

Observations on the Manners of the Italians.

many terrible commands, and the Popes pronounced their mysterious and superstitious enchantments.

What rivers of blood have moistened this earth! How many tears have flowed within these walls! Horace and Virgil here recited their immortal verses!

Let us go: but whither? I am in the midst of Rome, as in the middle of the ocean. Three Romes, like three quarters of the world, present themselves to me at the same time; the Rome of Augustus, the Rome of Leo X. and the Rome of the reigning pope.

Which shall I visit first? They all at once invite me. Where is the Capitol? Where the Museum of Clement XIV? Lead me to the arch of Titus. Let me view the Pantheon. Shew me St. Mary Major. I would see the transfiguration of Raphael. Where is the Apollo of Belvidere? How is it possible to fix the attention, or give a preference to any object at Rome.

I must begin by straying; without choice amid these venerable ruins, to wear off that first impatience offering, which would always prevent me from seeing well.

I am at Rome then! I am in that city which excites the attention of the whole world!

There is not a stone here, but conceals valuable knowledge---which might not serve to complete the history of Rome and of the Arts: let us learn to interrogate them, for they speak.

On the beauty of the Roman women, and their voice.

Why should I not say something of the state of female beauty at Rome; beauty, which is so highly estimated in every country in the world, before which the heart of youth begins to palpitate, the imagination of the mature man is still inflamed when nothing else can warm him, and the memory of which still melts, or makes the old man smile.

Beauty is rare here, as it is everywhere else. Nature here, in the composition of women, is often deficient in that charming combination of colours and form which the eye of man demands, when it contemplates the softer sex.

Nature seldom attains beauty here, except in the outline of the countenance and the hand. She gives a rough sketch of the shape, but seldom finishes: the bosom and foot especially escape her. Nor indeed does she form with equal beauty every species of flower, in every country in the world.

She is fail, however, to compensate this negligence, or want of industry with respect to the Roman women, by the per-

fection of their shoulders; but I am in reality of opinion, that if the shoulders of the Roman women appear more beautiful it is because they are more seen; possibly too the *em. point* that begins to take place very early, does, in fact, contribute to embellish them.

Be this as it may, Nature could not place more happily, nor accord with more effect, the forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, ears and neck, than in the Roman women; she could not possibly employ purer, softer, or more correct forms; all the distinct parts are finished, and the whole is complete. How charming a complexion! It is impregnated with roses and with lillies. What carnation! You would think the fair one perpetually blushing.

A fine Roman head never fails to astonish, and, taken altogether affects the heart; its beauties are perceived at the first glance, and the slightest recollection, brings it full into the memory.

But as every excellence in this world is counterbalanced by its defects; if a Roman woman receives from Nature that beauty which astonishes and excites admiration, she does not obtain from her that grace which charms and inspires love. If she possesses those never-failing attractions which form, of a fine woman, but one beauty, she is wanting in those fugitive graces, which, of one amiable person, form twenty. You may contemplate that countenance a whole day in vain, those fine eyes will have only one look, that pretty mouth only one smile; never will you discover either pain or pleasure passing over that unvaried brow; nor those accomplished features gently undulating, like water, by the insensible motion of a tender sentiment, or a delicate idea.

It may be observed, indeed, that it is difficult for a woman of much sensibility to be perfectly handsome. Sensibility necessarily deranges, by its delicate motions, the proportions of the face, but then it substitutes features expressive of mind for beauty.

Nothing is more rare here than to meet with a face that moves or interests; that bespeaks a soul.

But what lovely hands! and beautiful hands are indeed a beauty, they are so rare.

Beauty, among the Roman women, fades very rapidly, and at once. Here it is a rose without a bud. A Roman girl of fifteen is in full beauty; and as she does not cultivate it by any exercise, as she overwhelms it with sleep, and takes no method to preserve it, her features are soon surcharged with too great plumpness, and her whole form becomes disproportionate; but it is