

By Mary B. Welch.

vid. 1

Since we visited St. Peter's and  
the Pope before, we will pass them by this  
time and go ~~first~~ <sup>at once</sup> to St. John Lateran,  
a Church fully as old, though not quite  
so magnificent as St. Peter's. The Palace  
adjoining it was for several centuries  
the residence of the Pope, and belongs to  
~~the~~ <sup>still</sup> like the Vatican, to the small temporal  
dominion now under ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> exclusive rule. We  
went there first to Vespers for we had  
heard the music was as good as ~~was~~ <sup>could</sup>  
& be ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> in Rome. The service had begun  
when we reached the church. The singing  
was indeed superb. We thought we were  
enjoying it to the full until we saw the  
expression on the faces of a group of  
Italians near by. They listened with their  
very souls - ~~and~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~glorious~~ ~~and~~ ~~by~~ ~~these~~  
tone and full, <sup>in the throbbing air</sup> they manifested such emotions as



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Coat, and another slab, resting on pillars, which, we were told, made a perfect measure of ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> height of Christ. The cloisters surround a small rose garden, in the centre of which is a well, called ~~the~~, I am sure I do not know why, "Well of the Women of Samaria". We went from the side entrance of the Church to the Baptistry, the oldest, and for many years the ~~the~~ only one in Rome. Constantine the Great was baptized here, <sup>early</sup> in the fourth Century. It contains some very old mosaics, some good frescoes by Mattia, and a pair of curious bronze doors taken from the Baths of Caracalla, that ring like an aeolian harp as they open and close. The guide said "Musical, Musical", but we could not understand what he meant until he began to swing them slowly back and forth. It is not known whether this curious gift of ~~the~~ <sup>Melody</sup> was purposely in-

parted to them in their Construction or  
 whether it was the result of accident ~~from~~  
~~the Baptistry~~ ~~we~~ ~~went~~ ~~on~~ ~~day~~ ~~a~~ ~~little~~ ~~later~~  
<sup>Mar. St. John Salomon</sup> ~~we~~ ~~went~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~the~~ ~~Scala~~  
 Scala - said to have been trodden by the  
 feet of Christ-himself - Famous old stairs,  
 brought ~~from~~ to Rome from Pilate's Pal-  
 ace in Jerusalem by the Empress Helena  
 in 326, and now hollow now by the knees  
 of the numberless pilgrims who have pain-  
 fully ascended them during the centuries  
 that have since passed. A woman was  
 slowly climbing them on her knees, saying  
 a prayer on every step, while we were there.  
 I wondered if she had ever heard of Luther's  
 experience, and I felt like ~~shouting~~ <sup>calling</sup> to her  
 "The just shall live by faith - the just  
 shall live by faith." But I remembered  
 in time that she was an Italian and  
 would ~~not~~ ~~have~~ ~~understood~~ could  
 not understand me, so I held my peace.

We walked up the stairs at the side of the  
 "holy steps," looked through a grating into a  
 Chapel, ~~and~~ & which, as the inscription over <sup>it</sup>  
 the opening informed us, contains a Miracu-  
 lous picture of Christ and is opened only  
 at the Pope's command, then into another  
 Chapel where penitents who had made  
 the ascent of the Scala Santa were finish-  
 ing their prayers, then down the other  
 side, and out into the Piazza del Laterano.  
~~May the Father of Mercy St. Joseph de Laterano~~  
 Before us was the Obelisk 1700 years older  
 than the Christian Era - erected 100 years  
 before the birth of Moses in front of the  
 temple of the Sun at Thebes, and brought  
 by Constantine in the 4th Century to Rome  
 to adorn the Circus Maximus - More than  
 1000 years later Pope Sixtus 5th caused  
 it to be removed from the Circus in which  
 it was discovered and erected on its

present site. It is the oldest thing in Rome,<sup>6</sup>  
the largest obelisk in the world. One is con-  
fused and bewildered in the presence of  
such dates, set in sharp contrast against  
a background of traditional story  
and marvellous legend. It is encour-  
aging to turn to something <sup>fact</sup> ~~real~~  
~~substantial~~ undoubted and carefully  
verified, like this ancient obelisk and  
say "this I know is true". And yet, in  
spite of fanciful legend and crude su-  
perstition and absurd relic, the Christ-  
ian says in Rome, as elsewhere, "I know  
that My Redeemer liveth". And after  
all, is there any historical fact better  
proven and more substantial in re-  
sults than the life and teaching of our  
Blessed Lord? Truly, the things that  
are seen are temporal - those that  
are not seen are eternal. He turned  
from the massive old <sup>shaft</sup> pillar and followed

