches on each side, and the seventh deep down, for the sarcophaguses or urns; the Tesco paintings on marble are copies. People believe that Ovid’s grave was found [p. 358] here; but did not the great poet die in exile for the unfortunate Julia?

March 12.

Today I visited, with my mends Pfaff and Domeier, Rome’s Botanical Garden. Its situation is charming and very promising; from its position on the high Montorio, it overhangs the fluid crystal of the Aqua Paoli. But its interior is the most bloody satire on the flowers of science in Rome, the zeal of the teachers, and the thirst for knowledge of the learners. There has been no thought at all of classifications, distribution of light and shade, of sun and cooling, dampness and dryness! In an area overgrown with Euphorbia Esula, Colts-foot (Hufflattig), Taraxakon, thistles and Furnaria, there stood, like rare weeds, six or eight types of plants which had survived the winter and spread themselves on their own. The plants that had been placed in pots were no better provided for, [p.359] and every ordinary gardener in GelTnany brings just as many plants through the winter, to please the lady of the house, as do the local botanical gardeners here. It became clear to me here, what I have long been told, that no young Roman dedicated to the physical art visits the universities of Lombardy, and that the Spallanzani, the
beyond the Alps still don't rightly believe is thus proved to be possible, and samples of the rained-down stones are everywhere [p. 363] in the hands of the Florentine, Roman and Neapolitan mineralogists.

March 14.

Today I conducted my mends along the lovely way from Aqua Gettosa to Ponte Molle, which last time I had followed alone; on that occasion I ended at the point where we began today. After a morning of chest cramps and side pains, I had left my room sick and weak; but the air again gave me life, and we were all very cheerful at our open-air lunch (*Frischstück*) on the Tiber bank. The views, when one takes this way in the opposite direction, are as different as morning and evening, but sweetly consonant like them.

Then our [female] mend led us to Ponte Molle to a villa (belonging, if I am not mistaken, to the absent Count Poniatowski), which lies directly behind Constantine's battlefield, at the foot of Monte Mario. One's gaze slips straight across, and follows the Tiber into Rome, until St. Peter's dome closes the splendid view. What could not this villa be made? But they seldom think here of resting places and shadowy retreats, and we already missed the coolness.

From the balcony of the tastefully designed house, one has an unobstructed, majestic view in all four directions, and is thus in the midst of all magnificence; but also in the midst of all exhalations of the damp Tiber banks; and during many months of the year this is a dangerous stopping place. We returned through the Porta Angelica, remained together, and saw the sun setting from the Tarpeian Rock.

March 15.

You can imagine that I have nothing more important on hand than guiding our mends to all of the favorite places discovered during their absence. Today I gave the dear ones a lunch (*Mittagessen*) in the Villa Lepri (which is now called my villa). [p. 365] The kindness with which the owners of this charming villa accede to the mendly request to allow the foreigners to use it, is certainly a very nice trait in the national character; for this complaisance prevails everywhere.

To my great joy, this interesting lookout spot was quite new to them; the weather favored us, and we passed very cheerful hours, until the sun sank for us into the cypresses of the Villa Millini, and we followed its last streaming rays and farewell kiss to the mountains, hills, towns, villas, pines, laurel-, oak- and cypress groves of the Roman hills - until the last tones of this color-harmonica faded away, and gray dusk inundated the wide prospect.

Courtyard of the Belvedere.

March 16.

Oh Sun God in the Belvedere -
But Mnemosyne's grieving tones
Fill your temple's dull emptiness,
And Echo sighs: He is departed!

Back alone -- back to a blood-dripping present into the shadows of the sacred past! - oh, silent, holy Rome! in all your noble shadows! -- How will the chosen of the Muses, the
nurseling of Art, find his home in the lap of the madly raging Lutetia [Paris]? Surrounded by the apings of the past, and the caricatures of greatness -- under cardboard freedom-pictures, and ruined mausoleums -- close to the Pantheon, which collapses in grief, because its worthy occupants have been murdered,'s and damnable barbarians deified in their stead -- the smiling Hora will never show him the child of enthusiasm in lovely completeness; and cold representations of a heartless fantasy will remain the highest triumph of the Gallic school.

