

By May B. Welch

(1)

n.d.

A N A F T E R N O O N I N I T A L Y .

*Evening*

An afternoon is a short time to spend in any country, is it not? But after all it is better than nothing, and if I can succeed in giving you just a few bright pictures of sunny and beautiful Italy in the time set apart for my talk, I shall be sure, at least, to create in you a desire to see it for yourself. I do not speak as an experienced traveller. I have nothing profound or learned to offer you. Our <sup>*Evening*</sup> Afternoon in Italy will be rather a social diversion--a sort of a garden party where congenial friends meet and gaily wander from one bed of flowers to another, delighting in the beauty of each, plucking a rose here and a lily there, inhaling now the sweet fragrance of the violets, and now the delicious aroma of some blossoming shrub, and when the sun goes down <sup>*hour is spent*</sup> say, 'good bye,' and go home with a mind full of pleasant memories, though not a scientific fact has been demonstrated or a new truth discovered. )

*(Begin here)* We sailed November 12, 1892 from New York directly for Genoa on the fine ship Kaiser Wilhelm of the North German Lloyd Line,

and let me say in passing, that is altogether the easiest and  
 pleasantest way to make the trip to Italy. It takes about twelve <sup>days</sup>  
<sup>ocean travel</sup> to be sure, but two or three of those days are spent on the Mediter-  
 ranean, in sight of land most of the time, and I am sure no sail of  
 equal length anywhere can offer greater beauty or greater variety  
 than the one from Gibraltar to Genoa. A stop of several hours  
 was made at Gibraltar and all passengers who desired were allowed  
 to visit the place. I have no picture in my memory more vivid  
 and charming than that of the two hours we spent in the old town.  
 We went ashore in one of the small boats that swarmed about the  
 Kaiser Wilhelm like gnats about an elephant. The bay was full  
 of the ships of many nations, each flying its own flag, and each  
 manned by sailors in the dress peculiar to their own people. The  
 day was perfect -- like an ideal day here. <sup>in my Cal. home</sup> Indeed the sky and all  
 the coloring reminded me at once of Southern California. The clim-  
 mate seemed the same <sup>too</sup> -- sunny yet cool, with an atmosphere peculiar-  
 ly clear and radiant. The approach to the city was magnificent.  
 The great rock frowned down on us, looking indeed like a huge lion  
 guarding the way, but below all was so gay and sunny and delightful  
 it was easy to forget its bloody history, and fancy that the grim

fortress built along <sup>the</sup> steep and rugged sides was intended only as a garrison for idle soldiers in times of peace. The town was curious and picturesque beyond description. The burros~~s~~ made me think again of California, but the turbaned Moors, the English soldiers, the bob-tailed ponies, the ridiculous one-horse carriages with their white calash like tops, the market and the shops were unlike anything I had ever seen before. We left Gibraltar about noon on Monday. We had an excellent view of the African coast for some hours, and Spain was clearly visible all day Tuesday. We passed the Balearic Islands that day too, near enough to get a good view of them, and Wednesday we rode all day along the coast of Southern France. The Mediterranean was literally as smooth as glass, and the views were enchanting. We passed Cannes, Monte Carlo, Mentone, San Remo and Nice, as well as numberless Mediaeval villages nestled against the mountains and grouped below a central castle like those on the Rhine. And all these were thrown into bold relief by the superb ranges of snow-capped mountains that rose in stately ranks behind them. ( The Maritime Alps come down <sup>here</sup> to meet the Pyrenees and it is impossible at a distance to tell where one range ends and the other begins. )

We entered the gulf of Genoa, one of the finest harbors in Europe, on Wednesday about sunset, too late to go ashore, as the Custom House closes at six and no one is allowed to land later than that. We were detained the next morning fully two hours by the revenue officers and our experience was both annoying and absurd. Our trunks etc. passed the examination without the least difficulty but our lunch basket got us into a peck of trouble. I am a poor sailor and never go to sea without tea I know I can ~~ix~~ drink, butter warranted to be perfectly sweet, and a relish or two I am likely to enjoy, as these are the points upon which the steamer menu is likely to be defective. When we came into port my husband, with his usual good sense, said "You would better give the lunch basket to the stewardess", but I, with my usual lack of it, ~~said~~ replied, "O, no. We'll want to make a cup of afternoon tea in our room, and we can't get any more of these delicate crackers all the time we're abroad." He yielded, like the patient Benedict he always is on such occasions, and we walked boldly into the lion's den with the precious basket. When the inspector closed the trunks he turned to the basket, opened it, gave an ominous growl, and marched it and my husband off into an inner room and the door closed behind them. A half hour passed and I asked my sister, who

speaks French, to go and see what was the matter. Another half ~~an~~ hour -- no husband, no sister -- what had happened? Our fellow passengers all went to their hotels and I was left alone with a number of strange people who began to look curiously at me. I would have cried had I not been ashamed to. I wished heartily, as I have many times before and since, that I had taken my husband's advice. Another fifteen minutes and finally the door opened and Mr. Welch and sister, excited, laughing, and yet indignant made their ~~appearance~~ exit. "What was the matter?" I cried. "That wretched lunch basket" was the unanimous reply-- "But there was not a single thing in it that had not been opened". "That did not help matters with these thick headed Italians", said my irate spouse, "I tried to give them the whole business but they would'nt take it-- I tried to leave it on the table and walk out but they would'nt let me, and I did not know what was to become of it or me or you until sister came in and found out ~~what~~ they wanted duty on the eatables-- ~~R~~ Duty ! On an ounce of tea and a quarter of a pound of butter? I'd like to make King Humbert a present of a chest of tea and a Jersey cow-- Well I paid a half franc -- 10¢ -- and thought my troubles ended, but apparently they had just begun. We started for the door but no! we were taken into another room before another set of offi-

cial, where with much formality some sort of document was written and handed me. 'Now we're surely through' I thought, 'I've paid my duty, I've got my certificate.' 'Come sister', I said, 'wife will be thoroughly frightened by this time.' Alas! when I turned to the door at least six uniformed officers set up such a chattering and gesturing as I never saw before, and one stood with his back firmly against the door to prevent our escape. Thoroughly bewildered and exceedingly mad, I said to sister, 'What in creation do they want now?' she could hardly speak for laughing but finally gasped out 'a fee for the certificate!' 'How much?'