the street round <sup>to the</sup> main entrance, <sup>or the church</sup> climbed  
the steps and stood for a few moments  
perfectly entranced by the view. There is not  
a finer in Rome. The morning was lovely,  
the sky covered with fleecy clouds, the  
sun riding behind them like a king in  
his chariot - followed and preceded  
by numberless attendants. The breath  
of spring and the promise of summer  
were in the soft sweet air. In the distance  
the Sabine Mts. lifted their snow-crowned  
heads, the Campagna unrolled its  
level plain below, while the fine lines  
of the magnificent aqueducts of  
Ancient Rome stretched away in  
the distance as far as the eye could  
reach. Every inch the eye covered  
was historic ground. From the days of  
Romulus till the present time, every  
century has left some visible sign of

its progress in Wall or Arch<sup>way</sup> or  
old gateway or triumphal arch, in Clois-  
ter, Church, or Convent. The onward  
march of an improving Civilization  
has left its footprints ~~every where~~ over  
the whole <sup>scene</sup> picture. It needs only the  
open eye and thoughtful mind to trace  
them.

(The Colosseum is not far from  
St. John Lateran so we walked down  
the long hill that leads to it enjoying  
the sunshine, the narrow, curious streets,  
and all the life, so different from any-  
thing we had ever known before, that  
crowded them. It was our first sight of  
the imposing ruin. We had not imag-  
ined it either so large or so perfect. We  
looked and looked and looked again.  
We tried to reconstruct its crumbling  
walls, to make them beautiful with sculpture.

turned marble pillars and graceful statues, &  
and people in <sup>military</sup> "Emperor", glittering guard,  
gay Roman Courtier, ~~royal~~ ~~republican~~ and  
gaping plebeian, while below in the  
arena, wild beasts howled and raged,  
and gladiators struggled, or Christian  
Martyrs ~~and~~ <sup>perished</sup> rather than deny their  
Lord who just before had died for  
them — but the sky was too bright and  
life too fair, and peddlars with Roman  
Mosaics to sell, and guides ~~begging~~  
~~for~~ soliciting employment were too many  
at hand. Just as we turned away we  
heard a ~~sublime~~ Martial Music, and lo!  
four Companies of Italian soldiers came  
marching towards us through the Arch  
of Constantine, we tried to think them  
a conquering host come home from for-  
eign war, but here again we were disap-  
pointed. They marched so badly and looked  
so spiritless we could not get up any delusion

of the port, so we took a carriage and drove  
home - In the afternoon we went to the Gesù to  
hear the Music and see the illumination of the  
Church in honor of some St. Peter were well  
worth going for. The main altar, after the can-  
dles were all lighted was a blaze of beauty. Then  
the great Crystal Candelabra that encircle the  
dome above it were lighted, then altar after  
altar sprang from darkness into light, each  
one a galaxy of stars. The Church that was  
cold and dark and gloomy when we entered  
it became suffused with a <sup>soft</sup> radiance  
and filled with warmth and color, and all  
the while the music throbbled and pulsed thro-  
the Church, now soft and low, now full and  
strong, now a single voice soaring aloft like  
a lark, and now a chorus that made the  
echoes ring. For the first time we saw wealth  
and fashion represented among the worshippers.  
Many priests there were, and many nuns, and  
company after company of students, each in  
the peculiar uniform of its school. At half  
past four, <sup>we departed for our hotel</sup> abroad of the quickly coming night.

We fairly fought our way to the door thro' the almost solid crowd that filled the intervening space. The piazza <sup>outside</sup> was filled with fine carriages <sup>more</sup> ~~with~~ covered <sup>coaches and portmanteaus</sup> ~~coaches~~, and <sup>others</sup> were <sup>still</sup> ~~arriving~~ <sup>arriving</sup> to swell the throng. We walked home. We always <sup>did</sup> ~~wonder~~ if the distances were not too great, <sup>since</sup> ~~we~~ see so much more than when riding. The slender New Moon had just risen, to bid good <sup>night</sup> ~~evening~~ to the declining sun. The evening light was beautiful beyond description. The air was luminous with blended pink and purple and the very chimney pots were transfigured into things of beauty by the soft radiance that enveloped them.

Rome is called the City of Fountains and it richly deserves the name. What a wealth of water there is in Rome and how lovely the fountains are. Critics may condemn this as too ornate or fanciful, and that as too severe, but to me they were all beautiful, for over and about all the figures the sparkling, falling water leaps

and plays. The lions, the horses, the sea-<sup>12</sup>  
monsters, Neptune and all the other gods,  
dimpled Cherubs and graceful nymphs,  
are all grouped round them and all  
seem to love the water. They send it in  
streams from their mouths, they stoop to  
drink of it; they lean over the <sup>margin</sup> basin look-  
ing into its liquid depths as a lover looks  
into the eyes of his mistress. We found  
the fountains wherever we went, and for  
my part I admired every one of them.  
Here is Tritonia flowing through a loud  
shell in the Piazza Barberini. There is  
Trevi in the Piazza Poli where such a rush  
of water flows through three different open-  
ings into an ample basin below. Of which  
if one drinks, and into which if he throws  
a penny as he leaves Rome he is sure to  
return to drink and look again. There is  
the fountain of the Tortoise, so beautiful,  
its design has been attributed to Raphael.