We limited ourselves today to this [p. 367] gallery surrounding the small open courtyard; if one can otherwise still refer to the supreme fullness of beauty as limitation.

In Zoega's company the bas-reliefs always attract me doubly. The solicitous mend gives certainty and life to the adumbrations of my fancy; and his gentle goodness teaches him the difficult art of making himself understandable to the uninitiated

1.) The Bacchanale, immediately to the right of the entrance, 011 the great white marble sarcophagus, is of great beauty and consummate chisel work; the five faun- and nymph-couples entwine themselves around the sarcophagus in lifelike movement and expression of the different temperaments. The fairest of the nymphs, whose charmingly twisted body resembles that of the Partbenopean Venus, lacked her head; a magnificent woman, in that height of joy which borders immediately on pain, represents this temperament in the noblest manner.

[p. 368] 2.) Cenerario or ash-casket. Two Victories open its door; a lofty thought!

3.) Large sarcophagus, whose decoration was explained by Winckelmann as the story of the murder of Agamemnon, but which Zoega [explains] as follows: Orestes and Pylades are in the act of killing Aegisthus; Clytemnestra already lies dead on the ground. The Furies are slowly creeping in with an oversize garment to conceal the atrocity of the matricide; this is the main action in the center. On the right appears Orestes, who has fled from the avenging goddesses to Delphi, and embraces the holy tripod; but here too the stern, dreadful Furies have followed him. In supplication he holds high the olive branch; the strings of the lyre vibrate! Pacified by harmony and wisdom, the avengers go to sleep at the feet of the altar. Orestes, departing, steps gently over them. This gentle and cautious overstepping, and the naive poses of the [p. 369] slumbering Furies, whom, however (ah! like every twinge of memory), the slightest movement would awaken, are represented in the completest manner.

4.) Celebrated Antinous of the Belvedere. This wondrously beautiful statue is called by the antiquarians now Antinous, now Meleager, and by Zoega [is called] Mercury, and, in fact, "Hermejas,29 the guide of the shades"; for he is no longer quite a youth, and all the thoughtful seriousness of the companion of the shades is spread over his brow. What a head, what a neck, what hair, and what ears! They are Attic ears; gently hearing, they convey the word to the inner mind. He stands there, quietly absorbed in himself and, as it were, lost in the fullness of his beautiful being; form and symbol of a purely preserved youth which is ripening to strength and manly worth.

5.) The Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus; [p.370] a fine bas-relief; but the one with

28Bailly, la Rochefoucauld, Lavoisier, Malesherbes, Charlotte Corday!

29"Hermeias" is the Epic Greek form of "Hennes," the Greek equivalent of the Roman Mercury. (Translator's note.)
the same content on the wall of the Casino Giustiniani is even finer.

6.) Death of Niobe's Children. A famous sarcophagus. Many of the poses seem to me exaggeratedly elegant and slender; I believe the English have studied this sarcophagus exclusively. But the figures depicted in the meze are inexpressibly beautiful. Struck by the gentler aITOW of Artemis, the adorable children of Niobe lie there like sunken lilies!

7.) Enigmatic Bas-Relief A spirit shows the mask lying at his feet to one who is resting beneath a laurel and palm tree; the same idea is repeated on both sides, though in work of poor quality.

Afterward we visited the tragic Muse, as exclusive *(ausschlies.I'end)* as though she stood quite alone - she to whom both of us would build a temple of her own, and place her beneath the streaming illumination of a rotunda; for we both adore the gently serious goddess who [p. 371] embodies all the strength and fullness of female dignity.

At the edge of the fountain's basin in the courtyard is a point :!Tom which one can take in Laocoon, Mercury and Apollo in a single glance -- you hear the death-sigh of Laocoon, but are comforted by the profound repose of the Shadows' Guide [Mercury], while Apollo's eternal cheerfulness bears you upward on unfading beams oflight!
the present! Here above the cataract of Tibur, you were blest by a feeling heart. Horace, too, was a pupil of Socrates, and Baldus was, at least, the Horace of his time. And our Herder? Who unites like him, in the fairest children of his intellect, Plato's high inebriation with the clear milk of Socratic life-wisdom?

