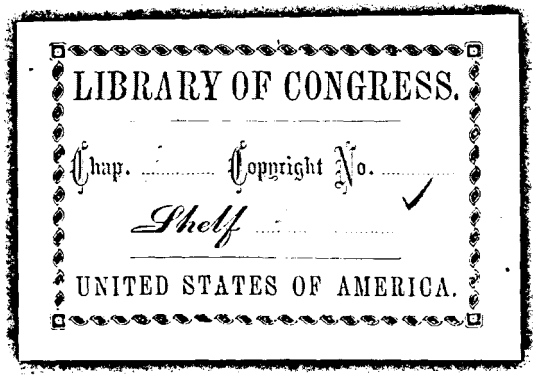
England and Italy

Mrs. Hawthorne



NOTES

IN

ENGLAND AND ITALY.

By MRS. HAWTHORNE.

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TO

ELIZABETH P. PEABODY,

This volume is Dedicated,

BY

HER SISTER,

S. H.

PREFACE.

I THINK it necessary to say that these "Notes," written twelve years ago, were never meant for publication; but solely for my own reference, and for a means of recalling to my friends what had especially interested me abroad. Many of these friends have repeatedly urged me to print them, from a too partial estimate of their value; and I have steadily resisted the suggestion, until now, when I reluctantly yield. If, however, they will aid any one in the least to enjoy, as I have enjoyed, the illustrious works of the Great Masters in Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, I shall be well repaid for the pain it has cost me to appear before the public.

S. H.

DRESDEN, August, 1869.

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NOTES IN ENGLAND.

I.

SKIPTON CASTLE.—BOLTON PRIORY.

SKIPTON, YORKSHIRE, April 10th.

* * * * As we approached Yorkshire, we found stone walls for the first time in England, instead of green hedges. But they were nice and pretty stone walls, and not such rude structures as ours in America. The stones were as smooth and even as those of a house, and battlemented along the top. After the low sandhills of Southport, it was truly refreshing to see the Yorkshire Wolds. (Wolds is the Yorkshire name for hills.)

We saw some very ugly, small, manufacturing towns in Lancashire, in which I do not understand how any one can consent to live. In one was a monument that seemed to be erected to the honor of the Smoke-Demon,—a lofty, symmetrical stone column, resting on a square base, not near any manufactory; and close against the sky a long plume of black smoke continually floated from its summit, like the incense of a bad heart. Dear me! at what a cost come forth, so clean and splendid, all our pretty prints, and silks, and velvets! How is it that the grimness of the workmen and of the atmosphere never sullies them? They look as if the tidiest

of fairies fashioned them in ivory palaces, where there is never a stain in the air.

We crossed the river Darwen twice, and arrived at Skipton soon after five. It proves a larger town than I thought, and is beautifully situated in a hollow between thrice three hills. We found a tolerably pretentious station, and a nice man, who politely attended us to what he called "a 'Bus," which he said belonged to the first hotel in town, called "The Devonshire Arms." So hither we drove. It was what J—— considered "a jolly little 'Bus," being only as large as a cab, yet the seats arranged like those of omnibuses. The landlady, glorious in cherry ribbons, received us at the door, and ushered us up into a front sitting-room, comfortable with a lounge, and a large fireplace, in which the maid soon kindled a blazing fire.

We were all so restored by our refection, that we concluded to take a walk. I asked the maid whether there were any pleasant places, and she said, "Skipton Woods is very pleasant, and not far off." So we went toward Skipton Woods; but met a fine old castle on the way. A stout John Bull, with a rubicund visage, who was piously pushing his child about in a perambulator, on his leisure Good Friday, I took the liberty to accost. I asked him whether we could see the castle; and he was very smiling and kind, and replied, "Yes; as it was Good Friday, he thought we could: that the family was not there, but the housekeeper was."

So we entered the grand, towered gateway, with "DÉSORMAIS" sculptured in open stone-work on the top, flanked by a donjon-keep on each side, and found ourselves in a fine park, within the walls—a small park, perhaps a garden rather. A group of girls, keeping holiday, emerged from an arch, and I asked them where we could find the housekeeper. One said that I "must go into a door by the bushy trees." These "bushy trees" were mammoth box-trees, more than six feet high, and of great circumference, cut in the shape of globes. Lawn and flower-clumps, with gravel walks, filled the enclosure, and the perpetual ivy climbed the inner surface of the high walls. It looked very inhabitable, and not vast, like the environments of many castles we have seen, and, though stately, not a kingdom, as is Knowesly.* We found a low-arched door, leading through the thickness of the castle, and out upon a staircase on the other side, high above a moat. Looking over, we saw a waterfall and a stream and clustering trees, far down beneath. But, alas! this was not one of Nature's waterfalls, but what the housekeeper called "a wash" only, which now turns a mill. The sound of rushing water, however, was just the same, and very refreshing. We ascended the staircase, and at my knock, a neat, florid, thin woman opened the door, and civilly acceded to my request to be shown the castle. The first room was

* The Earl of Derby's domain.

the housekeeper's kitchen, as clean and bright as possible. Whatever speck of dust might have had the rashness to think of settling on any part of that immaculate kitchen, must at once have hidden its diminished head, after peeping in. It was scrubbed and whitewashed into snow. We followed the dame first into the dining-room. I ought to tell you, however, that this castle was built in 1100, and for five hundred years was possessed by the Cliffords. It was erected, soon after the Norman Conquest, by Robert de Romeli, and was the birthplace of the celebrated Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, of Pembroke, and of Montgomery, the lady having married three earls successively with these titles. Cromwell battered it with his guns, when it was garrisoned for Charles I., and we saw the hill where he established these guns. The Countess's last descendant was the Earl of Thanet; and the present possessor is Sir Richard Tufton, who represents the last earl. One portion only is made habitable. The dining-room was lighted at one end by a bow-window, set with small panes. It was hung with crimson and white, and had tables and sideboards of oak, and the ceiling was frescoed in arabesque patterns. From the dining-room we went up a broad staircase into the drawing-room. This was the size of the whole round tower. It was hung with gobelin tapestry, worked by the ladies of the Clifford family. Over the fireplace was a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, in early manhood, a much fairer

and handsomer face of him than I had seen before.

Two portraits of the renowned Countess, one in perfect womanhood and one in old age, also adorned the walls. Opposite the fireplace was a large family picture of the Duke of Cumberland and his Duchess and two sons. These were the father and mother and brothers of the famous Countess. The Duke was in armor, and just taking leave for a battle; and his wife stands pointing to her children, as much as to say, "What will they do without their father?" From the very broad windows of this drawing-room are beautiful views of the hills and country. From the drawing-room we ascended to the state bedchamber. This was quite in disarray. There were some tall folding-doors, leaning against the walls, which once adorned the dining-room, and upon them the Countess was again painted in full length; and round her, in small size, hung her three husbands. Here also was a little child's portrait, in what looked to have been once a gorgeous dress, holding an apple in his hand. The housekeeper said that his lordship had choked himself to death with that apple; and then she remarked, "He was not very wise!" and soon she added, "He was an idiot." These walls also were hung with gobelin tapestry, representing the various tortures of the Inquisition! What a subject for art! Crowds of monks and nuns were present, the monks and familiars administering the various tortures, and the

nuns looking on! These tapestries were wrought by nuns. In this room stood a chair of state, a sort of throne once belonging to Mary, Queen of Scots, and so we sat down on it. It was superb once with richly gilded leather and crimson cloth. Two bedsteads, without furniture, stood on one side, and the housekeeper said they were memorable for something, but she did not know what. No doubt some royal personages had occupied them aforetime. On the floor, against the wall, stood the portrait of a young girl, a sister of Cromwell. We do not know why Cromwell seems to prevail in the castle. Sir Richard Tufton resides mostly in Paris, and is seldom here except for a few days at a time. We then passed through another bedchamber, furnished as if it could be slept in, and with no legend to it; and after a short sojourn again in the dining-room, we proceeded to the more ancient, or rather unmodernized, parts of the castle;—to the guard-room, kitchens, apartments with no distinctive name, and to the vast judgment-hall, where now, once a year, the tenants dine. The fireplace is enormous, and along the entire length was a row of chandeliers to light the revellers. We crept up a narrow, dark stairway to the roof of one tower, and had a splendid view of the whole country. Skipton is in quite a hollow—in an amphitheatre of high hills. From the battlements J—— stooped, and plucked a branch of a tall, old yew-tree (a bit of which I enclose). It is eight hundred years old.

P. S.—It is noon of Saturday the 11th. We have just returned from Bolton Abbey, and are on the wing for York. We passed through an inner court of Skipton Castle, in the centre of which the great ancient yew-tree stands. By the side of it is a very old stone font. Over the pointed arched doors are the escutcheons of the Cliffords and of the Earl of Thanet, carved in stone. Green, damp moss covers the stones of the pavement and the old, old walls. One grander arched doorway opens from what was once the chief entrance, now closed up. We peeped down the dungeons, but did not descend into them. The castle is lower than any other I have seen, only three stories high!

So we returned to our hotel, and found a glorious fire, and an extraordinary bookcase of books; for these books are choice. There is Pickering's beautiful edition of Spenser, a grand volume of all Scott's poems, including our long-sought Bridal of Triermain; many old standard English works, Sterne, etc.; American novels too, "The Wide, Wide World," and "Queechy," ah me! and every variety—science, poetry, romance, essays. Good-bye.