There is the fountain, I do not remember  
 its name, where four lionesses crouch  
 regarding the pool that laps their paws.  
 There are fountains whose only ornamenta-  
 tion is the flow of numerous streams of dan-  
 cing water making fanciful designs as the  
 varying jets meet and run on together  
 into a common reservoir.

We walked to the Porta del  
 Popolo <sup>built in 1561</sup> in the morning, an old gate through

which formerly the tide of travel entered  
 Rome. In the 2 days of travel by diligence  
 most tourists ~~have~~ received their first  
 impressions of the Eternal City at this gate.  
 Dickens, Mackenzie, Hawthorne and Byron  
 have all left a record of the thoughts pro-  
 duced in their minds when they came  
 first thus near to Rome. The Piazza  
 within the gate is beautiful with its ob-  
 elisk standing between four water spout

Coincesses, its Marble figures of Neptune<sup>4</sup>  
and Tritons on one side, and Roma  
between the Tiber and Arno on the other,  
and the Pincio with its statues and  
flower bordered drives and gardens  
rising above it. The Church of S. Maria  
del Popolo faces this Piazza and we went  
in, as all tourists do, ~~and~~ to look at the  
Chapel constructed under the direction of  
Raphael, and frescoed after his cartoons,  
There are some curious things in the old  
Church not mentioned in the guide books,  
for instance, a skeleton bust, ghastly  
in the extreme, empty eye sockets, gaping  
Nostrils, grisly Mole, all so perfect we  
thought it genuine bone until on closer  
~~the~~ inspection it proved to be of Marble.  
The Church of S. Agostino being not far away  
we looked in there also. We were pleasantly

surprised to find the Church illuminated,  
 high Mass in progress. Everything worth  
~~inspection~~ being open to inspection, and  
 the Church full of people. The music was fine  
 and we sat down on a wooden bench to  
 rest and enjoy it. We found ourselves  
 Medially facing Raphael's *Isaiah*. But  
 the celebrated fresco is <sup>so</sup> dimmed by age  
 and injured by attempts at restoration I  
 could not get any clear notion of its beauty.  
 Seeing a Marble Madonna and Child near  
 the entrance surrounded by votive offerings  
 we went to look at ~~the~~ <sup>the statue</sup> and found it to be  
 the Miracle Working Madonna so cele-  
 brated for the cures it has wrought. It still  
 brings the Church a large revenue from  
 those who invoke its aid. The legend relates  
 that a poor woman came to pray before  
 this Madonna begging for help in her  
 poverty and distress, and behold! life  
 quivered through the Marble - Color flickered  
 in the cheeks, tears rolled from the eyes and





wiping ~~with~~ <sup>and</sup> the foot, kissing it with fervent  
piety. ~~and~~ <sup>was passing by</sup> and then moving  
on -

Although Raphael's Disciple was  
disappointing but his Disciples in the Church  
of Santa Maria della Pace were remarkably  
beautiful even to my untrained eye. Every-  
thing has been said in their praise that  
can be said, but I will venture to lay  
my small tribute, <sup>also</sup> at the Master's feet. We  
looked at the wonderful fresco long and  
carefully and from many points of view,  
and the more we looked the more we  
admired. Each Disciple was so different  
from the other two, yet each received his  
revelation from the Angel with the same  
expression of reverent awe and deep, re-  
spectful surprised attention. And the  
Cherubs were Raphael's own, beautiful  
with a heavenly beauty, graceful be-  
yond description and actually alive  
in every limb.

Being neither an art-critic nor an artist  
 I cannot talk learnedly or even instructive-  
 ly of Raphael's masterpieces in Rome. We  
 spent several days in <sup>the</sup> Vatican, of course,  
 but what are days when years are <sup>all</sup> too short  
 for the study of even one gallery - Take  
 for instance the halls known as Raphael's  
 Stanza. What can I say about the pictures  
 of the Master there - Almost nothing in detail.  
 They are so large, so complicated, and so  
 crowded with historic suggestions I feel  
 oppressed as I try to remember them. I  
 have a fairly clear conception of the Fire  
 in the Borgo, the terror of the women and  
 children as they flee from the approach-  
 ing flames, and the figure of the Pope as  
 he raises his hand and stays the Con-  
 flagration with the sign of the Cross.  
 I can see, even now, as I close my eyes  
 and think over the rich hours I spent  
 in the Stanza, the noble parties and right-