At ten the cheerful little caravan, on muleback and on foot, was on the way to the Cascatellen (Cataracts). The air was splendidly pure and mild; as one rides round the valley on the rocky slopes, one looks downward into brown-vaulted tuffstone grottoes and the rocky residues of torn and deformed abysses, newly encrusted by the water of the Annio. The way leads upward, and the Cascata and the pouring [p. 376] stream of the Neptune's Grotto flash like silver-glances and disappear in green night. Today I was the guide, and showed my people everything again, with renewed enjoyment. The distant view was somewhat obscured, and we lingered on the hill of Villa Varus. Particularly fine :!Tom here is the view of the Monticelli, which bear on their three summits the pilgrim church of 81. Angelo in the Cappoggio, the Franciscan Cloister, and the little town of Monti celli, which gleams white in the distance but :!Tom close at hand is said to be very poverty-stricken. Yet the view into the hills :!Tom these heights must be enchanting, and if my health were better, none of these heights would remain unvisited by me. Great and bold especially are the outlines of the rough Tiburtine cliff-mountain known as the Schiava d'Ori.

From here we descended into the depths of the Cascatellen, where we took refuge in a little tuffstone hollow of the bank :!Tom a fine rain which, with today's wind and inert air, filled the whole cavity.

[p. 377] A well-chosen, romantic spot! Adianthum and ivy hung lightly over the rounded exterior, and we had a full view of the intertwining, leaping, surging, undulating, aspersing, clamoring and whispering waterfalls, brooks, and threads of silver!

These Cascatellen are truly unique! There is nothing mghteningiy exalted about them; only fullness and mischievousness, and lively, ever youthful vitality hold sway through this magical rocky cleft. Everything in the whole scene was new to me; the brown, variously split up and washed out hollows in the banks, in which and on which the flood of the Annio continuously foITllS new figures; destroyer and creator at the same time!

The wildly rearing but luxuriantly green-clad, jagged rocks, the clouds of mist which gently sprinkle them, the summer warmth in the deep cleft and amid the rushing sound of the falls!

They count four separate major Cascatellen. The highest, as seen :!Tom here, seems to leap from the blue air, and the sun's [p.378] brightness is redoubled in the far-driven spray. The second boils pleasantJy down from a green height, some one hundred feet, with a full, broad, half deliquescent gush, into a depth which is hidden by the jagged but thickly overgrown cliff edge; but behind this the cloud-like effervescence boils magically and mysteriously upward Sidewise from right to left, thirdly, the just descended water Joudly falls between shattered rock fragments; and on the left, fourthly, between two torn-off mountain walls, comes the Annio in a deep cleft into which it flows down and forward :!Tom its higher bed

These very different falls of the mountain stream, which has subdivided itself above the cliffs, confuse the spectator, who [mistakenly] believes he sees two streams that meet in the depths.

The newer earth formations here below in the CascateUen-cleft are also most unusual
and uniquely picturesque. Where the windblown water rains down, now here and now there, the earthen bank little by little becomes encrusted with regular little leary deposits like alabaster; the upper layers are still quite soft and yielding, but toward the interior become more and more hardened. But everything is vaulted in concentric half-bows. Violets surrounded us with their perfume, and the beautiful Cyclamen Europeum stands in the dew-sparkling grass. The almond tree already bears its tender leafage in the soothing atmosphere; everywhere little brooks tinkle and whisper downward, tender silver locks of the nymphs, charmingly dividing themselves among stones, bushes and shining moss-banks.

We remained here a long time, bathing in water spray and sunshine.

Maecenas' Villa.

