

ROME

Rome, 1 November 1786

AT last I can break my silence and send my friends a joyful greeting. I hope they will forgive me for my secretiveness and my almost subterranean journey to this country. Even to myself, I hardly dared admit where I was going and all the way I was still afraid I might be dreaming; it was not till I had passed through the Porta del Popolo that I was certain it was true, that I really was in Rome.

Let me say this: here in Rome, in the presence of all those objects which I never expected to see by myself, you are constantly in my thoughts. It was only when I realized that everyone at home was chained, body and soul, to the north, and all desire to visit these parts had vanished, that, drawn by an irresistible need, I made up my mind to undertake this long, solitary journey to the hub of the world.

Now that this need has been satisfied, my friends and my native land have once again become very dear to my heart, and my desire to return very keen, all the keener because I am convinced that the many treasures I shall bring home with me will serve both myself and others as a guide and an education for a lifetime.

1 November

Now, at last, I have arrived in the First City of the world! Had I seen it fifteen years ago with an intelligent man to guide me, I should have called myself lucky, but, since I was destined to visit it alone and trust to my own eyes, I am happy, at least, to have been granted this joy so late in life.

Across the mountains of the Tirol I fled rather than travelled. Vicenza, Padua and Venice I saw thoroughly, Ferrara, Cento, Bologna casually, and Florence hardly at all. My desire to reach Rome quickly was growing stronger every minute until nothing

could have induced me to make more stops, so that I spent only three hours there. Now I have arrived, I have calmed down and feel as if I had found a peace that will last for my whole life. Because, if I may say so, as soon as one sees with one's own eyes the whole which one had hitherto only known in fragments and chaotically, a new life begins.

All the dreams of my youth have come to life; the first engravings I remember – my father hung views of Rome in the hall – I now see in reality, and everything I have known for so long through paintings, drawings, etchings, woodcuts, plaster casts and cork models is now assembled before me. Wherever I walk, I come upon familiar objects in an unfamiliar world; everything is just as I imagined it, yet everything is new. It is the same with my observations and ideas. I have not had a single idea which was entirely new or surprising, but my old ideas have become so much more firm, vital and coherent that they could be called new.

When Pygmalion's Galatea, whom he had fashioned exactly after his dreams, endowing her with as much reality and existence as an artist can, finally came up to him and said: 'Here I am,' how different was the living woman from the sculptured stone.

Besides, for me it is morally salutary to be living in the midst of a sensual people about whom so much has been said and written, and whom every foreigner judges by the standard he brings with him. I can excuse those who criticize and disapprove of them because their life is so far removed from ours that it is difficult and expensive for a foreigner to have dealings with them.

3 November

One of the main reasons I had given myself as an excuse for hurrying to Rome, namely, that All Saints' Day was on 1 November, turned out to be a delusion. If, I had said to myself, they pay such high honours to a single saint, what a spectacle it must be when they honour them all at once. How utterly mistaken I was. A conspicuous general feast has never become popular in the Church; originally, perhaps, each religious order celebrated the memory of its patron saint privately, for now the

feast on his name day, the day appointed for his veneration, is the one on which each appears in all his glory.

Yesterday, however, which was the Feast of All Souls, I had better luck. The Pope* celebrated their memory in his private chapel on the Quirinal. Admission was free to all. I hurried with Tischbein to the Monte Cavallo. The square in front of the palazzo, though irregular in shape, is both grand and graceful. There I set eyes on the two Colossi. To grasp them is beyond the power of the eye or the mind. We hurried with the crowd across the spacious courtyard and up an enormous flight of stairs, and into the vestibules opposite the chapel. To think that I was under the same roof as the Vicar of Christ gave me a strange feeling. The office had begun and the Pope and cardinals were already in the church – the Holy Father, a beautiful and venerable figure of a man, the cardinals of various ages and statures.