'Three cents!!' That was the end and now I want you to burn up that basket." Stop here So it was nearly noon when we finally reached our hotel on the Vico Denegri and what do you think its name was? Hotel Smith to be sure -- a common enough name to us, but a very uncommon one in Italy and its owners are extremely proud of it.

The grand father of the present owner was an English sailor who fell in love with and married a pretty Italian girl whose father was an innkeeper. Upon his death the business fell to her. She was a clever woman and attractive enough to win the admiration of Lord Byron, who, you remember, lived for some years at Genoa, and

the father of the present landlord

the father of the present landlord, a strikingly handsome man by the way, is, so the American Consul told us, his son by this Italian woman. Hotel Smith is an old convent, built centuries ago, and but very little changed meantime. I wish I could show you our two immense rooms as they looked to us when we first entered them, with their high beds -- so high that when my husband was ready to retire he used to start from the farther end of the apartment, run with all possible speed, and then give a mighty jump, ~~After~~ bounding two or three times like a rubber ball, he either drew me up by main force ~~after~~ him, or when I did not feel equal to that helped me climb in by the aid of a chair. I wish <sup>I</sup> ~~you~~ could <sup>make you</sup> see the curious tables and chairs, the windows that opened like doors and the doors with enormous brass handles and the queerest of all brass locks, *for no description can anything like do them justice.* But we liked the hotel immensely. There was not an atom of show or style about it, but it was clean and comfortable and the cooking was excellent.

And what shall I tell you about the city? I can only give you a glimpse <sup>of</sup> ~~at~~ two or three characteristic features -- a palace, a church, a garden. As to the city itself, it is built

on the side of a high hill and its streets run up and down in a most amazing tangle. Some of them are so narrow you can scarcely see the sky above, some actually go up-stairs in a truly remarkable way, and some dive down alleys stories below the main street, and it is no uncommon sight to see pack mules, small like our burros, picking their way up and down these stairs with that pathetic expression of solemn resignation so characteristic of their race. Everything is old, crowded, and inconvenient, but the sky is bright, the air is soft and the people vivacious, and seemingly happy. There are comparatively few beggars in Genoa and the streets are crowded with well dressed, prosperous looking people, and the shops are full of beautiful things. ( The weather the first week in Genoa was superb and we, like the rest of the world lived out of doors, wandering about the crooked, up-hill and down-dale streets that are as ~~crooked~~ <sup>narrow</sup> as they are ~~maxxed~~ <sup>tortuous and winding.</sup> crooked. The houses are all built of broken stone or rubble and stuccoed, and they are from five to nine stories high, so you can imagine how dark and gloomy they must be inside. The shops are, in some of the narrower streets simply holes in the wall, many of them lighted only from the door.

There are innumerable ~~street~~ vendors and stalls, and all the common people seem to live on the street. The women knit, the children play and quarrel and cry and eat and sleep there, the men mostly saunter around, and all chatter and pose and gesticulate like so many monkeys. But we must hasten to our Palace or we shall not get out of Genoa before sundown.) Genoa is a city of palaces, some of them magnificent, all of them large and stately. We will go this afternoon to the <sup>evening</sup> ~~Palazzo~~ <sup>Palazzo</sup> Rosso or the Red Palace-- and take a look at a few of the many fine pictures there. We can only glance at the portraits that line the walls, though the best are by Rubens and VanDyck, ~~we~~ We will not stop long even before Titian's Philip Second of Spain, though its fame is world wide, because our time is short and I want to show you Guido Reni's St. Sebastian. I must tell you the truth even though some of you, wiser than I in art, may smile at my lack of judgment. This to me was the picture in the room-- I can see it now, the wonderful boy tied to a tree and pierced with arrows, the head uplifted, and the eyes gazing

heavenward, and the whole expression rapt, sweet and beautiful

*So St. Stephen must have looked when the heavens opened and disclosed to his wondering eyes his beautiful Lord waiting to receive him.*

also

also patrons. Then every nobleman had interest and pride in art, and thought no expenditure too great to bring to his palace a Master, whose brush should immortalize both himself and his patron. There were ignorance and oppression and suffering in those days too. ~~We~~ We live in a better time. The leaven of ~~the~~ Blessed Lord's Gospel had only begun ~~its~~ work then, while now it is slowly but surely permeating <sup>our civilization</sup> ~~the whole lump~~, but we forget the poverty and wretchedness of the masses as we study with enraptured eyes the accumulations of families that were able to attract to themselves the very flower and fruit of all that was most exquisite in painting and sculpture. I began to realize this as we passed from the Palazzo Rosso to the Palazzo Bianca or White Palace, owned by the same family as the Rosso- the famous Brignole-Sale -- to see a loan collection there. Here were gathered many of the treasures of <sup>the</sup> Genoese Nobility, covering every department of art-- Fans and snuff-boxes of priceless value, miniatures and watches, gold and silver plate, both old and beautiful, embroidery and laces and coins, even the court dresses of long dead high born beauties, as well as the ecclesiastical robes of titled priests, cardinals and

popes, on which famous artists had wrought out their best designs. There were jewels also of great value, and crucifixes bearing the image of our Lord, each one a masterpiece of skillful carving -- in ivory, ~~in~~ silver, ebony and pearl. There were cabinets, tables, side boards, and even a pulpit, carved with marvelous patience and wondrous cunning. There were chests of china exquisite in shape and coloring, and paintings innumerable representing almost every school and bearing the names of great masters.

And now let us take a walk and look down on all the palaces from the dome of one of the churches, Santa Maria in Carignano. We climb a high hill, then mount two hundred and forty-nine steps to the highest roof to get a view of the city, the sea, and the surrounding country, and a glorious view it is. The houses as we saw them in the streets below looked like mice and the men like dwarfs, but the Mediterranean seemed more beautiful than ever, and ~~and~~ its shores like the outlines of some enchanted land, and the hills in the distance were radiant with the same beauty that crowns the mountains about <sup>my own city of</sup> Los Angeles when the afternoon sun shines on ~~it~~ them.