LEEDS, April 11th.

MY DEAR —— :

We arrived at this unlovely town at three, and we have lunched and walked out a few moments, and we have seen a statue of Sir Robert Peel. Everything is grimy in Leeds, and poor Sir Robert looks like a collier. We did not know which way to turn, nothing looking inviting, and so I thought I would write to you, sitting at a very big table, in a very big ladies' saloon. It was a pleasant country from Skipton to Leeds, through the valley of the Aire, a narrow river, which serpentines about so much that we crossed it five or six times. All around are high hills, one of them a picturesque crag, which I thought to be a castle, but found it was only a group of rocks called the Druids' Altar. No more time.

YORK.—The Black-Swan Hotel—8 o'clock, evening. Here we are, then, safe and comfortable in this oldest of cities—rather, this exceeding old city—this walled Roman town, with its glorious Minster, and on the eve of Easter Sunday. We have had "the Queen's weather"* all the time, and the sun shone cheerfully as we drove beneath the great arch under the walls. But now I must go back to Bolton Abbey. We stepped into our barouche at ten. J——

* As Her Majesty usually has fine weather when she travels or appears on any great day, a fair day is called "the Queen's weather."

begged to mount the box with the coachman, so I wrapped him in papa's great gray shawl, and the white horses started on our winding way. We drove by Skipton Castle's strong walls, and I observed the lower part of a tower, with its buttresses at one angle ; but the upper portion has fallen. The Yorkshire wolds looked bare and hard after the lovely, soft forms of the southern countries ; but they are mostly cultivated, and present delicious, green tints of that golden, sunny shade which we so often see in English lawns.

The orderly stone-walls help to give a hard expression to the country. I hoped there were no such things in England. They look unsympathizing and surly, and as if they bruised nature's fair face. The roads were so up-and-down-wise, that the coachman was perpetually putting on and taking off the drag.

At last we approached the Priory. First we saw an old inn, apparently very old, and called " Devonshire Arms ;" but we did not stop there. It was but six miles that we had come, and the horses could perfectly well take us to the Abbey before resting. Therefore we went on, and drew up at the " Hole-in-the-wall." Through this Hole—a rough gateway—we entered the enchanting valley of the Wharfe. It is said to be the loveliest situation, as regards natural beauty, without help from art, which is to be seen in England. It is indeed of wonderful beauty. Soft, velvet, rolling lawns, round three parts of

which flows the Wharfe, quite a broad, clear river. Its banks are high, and on the side opposite the lawns rise into lofty hills, and down one of these a silver waterfall made delicious music. As in all these monastic retreats, we seemed, after entering the gates, in a safe paradise, with the world shut out, and the peace of heaven around us. No sound but of silver waterfalls and songs of birds. How well the old abbots and priors knew where to crystallize their magnificent ideas of state, repose, and worship into stone! Thomas à Kempis might here have written his divine sentences, each one so like a translucent drop of that singing, shining fall—including also the infinite serenity of the lawns, and the slumbering sunshine's dim gold. These lawns went waving far away, till they were lost in a broad gleam of the river, toward the west; and again beyond the river rose the hills, so as to shut all in securely from earthly confusion. The ruins are at the eastern extremity of the site. Of the Abbey, in which the priors and monks lived, not an atom, not a crumb remains standing, except one mighty chimney, with its fireplace. All alone and apart it stands, the hearth-stone even gone.

April 12th.—I did not bring my sketch-book; and, to be sure, if I had, there would not have been time to accomplish anything with the pencil, but yet it seemed impossible to leave the spot without some record. I should like to have drawn each transept, and the beautiful chancel, with its superb, arched

window, yet not to be compared to that of Furness Abbey. One or two lovely pinnacles were left in this part, from which the ivy hung in wreaths, with a marvellous grace.

We went to the edge of the banks of the Wharfe to look at the whole effect of the church, and we found the banks delightfully steep, and the river of really good width—a fresh, clear, enchanting river. It is a favorite place for anglers, for of course the monks wished for nice fish for Fridays and Lent, and selected their dwelling-place accordingly. We saw some of the world's young men enter by the "Hole-in-the-wall," with basket and line, and disappear among the rich undulations of the lawn toward the west, while we stood by the church. After examining the ruined chancel and transepts, we found a man to open for us the porch and nave. The nave is still used for services. I saw the most ancient of men, with another more modern-looking person, digging in a small enclosure, and I asked for a showman. The ancient, who was a bundle of wrinkles, held together by a velvet jacket and small-clothes, rested on his spade, and gazed at me out of his queer little eyes, but spoke never a word. He resembled one of the gothic gurgoyles which are carved on the cloisters and at the springing of the arches of cathedrals. A very cheerful, jolly verger came, with his key, from a house quite near the ruin, and a great blemish to the scene. We entered the nave, which is entirely

peculiar in my experience; for it has columns only on one side, heavy, vast columns,—and but three, supporting almost round arches, so that to me it looked like half a nave, or a church cut down the middle and half gone. Five or six tall windows, filled with brilliantly painted glass, were opposite the columns. The roof was of unceiled, dark oak, with carved, heraldic devices at the crossings of the vaulted arches. Over the altar hung an oil-painting of Christ bearing the cross, very poor; and upon the altar hung a heavy, crimson velvet cloth, just like a pall. On one side of the altar was a small chapel, under which bodies were found buried upright. Wordsworth probably referred to this when he sung,

"Look down and see a grisly sight—
A vault, where the corpses are buried upright;
There, face by face, and hand to hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand.
And there, in his place, betwixt son and sire,
Stands John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
A valiant man and a man of dread,
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church,
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch."

No other chapel is left entire. There is a part of a piscina remaining in that one. After we had seen everything else, the verger went mysteriously into a private nook, and with tender care brought out two pieces of ancient, painted glass. On one was a lamb, and on the other a dragon. The colors were

of wonderful richness, especially the greens, like the soul of an emerald. There was one stain of ruby-red, also very gorgeous, and a yellow, like sunshine. I wish I could have taken at least the lamb; but, dear me! I might as well have laid my head on the block at once. It seems papa was in fear that I would drop this lamb on the stone pavement, at which catastrophe he looked to have the great nave explode, and blow us all into fragments. But both bits were safely restored to their hiding-places, and then we were invited into a tiny vestry, and requested to record our names. The man, with great pride, exhibited to me, in a former volume of names, that of the late queen Adelaide. I asked where Victoria's was, but he said Her Majesty had never been there. In the porch lay several finely sculptured bits of stone, and one of them was beautified with moss in a marvellous manner.

Certainly beauty seems to haunt these old abbeys, and to place her magic finger, in especial love, where decay encroaches. My earnest hope always is that all may remain as it now is. This church and property, for six miles, belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and it is a perpetual curacy. He skilfully restores a little at times to keep it extant, and if he would only raze the house I mentioned as being a blemish, and would kindly demolish the modern part of his own hunting-lodge, I could ask no more of him. The centre of this hunting-lodge is the very grand old gateway of the Priory, which

would look altogether magnificent if it stood alone, as it ought. But the duke has built two wings of apartments, of no particular order of architecture, and of a most impertinent, brave newness. How his grace could be so wanting in taste and sense of fitness, I cannot imagine. If I had been a fairy, with a wand, not one moment longer would those intrusive, yellow wings have spread themselves out on either side the stately gateway, as if to fly away with it. It should again become the entrance to the grounds; and after that were accomplished, my wand should annihilate every trace of the dwelling-house. It was the greatest pity in the world, that we had not time to go to the Strid, a narrow passage rent by the river Wharfe through a bed of solid rock. It was there that the boy Egremont was drowned, of whom Wordsworth speaks in the poem called "The White Doe of Rylstone." Also he has written a poem, "The Force of Prayer; or, the Founding of Bolton Priory," in which is the story of this disaster.

"Young Romilly through Borden Woods
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash
To let slip upon buck or doe.

"The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride!
The lordly Wharfe is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

"The Striding-place is called THE STRID,
A name which it took of yore:

A thousand years has it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

"And hither is young Romilly come;
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across THE STRID?

"He sprang in glee, for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep?
—But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

"The boy is in the arms of Wharfe,
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse."

And so his mother founded this Priory in memory of her sorrow. The Strid was but a mile from the Abbey, but our hour was spent, and we were obliged to lose it, as well as a ruined fortress of the Cliffords, near by.

Thus we left this paradise through the "Hole-in-the-wall;" and as our barouche had not come, we walked on, and sent J—— to order it to be in readiness at the inn upon our arrival there.

There was a thousand-year-old yew-tree in the road, with enormous gnarled trunk; and on one side the head of a great lion has grown out—a very perfect head, viewed from one side. The mouth is open, and some wag has put between its gaping jaws a large, flat, oval paving-stone, to represent a tongue. It would be better away, for doubtless the old lion is roaring, and there is no occasion for a

tongue lopping out, like that of a thirsty dog. It looks as if it were cut by art, it is so expressive, and a sort of yellow moss represents the mane.