It stands on the southeastern heights of Tivoli, above the Cascatellinen, as they call these brooklets that trickle down from the rugged limestone cliffs between luxuriant stands of wild shrubbery. We followed once again [p.380] the pretty pathway, close by the reedy banks of the brook, where everything is now fragrant and green, over the bridge of the beautiful nameless source brook, past the Grotta del Mondo, and up to the steep height where the furseeing eagle's nest is situated; a real Roman thought! This whole cliff has been underbuilt (substructa), and we noticed beside the pathway many remaining fragments of reticulated wall masonry.

Within the precincts of the villa itself, it is rather uncanny! Everything is coolly shadowed, high-vaulted, and the waters, like invisible, nearby ghostly voices, surge, roar and rush beneath and through the structure of the high castle! Wherever you turn, fresh gurgling breathes about you, and you look everywhere into deep hollows in the masonry where the waterfalls pour out through hidden, often broken water ducts. The water is very clear and transparent, but topaz-yellow, and always associated with that brown, picturesque tuff.

From the immense and widely visible arcades of the northwestern gallery, the view passes [p. 381] all description. I felt the spirit within me boldly raise its wings, as I proudly viewed: Tom the rough cliff the winding course of the Annio and the gentle source brook (Quellhach), with the three Monticelli modestly displayed before me, and the Campagna toward Ostia revealing itself in perspective! From the height of the ruins on the south side, the view is more picturesque, and has more episodic features. There, in green-clad vineyards and orchards, the charming Rotunda, called Tempio della Tosse, lies close at hand. Farther off, on the declining slope of the mountainside, arise: Tom cypress and olive groves the enigmatical ruins of the Villa Hadriani; Tom the lowland emerges the tomb of Plautius; far off, Rome, the eternal goal of every thought of earthly greatness, lies powerfully extended; the Peter's dome and the Janiculum meaningfully overtop the mist-clouds.

And they mean to convert this noble ruin, whose imperishable walls still deny the centuries, into an arms factory (Gewehljahrke)! [p.3821 Already everything was patched and painted up, and the powerful arcades filled out in readiness for little windows; and where

Maecenas assembled his friends - where Horace, Virgil, Catullus, Ovid and Sallust on fine evenings read aloud their immortal works, all the din and filth of such a very different installation will now prevail.

The afternoon brought steady rain; late in the evening, lovely moonbeams fell: Tom dispersing clouds upon the Cascata.
March 19.

In the morning we rode around in the valley and the hilly country and drew up our plan for the following days. Tomorrow we shall make a pilgrimage to the Franciscan monastery that lies there high on the mountain. On Monday we shall travel through that narrow pass, and through all those romantic valleys, where splendid German oaks stand green among chestnut trees, to Subiaco, where rise Italy's highest mountains, and where the honest and industrious countryman still upholds the old repute of Sabine customs. All these Tiburtine hills form no great and noble masses, and do not cast those shadows of greater form. They are of moderate height, bald and dry; but seen from afar, the flattering vapor of the Italian air envelopes them with softer tints. The olive tree reigns here, and all these harsh hilly regions are decked out in yellowish green. Only as far as the living flood of the Annio exerts its formative influence is everything enlivened, made green and clothed.

I had long wished myself from the villa of Varus over the gorge to the patch of green meadow which seems magically placed on the rock wall between the two major falls of the Cascatellen. I asked my guide how one gets there? He said, "The painters often go there, but a lady has never been there!" Finally, he promised to lead us. So here at last we were for once inside the Annio, and descending, behind the town walls, a very steep path bestrewn with rolling stones and fluttering creepers.

In half an hour, I stood on the longed-for spot; high above me, the first Cascatella leaped downward in spray; the impetuous cliff brook flowed past me through the high, dew-sparkling meadow, foaming and half hidden in vapor, to leap from my feet into the depths as a second Cascata. So here I was right in the middle! How this willful nymph divides herself and roguishly pours herself now here, now there! The spraying and bubbling of the descending, splashing flood, which falls in many smaller rills from the green hilltop, by my estimate a good 120 feet - and then, reassembling itself in front of us, as the many threads of water recombine into the main stream, and falling below us into a cliff-sided depth - brings with it no loud tumult, but only a clear melodic rustling sound!