of steps leading down from the Temple of  
Learning in the School of Athens, with  
Plato and Aristotle descending with  
slow and stately tread and the figure  
of Diogenes lying below. The delivery of  
St. Peter from Prison made an indelible  
impression on my mind too with its  
two parts each glowing with a dif-  
ferent light - the <sup>inner</sup> dim and flickering  
torch light, the outer <sup>fringe</sup> & <sup>fringe</sup> pale cold  
moon light. The third from the radiance  
that ~~comes~~ <sup>struggles</sup> from the rescuing Angel, "the light  
that heaven sheds" -

In the Picture gallery we  
went always straight to the Transfigura-  
tion, then to the Madonna of Foligno. The  
expression of Christ in the Transfiguration  
is almost more than one can bear. I had  
never seen or conceived anything so sub-  
lime - It is the one thing I ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> when I think  
of the picture. Divine strength and divine

emotions are both expressed, and perfect-<sup>21</sup>  
self-surrender <sup>too</sup> in the Capt returned <sup>face</sup> as  
he looks into the Father's face and listens ~~to~~  
face voice - The Madonna is lovely, the Christ-  
<sup>of the Fofisoo</sup> Child sweet beyond description, but the Cher-  
ub in the foreground seemed to me more  
beautiful than either. All the figures in  
the picture are fine and full of expression  
but that Cherub came straight from heaven.

§ The Last Communion  
of St. Jerome by Domenichino stands near  
these two of Raphael - These three pictures  
are called the greatest pictures in the <sup>Vat. Mus.</sup> Collec-  
tion - Many ~~of the~~ <sup>writers on art</sup> critics go so far as to say  
they are the greatest that have ever been  
painted - St. Jerome is indeed a wonder-  
ful ~~figure~~ <sup>conception of the penitent saint</sup> - The white look of death is in  
his face but that serves only to emphasize  
the glorious spirit behind the mask, as soon  
to be set free. And we must not leave Rome

without seeing ~~and~~ <sup>knowing</sup> that Michael  
 Angelo's Pieta in St. Peters, his Christ in  
 Santa Maria Sopra Minerva and his Moses  
 in San Pietro in Vincoli. The Pieta as you prob-  
 ably know is a life size figure of the Virgin  
 supporting the <sup>and</sup> body of the ~~dead~~ <sup>young</sup> crucified  
 son. It was executed in 1498 and is the work  
 which at once gave ~~the~~ <sup>Michael Angelo</sup> ~~front~~ rank among  
 sculptors. Condivi says the critic says,  
 "From the time it was finished he was the  
 first master in the world." Another says  
 "This masterpiece was produced under the  
 direct influence of classic art, and the  
 depth and truth of the Conception are  
 mirrored in the exquisite finish of the execu-  
 tion. Neither the grief of the Mother nor the ef-  
 fect of death on the son detracts from the  
 ideal beauty imparted to them by the artist."

Every time we visited St. Peters  
 we always went to the small dark chapel that  
 contains this treasure. We spent many an hour  
 studying it and it always seemed to me that  
 the left hand of the sorrowing Mother <sup>deliberately</sup> called  
 attention to the ~~dead~~ Christ and said "Behold the

Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of <sup>23</sup>  
the world." "He was wounded for your trans-  
gressions, he was bruised for your iniqui-  
ties." Santa Maria Sopra Minerva means  
that the Church so called is built-over an  
ancient-temple of Minerva. Its chief art-  
treasure is the statue of Christ-By Michael  
Canglo. San Pietro in Vincoli is a church  
built as a repository for the chain by  
which St. Peter was bound in the Roman-  
tine Prison, and here the Moses stands.  
It is indeed, a magnificent-Marble-Monument,  
Noble in every outline, with an expression  
strong, yet serene. The eyes are sunken  
deep under the ample brow, the beard  
sweeps in flowing waves below the eyes.  
The muscles of the powerful frame are won-  
derfully brought-out. It is the Moses of  
the Bible, so beautiful and Kingly. His  
daughters served him as his son, so

<sup>strong</sup> and great God chose him for the most-<sup>24</sup>  
stupendous task ever laid upon any more  
Man before or since. So brave and patient  
and faithful he was able to endure thro-  
gorty weary years the vices and super-  
stitious engendered by generations of  
slavery, with unflinching trust in God  
and with perfect serenity of mind.  
Michael Angelo has conceived him <sup>truly fully</sup>  
~~fully~~ and we who love the bible owe  
him a debt of gratitude. The Christ does  
not impress me as the Moses did, ~~though~~  
<sup>It</sup> It seemed to me more a thoughtful,  
serious, spiritual man, than Christ the  
Divine. It has more of the human in the  
face than the Moses. It is not weak but  
it neither is it Godlike. It was disap-  
pointing to realize that it was the ideal  
of <sup>so great an artist</sup> ~~so~~ great a master of the risen Christ.  
Of course I know as yet but the alphabet