The carriage met us before we arrived at the inn, and just before a few diamond drops fell through the sunshine. Our carriage was filled up from Skipton to Castlefort. At Castlefort several persons alighted, and at another station we took in a man who told us a great deal. He pointed out to us the beautiful ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, this side of Leeds, very near the railway track. If it ever had seclusion, it is open to the tumult, noise, and grimness of the world now, just on the wayside. What an object was Leeds! Thousands of monumental chimneys belching the blackest, foulest smoke—the atmosphere laden with abominations—multitudes of churches, endeavoring to shoot up their spires and tower above defilement—endless rows of ugly houses for the work-people—not a handsome house for anybody—piles of manufactories, heaps of coal and brick and rubbish of all kinds—and a hopeless look of there being no end to it, and that nothing could ever be clean any more. This was Leeds, as we saw it, till we rushed into an enormous station, and could see nothing else for the present.

Five minutes after four, we came on to York. The country grew very much flatter as we approached the city. Vast plains stretched out on every side, so unvarying, that I began to read the "Illustrated Times." Before this, however, I observed that the

birch-trees had put forth their pale, lovely, green leaves, which rejoiced my heart. I read till I was summoned to see the walls of York, and immediately the train was swallowed up in a station three times as large as that at Leeds. We entered through the Tudor arch. A cabman, with a face exactly like dough just beginning to become bread, still quite white, took us to the "Black Swan," which he affirmed was one of the best York hotels. The Black Swan arches its dusky neck over the door, and the landlady, in trailing black-silk robes, enacted the Black Swan in the hall, and consigned us to a maid, who was to show us our rooms. We had a nice large parlor, with a bow-window; and two chambers contiguous, and a good little dressing-room with a fireplace.

April 13th.—We ordered a sort of dinner-tea, and then walked out on Saturday evening to look at the Cathedral—outside, at least. It is quite near the Black Swan. I was at first disappointed that it was not in the midst of a vast close, like Salisbury Cathedral, because it was nearly impossible to get a complete view of it all at once. It is mighty in size, and needs a respectful distance from which to view it; and I had an idea that its spires pierced the stars, and found that they seemed low in proportion to the extent of the building. Here my growling ends. It is sufficiently magnificent to satisfy any reasonable mortal. York should not have crowded round it so intrusively. On one side only is there

any space, and therein stand the houses of the Dean and of the resident Canon, one of them quite palatial. I think it was the Dean who cleared away this breathing-place, thanks be to his memory. It is wonderful how much these stupendous works owe to individuals. The exterior is all incrusted with sculptures, gurgoyles, and statues. Yet there are innumerable niches and stalls with no statues. Some may have fallen, but some were never filled. I hope a future Archbishop or Dean may fill them all, because it would make it so gorgeously rich. Fretted pinnacles rise from every part, and borders of foliage and arabesque mouldings, and very singular projecting figures—animals and human half-forms, rushing out horizontally like waterspouts. An old man accosted us before the south entrance, and asked us if we had ever seen their fiddler. Thinking he must mean some poor ancient, still alive, we told him we had not time to see him now, it was so late in the evening. "Oh, but you must look at him," he urged, hobbling along before us; and when we were at the right spot, he turned and pointed to the highest pinnacle over the marigold window. There, to be sure, in remote solitude, stood the fiddler, with his fiddle snug under his left ear, and the bow in his right hand. I do not know how many feet he really measures, but he looks about eighteen inches high. "Many a person comes to York," said the old man, "who never sees the fiddler."

So, then, we came home to dinner, and were served

by a grave butler, instead of by a maid as at Skipton; having been received at the door, also, by a youthful waiter with immaculate neck-tie, shining hair, and spotless black body-coat.

The Black Swan haunts the hall and staircases, and whenever I meet her she says some polite thing; but she is not lovely, and I think she makes even the grave butler hop and run sometimes; for she is evidently a fierce swan, beneath her folding shawl and long train.

We were requested, of course, to write our names in a book; and behold, we found the names of two or three hundred Americans in it;—the Nortons of Cambridge, the Quinceys and Wares and Waterstons, Mr. Frank Peabody of Salem, and multitudes of New York people, and others. Finally, we found that it was a book for American names only, and no English ones at all were admitted.

On Easter Sunday, then, we went to York Minster at half-past ten. I had time hardly to cast a hurried glance before a verger took possession of us, and asked if we wished to attend the services. As this was what we came all the way to York to do, we said "Yes," and he took us into the choir, beneath the superb stone screen, over which is the grand organ.

But now we are off for Manchester, where I will write you the rest of our experiences.

MANCHESTER, April 13th. PALATINE HOTEL.

WE arrived in this great emporium of soot and mire at a quarter to eight. It is after nine now, and we have taken tea, and J—— has retired, "twice homesick," as he said. I suppose he meant, once after his anemones, and once after you and baby. This is a giant hotel, so far as I could see in the dusk, and there was a perfect bouquet of waiters, in white cravats, blooming in the lobby and hall as we entered. But I must return to the choir of York Minster, where I left you this morning.

The old verger said I must go one way and papa another, and he proceeded to put me into a nice, cushioned seat, close by the choristers. But I told him I had a very noisy cough, and preferred not to sit where I might disturb the dignitaries and worshippers; so he allowed me to go my own way, which was far along toward the high altar, where I sat down in full view of the whole assembly, and in a much better position to hear the music. I did not see what was done with papa for a great while. It was fifteen minutes before the sermon began, and so I had time to gaze about me. The choir is very beautiful—the tabernacle-work and stalls of richly-carved oak, but modern, because the ancient choir was burnt in 1829. It is not to be compared *now* to the tabernacle-work of the choir of Chester Cathedral. That came out of the love and souls of the carvers, who made it an act of devotion. Still, ex-

ceedingly beautiful, however, looking like climbing flames, as it always does. The organ, exactly opposite me, was one large cluster of aspiring pinnacles, of the same rich oak as the stalls, and of the same design. There is no appearance of an organist, or of human agency about that instrument. I did see a man hover for a moment in a gallery on one side of it, but he was instantly swallowed up in the blazing spires. It is much better so, than to see any one laboring away to produce the sound of soft recorders, or of jubilee or thunder, as the case may be. Every finely-sculptured point of the thousand ascending upward, seemed to quiver with praise and thanksgiving. The cathedral itself burst forth in anthems.

Not quite half-way between us and the organ were, on one side, the pulpit where the Canon preaches, and on the other, the archbishop's throne. It is St. Peter's church, and on the crimson velvet drapery of the pulpit the keys were embroidered in gold. The pulpit and throne were of carved oak, of the same tabernacle-work, as light and airy as fire. A screen, of the same delicately-sculptured oak, shut in the whole central aisle of the choir from the side aisles, the pointed, narrow arches being filled with the finest plate-glass, so that when the heavy crimson-cloth curtain fell, like a portcullis, from the upper groove of the entrance, a really comprehensible space was enclosed, provided one did not look upward; for then the lofty vaulting,

higher even than that of the nave, suggested ideas of the incomprehensible infinite, dissipating the sense of snugness forever. Directly behind the altar, a stone screen completed the enclosure, and also obstructed the view of the east window. But with that I had nothing to do then.

At last the intoning of the usual service began, and the young choristers mingled their clear, airy voices. I do not know as I can give you any idea of the effect of the echoes in those spaces. Every tone was, as it were, the root or stem of a mighty tree of multitudinous branches of sound, which, as it issued from the lips, was taken up by the vast arches and lofty vaultings, as the tree expands into the heavens, and the echoes of the echoes were like a thousand birds singing on the branches. In the branches, musical winds mingled with the bird-songs, making soft thunder of the leaves, rising, falling, spreading, intervolving, receding, and again returning in full, broad diapason. I had no book with which to follow the clergyman and people, and perhaps it was better so. The majestic minster was "instant in prayer," and jubilant with praise. Man did a little, but the cathedral effected far more. The chanting of young boys is unlike any other sound in the world. It is not at all like women's voices, though sweet and delicate like their sweetest and most delicate tones. It is that and something more. I always wonder if it is not like angels' voices. The anthems of joy for the resurrection

were most glorious. All at once one of the vergers came from the choir, with a silver mace on his shoulder, preceding a personage whom I supposed to be the Archbishop, for, as it was Easter Sunday, he must be there. This priest had a Roman profile,—was tall, and dressed in white, with the black mantle, or, I should say, in a dalmatica and stole. Two others followed him in the same costume. They came toward the altar, and passed me as they went to the communion-table.

The verger saw I had no book, and gave me one; and a portion of the Holy Communion service was read by the tall and reverend person, whom I took for the Secundate of all England (the Archbishop of Canterbury being the Primate). His voice was not good; but the echoes took the words, as always, and glorified the intonations. Another, perhaps the Dean, now repeated a prayer, and his accents were nobler, and produced a grander reverberation. When he had finished, another anthem burst forth, and this was the most wonderful of all. It was a wailing of plaintive sorrow, as if expressing the Passion of Christ; and when he "gave up the ghost," the cathedral was filled with thunder,—rolling from the organ as from a cloud, and then caught up and repeated, folding and unfolding afar off—scarcely dying away before another peal from the organ again rolled forth. So with soft, pathetic plainings, and deep, thunderous moans, his passion, crucifixion, and death were sung; but when he rose! the

whole power of joy and triumph was expressed by voice and instrument. The magnificent, painted windows blazed anew with their rainbow colors, and it was all light, splendor, hope, and fruition. This should have closed the services, for there was nothing more appropriately to be done. But now the verger attended the Archbishop to the pulpit, and he began to preach! And since he presumed to speak, one would think that on such a day, in such a cathedral, exalted by such music, he might have spoken inspired words. But, alas! it was the emptiest, flattest, stupidest sermon that ever was pronounced, though the theme, of course, was the Resurrection. This heavy exordium lasted about twenty minutes. Any one of the glorious windows, full of saints and prophets in crimson and gold and emerald, preached a more edifying sermon, and I endeavored to get what good I could from those I could see; but the discourse came to an end, and we came forth into the nave, and met papa, who had been put into one of the prebend's stalls.