I ventured to the edge of the second descent; instead of the expected clifflike abyss, one looks into a lightly veiled network of foliage, and sees the plunging water as though gently borne upward by the luxuriantly proliferating shrubbery. The clouds of spray roll upward and downward and upward to combine around this spot, forming a cave or grotto framed in watery elements; and only when a fresh breeze blows the watery veil to one side does one see, as in flight, the deep declivities and the narrowly twisting course of the cliff-bound Annio.

Even as we were riding back, the rain poured out again in streams; the whole sky was clouded over, all of our further travel plans were turned to water, and we hastened back to Rome.
XIV.

SETTIMANA SANTA (HOLY WEEK).
(March 20-24, 1796).

March 20, 1796.

Through the fault of my hired coachman, I came to St. Peter's too late to see the distribution of palms in the Sistine Chapel; we [were just in time to meet] the returning palm bearers. Unfortunately, too, the air in the dark chapel was too cloudy for us to enjoy Michael Angelo's deathless palms.

March 21

[The Barberini Palace]

Today we visited the Barberini Palace; I was weak and sick, so I mention to you just superficially what I saw but wasn't able to feel today.

1.) The most powerful lion of antiquity seems to confront you on the steps leading from the Alto Relievo.

2.) A beautiful serious Muse.

3.) Junius Brutus, with his sons.

In the Lower Room.

1.) The celebrated [Card] Players by MA da Caravaggio. It is a physiognomical masterpiece, permeated by an ultramontane spirit of caricature. One can never tire of looking at the poor duped wretch., and the Birhoni [rascals] are perhaps unique in their kind.

2.) A handsome portrait of the charming Raphael.

3.) Three old men with a child; one of the finest portrait pieces of Tiziano (Titian).

4.) A pleasing Holy Family, worthy of Raphael; by his deserving pupil Francesco da Immola.

5.) A heavenly Christ with the Crown of Thoms, by Allegri da COITeggio. This painting is all feeling!

Statues.

1.) Celebrated colossal bust of Hadrian.

2.) A room in which different [p. 388] lovely antique children seem to live and move; so the marble breathes!

3.) Barberini Muse, noble, tall, mild! It is Herder's Terpsichore!
4.) Inexpressibly charming statue of a young girl, opposite the Muse. Perhaps the most attractive non-ideal from Antiquity.

5.) Another lovely unknown maiden's figure. Who were the sweet playmates whose intimate humanity speaks to me in such friendly tones? Perhaps children transplanted from the Ionian heaven?

6.) The famous Barberini Sleeping Faun. He is sleeping as soundly as possible; beyond that, I really cannot say much about him - as far as I am concerned, he may sleep to the end of the world! I do not understand how a great artist would want to spend so much time in representing for us a quite commonplace sleeping peasant!

[p.389] 7.) Antique Tesco painting, representing a Roma; found in the Gardens of Sallust. To me this well-preserved painting seemed to be more or less in the style of Carlo Maratti.

8.) Venus Coming Tom the Bath. Similarly. It has been much retouched. The self-assurance (plenipotenz) of Venus reminded me of a sturdy lady of Paolo Veronese.

Friend Zoega had reserved the best for me to the last, knowing well of my partiality for Lionardo's pictures:

9.) Vanity and Virtue; one of the most celebrated among Lionardo da Vinci's rare paintings. This picture of virtue is a divine ideal, wholly conceived in the highest and purest spirit. A "Vestale Maxima, in a thousand times purer and nobler in her quiet and unassuming dignity than the statue of the Capitoline. The painting has darkened extraordinarily. But the longer one looks at it, the more brightly and harmoniously do the figures emerge. Of the rarest [p. 390] beauty are the hand and arm of the masterfully draped Virtue; Vanity is not sufficiently fresh, youthful and charming; Lionardo ought, with more boldness, to have confronted this Virtue with a more seductive lady of the world. In general, one sees clearly in Lionardo's paintings that his soul was only rich in ideals of the highest kind; the contrasting figures he had always to fetch from the commonplace world So with the rascally Jews with Christ, in the Aldovrandini Gallery, who should no doubt represent fine tricky sophists and passionate villains, but not common junk-Jews (Triideljuden).