We looked down on the **tops** of the tallest houses many feet below us. On each flat roof was a garden with men and women working ~~am~~ among the plants, <sup>and</sup> children playing, <sup>in</sup> ~~and~~ little bowers <sup>that</sup> were built there covered with vines and enclosing benches like our arbors at home. It is a curious sight to see orange trees, yellow with fruit growing on house roofs high up among the steeples.

\* [The Church of San Lorenzo is one of the most interesting in Genoa. It was several generations ~~in~~ building and ~~so~~ its architecture is rather mixed, so say the critics, but the two magnificent lions that lie on the right and left of the steps that lead to the main entrance are modern enough to be very life-like — I liked <sup>and have brought them here for you to see -</sup> them so much I bought their pictures. The most wonderful things inside the church are the relics in the treasury. In the first place we ~~were~~ shown a large green crystal bowl, richly decorated with silver, out of which, the priest told us, Christ and the apostles ate the Paschal Lamb, and in which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught a few drops of blood at the crucifixion. It is enclosed in an ~~enormous~~ immense silver receptacle, and guarded with reverent care. Did you ever hear that John the Baptist was cremated? He must have been, for we were shown a silver casket containing



very extensive and the walks form a perfect labarynth. They are laid out after the most formal and artificial manner of landscape gardening, with all sorts of unexpected turns and some surprise cunningly contrived at every turn-- here a marble temple, there a Chinese pagoda, on one side a Turkish mosque, on the other a Pompeian summer-house, and a little farther on a grotto. All the time the ground rises, and following the path one gets frequent and lovely views of the outlying country, the sea, <sup>and</sup> Genoa in the distance. Following <sup>a broad</sup> ~~the~~ path, easy of ascent, we found at the summit an exact fac-simile of ~~the~~ ruins of an old castle, apparently abandoned just after a destructive ~~seige~~ <sup>siege</sup>. We were fully repaid for climbing <sup>the</sup> winding, broken stone steps to the battlement above by the glorious view of land and sea that lay before us. On one side rose lofty hills, terraced to their very tops and covered with grape vines, with here and there a Villa set in the midst of a beautiful garden. On the very sharpest point of the highest hill was a fine stone church-- a pilgrimage church, the guide told us-- It looked as ~~tho~~ though a strong wind would surely blow it ~~down~~ off into the valley below. On the other side rolled the iridescent waters of the Mediterranean, the shore thick set with villages at every curve, and Genoa rising above the waves, a very Queen in her beauty. We un-

derstood then as we had not before the appropriat<sup>e</sup>ness of the title  
 given her by those who love her -- "La Superba." We took another  
 path down the hill, past thick plantings of camellias just coming  
 into bloom, rhododendrons, still in flower, but past~~ed~~ their first  
 richness of color, pine trees the growth of centuries, live oaks ~~x~~  
 royal in siz~~e~~ and proportions, and groves of Egyptian cherry trees,  
 bearing in rich profus~~ion~~ dark red berries much resembling the  
 strawberry in siz~~e~~ and shape, and white also with clusters of  
 blossoms that reminded us of the lily of the valley. Orange trees  
 were growing in every sunny exposure. Their dark green leaves  
 and yellow fruit made a beautiful picture whether trained high  
 above us against a southern wall, or growing after their own sweet  
 will in some warm nook open to the sunsh<sup>i</sup>ne below. About half  
 way down the hill, turning a sharp corner, we came unexpectedly  
 upon a grotto. The guide lighted a taper and we groped our way  
 after him through a tunnel-like opening and quickly emerged into a  
 spacious cavern hung thick with stalactites, and with here and there  
 a peep through some half-concealed opening into the world outside.  
 Following our guide with round-eyed wonder, we suddenly heard the  
 sound of rippling water and soon after reached a subterranean lake

of considerable proportions gliding between pillars of stone rising from the water, or through galleries formed by immense stalactites pendent from the roof. Then peering through the dim light into the open spaces beyond, we recognized the dip of oars, and to our amazement a beautiful gondola, the prow carved to simulate a swan with outstretched wings, drew up to a concealed landing place and we embarked for a ride. The oarsman was old and wrinkled and bent, the water was dark, the place weird and dismal. "It is the river Styx", I whispered <sup>to my husband</sup>, "and this is Charon. I hope heaven is on the other side". Now pushing the boat away from pillar and stalactite with an iron shod staff, like an alpen stock, and now rowing where the space was broad enough, old Charon soon propelled us into the heart of the lake. He then guided the boat toward a point where a ray of light gleamed over the water and soon we glided from the somber gloom of the grotto into the most brilliant sunshine upon the bosom of another lake. In the centre stood a temple of Parian marble, enclosing a fine statue of Diana, her quiver slung on her back, while a circle of white marble mermaids stood guard outside. Moored in the lake near by was a boat so ornate in finish and decoration and so luxurious in all its appointments we asked what it

was. "For the Pallavicini's " said the guide. ] A graceful bridge spanned the lake, upon which we landed. In the centre was a swing, and the unfortunate who chanced to try it, touched a hidden spring in the seat, which opened a jet of water that poured a shower bath over him. As we followed the path still farther down the hill we saw a merry-go-round, and a set of flying horses, and all the way down vistas were cut through that afforded enchanting views.

*Begin here*  
 I wish I could tell you about our journey to Rome, the comical Scotchman, who with his wife, her maid and her parrot enlivened the way, about Pisa and its leaning towers, and about the white marble mountains of Carrara that seemed to glide by us like giant ghosts, but my hour is nearly ~~is nearly~~ half gone already, and there are so many things I want to show you in Rome--<sup>The sights will all be old--</sup> possibly very familiar to some of you-- I can tell you nothing new about them except the impression they made on me. ~~It is~~ not one of the marvels of creative power that no two of us are exactly alike and no two points of view quite correspond? I have never found my double-- have you yours? *End here*

We will go to St. Peter's of course, but only for a brief visit. There is the Pope to see, and St. Angelo, and the Catacombs-- (a procession, an illumination, and the animals to bless.) But the pictures--

es, you say, the churches, the palaces, the Pincio, the fountains, can we not see them? Yes-- they are all there. You can go and see them. They are well worth the time money and trouble it will cost, but it will take many <sup>Evenings</sup> afternoons, and I cannot show them to you now.