I was suddenly seized by the curious wish that the Head of the Church would open his golden mouth and, in speaking of the transports of joy felt by the souls of the blessed, transport us with joy as well. When I saw him merely moving from one side of the altar to the other and muttering just like any ordinary priest, the original sin of the Protestant stirred in me and I felt no pleasure whatsoever in the sacrifice of the Mass as it is traditionally offered here. Did not Christ, even as a child, interpret the Scriptures in a loud voice? As a young man, He certainly did not teach or work miracles in silence, for, as we know from the Gospels, He liked to speak and He spoke well. What would He say, I thought, if He were to see His representative on earth droning and tottering about? The words *Venio iterum crucifigi* came to mind and I nudged my companion to come out with me into the free atmosphere of the vaulted and frescoed rooms. There we found a lot of people who were looking at the paintings, for the Feast of All Souls is also the feast of all artists in Rome. On this day not only the chapel but also all the rooms in the palazzo are open to the public for many hours. Entrance is free and one is not molested by the custodian.

I looked at the frescoes and found some excellent ones by

artists whose names I hardly knew – Carlo Maratti, for example, whom I soon came to love and admire. But it was the masterpieces of the artists whose style I had already studied which gave me the keenest pleasure. I saw a St Petronilla by Guercino. This canvas was formerly in St Peter's, where it has now been replaced by a copy in mosaic. The body of the dead saint is lifted out of the tomb, restored to life and received into Heaven by a divine youth. Whatever objections there may be to this twofold action, the painting is beyond price.

I was even more surprised by a Titian which outshines all of his pictures which I have seen so far. Whether it is only that my visual sense is now more trained, or whether it really is his most stupendous picture, I cannot judge. It shows the imposing figure of a bishop, enveloped in a gorgeous chasuble stiff with gold embroideries and figures. Holding a massive crozier in his left hand, he gazes up to Heaven, rapt in ecstasy. In his right hand he holds an open book, from which he seems to have just received divine inspiration. Behind him, a beautiful virgin, carrying a palm, looks with tender interest into the book. On his right, a grave old man is standing quite close to the book but does not seem to be paying it any attention. Perhaps the keys in his hand assure him that he can elucidate its secrets by himself. Facing this group, a nude, well-shaped young man, bound and pierced with arrows, looks out with humble resignation. In the space between them two monks, bearing a cross and a lily, turn their devout gazes heavenward, where, above the semicircular ruin which encloses all the human figures, a mother in her highest glory looks down in compassion while the radiant child on her lap holds out a wreath with a gay gesture as if eager to throw it down. Above them and the triple aureole, like a keystone, hovers the Holy Dove.

Behind this composition there must lie some ancient tradition which made it possible to combine all these various and seemingly incongruous figures into a significant whole. We do not ask how or why; we take it as it is and marvel at its inestimable art.

Less enigmatic but still mysterious is a fresco by Guido. A childlike Virgin sits quietly sewing, flanked by two angels who are ready at the slightest gesture to minister to her wishes. What

* Pius VI (1775-99).

this charming picture says is that youthful innocence and diligence are protected and honoured by the Heavenly Powers. No legend or interpretation is necessary.

But now for an amusing anecdote to lighten these somewhat ponderous reflections on art. For some time I had been aware that some German artists, evidently acquaintances of Tischbein's, would give me a stare, go out and come back for another look. Presently Tischbein, who had left me alone for a few minutes, returned and said: 'This is going to be great fun. The rumour that you are in Rome has already spread and aroused the curiosity of the artists about the only foreigner whom nobody knows. One of our circle has always boasted of having met you and even lived with you on terms of intimacy, a story we found hard to believe. So we asked him to take a look at you and resolve our doubts. He promptly declared that it was not you but a stranger without the slightest resemblance to you. So your incognito is safe, at least for the moment, and later we shall have something to laugh about.'

Since then, I have moved more freely among these artists and asked them to tell me the authors of various paintings, the style of which is still unfamiliar to me. I was especially attracted by a painting of St George, the slayer of the dragon and the liberator of virgins. Nobody could tell me the name of the master until a short, modest man, who had not opened his mouth before, stepped forward and said it was by the Venetian painter Porde none, and one of his finest paintings. I realized then why I had been drawn to it; being already familiar with the Venetian school, I could better appreciate the virtues of its members. The artist who gave me this information is Heinrich Meyer, a Swiss, who has been studying here for several years in the company of a friend named Cöllä. He makes remarkable drawings in sepia of antique busts and is well versed in the history of art.

5 November

I have been here now for seven days and am gradually beginning to get a general idea of the city. We walk about a good deal, I study the layout of Ancient Rome and Modern Rome, look at

ruins and buildings and visit this villa or that. The most important monuments I take very slowly; I do nothing except look, go away, and come back and look again. Only in Rome can one educate oneself for Rome.