We could not be shown the cathedral on Sunday, and therefore we came home. I ought to say that the Archbishop of York, I find, was *not* there, and that it was a Canon who addressed the people, and had the Roman profile.

II.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

May 22d.

HERE we are, safely arrived in this old cathedral city, after about seven hours' rush from your presence at the Southport station. Fancy how beautiful it was the moment we left the frowsy sand-hills of our seaside, and found ourselves in the verdant country, in this first bloom of its spring. The wonderful variety of the tints of green is always most apparent when the leaves first unfold. To say that the fields and trees were *green*, gives no idea of the endless shades of color, from the yellowish, callow tint, which seems to imprison the sunbeams, deepening through emerald, up to the solemn cypress hue of the spruces and pines, with all the possible cadences from first to last. The late rains have freshened the fields and meadows and hillsides into utmost perfection. The dry, old sand vanished away entirely; and I was just thinking that there was no color so grateful and lovely as green, when a flush of purple suddenly spread over the face of the land from tens of thousands of wild hyacinths, on both sides the railway-track, ringing out perfume with all their bells.

What delicious fragrance must have filled the air around them! but we poor prisoners of steam and

cinders, could have no benefit of hyacinthine odors. Very soon the golden gorse began to glow over the banks, and a red flower, whose name I do not know, while daisies faithfully starred the earth on every side, with our dear old dandelion and wild pink, to remind me of the wayside and America. Presently we coursed along by a canal, the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, pretty and picturesque now, because winding between trees and flowers, and once in a while passing beneath a perfect little stone bridge, of one symmetrical arch, so forever beautiful, that every time I see one of the hundreds that span the narrow rivers and canals of England, I am in a new delight.

We were delayed in a very tiresome way just before entering Manchester, and feared we should lose the train for Lincoln. The railroad directors announced that they would never promise to arrive at appointed times, nor to be responsible for any accident or loss.

We at last dawdled along to the station, and when the carriages fairly stopped, we rushed into a fly and dashed off to the London depot.

LINCOLN—May 23d.—In all the great cities of England, Saturday evening is a kind of festival, and so it is here. The shops are brilliantly lighted, and the street is thronged with the poorer classes, going to buy their next week's groceries and provisions, and all talking together. Each one has a basket,

and not only the sidewalks, but the middle of the street, are crowded with human beings. There is a particular Saturday evening market in Lincoln, besides that the shops keep open late. Out of the line of my vision, but within hearing, as I sat, a violin and fife struck up a prelude, and then a fine, manly voice sang several songs very well.

Just now a band of music came up, and we ran to the window, thinking we might see a military company; but it was only the brass-instrument-players, and they stopped just opposite us, and performed two pieces of music, one of them an andante of Beethoven. The crowd grew dense around them instantly, and I think it was for the entertainment of the crowd that they were playing. It was most refreshing and delicious to me, always so starved for music, and to hear a strain of Beethoven was a boon I did not look for.

Soon after the band went away, a street-preacher or a madman began to hold forth, and then the musicians returned with a triumphal march, and passed off toward the cathedral. It is of the cathedral I must now tell you. It rained this morning, and there was a dreary east wind, and so we ordered a fly to take us up the steep hill, to visit the interior of the magnificent fane.

The coachman drove us up a winding way instead of the perpendicular road. Unlike all the other cathedrals we have visited, every gate was locked, so that we could not even go into the nave without

an attendant. A girl came at last and unfastened a door, and we followed her into the southern aisle of the west front.

The width of the west front is 174 feet, covered with arched and pointed doorways, arcades, canopies, niches, mullioned windows, architrave mouldings, and foliage. On each side of the two smaller entrance doors, in niches, are sculptures of Saxon times. One represents the Angel expelling Adam and Eve from Paradise—another, the spirits of the just going up to heaven, and the unjust led by Cerberus to the Styx, with friars and nuns and monsters. Something like Noah's Ark is in one; and in another, Daniel in the lions' den.

We entered the right-hand smaller door. Alas! what can poor mortals say or do, when they enter one of these sublime cathedrals? To be silent seems the only appropriate part, yet I must try to give you an idea, as you are not here to see and be silent with me. Twelve clustered columns bear up the roof of stone, six on each side—no—*sixteen; eight* on each side—for I should count the two which support the middle Rood-tower. They are unfortunately covered with a kind of plaster and yellow wash, but are really made of Vurbeck marble, like those columns and pediments of the beautiful church of the Temple in London. It is composed of shells, and the tint is mixed; but the effect is a purplish, pinkish, rich brown, capable of the highest polish. We did not think of the detail, however, at first, or how

gorgeous it once was in color. Those vast spaces satisfy, with the gothic forms—the trefoil-headed arches on the walls of the side-aisles, arches beyond and above arches, some pointed like a flame, others rounded for variety—just as in nature no two leaves or flowers are precisely alike. Gothic sculpture and architecture, I think, represent and reproduce Nature, and Grecian architecture seems to be Art. One is Love, Passion, and Aspiration, and the other Intellect, Thought, and also Beauty—for by both forms we arrive at Beauty. The Gothic is affectional and struggling, and the Grecian is philosophic and reposeful. But I must hasten after my verger. He did not allow us to dream in the nave. He first discoursed about the tabernacle-work in the choir. He said each stall was different from all the others in its canopy, and there are sixty-two! They are of dark oak, and every imaginable leaf and flower are interwoven in the tracery. The seats of the vicars are more superb still, having kings carved on them, and angels, with dulcimers, harps, and viols. The bishop's throne is a very simple matter, less stately than any ecclesiastical throne I have seen. The chancel is beautiful, with an extraordinary double-arched gallery, involved in a bewildering harmony, like different tones in music mingled together. I wish I could have had time to sketch it, as it is considered the greatest beauty of the cathedral. In the spandrels of the arches are thirty statues, many of them with musical instruments—the harp, zebeck,

cithern, tabor, pipe, and trumpet; and the verger said they were called the choir of angels. On one side of the altar is the tomb of the monk Remegius, who founded the minster. He was a Norman, and a man remarkable for piety, charity, and intellect. It was consecrated "to the Virgin of Virgins," in the twelfth century, time of William Rufus, who, you know, succeeded William the Conqueror. A Druidical temple stood on the site in the early British era, and afterward a Roman temple, when the Romans occupied the hill as a military station. It was called the Roman Lindum. Near Remegius is also the cenotaph of Bloet, who stands blowing a trumpet on one of the pinnacles of the west front, and there are three or four fine figures of soldiers guarding the sepulchre. The verger said that Flaxman very much liked these watching figures. Opposite are the tombs of Katharine de Swinford, wife of John of Gaunt, and sister of the poet Chaucer, and at her feet is the sarcophagus of her daughter Joan, Countess of Westmoreland. In the aisle, on the southern side, is an illuminated window, containing the names of all the Chancellors from 1092 to 1728; and beneath is a little chapel, called St. Katharine's, founded by Bishop Longland, and containing his buried heart.

The cathedral is rich in little chapels, which give great variety to the exterior of the edifice. Henry of Huntingdon, the historian, is interred near Katharine de Swinford. Before Bishop Heming's

chapel, opposite the presbytery, is a sculptured figure of Death, lying in a shroud, which the Bishop put there to remind him of mortality, when he went there to his private devotions. It is said also to commemorate his fast; for he tried to fast forty days and nights, and died in the effort. Inside is his tomb, and his figure, sculptured in his pontifical robes. He was the founder of Lincoln College, Oxford. The great East window is of modern-painted glass, with altogether too much blue in it, I think. It represents the prophesied advent, and the life of Christ. The Lady-chapel is beneath it, and here we saw a rich stone, elaborately-carved shrine, upon which once stood "the Virgin of Virgins," holding the infant Saviour; and just before it, a deep place is worn in the stone pavement, by the motion of the foot in making obeisance for ages. The statue is gone, the worship of "Our Lady" has almost passed away from the land; but the deep print of homage is left indelible.

In this sacred place was great spoil for Henry the Eighth. Tens of thousands of ounces of gold and silver were taken from this spot, and diamonds and other precious stones, which had been brought as offerings to the Virgin. And first Henry, and then Cromwell, struck off the heads of the statues, after quite demolishing Mary; and one poor knight is cut exactly in halves, besides being decapitated. Bitterly did the verger speak of the Lord Protector. He believed the soldiers were paid for every statue

they destroyed, until this was found too costly a bargain, and so ruin ceased to get a premium. Cromwell had a particular fancy for stabling his horses in the naves of cathedrals; and here they stamped on the splendid brass tablets which paved the whole broad floor; and then he took possession of all the brasses. So that the present pavement is of plain stone, and modern. I cannot forgive Cromwell for such stupid destruction. But he thought he was obeying the command, "Thou shalt have no graven images," and in this spirit, it was perhaps proper to demolish the Virgin; not, however, the lords, and knights, and gentlemen, who slept quietly in stone on their monuments, and whom no one dreamed of worshipping.