March 22.

Today mend Hetsch took us [to see] Mr. Denis, a Flemish landscape painter. Particularly striking to me were:

1.) The large splendid landscape, the sunset over the hills of Vietti and La Cava, as seen from the harbor of Salerno. [p. 391] The mind is irresistibly drawn into these noble twilight distances.

2.) In the painting of Neptune's Grotto in Tivoli - the coldness and dampness of which prevented me :!Tom visiting the original - I admired the spray of the waterfall, itTadiated by the sun, which carries illusionism to the utmost degree; the seizure of such momentary appearances is the greatest and certainly rare service of this interesting artist His foreground is extremely nice (ilusserst nett).

We also visited today the lonely and pleasant Villa Apollinari, and enjoyed in the magical Villa Borghese the delightful contrasts between the dark and blackish green of the
laurels and oaks and the tender, springlike colors of the weeping willows, the young greensward, the elms and plane trees.


March 23.

This is the first pleasure of New Rome which satisfies the mind and heart! O Harmony, heaven-soaring daughter of devotion, how you elevate my heart! These streams of euphony, these choirs of comforting spirits, which, invisibly resounding as though borne on swans' wings, melodically murmur about me, raising me to a height from which, with closed eyes, as now the heavenly tones slowly ebbed away, I sank down with a painful feeling, and, suddenly awaking from the heavenly dream and undivided rapture, found my face bedewed with tears. And then, oh, harp cutting contrast! my first glance fell upon the Roman ladies sitting around me, indifferently, as with a comic aria, devouring oranges and other bonbons which were available at the entrance to the church.


March 24.

Great Benediction! Tom the Loge above the colonnade of St. Peter's. The imposing greatness of this [St Peter's] square is only fully felt when, as today, the floods of humanity, the countless crowd of glittering carriages, and whole regiments of the Papal Guard on horseback move about freely and unconstrainedly within its noble perimeter; and, through the splendid, gradually rising amphitheater, present the components of this huge moving picture to the easily encompassing eye. The appearance of the Pope, who slowly floats forward from the perspective depth of the gallery, borne up by invisible arms, is most theatrical; and the Oriental pomp which surrounds him is in keeping with it. The dignity of the well-presented old man [pious VI] is admirable; and the moment when he extends his outspread arms to Heaven [p. 394] and, slowly lowering and gently closing them, pours over his people a blessing as though brought down from Heaven, is extremely effective; and would be incomparably more effective still, if, swaying so lightly beneath the open sky, he would appear to receive the divine blessing directly from the blue aether. Now, however, this heavenly blessing is doubly intercepted, by the roof of the Loge and by the Venetian blinds (JalOlYien) unfurled on the balcony; and this did disturb my illusion. But then it was suddenly nullified by one look at the crowd of people surrounding me; for the blessing was very coldly received. True, the whole monstrous mass of humanity suddenly threw itself to the ground -- but it got up again just as suddenly, as though on command, and the faces betrayed a high degree of indifference. The thunder of the Vatican and the Engelsburg (Castel Sant'Angelo) was very weak, and the cannon seemed hardly halfloaded. The mounted Papal Guard is the most laughable caricature of the [p. 395] old Minotaurs (sic: Centaurs?). As the latter are grown together with the four-legged beast, these poor horseback riders are always separated from them, and one fears at every moment to see them fall off in spite of their heavy and deeply lowered saddles. The illuminated Grave of Christ in the Pauline Chapel is just plain ostentation, and can delight only children.