I find it a difficult and melancholy business, I must confess, separating the old Rome from the new, but it has to be done and I can only hope that, in the end, my efforts will prove well worthwhile. One comes upon traces both of magnificence and of devastation, which stagger the imagination. What the barbarians left, the builders of Modern Rome have destroyed.

Here is an entity which has suffered so many drastic changes in the course of two thousand years, yet is still the same soil, the same hill, often even the same column or the same wall, and in its people one still finds traces of their ancient character. Contemplating this, the observer becomes, as it were, a contemporary of the great decrees of destiny, and this makes it difficult for him to follow the evolution of the city, to grasp not only how Modern Rome follows on Ancient, but also how, within both, one epoch follows upon another. I shall first of all try to grope my way along this half-hidden track by myself, for only after I have done that shall I be able to benefit from the excellent preliminary studies to which, from the fifteenth century till today, eminent scholars and artists have devoted their lives.

As I rush about Rome looking at the major monuments, the immensity of the place has a quietening effect. In other places one has to search for the important points of interest; here they crowd in on one in profusion. Wherever you turn your eyes, every kind of vista, near and distant, confronts you – palaces, ruins, gardens, wildernesses, small houses, stables, triumphal arches, columns – all of them often so close together that they could be sketched on a single sheet of paper. One would need a thousand styluses to write with. What can one do here with a single pen? And then, in the evening, one feels exhausted after so much looking and admiring.

7 November

My friends must excuse me if, in future, I become rather laconic. When one is travelling, one grabs what one can, every day brings something new, and one hastens to think about it and make a judgement. But this city is such a great school and each day here has so much to say that one does not dare say anything about it oneself. Even if one could stay here for years, it would still be better to observe a Pythagorean silence.

7 November

I am feeling in fine shape. The wind is *brutto*, as the Romans say. There is a wind at noon, the sirocco, which brings some rain daily, but I do not find this sort of weather disagreeable because it is warm all the time, which it never is on rainy days in our country.

I am coming to appreciate Tischbein more and more, his *talents*, his *ideas on art* and his *aims as a painter*. He showed me *his drawings and sketches*. Many are very promising. His stay with Bodmer has turned his thoughts towards the earliest ages of man when he found himself on earth and was expected to solve the problem of becoming the lord of creation.

As an introduction to a series of pictures, he has tried to represent this great age symbolically – mountains covered with majestic forests, ravines carved out by torrents, moribund volcanoes emitting only a thin column of smoke, and, in the foreground, the massive stump of an ancient oak with its roots uncovered on which a stag is testing the strength of its antlers – all well conceived and charmingly executed.

He has made one very curious drawing showing man as the tamer of horses, superior not in strength but in cunning to all the beasts of the field, the air and the waters. This composition is of extraordinary beauty and should look most effective when done in oils. We must certainly acquire a drawing of it for Weimar. He also plans to paint an assembly of wise old men, which will give him an opportunity of doing some real figures. At

the moment he is enthusiastically making sketches for a battle scene in which two bands of horsemen are attacking each other with equal fury. They are separated by a tremendous ravine over which a horse can vault only by a tremendous effort. Defence is out of the question. Bold attack, reckless decision, victory or a plunge into the abyss. This picture will give him a chance to reveal his knowledge of the anatomy and movements of the horse.

He would like to see this planned series of scenes linked together by a poem which would explain their meaning and itself gain in substance from the figures in them. The idea is an excellent one, but, to bring it to fruition, we should have to spend years together.

The loggias of Raphael, the huge paintings of the School of Athens, etc., I have seen only once. This was much like studying Homer from a faded and damaged manuscript. A first impression is inadequate; to enjoy them fully, one would have to look at them again and again. The best preserved are those on the ceiling with Biblical stories for their subjects; these look as fresh as if they had been painted yesterday. Even though only a few of them are by Raphael himself, they were all done from his designs and under his personal supervision.

When I was a young man, I sometimes indulged in a daydream of being accompanied to Italy by an educated Englishman, well versed in general history and the history of art. This has now come to pass in a still happier way than I dreamed of. Tischbein has long been devoted to me, and has always wanted to show me Rome, where he has lived for so long. We were old friends by correspondence and now we are new friends in the flesh. Where could I have found a better guide? Thanks to him, I shall be able to learn and enjoy as much as possible in the limited time I have. As I see things at present, when I leave here, I shall wish I was arriving instead.