In Our Lady's Chapel are buried, singularly enough, the viscera of Queen Eleanor, the beloved wife of Edward I., and Edward built the chapel. On the tomb of one Bishop Burghersh are carved very graceful, but now headless, male and female figures, in alto-relievo. The attitudes and drapery are studies, and I wish I could have copied even one. Its date is 1340. There were sometimes shrines of pure gold for canonized saints, and St. Hugh's was one of these. It went into King Henry's coffers, and only his stone shrine remains, which is that upon which once stood the Virgin. In passing along the aisles, the verger called our attention to the lovely carvings in unexpected places,—carvings in the solid stone walls. Sometimes it would be of

the hawthorn, with a blossom in the centre of four leaves; sometimes it was the oak and acorn. Some monk of a sculptor, while walking along in meditative mood, would seem to have pulled out his chisel, and commenced and finished cutting an interwoven wreath of plant and bloom, in such entire relief, that the whole group merely touches in pinpoints the wall of which it was just now a solid portion, without life or grace. And these are formed into arches, and often a cluster of perfect forms suddenly blossoms at the springing of an arch, where you are looking for no such delight; for there really seems only individual will in each of the productions. I can imagine these often idle and cultivated and fanciful priests, dreaming with the chisel wherever in the vast spaces they chose to use it, just to fill the time and keep out of mischief. What lovely and immortal play!

In Mary Magdalene's Chapel is the very ancient font, so large that the infant could have been immersed in it. Outside are griffins and birds—and the outer basin is square; but a round scoop is made inside, and it stands on four columns. It was in the original church of St. Remegius, and once stood in the south aisle of the nave.

We now left the chancel, and went into the cloisters. They are in good preservation; and whose tomb do you think we saw on the pavement? It was that of Elizabeth Penrose—your good friend, Mrs. Markham. J—— was astonished, not only to

stand on her grave, but to find that Mrs. Markham's real name was Elizabeth Penrose.

The symmetry of the quadrangle is spoiled by two things. One is an innovation of Sir Christopher Wren, who built the cathedral library on one side, and encroached on the lawn. How he could have done it, or how he could have been allowed to do it, I cannot conjecture. So perfect and grand is the general harmony that a dissonance positively tortures one. But underneath this library is one of the finest views of the exterior of the whole structure. From that point it is not possible to see any end or beginning to the enormous fabric, and it does indeed look like a city, with its pinnacles and towers, and chapels and buttresses, rising on every side. The other blemish is the ugliest possible little shanty of brick and stone in one corner of the lawn. The verger unlocked it, and we entered. There, to be sure, was the famous Roman pavement, supposed to be the floor of a bath. It is exceedingly curious and interesting, but not beautiful. It is made of innumerable little cylinders of variously colored clay, laid in patterns; and from the gallery over which we leaned to look at it, it had the appearance of the painting upon oil-cloth carpets. There was a dressing-room as well as a bathing-room. The Romans were established on the hill, which commands a fine view of the city and Lincolnshire. So, then, without any manner of doubt,

we examined an old Roman construction of at least two thousand years ago.

I could have stood all day, and many days, gazing from that sheltered quadrangle upon the glorious cathedral. It is so delightfully lawless and unreckonable in its forms. It is something like a sudden upleaping of numberless fountains, each reaching a different height, full of flowers, saints, and all kind of cunning devices, crystallized in mid-air by the wand of a magician, dripping solid splendor on every side. And I was only looking at the northern part, which by no means resembled the others.

From the cloisters we went into the chapter-house. Like the restored chapter-house of Salisbury, it is supported by one column of clustered shafts, throwing out the roof like so many branches of a tree; but unlike that gorgeous restoration, there are no rainbow colors now. This cathedral was all jewelled with color in its first era, but either Henry or Cromwell daubed everything over with white or yellow wash. Where the wash is rubbed, it is easy to discover faint blue and red tints still. Once these temples must have seemed cleared "forests primeval," gemmed and laced with flowers. The verger said visitors sometimes expressed that they were glad the colors were gone. Those persons must be very cool philosophers, risen into the calm of thought. But while love exists I pray to have ruby red, heaven's blue, and golden yellow, with every intermediate

hue. I am a devoted lover of pure form, but these cathedrals have developed in me another taste, also legitimate; for flowers and rainbows are also parts of creation, and it is designed that we should enjoy them before we are angels. Yet the angels—does not St. John say that the walls of the new Jerusalem that "descended out of the heaven of God" were garnished with all manner of precious stones—jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase, jacinth, and amethyst, while the gates were of pearl. The angels, then, are not above color, though the gray-souled visitors to churches are.

The roof of the chapter-house is of stone, and every window was once filled with illuminated glass, but that is gone and plain is substituted. Lately this decagonal building has been strengthened, because the excessive weight of the roof was pushing out the sides. It is all in good repair.

I have forgotten to say that we saw a veritable Roman altar, with an inscription, inside the cathedral, as well as the shrine of little St. Hugh, a child said to have been crucified by the Jews in derision of the infant Christ, and afterward buried here as a martyr. A stone coffin, with a child's bones, was really found, as a verification of the legend.

But I must close this long story now, and commence again for another mail. We shall go to the original old Boston to-morrow.

May 24th.—I have not yet left the cathedral. I told you last of the Chapter-house. After seeing that, the verger brought us into the great transept. This always points north and south, and the nave, choir, chancel (or presbytery), and Lady-chapel face east and west. Above the centre of the great transept rises the Rood tower (rood means cross), containing the famous Tom of Lincoln, the mighty bell. This tower is three hundred feet high, the highest without a spire in the kingdom, and its enormous weight is supported by four beautiful and very lofty arches. They have a slender elegance, which seems quite inadequate to so much effective effort. Yet there rises and rests the noble tower safe and serene.

Beneath the arch that opens upon the choir, (exactly opposite the west-entrance door,) is the organ, over the usual stone screen. This screen is unspeakably rich in sculpture, in high and low relief. I am sure these carvings must have been acts of devotion, but yet this workmanship is supposed to be that of professed artists, hired for the purpose. High up in the curve of the southern end of the transept is a rose-window. It is exceedingly large, and instead of having sashes in a regular form, such as star-shaped, or tangents, or right-angles, or any other angles, some lover of what Ruskin calls "the immortal curve" designed the sashes in an arabesque or acanthus pattern, which I would have given the verger or my left hand to have had a

chance to sketch. Upon all the glass inserted in this wilderness of enchanting, waving, curling lines, contained within a perfect circle, are colors as fresh and gorgeous as if just born of prisms; and at first glance I thought they were flowers—of paradise, certainly—but flowers. Then they seemed to be saints—and saints may be called the flowers of holiness, perhaps; but the window was too high for me to decide, and the verger did not know. Each tint was a gem of purest ray, ruby, emerald, and all the royal fraternity. When dazzled with the splendor, one can follow the "immortal curves" of the sashes, and when weary of imagining whither, in infinity, the curves lead, there remains the circle enclosing all, the satisfying emblem of Eternity.

There is a tradition about this wonderful, celestial bouquet of either flowers or saints. It is that the master-artist undertook to produce the northern rose-window, while the apprentice was appointed to execute the southern one. Curtains hung before each, till both were finished. And when the southern rose was unveiled to the eyes of the master, in despair at its eminent superiority to his own, he threw himself upon the pavement beneath and died. A stain of blood is shown upon the stones. This is the same kind of story as that of the peerless column in Roslyn Chapel. But the master's window is also beautiful. It represents the Church on earth and the Church in heaven, and is said to be the most perfect work of the thirteenth century.

Almost all the old stained-glass of the cathedral was ignorantly destroyed at the Reformation, and during the civil wars, probably because of the saints pictured on them. But the verger said that it was now a decree of the Chapter, that no tributary monument should be henceforth erected to the dead, excepting emblematic, painted-glass windows. Is not this good? Four new ones are already put in, and slowly, I suppose, all will be accomplished. These four are in the southern aisle of the nave.

While we were in the Lady-chapel, Great Tom tolled twelve o'clock, with a grand, majestic, thunderous sound, solemn and slow too, and most tuneful as well. It is in the key A, and is a fit voice for the magnificent minster, and seems to thrill through every atom of its frame. Old Tom was considered finer in tone and more powerful even than this, and was dearly loved by Lincoln. But one morning the city was startled by a strange dissonance in its beloved bell. Upon examination, it was found to have a fissure on its rim. No patching would serve, so it was broken up, and six lady-bells were added to it, and new Tom was made of all, melted together.

The south end of the great transept has two aisles, and opening from the western aisle, which would be parallel to the west façade, is what is called a Galilee, a superb porch of very large size. It is not used now for its original purpose; but it was the place where penitents on trial stood, before being allowed to commune again with the church-

members—a kind of sinners' ante-room, which it was humiliating to pass through. Women were allowed there only to see the monks who were their relatives; and in some cathedrals females were not permitted to attend divine service except in the Galilee. This has been repaired lately, and is as rich as possible in pinnacles, arches, and flowers, outside. At the north end of the central transept, beneath the master's rose-window, is an arched door, which is the private entrance of the Dean. Two narrow, tall lights are over it, filled with old, stained glass. The Lord Bishop's entrance is through the southeast porch, on one side of the chancel. It is gorgeous in decoration. Over the door, Christ sits as judge, with his angels. Lovely garlands of flowers and leaves, and little statues, some still intact, others headless, cover the vaulted roof. The Virgin and Infant once stood on the middle pier, but that group is of course destroyed, and four bishops stand beheaded, without trial, at the entrance.

