

One of the most important guidebooks of the period was written by a Catholic Grand Tourist whose piety was also in evidence. Henry Swinburne (1743-1803), author of *Travels in the Two Sicilies in the years 1777, 1778, 1779 and 1780*, was the fourth son of Sir John Swinburne of Capheaton Hall, Northumberland. He was educated in Europe and his writings played an important part in disseminating information for travellers in southern Europe, especially Italy. He met and married his wife in France, where she had been educated by Ursuline nuns. The eldest daughter of Henry and Martha Swinburne, also called Martha, died age 9 in September 1778 while travelling in Rome with her parents. She was buried in the chapel of the English College where she is commemorated by a bust carved by the fashionable Irish sculptor Christopher Hewetson, and an extravagant memorial tablet, criticized by Fr. John Thorpe for its lack of religion, which reads:

Martha Swinburne born October 10 1769. Her years were few but her life was long and full. She spoke English, French and Italian and had made some progress in the Latin tongue; knew her English and Roman histories, arithmetic and geography, sang the most difficult music at sight with one of the finest voices in the world, was a great proficient of the harpsichord, wrote well, and danced many sorts of dances with strength and elegance. her face was beautiful and majestic, her body a perfect model and all her motions graceful. her docility and alacrity in doing everything to make her parents happy could only be equalled by her sense and aptitude. With so many perfections, amidst the praises of all persons from the sovereign down to the beggar in the street, her heart was incapable of vanity; affectation and arrogance were unknown to her. Her beauty and accomplishments rendered her the admiration of all beholders, the love of all those that enjoyed her company. Think then, what the pangs of her wretched parents must be on so cruel a separation. Their only comfort is the certitude of her being completely happy beyond the reach of pain, and forever freed from all miseries of this life. She can never feel the torments they endure for the loss of a beloved child. Blame them not for indulging an innocent pride in transmitting her memory to posterity as a honour to her family and to her native country, England Let this plain character pinned by her disconsolate father, draw a tear of pity from every eye that peruses it.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christopher_Hewetson