*We went first, of course, to St. Peters.*

I was prepared to find ~~St. Peters~~ large but at first I was disappointed. We walked about rather aimlessly for a time, guide book in hand, then went to the centre of the nave, stood still for many minutes looking forward to the altar, and back to the door, and then down as many aisles as were in view, and just let the effect grow. It began to take hold of me after a bit and every time I went to St. Peters there after it became more and more impressive both as a whole and in detail. We wandered quietly about the entire morning, stopping <sup>now</sup> to listen to the music in one of the chapels where high mass was being solemnized, and now to look at some tomb, or statue, or picture, and now just to drink in with increasing satisfaction the wonderful effect of the whole scene. It was the feast of <sup>St</sup> John the ~~Baptist~~ Evangelist and large numbers of devout Romanists were worshiping at the different altars. They were distinctively the common people. and it was so in every church we visited.

It is now as it was in Christ's day. It is the common people who hear the word gladly, now as when St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called", and I do not wonder, do you, that the poor, the toiling, and the lonely ones hear gladly? This world has given them so little, and heaven offers them so much. Thank God that Christ came to preach the Gospel to the poor.

We looked long at Canova's lions lying at the base of the tomb of Clement 13th., one awake and on guard, the other asleep <sup>Worn out - by</sup> apparently ~~after~~ long watching. What power they suggest and what a vivid contrast between that power awake and active in the one and asleep and latent in the other-- the one awake to the very tip of his tail, the other asleep in every nerve and muscle, but each every inch a lion. There at the feet of the dead Pope they crouch, evolved by Canova's art from shapeless blocks of marble and endowed by him with a quality of living majesty and force positively thrilling. (Canova has long been dead but he will never be forgotten while these lions remain in St. Peters as a witness to his genius.) Turning from the lions we walked to the old bronze statue of St. Peter and tried to understand the lesson ~~he~~ teaches, as he sits with his right foot forward, its toes polished and worn by the kiss-

es of generations of believers. The ugly figure, modeled, it is said, in the thirteenth century, speaks eloquently of the fact that <sup>some sort</sup> religious faith is a vital necessity of the soul, and also, it seems to me, that to the rank and file of ignorant humanity who have no time to think but still must worship, something tangible is a stimulant to devotion. Let us not despise that in the poor peasant which comforts his soul when he kisses the toe of St. Peter, or gives him courage to drag on under his weary load of daily toil and want when he kneels at the altar before the uplifted host, tho' we give thanks that we have been born to a freer and nobler religious inheritance, and have learned to seek our inspiration directly from its divine source. These were ~~the two~~ most intense impressions produced by my first visit to St. Peters. \

From St. Peters to the Pope is an easy and natural transition, so I will take you next to the Vatican to see a papal ceremony. We managed to get, through the kindness of Major Walker, a brother-in-law of James G. Blaine, and himself a Romanist, tickets to witness the progress of the Pope through the Sala Regia, or Royal Hall, into one of the numerous chapels in the Vatican, to hold a Consistory at which several new-made cardinals were to be invested with their official hats and robes. The instructions on the ticket informed

us that every woman must wear a black dress and a veil and all men must appear in dress coats. A too knowing friend told my husband that a frock coat would do, and as the day was ~~a~~ bitter cold and ~~h~~ his dress coat was cut to wear with an open vest, he decided to risk so small an infringement of the rules. By the way, his ticket admitted him into the very inner penetralia, the chapel itself, so we were obliged to enter by separate doors, and did not meet again until after our return to our hotel. My ticket passed me in at the royal staircase, or Scala Regia, and, following the throng, I, like every one else, left my outer wraps in charge of a liveried servant in the corridor, and went on up the magnificent staircase brilliant with lines of gorgeously dressed guards standing on either side. An imposing functionary stood at the top of the stairs and indicated the door through which we were to enter the apartment where we should see the Pope on his way to the consistory. The line of procession was marked by double lines of <sup>the</sup> Swiss Guard in the red and ~~x~~ yellow uniform designed by Michael Angelo. The immense hall was already well filled but we found standing room and settled ourselves ~~res~~ as comfortably as possible until His Holiness should appear. We must have waited an hour but the time passed quickly watching the people-- a motley throng such as one sees nowhere except at

Rome. There was the usual sprinkling of Americans, English and every other nationality under the sun, and now we saw for<sup>r</sup>the first time a fine representation of the upper ten of Rome. The men were in full dress and many of them wore handsome decorations glittering with jewels, such as medals, or crosses, or other device, held in place by colored ribbons. They were as a rule exceptionally handsome, with features clear cut like cameos, and noble heads, ~~was~~ worthy of the Caesars. They were accompanied by dark-eyed women ~~whose~~ whose expression and manner were unmistakably patrician. Groups of the various orders of priests and nuns and students, each with <sup>its</sup> ~~their~~ distinctive dress, one red, another white, others purple, or blue, or black, added color and variety to the scene. There was much passing to and fro of all sorts of sumptuously arrayed ecclesiastical or military dignitaries, and sometimes a sharp word of command was heard, and for a moment there would be <sup>a</sup> breathless hush of eager expectancy, then the hum of voices would begin again and the rustle of restless movement. Finally I heard from every side Ecco! Ecco! and looking, as I saw all other eyes were looking, toward the scarlet curtain that hung before a door at the farther end of the hall I beheld two huge fans of brilliant whiteness, each snowy plume tipped with a peacock's feather. Now a hoarse murmur was

heard in the distance-- it swelled to full volume-- I could think of nothing but the roar of a mighty wind-- "Long live the Pope"-- "Long live His Holiness"-- "Long live His Royal Mightiness" , were the cries that filled the air. They were taken up by every voice, handkerchiefs waved, crosses, relics of various kinds, rosaries innumerable, and all sorts of things were held up to be blessed, every one stood on tiptoe, except the faithful who reverently knelt <sup>and</sup> excitement , even awe was written on every face. The enthusiasm was infectious. I could not withstand it myself and I am a little ashamed to confess that, sincere protestant as I am , my handkerchief too was in the air, the tears were in my eyes, my heart was beating fast. Onward came the nodding plumes, <sup>no</sup> one looks now at gorgeously attired guard, or ~~at~~ scarlet cardinal, or purple-robed archbishop. The Pope is coming in his chair of state, borne on ~~x~~ the shoulders of stout men, preceded by mediaeval halberdiers with battle-ax in hand, and followed by his guard. He is old and tremulous, and white. The pallor of death is on his face, but he smiles as the cheers rise to greet him, and stretches out his hand <sup>in</sup> to blessing then sinks back in his chair apparently faint and sick, his lips moving as though in prayer for strength to smile upon and bless the