You perceive we have said farewell to the verger, and are looking at the exterior again now. The whole eastern side is of exquisite beauty, with its gables and double buttresses, filled with slender pillars and pointed arches and brackets, upon which statues stand and stood, with finely-wrought canopies overhead—the stone changed into airy lace. On the tips of the buttresses are pinnacles, octagons with spires, so you can imagine how it must flame. The stone is heavy nowhere. It is made light as

fire and air with cunning handiwork. I am afraid I have said "light as fire" once before, in describing York Minster, but I can think of no other simile that suits either case so well.

When we left this wonder of art, we walked about the high plain upon which it is erected, to see the castle and Roman arch and wall. The gateway of the castle, the keep, and part of the walls, are all that remain. The Conqueror built it. It was one of the four great castles he built when he first took possession. It must have been grand. The lower part of the huge keep stands crowned with ivy, with beautiful shrubbery and trees springing up round the base, and up the steep mound upon which it rests.

The castle entrance has a ruined look, for it was too well battered in Cromwell's wars, by the Earl of Manchester. John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster," made it his winter residence; and the walls enclose nearly seven acres.

When William the Conqueror commenced this fortress, he also began the cathedral, and the cathedral alone seems to have been enclosed in walls; for several massive stone gates still stand, and one of them is exactly opposite the west front.

The Roman arch of which I just now spoke is considered the best relic of Roman work in England. It has already survived two thousand years or more, and looks as if it might last indefinitely. It is peculiar in having no key-stone.

There was once a great parallelogram of wall, of which this was one of the gates, but all the other gates are demolished, and the only bit of original wall left standing is in the middle of a garden, carefully palisaded round for safekeeping. This remnant is in a line with the foregoing archway that I have slightly sketched. Violence, and not time, has destroyed these stern and earnest fabrics. Roman streets, hard now as iron, have been discovered by digging down into the soil about Lincoln. I really believe that it is what there is Roman, stereotyped into the English, which makes them also build so strongly. We walked all round the castle, after faithfully examining the famous archway, and then J—— was hungry, and went into the funniest little old shop that ever was seen, kept by an ancient man, and bought some gingerbread, an acre of it, I should think, "and munched and munched," as Macbeth's witches say. I have no doubt that old shop was built of the wrecks of the Roman walls, and I am not sure that the old man was not himself an eternal old Roman.

The town of Lincoln lies in a great plain at the foot of the hill; but it was so misty that day that we could not see it well, and the wind was bitterly cold, so that I was obliged to come home.

We descended Steep-street into Guildhall, and came through Stone Bow, another solid arch at the head of High-street, and close by our hotel, the Saracen's Head. This was, probably, a work of the

Conqueror, and it may be Roman, for the Romans extended their city down into the plain.

This morning there was a pouring rain, but it cleared at noon, and at five we took our drive of two hours. We first mounted the storied hill, and slowly went round the cathedral, and round Colonel Sibthorpe's Bede-houses — charitable institutions for women—and along a road, from which we had a fine view of the city, and the country, to a far distance. Then we returned, and drove to the cemetery, and over the common, from which the hill made a stately picture, crowned with cathedral and castle. We also passed by John of Gaunt's stables, a very interesting ruin, with fine carved work.

Near this is the site of his summer palace. Then we drove to the race-course. The wind was west, and the green enchanting, and we enjoyed ourselves very much. Coming home, we passed a choice gem called now St. Mary's Conduit. It was once a shrine, and it is covered with delicate sculpture and canopies. It was so wonderfully beautiful that I wish I could have carefully drawn it. It was erected in the time of Edward I. by Ranulphus de Kyme. I will just give you an idea of its form, and end off Lincoln.

III.

OLD BOSTON AND ST. BOTOLPH'S.

BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE, May 26th, 1857.

DOES not it look delightfully to see the name of that beloved city for my date? But this original old town is not in the least like our "Athens." It is perfectly flat, and boasts of but one single thing, but this is very handsome. It is the ancient church of St. Botolph. Botolph's town was the name now contracted into Boston. By pronouncing it very quickly, you can see how it might be, especially if you will recall the style in which the English guards announce names to us railroad travellers. Their idea seems to be to utter the word at high-pressure speed, in imitation of steam-rate of progress. But I must not arrive in Boston as if I were a pigeon. I must tell you how we came. One of the waiters at the Saracen's Head told us on Monday morning that there was a steamboat which went to Boston from Lincoln at ten o'clock, along the river Witham, and that it was a nice boat, and the scenery was very beautiful on the banks of the river. It was a fine morning, and we thought it would be a great relief from rail carriages to glide down a lovely river in the sunshine, even though it should take five hours, instead of one hour by rail. Before ten, we drove down to the river-banks, and there were multitudes of boats moored, each one, as we passed, looking

too bad to enter. But at last the carriage stopped at a rather miserable craft, though with a better quarter-deck than the others possessed. It was a small steamer, and not nearly so large nor so good as the Mersey boats, in which we crossed to Liverpool from Rock Ferry. The sunshine, however, and the prospect of the enchanting scenes through which we were to pass, kept up our spirits and hopes. The waiter who tempted us to this excursion looked like Mr. F——, and so I gave him credit for taste and appreciation, and confided in him blindly and madly. We were about a year (spiritually) in getting off. There was but one other passenger besides ourselves on the first-class deck. It was a woman, but not a lady—a round, solid old body, of the middle order. Papa explored for a cabin in case it should rain, and reported that there was one, but he could not paint it in glowing colors, though he wished to be encouraging. Finally we commenced our voyage; but were immediately brought up by a lock, and *locks* kept recurring all along, the river being turned into a canal, for the sake of toll, I presume, or to try the patience of passengers. Each lock it took centuries to unlock, and the slowness of the descent of the water can be compared only to the motion of the fixed stars, at which we gaze, and perceive no motion. Meanwhile, no "plains of Shinar," no "gardens of the Lord," no Arcadys, nor lordly parks, nor cloud-capped Mount Idas with sad, wandering Œnones and gay deceiving Parises, met our waiting

eyes. The fens, the fens of Lincolnshire,—the flats, the flats, the flats, spread drearily, east, west, north, and south. The wind also blew a strong gale ahead, and finally, very soon after starting indeed, it began to rain. I immediately was obliged to go down into the Plutonic regions. I found there a woman, whose house seemed the boat, sewing busily, in the narrowest of cabins. If we had taken the rail, we should have arrived in Boston by that time, so I had plenty of food for long-suffering and patience. I had a chance to be good under difficulties. I talked to the woman, and asked her for a book, but she had none. I sat still awhile, and then tried to see our way from a wee window in the stern, netted over with iron. Still one dreary flat, on both sides, and before, stretched without end.

I ought to tell you that though around and before us was nothing but fens, yet behind us, for four hours, rose up Lincoln Cathedral, taking every form as we wound along, sometimes looking like a mighty castle, narrow and lofty. When an hour distant, it was exceedingly grand and beautiful as a cathedral, much the finest view we had had of it. Very well did the Cæsars of Rome know where to take a stand, and the conquerors wisely followed their steps.

We passed the towns of Washingborough and Bardney. And we had one advantage by being in a quiet boat instead of in a noisy carriage, for we could hear the skylarks! These delicious little raptures condescended to rise from the fens, as well as

from lovelier fields and meadows, and they were indeed a solace.

We were excessively delayed by taking up passengers from the banks, for it was no small trouble to stop the steamer, and get near enough to the land. Once the captain was very wroth, because a young clown was waiting on the margin, with a huge pile of broom to be taken in. I could not well understand why he gave himself the trouble, when it seemed so against his will. It was much against mine, for we were delayed half an hour by it; and our feelings were constantly aggravated by perceiving that the railroad, for the whole distance, ran close alongside the river, so that we could have seen the country as well in the carriages as on the water, and in one-seventh of the time, which would have been long enough, since there was nothing to see. The little birds alighted on the telegraph wires, which stretched all the way, and I wondered what effect their tiny feet might have on the messages that were shooting by. At last I saw a pretty tower of a church, and a very tall structure by it, and I asked the captain what town it was. It was Tattershall church, castle, and town. The castle was built by Sir Richard Cromwell. Tattershall Castle and a pretty bridge with three arches, called also Tattershall Bridge, were the only picturesque objects we saw. The castle was buried in trees, so that we could not see the base of it.

Whenever we went under a bridge, the captain

lowered his funnel,—not in the way of bowing civilly to the bridge, but jerking it backward, in an intractable, defying manner.

After six hours and a half, we beheld a wonderful tower in the distance, and simultaneously the captain came to take the fare. We were much diverted that he asked only four shillings for us three. The lofty tower proved to be that of St. Botolph's Church in Boston. Afar, it looks strangely out of proportion to the building, but the nearer we approached, the better it justified itself.