8 November

My peculiar and perhaps capricious semi-incognito has some unforeseen advantages. Since everyone feels it his duty to ignore my identity, no one can talk to me about me; so all they can do is talk about themselves and the topics which interest them. In consequence I get to know all about what everyone is doing and about everything worthwhile that is going on. Even Hofrat Reiffenstein* respects my whim, but since for some reason of his own he dislikes the name I adopted, he soon made me a Baron and now I am known as The-Baron-who-lives-opposite-the-Rondanini. This title is sufficient because Italians always call people by their first names or their nicknames. This is the way I wanted it, and I escape the endless annoyance of having to give an account of myself and my writings.

9 November

Sometimes I stand still for a moment and survey, as it were, the high peaks of my experiences so far. I look back with special joy to Venice, that great being who sprang from the sea like Pallas from the head of Jupiter. In Rome the Pantheon, so great within and without, has overwhelmed me with admiration. St Peter's has made me realize that Art, like Nature, can abolish all standards of measurement. The Apollo Belvedere has also swept me off my feet. Just as the most accurate drawings fail to give an adequate idea of these buildings, so plaster casts, good as some I have seen are, can be no substitute for their marble originals.

10 November

I am now in a state of clarity and calm such as I had not known for a long time. My habit of looking at and accepting things as they are without pretension is standing me in good stead and

* Hofrat Reiffenstein (1719-93). Diplomat, formerly in the service of Gotha and Russia, archaeologist and art connoisseur.

makes me secretly very happy. Each day brings me some new remarkable object, some new great picture, and a whole city which the imagination will never encompass, however long one thinks and dreams.

Today I went to the pyramid of Cestius and in the evening climbed to the top of the Palatine, where the ruins of the imperial palaces stand like rocks. It is impossible to convey a proper idea of such things. Nothing here is mediocre, and if, here and there, something is in poor taste, it, too, shares in the general grandeur.

When I indulge in self-reflection, as I like to do occasionally, I discover in myself a feeling which gives me great joy. Let me put it like this. In this place, whoever looks seriously about him and has eyes to see is bound to become a stronger character: he acquires a sense of strength hitherto unknown to him.

His soul receives the seal of a soundness, a seriousness without pedantry, and a joyous composure. At least, I can say that I have never been so sensitive to the things of this world as I am here. The blessed consequences will, I believe, affect my whole future life.

So let me seize things one by one as they come; they will sort themselves out later. I am not here simply to have a good time, but to devote myself to the noble objects about me, to educate myself before I reach forty.

11 November

Today I visited the Nymph Egeria, the Circus of Caracalla, the ruined tombs along the Via Appia and the tomb of Metella, which made me realize for the first time what solid masonry means. These people built for eternity; they omitted nothing from their calculations except the insane fury of the destroyers to whom nothing was sacred.

I also saw the ruins of the great aqueduct. What a noble ambition it showed, to raise such a tremendous construction for the sake of supplying water to a people. We came to the Colosseum at twilight. Once one has seen it, everything else seems small. It is so huge that the mind cannot retain its image; one remembers

it as smaller than it is, so that every time one returns to it, one is astounded by its size.

Frascati, 15 November

The rest of our company are already in bed, and I am writing in the sepia I use for drawing. We have had a few rainless days of genial sunshine, so that we don't long for the summer. This town lies on the slope of a mountain, and at every turn the artist comes upon the most lovely things. The view is unlimited; you can see Rome in the distance and the sea beyond it, the hills of Tivoli to the right, and so on. In this pleasant region the villas have certainly been built for pleasure. About a century ago, wealthy and high-spirited Romans began building villas on the same beautiful spots where the ancient Romans built theirs. For two days we have roamed the countryside, always finding some new attraction.

Yet I find it hard to decide which are the more entertaining, our days or our evenings. As soon as our imposing landlady has placed the three-branched brass lamp on the table with the words 'Felicitissima notte!' we sit down in a circle and each brings out the drawings and sketches he has made during the day. A discussion follows: shouldn't the subject have been approached from a better angle? Has the character of the scene been hit off? We discuss, in fact, all those elements in art which can be judged from a first draft.