waiting, cheering throng again. It was a moving sight-- sad and pitiful beyond description, the faint sweet smile, the patient endurance, the evident feebleness and suffering, in contrast with the royal pomp and ceremony, the homage of the people, and the huzzas that filled the air. I could not think of the religious autocracy he stands for, or its deadly influence on ever nation it dominates, I could only ~~see~~ the man, old and broken and feeble. In a moment more he has passed into the chapel beyond, and a new movement in the throng succeeds. He will come again in another hour", whispered an Englishwoman who had an excellent position on a bench near me, "We are going home, and if your party choose to wait you shall have our places". We accepted the kind offer and waited to see again the same procession, to hear the vivas, to look once more on the poor thin face, the flickering smile, the deadly pallor, the uplifted tremulous hand, and then we hurried home. I wondered if my husband would be there, and I could hardly wait to hear his story of the ceremonial of the inner room. But, alas! having not worn his dress coat, he was refused admittance and had come directly home, nursing his wrath against the officious meddler who had assured him it was not necessary. But Major Walker came again to

the rescue and ~~in~~ a few days later gave him tickets for another ceremonial, ~~the~~ beatification of a new saint, so he finally saw the pope in even more gorgeous array than I.]

The castle of St. Angelo is but a few blocks from St. Peters and the Vatican, on the same side of the Tiber. We went there one morning and I am going to tell you about it chiefly that I may introduce you to an Italian guide. He took us in charge upon our arrival at the castle. He was an old man, fat, ugly, and with an indescribable expression as though he had dined and supped on horrors, and found them awfully indigestible. He wore a cloak of course-- and like all other Italian men he knew how to wear it. He was altogether the most remarkable thing about the castle so you will pardon me if I speak of him in detail. We suspected ~~before~~ before we got thro<sup>ugh</sup> with him that he was an escaped lunatic. Never on any tragic stage did actor rant or strut or rave with greater fury and abandon than did he. When we entered any room where an execution or a murder had taken place he fairly gl<sup>o</sup>ted over the dreadful details. He would not speak a word of English but he never failed to make us understand the exact manner of the taking off, and <sup>the</sup> disposition of the body. If the murder were by strangulation, he simulated it to the last breath, accompanying the final struggle with a

frightful whistling sound that rings in my ears yet, ~~if~~ <sup>if</sup> beheading, an expressive gesture told the story. We could hardly get him away from the cell of Beatrice Cenci he took such fiendish delight in showing us every incident ~~of~~ her life and suffering there. He laid himself down on her bed and made it clear to us that she slept there, (O, shade of beautiful, unhappy Beatrice!) by vigorous snor- es that made the echoes ring. That we might realize that at a cer- tain table she was given her food, he chewed with audible accompan- iment. He writhed and groaned to impress her tortures upon our horrified attention. He served up popes, authors, soldiers and artists in the same lugubrious style until we <sup>were</sup> fairly surfeited with tragedies. He took us everywhere. That we refused to follow and implored him by gestures to take us away from the scene of all this suffering to a pleasanter part of the castle made no whit of difference. He had us in his power. We could not find our way back without him. We must go where he chose to take us. The only way we tired him out at last, was by seeming perfectly insensible to his raving. As soon as he perceived he had <sup>be</sup> exhausted our suscep- tibilities ~~then~~ he was willing to lead us away from dungeons and cells and cruel oubliettes up the winding stairs into the blessed

light of day. We emerged on the roof whence a fine view of the city is to be seen, and waited there for the great black ball in the distance to drop, at which signal the cannon below boomed forth a notice to all the town that twelve o'clock had struck. We were prepared for what was coming as our guide had pointed ~~to~~ out the ball, showed us the cannon ~~in~~ the court below and imitated its sound in the most realistic way. I am afraid that Castle St. Angelo brings the guide more forcibly to my mind as I remember it than it does the *hi*story it stands for. Its story is almost the story of Rome. The original structure (~~was finished one hundred and forty years after Christ~~) the foundation of which still stands at the base of the present building, *was finished one hundred and forty years A.D.* Hadrian built it for an Imperial tomb, and such indeed it was for many years, then the grave was rifled of its dead, what was meant for a last resting place for departed greatness, became a fortress, and has ever since remained a battle ground for restless ambition and a centre of busy life. How to-day ever mocks the plans of yesterday and proves each new morning that "man proposes but God disposes".

Shortly after our visit to St. Angelo came Epiphany and the procession of the Bambino at the church of Ara-Coeli.

The Bambino is a wooden image of the Christ child of great antiquity and much revered by the common people. It is the chief treasure of this church, one of the oldest in Rome. It is reputed to have wrought wondrous miracles of healing and is fairly ablaze with jewels, the gifts of those who have, as they believe, been cured of various diseases by its miraculous power. At Christmas ~~it~~ is taken with imposing ceremonies from the church treasury and placed in the arms of an image of the virgin mother in one of the chapels, where it remains until Epiphany, when, with equally gorgeous ceremonies, it is returned to the treasury to remain there until the following Christmas.

We climbed the one hundred and twenty stone steps leading to the church and then turned to look back. I thought of Christ driving the money changers from the temple and overturning the tables of those that sold doves. The steps and various platforms and all the piazza or square below were ~~all~~ like a fair. There were all sorts of vendors, each shouting his wares as only an Italian street seller can shout. Pictures of the Bambino, toys, colored balloons, handkerchiefs, cravats, oranges and other fruits and matches were a few of the many things for sale. On one side were the steps leading up to the capitol, rich with

rich with statuary and richer still in historic association, and below was the piazza, one moving mass of humanity. Cab drivers were calling for customers, elegant carriages with high stepping horses whose gold and silver mounted harnesses gleamed in the sunshine stood near, beggars whined, imploring with outstretched hand a sou for the love of Mary, peasants laughed and chattered and gesticulated, their black eyes glowing like coals of fire under their finely arched eyebrows, children were darting about everywhere, climbing the steps or sitting down on them to rest, now under your feet, always in the way, but never quite trodden on, crying, laughing, begging, eating, tooting furiously on long tin trumpets, hugging ~~their~~ pictures of the Bambino tight in their chubby arms -- oh, the children-- how many there are in Italy, how pretty they are, how ragged and dirty, what persistent and wheedling little beggars they are, how charming, how disagreeable, how pitiful, all in the same breath.