When we arrived in port, the captain sent for a fly, and a very nice one took us to the best hotel in town, called the Peacock, Market Square. The most solemn of all England's solemn butlers, or head-waiters, received us at the door. Papa called him a Puritan; and perhaps he is; but such an iron, utterly unmalleable grimness of soberness I never beheld on any face. All footmen and waiters are bound to solemnity; but generally one can discern the possibility of a smile, or even of a good laugh in the servants' hall or behind a napkin. But some terrific discipline has banished all tendency or desire for mirth from this man's soul. His mouth is drawn down with an everlasting resolution that he will not be glad, and it also declares that he *cannot* be jolly. I marvel at his inward history—what it can be. But perhaps he only sincerely believes that nearly all men are condemned to eternal misery, except a few of the elect; and if a person can really

think this, I do not wonder that he will never smile again. I am afraid he is very sorry for something.

He ushered us into a little parlor, like a closet, and I cried out against it emphatically, and told him we must have a larger room. He looked a look of ice and stone at me, and replied that there was no other disengaged. Not a ray of sympathy or concern lighted a line of his face. Finding me unmanageable, he said he would call the landlady.

Enter a jolly dame, all smiles, courtesies, and shining black eyes. She expressed regret, and thought we could have more spacious apartments after dinner. I found, however, I could see St. Botolph's Church from the window, and so we accepted our destiny with patience. After tea, we walked out all around it, and found it exceedingly beautiful, and were surprised by a kind of cathedral stateliness it has, yet it is not quite *half* as long as Lincoln or York Minsters. Lincoln is five hundred and twenty-four feet in length. The tower is three hundred feet high, and those slender pinnacles on the summit of the lantern are each as large as the parlor in which I sit. They are repairing a chapel, in which is to be placed the memorial to Mr. John Cotton, former Vicar of St. Botolph, who went to Boston, Massachusetts, because he dissented from his church, and died there, much beloved. Gentlemen of American Boston have contributed, with English gentlemen, four hundred and fifty pounds toward the memorial, which is to be an illuminated

window. The exterior is in excellent preservation; and they are facing the buttresses anew with beautiful canopies and brackets, and perhaps the statues will stand in them again by and by.

Papa happened accidentally into a funny little bookstore, and found an antiquarian, an elderly man, to whom he gave his card, and who cordially invited him to fetch Mrs. —— the next day, to see some rare treasures he possessed; and he could show all that was interesting in Boston. I should not be surprised if this Mr. P—— were one of the persons to whom Mr. B—— addressed one of his letters; and if he be, it is as good as a play that papa should alight upon him in one of his wild-bird passages. So yesterday morning we all went to see him. He is a perfect Englishman in appearance, comely, handsomely stout, tall enough, and with very deep wine-stains on each cheek, genial and cordial, and particularly glad to see us. His shop is about as big as one division of a walnut. We had scarcely time to look about us, before he requested us all to go up-stairs into another division of his nutshell. This was covered, all over the walls, tables, cabinets, and buffets, with every imaginable knick-knack and pictures. From this we entered a smaller nook, also filled with wonders. Here we sat down, careful not to push anything over in the minute space, and Mr. P—— went away to get something. And what do you fancy he brought to show us in that humble little house in old Boston? Why, noth-

ing less than a most royal treasure—a quilt, embroidered all over in white silk, with birds and arabesque patterns upon linen so fine as to be silky, and trimmed all round with two rows of a very rare and curious knotted fringe. It seemed the work of a lifetime, and it was wrought by Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, while she was imprisoned in Fotheringay Castle. The arabesque was worked in a kind of back-stitch, as fine as Aunt Louisa's fairiest efforts. The birds and flowers were done in chain-stitch. Once in a while, the Queen embroidered her cipher, not M. R., but M. S. This was also in chain-stitch. The knotted fringe was the work of her maidens, and it must have been the labor of years, as each small knot is fashioned with the fingers. The quilt was lined with pink, and quite heavy with the sewing-silk. I imagined the sad and weary thoughts she must have had as she sat over it. It is stained, and I wondered whether it were not with tears. I took off my glove, and touched it, for her beautiful hands had very long rested on it—most ill-fated of queens!

The next treasure Mr. P—— brought was a waistcoat of Lord Burleigh. "There," said he to J——, "here, young gentleman, you have to put on this vest," and so on it went. It was of pale green silk, trimmed round the pockets and edges with a delicate gold and silver pattern, not half an inch broad, but as brilliant and untarnished as if finished yesterday; yet, it is about three hundred and fifty years

old. J—— had on his talma; but Lord Burleigh must have been slender, for J—— could not button it round his waist. Perhaps some of this illustrious counsellor's wisdom, in the form of Od, entered into J—— while wrapped in it.

Then came a wonderful bag, made of the Victoria Regia, by the Queen of Otaheite, and given to Captain Cook! It was sewed with smallest feathers, and the texture of the material was exquisite, like goldbeater's skin, and semi-transparent. It was once adorned at the opening edges with feather-fringe, but most of that was worn off.

Mr. P—— showed us also some shoes of past ages, of a queer shape with a singular heel. One was of white satin, with a flower embroidered upon it, and the other was black satin. He contrasted with them some slippers made by American Indians.

Some crystal goblets were beautiful, with St. Botolph's Church engraved on them, as well as other fine buildings, and cyphers also. He brought forth, too, an old rose noble (a gold coin) and a double sovereign and double guinea, both now out of circulation, and an angel, now obsolete. Each dwelt in a wee chamois bag of its own, and was as bright as if just from the mint. After seeing these things, Mr. P—— allowed us to go into the other apartment. Very valuable old prints were framed on the walls, and a colored crayon head of Sterne, an invaluable picture, drawn from life, which has never been engraved. I dare say the British Museum, or

National Gallery, would give thousands of pounds for it. Also there was Sterne's wife—drawn in the same style—a proud, unamiable, high head-tossing lady, from whom, I do not wonder, Sterne wished to separate. A copy in water-colors of Murillo's flower-girl was of exquisite beauty; and at last the good gentleman, all crisp and sparkling with ecstasy at our enjoyment of his pets, opened the drawer of a cabinet, and took out—what? Fancy! No, you never can; for, actually, the enviable old antiquary exhibited original pen and pencil studies of Raphael, Rembrandt, Giordano, Benvenuto Cellini, Jordaens, Maratti, and many others. Yes, the very studies, with the growing idea traceable through the involved lines. As at Oxford, all those of Raphael were unmistakable, from the delicate grace and fastidiousness of the efforts, so very fine, and drawn with a sharply-pointed pencil, while many of the others were dashed off with pen and ink. One was a head, in brown ink, by Rembrandt, a hat over one eye, and a saucy expression, in shadow. Where could Mr. P—— have gained such inestimable jewels? When he is tired of hoarding them, he can make a fortune any day by selling them, I should suppose. And he ventures to keep them in a wooden cabinet, in that wee, old house, which might burn down any day! He ought to have an iron safe for the purpose, after the manner of Oxford, where all the pen and pencil sketches of the great masters are in a fire-proof apartment. Over the drawings I exhausted my

capacity for wonder and delight, and after this rich feast, we were taken down into a tiny sitting-room, and introduced to Mr. P——'s wife, a thin, pleasant person, whom, I trust, Mr. P—— considers his most precious treasure. A cabinet was opened in this room, and illuminated missals given us to see, and Roman medals, antique Latin bibles, printed in Antwerp—a secret book, or "Book of Secrets" of Queen Elizabeth, which I opened and read, and among other receipts, "How to kill a fellow quickly." This struck me as very strange, and not very creditable to the Queen. But, behold! upon looking more carefully at the stained old type, I found that it was "fellon," not "fellow." The present way of spelling this word is with one l—felon—and so I easily mistook it. We laughed heartily at the mistake, it was such an off-hand, unfeeling way of putting such a serious matter—the word "fellow" giving such a scornful, indifferent tone. So there were all her majesty's favorite receipts and notions, very curious and entertaining. J—— was captivated by the glory of color in one of the missals—birds, flowers, and saints dazzled our eyes with splendor. We made Mr. P—— breathless by telling him of that missal we saw last summer at the Countess of Waldegrave's, illuminated by Raphael's own hand. The Countess was very uneasy while I looked at it, for it was really too invaluable to be left out of her own keeping. It was about three inches square, bound in velvet and solid gold. Her great blue eyes blazed

like a falcon's upon me, till I returned it to her. I am afraid the antiquary broke the Tenth Commandment as he listened to us about it. I asked Mrs. P—— whether she were as much interested as her husband in these things, and she said she was not, but preferred to read. And then she remarked, pointing to a brilliant red-bird in a missal that I was turning over: "That bird is almost as red as the Scarlet Letter!" She said this in a private, confidential little way, and made no other allusion to the authorship. Finally, we proposed to come away, not having seen the hundredth part, though all the choicest morceaux; and the kind gentleman put on his hat, and went to show us a curious, old gabled house in a narrow alley, built in the French style. In the peak of the gable was a heraldic fleur-de-lis and the cypher E. R. The gable was trimmed with costly, stone Maltese lace, and carved and ornamented in various ways, and Mr. P—— evinced a pious horror at the insertion of a modern window-frame in another part of the house. He showed us also the site of Mr. John Cotton's house, and mourned over its demolition. He wished the spot to be enclosed, and a memorial built up in the centre, and said that Dr. Bigelow, of Boston, Massachusetts, told him, when here, that he believed the inhabitants of his own city would gladly contribute to its erection, if the land could be purchased and secured. Finally, we came to St. Botolph's, and the present Vicar, remote successor to Mr. Cotton, was standing in the

Close, talking with some one, and Mr. P—— brought him to us and introduced him, after having whispered who papa was. This vicar was not venerable, like the vicar of Wakefield, but a young man, of the most comfortable aspect you can conceive—soft, round, with a rather pale and comely, but full face, snowy, large, handsome teeth—spotless white cravat, fine black coat, and hands that looked like bishops'—so plump, smooth, and fair. Really, the chief shepherds of this English fold are as well to do as the fleecy sheep and lambs I see grazing by hundreds in the meadows. They testify to sumptuous fare, and wear fine linen every day. With a refined and cultivated expression, they yet remind one of the jolly world and day — wine, oil, and easy-chairs. This Rev. G. P. S. Q. L. B—— (though I forget exactly how many names he has) politely received us, and invited us into his beautiful church, and Mr. P—— bade us farewell.——

Mr. B—— was so courteous that he showed us the church himself, instead of putting us under the guidance of a verger; and when he had gone quite round, and told us everything, he most considerately departed, and left us to enjoy ourselves as long as we pleased.