Thanks to his competence and authority, Hofrat Reiffenstein is the natural person to organize and preside at these sessions, but it was Philipp Hackert who originated this laudable custom. An admirable landscape painter, he always insisted on everyone, artists and dilettantes, men and women, young and old, whatever their talents, trying their hand at drawing, and he himself set them a good example. Since his departure this custom of gathering together an interested circle has been faithfully kept up by Hofrat Reiffenstein; and one can see how worthwhile it is to stimulate in everyone an active interest.

The individual characters of the members of our circle are charmingly revealed. Tischbein, for example, being a painter of

historical scenes, looks at landscape in a completely different way from a landscape painter. He sees important groupings and significant objects where another would see nothing and then manages to catch many traits of simple humanity, in children, country folk, beggars and other similar unsophisticated people, even in animals, which he can render most successfully with a few characteristic strokes, providing us with new topics for discussion.

When we run out of conversation, some pages are read aloud from Sulzer's *Theory*, another custom introduced by Hackert. Though, judged by the strictest standards, this work is not altogether satisfactory, I have observed with pleasure its good influence on people of a middling level of culture.

Rome, 17 November

Here we are back again! Tonight there was a tremendous down-pour with thunder and lightning. It still goes on raining, but remains warm. Today I saw the frescoes by Domenichino in Sant' Andrea della Valle and the Carracci in the Farnese Gallery. Too much for months, let alone for a single day.

18 November

The weather has been fine and clear. In the Farnesina I saw the story of Psyche, colour reproductions of which have for so long brightened my rooms. Later I saw Raphael's *Transfiguration* in San Pietro in Montorio. These paintings are like friends with whom one has long been acquainted through correspondence and now sees face to face for the first time. The difference when one lives with them is that one's sympathies and antipathies are soon revealed.

In every corner there are magnificent things which are almost never mentioned and have not been disseminated over the world in etchings and reproductions. I shall bring some with me, done by excellent young artists.

18 November

Tischbein is well versed in the various types of stone used both by the ancient and the modern builders. He has studied them thoroughly and his artist's eye and his pleasure in the physical texture of things have greatly helped him. Some time ago he sent off to Weimar a choice collection of specimens which will welcome me on my return. Meanwhile, an important addition to them has turned up. A priest who is now living in France planned to write a book on Stones in Antiquity and, by special favour of the Propaganda, received some sizeable pieces of marble from the island of Paros. They range in grain from the finest to the coarsest and are of perfect purity except for a few which contain some mica. These were used for building, whereas the pure marble was used for sculpture. In judging the works of artists, an exact knowledge of the material they used is obviously a great help.

There are plenty of opportunities here for assembling such a collection. Today we walked in the ruins of Nero's palace over fields of banked-up artichokes and could not resist the temptation to fill our pockets with tablets of granite, porphyry and marble which lay around in thousands, still bearing witness to the splendour of the walls which they once covered.

I must now speak of a curious, problematic painting which is one of the most extraordinary things I have ever seen.

There was a Frenchman living here some years ago who was well known as a collector and lover of the arts. He came into possession, nobody knows how, of an antique chalk drawing, had it restored by Mengs and added it to his collection as an item of great value. Winckelmann mentions it somewhere with enthusiasm. It shows Ganymede offering Jupiter a cup of wine and receiving a kiss in return. The Frenchman died and, in his will, left the picture to his landlady, stating it to be an antique. Then Mengs died and on his deathbed declared that it was not an antique but had been done by him. This started an endless feud between all parties. One person swore that Mengs had dashed it off as a joke, another that Mengs could never have done anything

like it, that it was almost too beautiful for a Raphael. Yesterday I saw it for myself and I must confess that I do not know of anything more beautiful than the figure of Ganymede, especially the head and the back – all the rest has been much touched up. However, the picture is discredited and no one wants to relieve the poor woman of her treasure.

20 November

Experience has taught us often enough that there is a demand for drawings and etchings to go with every kind of poem, and that even a painter himself will dedicate his most descriptive pictures to some passage of poetry, so Tischbein's idea, that in order to achieve a proper unity poets and painters should collaborate from the start, is a very praiseworthy one. The difficulty would obviously be greatly lessened if the poems were short enough to be composed at a sitting and read at a glance. Tischbein, it so happens, has pleasing idyllic subjects in mind and, to my surprise, they are of a character which neither poetry nor painting by itself could treat adequately. On our walks he has told me all about them and urged me to fall in with his plan. He has already designed a frontispiece for our joint effort. If I were not afraid to embark on something new, I might perhaps be tempted.