We entered the church, where thronging through the door and inside we found the same struggling, restless crowd, and still the children were everywhere. The chapel, where the gorgeously decorated Bambino was exposed to view, held aloft by the virgin mother,

was literally a battle ground of the innocents, for here the little ones pushed, pulled and fought for some coign of vantage whence they might see the sacred image. Three or four had climbed into the holy water fount, they were astride of marble pillars and perched on the statues of departed saints. Their shrill voices could be heard framing various petitions to the wooden image, their little faces full of awe. There were also a number of crippled, sick children, their pathetic, moving lips evidently praying for relief from their infirmities. Christ, remembering His own childhood, must have looked down on them with pity. His "little ones" are always precious in His sight. We worked our way towards the high altar where the vesper service was being sung, hoping to get near enough to the central aisle to command a good view of the procession as it bore the Bambino back to its place of deposit in the church treasury. We were in the midst of a genuine Italian crowd. I managed to find footing, my husband by my side, on the second step leading up to the chancel rail, and while we waited I watched the people. They were ~~all~~ well worth watching. Each group was <sup>like</sup> a highly colored picture. At my left, seated at the base of a marble pillar, sat two old crones enjoying, I am sure, some delicious bit of

of gossip. How they talked, nodding<sup>ing</sup> vehemently now and then at some particularly spicy detail, using their hands as much as their ~~ton-~~  
 *tongues*, and perfectly oblivious to their surroundings. Yonder in front of me stood a group of peasants, with gay petticoats and bright kercheifs and white headdresses. My husband touched my shoulder and whispered, "How would you like to meet those two fellows on a dark night in a lonely street?" I looked, and if appearances are not altogether deceitful, a brace of thorough-going desperadoes stood right in front of me. They were heavy browed, black eyed, swarthy men, dirty, scowling and ragged, yet picturesque withal, and handsome after their kind. Their shirts were partly open in front; they wore full circular cloaks, stained and <sup>a</sup> wether-worn, partially draped over the left shoulder, but falling low enough in front to show their bronzed throats. I wondered why they were at church, and I wondered also whether they really were as bad as they looked. <sup>Turning</sup> ~~Looking away~~ from these, my eyes next fell on a company of students in dark blue cassocks with light blue trimmings, expressions serious and devout, faces rather heavy. Near by was a group of nuns, standing like statues, each with ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> rosary in hand, and next to them in strongest possible contrast, stood an

officer, his dark blue uniform bright with scarlet and silver trimmings, an orderly by his side. There were also plenty of Americans and English with their Baedekers under their arms, looking with all their eyes, bound like ourselves to take in as much as possible.

Now the organ notes grew fainter and the chorus softer. A large blue banner appeared in the side aisle, priests in blue, each wearing a large medallion picture of the Bambino, moved slowly after it, small boys, each with a taper taller than himself, came next; then a glistening silver banner; more priests, this time in grey; more tapers, companies of theological students from the different colleges of the propoganda in blue, in scarlet, in purple, and in black, each with a huge wax candle marched after. A hush has come over the whole expectant throng. The two old women have risen to their feet and are craning their necks like the rest of us. At a signal a crash of music from a band in front burst forth. Down the aisle marched the imposing procession, stepping like soldiers to the beat of drum and call of trumpet, to the chapel where the Bambino stood in his mother's arms. <sup>The image</sup> It is removed, placed in the centre of the procession, and on it goes, out of the door, across the platform in front of the church, the Bambino held up for the adoration of the multitudes that crowd the steps and fill the piazza

below, in at the opposite aisle to the altar, out again following the same course to the centre aisle, down to the altar, up the steps and behind the altar, out of sight . And then we hurried out to get ahead of the rush The sun was setting and the sky was brilliant with pink and purple, the air suffused with color, then the glow faded , the street lamps were lighted, night had come, and we were glad to hasten home.

( The next religious ceremony we attended was quite a different affair as you will see. We went January 17th. to the ~~ch-~~ church of Santa Anastasia to see the animals blessed. This used to be done at the church of S. Antonio Abbate and was for many years a great day in Rome. Even the horses of the Pope, Prince Borghese and other Roman nobles were sent annually to San Antonio for a ~~xxx~~ blessing . This was supposed to exempt them from accidents and disease for the ensuing year. It is no longer so generally observed, but the farmers and peasants still bring their domestic animals to the church and we wanted to see the strange sight. I have said nothing as yet about the beggars of Rome. It would take a week to tell you all I suffered at their hands. They were always with us and always a nuisance. This afternoon , as usual they were

out in force and when we arrived at the church the entrance was ~~fa~~ fairly blockaded by them. On either side of the door sat, in a ~~str~~ straight row on wooden chairs six beggar women. Each had brought ~~h~~ her work, each meant business. No matter how much their knitting or their gossip engaged them, let an American or an Englishwoman approach, every hand was outstretched, every face lengthened and took on a mournful look of eager appeal, ~~every~~ voice assumed a professional whine. The animals came by ones and twos, few and far between while we were there and the whole thing was indescribably dreary and absurd. A pair of horses, a donkey and a colt were all we ~~st~~opped to see. A priest ~~stood~~ stood in the door in full canonicals, an assistant by his side. The animal was brought before him. From the book in his hand he read rapidly in a humdrum way-- what nobody could tell. I doubt if he knew or cared himself. Before he had quite finished in one case three young priests passed up the ~~x~~ steps beside him and on into the church. They were evidently acquaintances for a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders and a knowing smile passed between them. Before the ceremony was completed each time, the priest liberally sprinkled the animal undergoing the operation with holy water, using a large asperge, or sprinkler