(of art and do not speak in any sense  
as a critic - I only say how it affected me)

And now I will describe as  
best I can our day on the Appian Way,  
a Military Road built for twenty miles out  
of Rome by Appianus Claudius Cæcus, B. C. 312.  
At the table one morning we learned that a  
party was going with an excellent guide and,  
upon invitation, we decided at once to join  
it, asked Antonio, our special waiter, to pre-  
pare our luncheon, flew up stairs to get ready  
and then down stairs to see about a carriage.  
And actually got off by half past nine. We  
drove past the Quirinal, where King Humbert  
lives, turning by the fountain in the Piazza,  
and looking with delight on the huge  
Marble horses <sup>by</sup> that seem just ready to  
leap into the street. ~~On the~~ but are ever re-  
strained by the uplifted arms of the <sup>eight</sup> horse-  
tamers who stand by their sides. Then we  
went rapidly to the Baths of Caracalla. Quiet

early in the third Century, this Colossal <sup>26</sup> ~~Temple~~  
240 yds long by 124 wide, enclosing an area  
360 yds by 360 and one mile in circumference,  
still reminds us of the magnificence and  
luxury of that time, which gradually becom-  
ing more and more corrupt and effeminate,  
undermined the empire, and made it finally  
an easy prey to the hordes of Northern Bar-  
barians that conquered and laid it waste.  
The old Romans knew how to enjoy themselves.  
They never spoiled their good times by be-  
ing in a hurry. When they bathed they made  
a day of it, and so their <sup>like that of Caracalla</sup> ~~thermae~~ were built  
in connection with libraries, halls where  
orators declaimed and poets recited, rooms  
for gymnastic exercises, and open courts  
surrounded by enclosed galleries for spec-  
tators, who could witness at their ease the  
gladiatorial struggles below. They were cir-  
cled also by race courses and gardens and

Made as luxurious as the most voluptuous  
 could desire. They  <sup>Baths of Caracalla</sup> contained swimming  
 tanks that could accommodate six hundred  
 swimmers at one time, hot-cold and tepid  
 baths, as well as hot-air or sweating rooms.  
 There is truly nothing new under the sun. The  
 Turkish baths of to-day are only a feeble sur-  
 vival of the Roman baths in vogue 1600 years ago.  
 One can get an excellent notion of the size of the  
 Baths of Caracalla from the enormous ruins  
 as they stand to-day, but it is almost im-  
 possible to conceive the full perfection of  
 their magnificence. The bits of broken frieze,  
 and mutilated pillars, whose richly carved  
 capitals lie shattered on the ground, the de-  
 faced statues and scattered pieces of mosaic  
 with here and there a fragment of marble  
 flooring, can only suggest in an incom-  
 plete and shadowy way the ~~full~~ <sup>perfect</sup> beauty  
 of the original. Our next stop was at the Cata-  
 Comb of St. Callistus. We dismounted at the  
 entrance, paid our fees, received each a long

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May Caper, and preceded by Vincenzo, our  
guide, entered the Catacomb. Here indeed  
we were on holy ground. What a Contrast  
between (this City of the sacred dead) and the  
(Baths of Caracalla). In the one, Wealth  
and luxury and idle pleasure reigned  
supreme. Self-indulgence, Vanity and  
worldliness were the prevailing character-  
istics of their frequenters. Heathen gods were  
the ruling deities, and these were sup-  
posed to be under the dominion of the  
same passions and gratified by the same  
pleasures that were common to their wor-  
shippers. In the other the Cross, symbol of self-  
sacrifice and sign of martyrdom, <sup>displays</sup>  
ed both the spirit and the fate of ~~many~~  
<sup>many of them</sup> who were buried there. Christ the meek and  
lowly, friend of the poor, the humble, and  
the afflicted, Son of a Carpenter, a despis-  
ed Nazarene, was their teacher, their exam-  
plar, and their Lord. Here was the blood  
of martyrs shed. There gladiators writhed  
in agony to please a gay and cruel throng