22 November

On the Feast of St Cecilia

I must write a few lines to keep alive the memory of this happy day or, at least, make a historical report of what I have been enjoying. The day was cloudless and warm. I went with Tischbein to the square in front of St Peter's. We walked up and down until we felt too hot, when we sat in the shadow of the great obelisk – it was just wide enough for two – and ate some grapes we had bought nearby. Then we went into the Sistine Chapel, where the light on the frescoes was at its best. Looking at these marvellous works of Michelangelo's, our admiration was divided between the Last Judgement and the various paintings on the

ceiling. The self-assurance, the virility, the grandeur of conception of this master defy expression. After we had looked at everything over and over again, we left the chapel and entered St Peter's. Thanks to the brilliant sunshine outside, every part of the church was visible. Since we were determined to enjoy its magnitude and splendour, we did not, this time, allow our overfastidious taste to put us off and abstained from carping criticism. We enjoyed everything that was enjoyable.

Then we climbed up on to the roof, where one finds a miniature copy of a well-built town with houses, shops, fountains, churches (at least they looked like churches from the outside) and a large temple – everything in the open air with beautiful walks between. We went into the Cupola and looked out at the Apennines, Mount Soracte, the volcanic hills behind Tivoli, Frascati, Castel Gandolfo, the plain and the sea beyond it. Below us lay the city of Rome in all its length and breadth with its hill-perched palaces, domes, etc. Not a breath of air was stirring, and it was as hot as a greenhouse inside the copper ball. After taking in everything, we descended again and asked to have the doors opened which lead to the cornices of the dome, the tambour and the nave. One can walk all the way round and look down from the height on the whole church. As we were standing on the cornice of the tambour, far below us we could see the Pope walking to make his afternoon devotions. St Peter's had not failed us. Then we climbed all the way down, went out into the square and had a frugal but cheerful meal at an inn nearby, after which we went on to the church of St Cecilia.

It would take pages to describe the decorations of this church, which was packed with people. One could not see a stone of the structure. The columns were covered with red velvet wound around with ribbons of gold lace, the capitals with embroidered velvet conforming more or less to their shape – so, too, with the cornices and pillars. All the intervening wall space was clothed in brightly coloured hangings, so that the whole church seemed to be one enormous mosaic. More than two hundred candles were burning behind and at the sides of the high altar, so that one whole wall was lined with candles, and the nave was fully illuminated. Facing the high altar, two stands, also covered with

velvet, had been erected under the organ loft. The singers stood on one; the orchestra, which never stopped playing, on the other.

Just as there are concertos for violins or other instruments, here they perform concertos for voices: one voice – the soprano, for instance – predominates and sings a solo while, from time to time, the choir joins in and accompanies it, always supported, of course, by the full orchestra. The effect is wonderful.

All good days must come to an end and so must these notes. In the evening we got to the opera house, where *I litiganti** was being given, but we were so sated with good things that we passed it by.

23 November

Useful as I find my incognito, I must not forget the fate of the ostrich who believed that he could not be seen when he buried his head in the sand. While sticking to it on principle, there are occasions when I must relax my role. I was not unwilling to meet Prince Liechtenstein, the brother of Countess Harrach, since I have the greatest regard for her, and I have dined several times at his house. I soon realized, however, that my surrender to his invitations would have further consequences, and so it did. I had heard in advance about the Abbate Monti and his tragedy *Aristodemo*, which was soon to be performed, and I had been told that the author had expressed a wish to read it to me and get my opinion. Without actually refusing, I did nothing about it, but at last I met the poet and one of his friends at the Prince's house, where the play was read aloud.

The hero, as you know, is a king of Sparta who, to satisfy various conscientious scruples, commits suicide. It was tactfully insinuated that the author of *Werther* would certainly not resent finding that some passages from his admirable book had been used in the play. So, even within the walls of Sparta, I was not to be allowed to escape the angry manes of that unfortunate young man.

The work reveals a remarkable talent. It moves simply and quietly, and both the sentiments and the language, strong but

* *Tra i due litiganti il terzo gode*. Operetta by Giambattista Lorenzi.