handed him by his assistant from a bowl filled with the sacred fluid. Then a paper-- a certificate promising health and prosperity to the brute I suppose-- was handed the person bringing it, a coin was put in the hand of the assistant in exchange, and the mummery was over.. Holy water you see is not like the fountain described by <sup>a</sup>Isiah where one may buy without money and without pride . It seemed however to have an exhilarating effect on the colt. He was gayly decorated with ribbons his tail being tied into a particularly brilliant knot, and as he turned he capered and kicked so vigorously the by-standers scattered to right and left and his leader had a hard time to hold him. He seemed relieved to be done with the job. It reminded us of the story, we had read in Hare before going to the ceremony, of a countryman who took his horse to the priest and then, with perfect faith in the efficacy of the blessing set off from the church at a furious gallop. Before he was out of sight the horse stumbled and ~~both~~ beast and rider rolled over in the dirt. Both got to their feet however , seemingly none the worse for the tumble, and the quick witted priest shouted to the bystanders, "See there, if I had'nt blessed that horse he and his owner would have broken their necks" . There's nothing like being able to take advantage of an awkward situation, is there ?

*Evening**The Procession*

*But X*  
 If we go to Naples at all this afternoon I must leave the Appian  
~~at Epiphany, the Blessing of the Animals,~~  
 Way, the Catacombs, the illumination at the Gesu and numberless  
 other interesting things until another time. X

We left Rome about noon for Naples, a ride of from five to ten hours according to the train you take, It is needless to say we took the five hour train. Upon arriving at the station in Rome we were glad to find Mr. Powell, the M.E. Pastor of the mission ~~in~~ church there, and Mr. Vital, a converted Capucin monk, assistant pastor, waiting to see us off. Mr Vital was a young man, with all the courtly manners of an Italian gentleman. He spoke fairly good English but occasionally made amusing mistakes. A young lady from Brooklyn was in our party to whom he was agonizingly polite. After we were seated in our compartment, he came rushing into the car with an umbrella she had left in the waiting room, and making a beautiful bow he said with decided accent accompanied by the most insinuating smile, "Mademoiselle do you belong to zees ombrello?"

The train was much crowded and we had in our carriage as traveling companions an Italian officer, a young and gorgeous, and a civilian, plain and bald headed.

The scenery was lovely and constantly changing. First there was the campagna with its tombs and ruins, its scattered farms, its groups of long horned cattle, its flocks of sheep, and every now and then a hunter carrying a gun and followed by a dog, and always in the distance the mountains, on one side of the road covered with snow, and on the other sloping gently down to fertile upland farms and vineyards. Then came numerous towns and villages, some of them most picturesque. We passed several pilgrimage churches, <sup>each</sup> perched on the very top of some high hill, the way up its rugged sides, a path sufficiently difficult to constitute ample penance for a grave offense. Monasteries were also plentiful, and we never neared a village that we did not see groups of priests, and often companies of peasants in bright colored costumes were working in the fields -- and donkeys -- of course wherever there were peasants and wherever there were villages there were donkeys carrying loads bigger than themselves, or dragging carts so heavy-laden we wondered how the poor little creatures were able to keep their feet, to say nothing of making any progress. All the time I was in Italy I expected <sup>someday</sup> to see the <sup>Cart with its tremendous load</sup> load go flying back to the ground behind and <sup>the donkey off his feet and suspending him in the air -</sup> the donkey suspended in the air. I hoped if <sup>it</sup> did happen the

harness would break and the donkey run away so far he never could be found and made to work again. And then as we approached Naples in the early gloaming we got our first view of Vesuvius, near Teamo about forty miles away. Sister discovered it first and there was at once a great excitement in the car. The soldier and the civilian had both kept up a desultory conversation with those of <sup>our party</sup> us who could speak French, and when sister said, "O! there's Vesuvius" both exclaimed, "Impossible!" But it was Vesuvius, and it was spouting smoke exactly as it used to in my geography when I was a child, and as the darkness deepened we amused ourselves watching for the red glare that at intervals lighted the crater and set the sky on fire. "There did you see that?" "That was splendid." "How magnificent"! "There it goes again." We said in quick succession. And then we came to Naples. The cabmen shouted, the porters called after us, the beggars begged, but we calmly followed the hotel portiere to a carriage and went at once to the rooms we had engaged at Hotel Parker, ordered a fire, ate our dinner, and went to bed. The next day it rained, but the day following <sup>it was bright so</sup> we started for Vesuvius. We left the hotel at nine o'clock sharp, at a brisk trot, in a carriage drawn by three horses harnessed abreast, whirled ~~in~~ down the hill into the lower town and then commenced the gradual

ascent, through the older and poorer part of the city to the foot  
 of the Volcano. For Naples stretches in long and narrow streets a-  
 long the bay clear to the base of Vesuvius. We had heard often  
 that Naples was the dirtiest and most crowded city in Italy and ~~x~~  
 after that ride we thoroughly believed it. We saw all the sights  
 we have read about since our childhood but never imagined <sup>to be</sup> liter-  
 ally true-- streets swarming with squalid men, women and children,  
 doing everything that ever is done, in broad daylight, in the face  
 of every passer by. We saw girls knitting, sewing, eating, dress-  
 ing, on the sidewalk, old women with distaff and spindle, men  
 gambling sitting around small tables just outside the door, child-~~ren~~  
 squatted in the middle of the walk playing and quarreling, women  
 calmly combing their hair, mothers examining their children's  
 heads for vermin, nursing their babies or administering corporal  
 punishment-- all these and a thousand times more right on the street,  
 And every door was open~~ed~~, and though it seemed that all Naples  
 was outside, every miserable den was even more crowded than the  
 street. Such homes-- God pity the poor wretches that live in ~~th~~  
 them! They were for the most part a step or two below the level  
 of the street, and the door was often the only means by which

light or fresh air could enter . No wonder they kept them open. The floors were of brick and as a rule , filthy beyond description. The space next the door was often a little shop of some kind, in a dark corner would be a bed or a pile of dirty mattresses while a chair or two , a table, a lamp, a picture of the Virgin with a holy water font below, a stray chicken or two, sometimes a few geese and in one case a pig, completed the furnishing of the room. There seemed to be at least twenty persons for every such room . We saw flocks of goats, oh so many , being driven from door to door to be milked, and cows, each with a young calf harnessed to her side going <sup>also</sup> ~~along~~ their daily rounds, dispensing their lacteal fluid as they went. And we saw also every sort of vehicle and every sort of team. An ox in the centre, a good sized horse on one side and a small donkey on the other was one outfit, and an ox and two horses was a common affair , while horses and mules harnessed together, tandem ~~and~~, three abreast, and every other imaginable way were as numerous as the leaves on the trees. And oh! the beggars! from babies just learning to walk to decrepit old men and women wrinkled and toothless and bent, from strong active young men and