Afternoon; in St. Peter's Church. We were there again immediately after our meal in order to hear the Lament of Jeremia, a composition of Guglielmo, in the Chapel of the Canonici (Canons). These are powerful, lively and energetic fugues, in which the floating voices interweave as in the flight of the high choruses. I have heard this vocal portamento in whole choruses only in Rome. This requires voices bred under a milder sky; and while in Germany one finds individual voices which are equal to the Italian in range and flexibility, we never assemble such a chorus. But these purely harmonizing choirs [p. 396] were suddenly
inteITUpted in the most baroque manner by the psalmody of the monks, who uninhibitedly intruded their rough and miserable croaking (*ihr rauhe.l' elendes Gepliiir dazwischen herleierten*).

One proceeds from the Chapel into the Church, and the full-voiced orchestras are attenuated and drowned out by the dull but powerful sound of the popular masses; a gentle twilight fills the building, pilgrims make their way along; long processions of black, white and gray hooded figures glide slowly forward and worship silently before the dimly illuminated tomb; attractive groups of kneeling women, children and old men are formed here and there, worshiping at a respectful distance. The longingly raised eyes of the women, mildly illuminated by the melting candlelight, the inborn grace with which the Roman women kneel, are enchanting. An aged Capuchin, leaning on his knotty stick, seemed to us the prototype of Guido's praying saint. With the increasing dimness we went [p. 397] up to the Sistine Chapel, which I entered with reverent rapture, still glowing inwardly from yesterday's Miserere. No one can tell me by whom this music was composed, which, in one of those blessed hours when the bonds of the body seem loosened, is heard: !Tom a floating choir of angels. It is very old, and remains unchanged; the performance style is, so to speak, passed on by tradition. They name Pergolese (Pergolesi), Jomelli and Guglielmo as composers; may thanks be ever paid to the great spirit, named or unnamed, who was able to conceive and to impart such heavenly euphony! As !Tom far-off shores of blessed islands, voices float across, now sympathetically complaining, now gently comforting! Gradually they swell, tenderly dying to a fuller harmony, like spring airs in the high-vaulted grove. Again the choir begins in ever-increasing fullness, strength and rapture! Tones of jubilation follow the comforting, quieting, floating harmonies [p.398]-the ever fuller choir rises, rises, rises (comparably to that Ascension of COITeggio in Parma) until the ever tender yet always clear tones suddenly seem to disappear in the measureless ethereal space. New senses opened to my closed vision—the singing became an epiphany, and I saw the musicking angels floating higher and higher, above the twilight clouds, until, in the domain of the aether, the picture with the voices lost itself.

You know that this music is that of an orchestra of sixty human throats, without instrumental accompaniment. Yet these pure-tuned organs excel all other euphony on earth; one does not see the singers, who are concealed in a high lateral loge. Slowly, during the singing, one high altar candle after another is extinguished; and when I opened my eyes I found myself, after the sweet dream of heavenly clarity, fallen back into the gloomy dusk of life.

Illumination of the Cross of St. Peter's.

[p. 399] From the deep vaulting of the dome, and directly above the high altar, at the midpoint of the church, is suspended a brazen cross, forty feet long and wholly covered with many thousands of lamps. The people who cluster about it, hanging in the air, look like Litiputians; their distance, the breadth of the space in which they hang, and the gigantic size of all surrounding objects, diminish them more with every passing moment, in that these objects are kindled, stand out as larger. The high altar, which stands !Tee and unencumbered beneath the vaulted cupola, is known to be as high in itself as the Faroese Palace, the greatest of Rome's palaces.

As the cross now quickly takes fire, the supports on which it hangs disappear in the brightness, and it now floats !Tee in the high vaulted space. This (p. 400) moment is unique, comparable only to itself! It is Michael Angelo's apotheosis; and if sublunary magnificence can enapture one already transfigured, then the spirit of the great Angelo, at each of these illuminations of the cross, floats about in the space of his Pantheon.
temple, and gleamed above the stately St. Peter's Square, where the crowds of people moved silently this way and that.

The silver sheaves of the fountains rose in the nocturnal blue of the air; a dark shadow, the obelisk, raised itself in the silver light St. Peter's Church, shimmering with gold within and silvered without, rose splendidly behind me.

[p. 405] In the Miserere, angels' thoughts are made tangible through ethereal harmony! The illumination of the Cross is the transfigured thought of a great human soul.