of pleasure seekers, Here rose the voice<sup>29</sup>  
of earnest prayer, then the babble of fools  
and the coarse sound of revelry. One  
was dedicated to the Supreme and only  
God, pure, divine, and unchangeable,  
the other to a host of petty deities, as  
weak, wicked, and vacillating as those  
that worshipped them. In the Baths of  
Caracalla we are amazed at the me-  
chanical skill and industry with which  
these Romans pandered to the lower nat-  
ure. In the Catacomb of St. Callistus we  
bore the head and bend the knee in the  
presence of such sublime devotion to  
truth, such utter self-abnegation, such  
intensity of religious faith, as is possi-  
ble to man only when inspired by God.  
The Baths of Caracalla were built 200 years  
after the Crucifixion. For another centu-  
ry Christians were under the ban of the  
Empire, seemingly of small account in the





the city walls and <sup>the</sup> Patrician <sup>houses of</sup> Rome 32  
chose the Appian Way as their burial  
place. We literally spent the day among  
the dead. The old and the new stand  
side by side wherever we go in Rome,  
A dead Empire, a crumbled and long-  
decayed power stand at every turn by  
the side of a new Monarchy pulsing with  
progressive 19th Century life. The old emperors  
speak of the vanity of human pride from  
the ruins of temples and monuments built  
to prove their imperishable greatness, while  
King Humbert promises a new and <sup>more</sup> glorious  
future under the influence of modern thought.  
And well, it is better to look forward ~~and~~  
than backward, better to hope than to sigh.  
Rail from New Italy - Rest in peace the  
dead and buried Empire - (As we turned  
to drive home we were startled by a sharp  
pallet of cold rain in our faces. The coachman  
put up the hood of the carriage and our  
homeward drive was very quiet.)

Of course you will want to see the Church  
of the Cappuccini - I must take you there  
and then to Santa Agnese outside the Wall  
to see the Camps blessed, and if there is  
any time after that we will spend a  
day in Livoli. There are several good  
pictures in the Cappuccini, notably  
a St. Francis by Domenichino and a  
St. Michael by Guido Reni. The latter is  
extremely beautiful. St. Michael is repre-  
sented as a young man standing with  
drawn and threatening sword over the  
prostrate body of Lucifer, <sup>his</sup> foot on  
his neck. The whole figure glows with life  
and power. The face is strong and sweet  
and full of righteous indignation at the  
incarnate wickedness under his foot. The  
hair is long and golden and great wings,  
full spread add to the ethereal grace and

Energy of the figure. It is the personifi- 34  
cation of glorious youth, invincible in the  
strength of purity and spiritual fervor. His  
attitude, as he poises his sword ready to  
strike is superb, while the devil shrinks  
and cowers under the impending blow.

To go from this lovely picture to the Char-  
nel House below was a descent in every sense  
of the word, but that is the thing to do and  
so we did it. There are four burial Chap-  
els, each decorated in the most grotesque-  
ly horrible way with the bones of dead  
monks. The graveyard attached to the  
Church was filled to its utmost capacity  
years ago, so the crazy notion was con-  
ceived of taking up the longest buried  
body every time one of their ~~numbers~~ a  
Capuchin Monk died and was to be to make  
room for <sup>the corpse</sup> ~~the body~~, directing <sup>the hurried skeleton</sup> ~~the~~ cleaning  
the bones, and storing them in the vaults  
underneath the Church. A great deal of  
vigilance has been displayed in the ar-

arrangement of these bones. One altar, for  
 instance, rested on a base composed  
 entirely of skulls, while pillars at each  
 side were ~~also~~ built of leg bones and  
 shoulder blades. The ceilings were pres-  
 coed in every sort of geometric pattern  
 with the smaller bones, the vertebrae &c.  
 The walls from floor to ceiling were con-  
 structed of solid masonry of bones, in  
 which, at ~~stated~~ <sup>regular</sup> intervals, niches were left  
 wherein stand the entire skeletons of the more  
 celebrated monks dressed in their Capuchin  
 gowns, the hood drawn over the face and  
 grinning skulls. They stand there in ghastly  
 rows, leaning a little forward as if mak-  
 ing obeisance to every visitor, ~~and~~ each hold-  
 ing in his bony hand, sometimes a rosary,  
 sometimes a prayer book, and sometimes  
 a bouquet of faded flowers. Can you  
 imagine anything more revolting. Even the  
 lanterns with which these vaults are lighted  
 are all made of bones, and the earth on

the floors is said to have been brought 36  
from Jerusalem -

On ~~the~~ ~~Agnes~~ day - In Rome  
every day is a Saint's day - We went to the  
Church named after her to see the lambs  
blessed, lambs sent every year by the  
Church of St. John Lateran ~~to~~ for this cere-  
mony that the wool, deposited <sup>for a night after</sup> ~~when~~ it is shown  
in a golden urn on the tomb of St. Peter,  
may be fit to use in making the pallium  
of the Pope - which pallium is a band of  
white wool (worn on <sup>the</sup> shoulders) with  
four purple crosses worked on it) We  
took a tram at the Piazza Termini,  
and as soon as we entered, the Con-  
ductor said "Santa Agnese?" "Si, Si" we  
answered - Why is it that in Italy every one  
says yes twice? - The tram filling imme-  
diately, we found the procession and went  
on our way rejoicing. The sun was bright,  
the air sparkling and all the world seemed  
to be going <sup>that</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trams~~ - vehicles of every descrip-