women to cripples of every phase of deformity. What is to be the future of a country where a tendency to beggary is drawn in with the mother's milk, so that the first conscious volition on the part of a baby is to stretch forth its little hand to beg? where the prattle of infancy is exchanged for a beggar's whine, where the boys turn handsprings, not as our children <sup>play</sup>, because they are young and frolicsome, but to extract a coin from the traveler's pocket, and what must be the morals of a peasantry whose homes are what we saw that day, whose girls know not the meaning of modesty, whose boys know not the discipline of honest industry?

The ride up the mountain was delightful, the air was soft and balmy, so we did not suffer, as we had expected to, from the cold. The beggars followed us of course, and as the horses were, of necessity, obliged to walk most of the way up the heavy grade, they could easily keep up with us. Bands of strolling musicians also <sup>followed</sup> ~~surrounded~~ the carriage with guitars and flutes, playing and singing, and begging as they walked. We threw them some small coins for their music was really pleasing, and when the ascent became more difficult they gave up the chase. (The ingenuity and fertility of resource on the part of Italian beggars is something to

wonder at . They have reduced their profession to an exact science and follow it with consummate art. There were three carriages ahead of us and we noticed presently that three men followed persistently each carriage. My husband said "evidently these men go up the mountain with us to help the driver in case the horses should slip". The one nearest us was very talkative and spoke fairly good English. He gave us considerable information concerning matters and things in general, gave each of us several bits of lava and finally came close to the carriage and handed in four pieces <sup>Each</sup> having an impression of a head on one side and an inscription and a date on the other. He then produced some paper, and carefully wrapped them up making four neat little parcels. We wondered at his kindness in the innocency of our confiding hearts, and really felt grateful to him for his disinterested attentions. Pretty soon the first station connected with the Funicular or wire cable railway, appeared, and our friend said, "I cannot go any farther, you pay me now." "Pay you? What for?" we all exclaimed. "For my services as a guide", he ~~exclaimed~~.replied with calm effrontery. In order to get rid of him my husband gave him thirty

centimes, "O, no!" he said, "You owe me four francs for the souvenirs." The way we extracted those souvenirs from our pockets and flung them at him was amusing, and he went off scowling and muttering. As the New Englander said when he was outwitted by a neighbor sharper than himself, "We said nothing to nobody" for some minutes, and then ~~we~~ gave ourselves up to fits of laughter at our own verdancy and the impudent fellow's audacity.

The desolation and loneliness of the great fields of lava increased as we neared the summit of the mountain. As the molten stream had cooled, it had assumed all sorts of fantastic shapes, and we could easily imagine we saw the forms of every kind of animal, writhing in agony as when engulfed by the sea of red hot lava. As far as the eye could reach in one direction, no green thing grew, no friendly tree or shrub, no spear of grass or pretty flower, all was one unbroken stretch of heaped up lava, lying as it had poured from that awful crater above -- cooling and solidifying in every conceivable contortion as it rolled on its destructive way. On every other side, reaching to the very edge of the lava beds, were little patches of cultivated ground, in the midst of ~~wh~~

which or near by stood the small stuccoed houses of the owners. When we arrived at the last station and I saw the track of the Funicular~~e~~, apparently perpendicular and reaching into the clouds, my heart failed me . It seemed a foolish thing to tempt providence by trying to go ~~even~~ <sup>Even</sup> where the birds refused to fly. But a good luncheon and a ~~hot~~ cup of coffee put courage into my shrinking mind, and the fear~~l~~ess faces of my husband and sister gave <sup>me</sup> further reassurance. We got into the car and began the ascent . Slowly and steady~~l~~y we rose making thirteen hundred feet ~~e~~levation in twenty seven hundred feet of length. To ~~look~~ up or down was equally terrifying so I compromised matters and kept my eyes tight shut, notwithstanding the ridicule of my heartless companions. I cannot honestly say I enjoyed it, and I was glad when we stepped out at the topmost landing and I felt my feet once more on the solid earth. We walked from the upper station to the crater, looked into its ~~t~~ troubled depths, heard the ceaseless ~~r~~ear of its cavernous fires as they thundered against the imprisoning mountain, and shuddered at the lurid jets of red hot lava that were, with explos~~i~~ve rage, hurled into the upper air. And then going a little distance off we looked into the charming valley below wondering ~~a~~t the number

of villages that blossomed like flowers on its fair bosom, many of them nestled close to the threatening volcano, even nearer than Pompeii, whose ruined walls and roofless houses were full in view from where we stood. Clouds were gathering below and the smoke that ascends night and day from the crater near, hung heavy about us, but every now and then the lower clouds would part, a burst of sunshine would flood every opening and reveal a world of beauty to our delighted eyes. Before us was the bay renowned the world over for its loveliness, with Naples lying along the shore, and the rocky islets of Ischia and Capri in the distance. Handsome villas were set at varying intervals in groves of orange and olive trees, and numberless picturesque hamlets added charm to the whole, making a landscape never to be forgotten. The dirt and squalor and swarming beggars were invisible-- only the beauty could be seen. And then came the descent to the lower station during which I did venture to look, my whole soul in my eyes, at the wonders below, and the drive down the mountain every turn in the road discovering some new and delightful view. We rode again through the crowded streets. Surely no one in Naples was in doors-- not a baby but

was in the open air, not a mother but was out for a walk, not a father but was idling on the corners, not a girl but was out with her sweetheart. Who was doing the work? Who was earning tom-morrows bread? echo answers, "Who?" It had been a wonderful day. I have not begun to tell you its story, *B*ut now you are tired and so am I. If you want to go with me to Pompeii, Sorrento, and up north to Florence, Milan, Bologna, and Venice, or cross the Alps to Lucerne and Geneva, you will have to come another time. Good bye-- God be with you till we meet again...

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T H E E N D

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