ion, girls' schools, each preceded and followed by a Min. Companies of Soldiers, boys' schools with their attendant priests, priests by tens and twenties, old women, young women, ~~and~~ babies, and a crowd of beggars, all were going with us to see the Lambos Blessed. As far as the eye could reach the street was thronged, and when we ~~reached~~ <sup>arrived at</sup> the church the square was crowded with carriages, cabs, and people. There were the usual vendors and the usual <sup>mendicants</sup> beggars. We passed through a gateway down a picturesque stairway, 45 steps, lined all the way, both sides, with inscriptions on marble slabs taken from the Catacombs nearby, and on into the church. There were galleries all around three sides of the church - the only ones I have seen in Rome - We tried to get admission to one of them but could not, so I mounted the steps leading into the sacristy and waited for what might come - I could see the high

altar fairly well and hear the music per-<sup>38</sup>  
fectly so I thought myself fortunate. Pretty  
soon there was a stir among the people,  
and down the long marble stairway came  
two priests each carrying a large basket  
in which lay a Lamb. They came in ~~at~~  
~~the~~ <sup>the church</sup> right towards me, up the very  
steps on which I was standing and in at  
the sacristy door. The lambs had been scrub-  
bed and combed until they were as white  
as driven snow, and as fluffy as puff-  
balls or poodle dogs, and they were profusely  
decorated with scarlet ribbons and bunches  
of artificial flowers, and wreaths were bound  
to their heads. They were perfectly quiet and  
docile, with an expression of meek sudu-  
rance on their poor little faces which sug-  
gested at once the words "He was brought  
as a Lamb to the slaughter, as a sheep be-  
fore her shearers is dumb, so he opened  
not his mouth." I saw the little creatures  
twice again, - <sup>on their way to the altar and back to the sacristy</sup> the children crowded to see  
them, the organ pealed forth its loud-  
est notes, young men in white robes carry-



<sup>Station</sup>  
at half past nine. The day was perfect, 40  
Cool enough and warm enough, a bright  
sun, a clear atmosphere, and the bluest  
sky imaginable. There were nine in the  
party - Shall I describe them? They are  
to me a part of the memory of that happy  
day as I hardly know how to ~~pass~~  
leave them out. There were Major and Mrs.  
H - He eighty years old, she forty. He <sup>very</sup> tall,  
very grey and very dignified. He <sup>never</sup> ~~never~~  
never to forget for one moment that he was  
a retired officer of the regular army and  
must sustain the reputation of his entire  
force. He short, stout, fresh as a green,  
and dignified too - pleasant people  
and sensible and devoted to each  
other notwithstanding the disparity in  
years. Dr. and Mrs. S - even more of a  
contrast to each other than the Major  
and his wife - Newly married people,  
abroad for their wedding trip - He dainty,  
slender as a pipe-stem. Reserved <sup>gentle</sup>  
When an opportunity occurred to air his  
profound learning, formal to a degree and



about her, but she managed to get <sup>42</sup>  
in with the Dr. and <sup>the</sup> "Married Man," then  
with a deep sigh, "I cannot understand  
it." Vincenzo, the guide, completed, with  
<sup>Richter and</sup> herself, the party. \*We rode on a sort  
of steam tram, slow but sure. We climbed  
ed ~~to~~ a heavy grade all the way to find  
800 ft above Rome. At first we skirted  
the Campagna, and very beautiful it  
was, with its patches of newly turned sod,  
the fresh herbage cropping up at the  
edges, and the soft shades of brown that  
diversified the surface. Flocks of sheep were  
grazing among the old tombs and in the  
fields, tended by easy going shepherds. <sup>More</sup>  
dogs scampered about with an air of  
whimsical responsibility, giving short  
quick barks every now and then as if to  
say "What would sheep or shepherds  
do without us" - And what would they in-  
deed? We crossed a little brawling stream,  
the Anio, so strongly impregnated with sul-

43  
- We could almost taste it in the air  
and looked at the greenish yellow matter  
but, no one expressed the least desire to drink  
any of it though we were assured it was  
like the celebrated fountain of youth in  
that it would cure every pain and ache  
that flesh is heir to. To me it seemed that the  
remedy was worse than any disease could  
be. After leaving the Oasis we passed a  
large tomb as large as the pyramids and  
conspicuous as that of Cleopatra Metella - if  
she is the wife of Cæsar's wife is she not called  
Mrs. Cæsar's? I've often longed to ask  
that question but never quite dared to  
before - as the ~~Apollon~~ <sup>via Apollon</sup>. Our way  
then led through a wonderful olive or-  
chard. It was apparently boundless in ex-  
tent. The <sup>most numerous</sup> trees were gnarled and bent and  
twisted. They <sup>and</sup> were full of acorns and wrinkles.  
Some of them seemed perfectly hollow, others  
were split from base to summit as tho'  
cut by a stroke of lightning. Many were  
giants in size, all were larger than any I

had ever seen before. ~~And~~ Every one was  
crowned with a wreath of shining del-  
very leaves, a joy to the eye, and a token  
of health and vigor. We gazed at  
their unique and picturesque appearance,  
and were hardly surprised when Vincenzo  
told us that tradition said the greater part  
of the orchard was planted in Hadrian's  
time, less than 200 years after Christ. At a  
turn in the road we caught our first  
glimpse of Tivoli, delightfully located on  
the Sabine Mts. 18 miles from Rome, and  
looking back, Rome was also distinctly  
visible, the dome of St. Peter's rising above  
every roof, the only spire in all the city that  
could be distinctly individualized. I never  
realized how mighty the old Cathedral is  
until I saw it - rising in majesty above  
everything else seemingly touching the  
clouds in the sky. Tivoli is charming,  
beautiful for situation, crowning the  
hill and covering one side nearly to the  
falls. We entered it through an arched  
gateway, for it was a walled and strongly

fortified City in the Olden time. We drove  
 down the hillside on a terraced Mountain  
 road for a mile or so to a point from  
 which we could get a good view of the  
 beautiful falls for which the place is cele-  
 brated. On the way down the hill we pass-  
 ed numerous Contadine, peasant women,  
<sup>carrying</sup> ~~with~~ immense bundles of firewood on their  
 heads. Their shoulders and hips were as broad  
 and strong as the backs of the long horned  
 oxen we had seen plowing as we drove  
 through the old Olive orchard, and their  
 dress and appearance as primitive as the  
 garden plow the oxen were dragging  
 through the New Made furrows. Here Ital-  
 ian peasants all have an eye for brill-  
 iant coloring - Not one so poor as I did  
 not wear a gay ~~laced~~ kerchief crossed  
 over the ample breast, & not a donkey  
 but sported a red or yellow tassul, and  
 even the oxen were brilliant with tinkling  
 bells and bright streamers. We met in numer-  
 able donkeys of course, some of them driven  
 by women, some by men, and all heavily lad-  
 ened with <sup>bundles of</sup> ~~firewood~~ <sup>firewood</sup> ~~bundles~~ <sup>which set a profit-</sup>  
<sup>the eye could see the narrow bundles along by his side.</sup>

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himself can compete with an Italian Dou-  
Key in the matter of burden bearing, tho'  
When one reflects a little, the ~~one is to the~~  
~~man born, the other man is only one~~  
is not disposed to censure even a perfect-  
man severely because he cannot do every-  
thing a Mule can. On our return to Livoli  
we rambled about for an hour, looking  
at the falls from above and below, and the  
immense aqueducts through which the  
river now flows so that it cannot again  
undermined and threaten the destruction  
of the town as in times past. We saw also  
the fairly well preserved ruins of an ancient  
Temple of Vesta though we had no time  
to visit it as the luncheon was waiting  
~~by this time~~ and we were quite ready  
to eat it. After luncheon we took a  
large coach and drove to Hadrian's  
Villa where we were fairly overwhelmed  
by the stupendous ruins that still stand  
to testify to the extent and magnificence

of the palaces, battis, theaters, library, and 7  
temples that ~~formerly~~ were built  
by the Emperor for an occasional  
Summer-day pleasuring for him-  
self and his Court. We came home as  
the afternoon waned, the Campagna  
glowed with a thousand varying shades  
of gold, purple and crimson. The snow-  
covered Apennines were radiant with  
soft and varying colors, and Rome in  
the distance shone through the rising  
~~mist~~<sup>vapors</sup> like an opal thick set with  
brilliant. The mists of evening enveloped  
her ~~soft~~ suffused with the rays of the  
setting sun, which her myriad domes  
and obelisks caught and reflected in  
numberless shafts of sparkling light.

But it is time to bring our  
afternoon together in Rome to a close.  
I wanted to tell you about Guido Reni's  
Beatrice and his Aurora, about more  
over

And now good bye to Rome - We have  
only caught a quick glimpse here  
and there at the numberless beau-  
ties, but what more could we do in  
our short afternoon - Go and  
see her yourself and you will be  
sure to find her all and more  
that you have fancied, "for Age  
cannot wither nor Custom stale  
her infinite variety".