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Just as we were entering the southern porch, the organ was sighing like an Eolian, with a wonderful effect of spirit-voices. The organist was practising. The impression which the whole interior made upon

me at once was of perfect and comprehensible beauty. It could all be included in a glance, though it measures two hundred and fifty feet from the west front to the chancel east window. The organ is most happily placed at the side, so that there is a clear sweep of view from one extremity to the other. What a pity that it is not so with the vast cathedrals! If I were Queen of England, I would have every organ moved from the arches of the choirs. At the western front, one enters the bell-tower—the grand tower, three hundred feet high, and seen at sea forty miles away. There is a stone roof, sculptured just beneath the lantern, in which hangs the bell. Standing beneath this lofty roof, we looked upon a space which may be called a lesser transept, before the columns of the nave begin, with a door right and left, south and north; and exactly in the centre of this space, stands a font of stone, richly sculptured, raised on a very broad pedestal of three wide, spreading steps. Over it hangs a coronal of gold and blue, a light, airy chandelier of fine tracery, in two or three concentric circles, climbing into a spiral form.

There are, I think, seven columns on each side of the nave, and above them fourteen windows in the clerestory, whose pointed arches are trefoil-headed. The roof of the aisles then slopes downward from the nave, and there are seven much larger and loftier windows, which pierce the sides north and south. The choir has some oak tabernacle-work, stalls, and

ancient carved seats, made very uncomfortable for monks, so that if they grew a little sleepy, and were not very watchful, they would be sure to tumble down with a crash. These seats are elaborately sculptured beneath, with droll devices. One is a group of naughty school-boys, driven by a master, with a whip. One is a bouquet of cats and monkeys playing together. Under some grins Apollyon. The backs of them and the terminals are carved with every variety of head, and flower, and animal,—no two alike. They often end in lovely quirls, or in angels or cherubim, mixing up heaven and hell in the strangest way. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," the monks seemed to say with their chisels. Sometimes the back of a stall endeavors to run off in this manner.

While I was sitting in the choir, papa and J—— mounted to the top of the grand tower, and a verger hovered round, who had previously been paid a shilling to let me alone. Presently the chief organist came in, and I told the verger I wished he would play; and he replied that he had come to give a lesson to the lady organist. But I saw him whisper to him, and while I was trying to sketch the eastern window, after the lesson was over, my musician kindly burst forth in a magnificent symphony, which made all the saints and apostles radiate brighter light, and live and breathe. The verger declared he was the best organist in the country, and I was not inclined to dispute it.

The chancel is uncommonly beautiful. The east window is filled with painted glass, well designed, and of superb hues. The middle light represents first Jesse, in crimson and blue, sitting at the lowest point, as the root of David. Above him stands Mary, holding the infant Jesus, with Joseph at her side. Above is Christ upon the cross; and highest is Christ in glory, crowned and sceptred, as Judge and King. All the lights on each side are filled with apostles and saints, and also David. The pointed, trefoiled and quatrefoiled headed arch over all looks studded with jewels; but upon examination these are found to be the heavenly host, in the centre of whom stands the archangel Michael, trampling upon the Dragon. I do not know why the effect of the tints of this great window is golden, yet the choir glows with a sort of permanent sunshine, which is peculiar to St. Botolph's. Now I think of it, it may be that the windows on each side are filled with yellow stained-glass, and it is a lovely idea thus to make perpetual sunny radiance over the altar, whatever the weather may be.

The perpendicular lights contain Christ, Mary, and saints. The altar beneath the window is sumptuous with crimson velvet and gold, and a heavily carved oaken chair stands on each side of it. And before the chancel is a low screen of blue and gold, a kind of brass work, extremely light. Within are two candelabras of the same material and fairy workmanship, and others like them are placed all

about the church, and, with the coronal over the font, look wonderfully beautiful, when lighted. This delicate blue and gold also goes up the pulpit stairs and balusters, looking like a rich fringe with tassels; but upon approaching it, I found it was rigid metal.

There are two alabaster monuments, one supporting a knight spurred, with his helm under his head as a pillow, and the other is his wife. The noses of these figures have been restored, and also their fingers, and the vicar has a great ambition to adorn his church, and intends to have *all* the windows refilled with painted glass. He is very young, and may live to see much accomplished. There is at the door a strong box, for the reception of a restoring fund, and I trust it will be a perpetual bank.

The nave is full of carved oaken seats, unlike cathedrals, and the pulpits are in the midst of them, instead of being in the choir. Botolph's town was so called from a monastery erected to that saint in 634, which the Danes destroyed in 870. On its site this church was built in 1309. Fox, who wrote the "Book of Martyrs," was born in Boston. We have the book, but it is too dreadful for you to read. We walked round the small chapel in which Cotton's memorial window is to be placed, but there is only one grave-stone in it, and that is upon the floor. It is in fine proportion, and has a noble western window. Papa and J—— were tired of waiting for me, and when I was ready to go out I found the gate of

the door locked fast! I was in a gorgeous cage, but felt very uncomfortable not to have my freedom, and stood shaking the bars till the clang roused the verger who was outside, and he laughed merrily at having fastened me in. As he had been paid to let me alone, I suppose he did not dare tell me he must go away.

The organ was still murmuring melodiously as I left the southern porch, as if St. Botolph were singing Vespers.

On my walk home, I saw a lovely ruined Abbey at a printseller's, and bought it for you to copy some time. It is Crowland Abbey, which I hope to visit, as it is near Peterboro, where we go next.

In the afternoon of Tuesday (26th) we walked out; but I felt tired, and after looking at the old Guildhall, an exceedingly interesting building, with a fine mullioned window, and three gurgoyles rushing tumultuously from each side and the point of the arch, I concluded to go back to the Peacock, and take an open barouche, to drive about with Julian. Papa, you know, hates to drive, and prefers to wander without purpose. We therefore returned, and I ordered a light phaeton, which proved delightfully easy, and I told the coachman to go round every part of Boston, and then into the suburbs. We had a charming excursion, and old Boston reminded one of the oldest parts of New Boston—those parts which are antique and tumble-down, at the North End. There is scarcely a handsome house in the

town, but many quaint ones, with overhanging brows; and in the suburbs we saw an enchanting *House of Seven Gables*, which, being all covered with perennial ivy, looked as the one described in the book would look, if ascended into the heavenly Paradise. It was sumptuously rich and beautiful, and I wish I could have sketched it.

We passed the new cemetery, in which stood two strangely-shaped edifices, I suppose for the reading of the burial-service; but I can compare them to nothing but camelopards—giraffes.

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"The Peacock" is such an aged bird, and really there is no end to its tail, though it is not quite so long as the neck of the Saracen's Head in Lincoln, which, you know, I told you was miles in length.

The solemn waiter has not smiled yet, because he never will nor can; but, despite his ungraciousness, I think we have felt particularly at home in Boston. We have had the Queen's weather, and all the ladies are in muslins.

IV.

PETERBORO CATHEDRAL.

PETERBORO, May 28th.

WE left Boston at hâlf-past twelve, and our route was through still a flat country, covered with lambs, buttercups, and white heifers. There is a great preponderance of white cows in this region, perfectly white, and the young heifers are beautiful. We passed through Kirton, and thereabouts was a storm of apple-blossoms, and the hawthorn trees and bushes, in great profusion, were in the fullest bloom. I never saw so much hawthorn bloom before in England. We saw very many of the prettiest little colts in the world, trotting gently beside their mothers, with a singularly modest air, as if they felt rather delicate about being seen on their new legs. There is always something very refined in the manner of a colt.

We stopped a moment at Sutterton and Surfleet, and crossed the river Glen, one of England's narrow ribbons of rivers, and then came to Pinchbeck, where I presume that the metal called pinchbeck-

gold was invented. We saw the outside of a fine old church, which I wish we could have entered. Indeed, I should dearly love to go into every one of these old village churches, for I have no doubt they are extremely interesting, and with strange histories and monuments. We passed one quite closely, and there were some funny gurgoyles upon it in the shape of imps, with elbows pressed on the buttresses (in default of sides), as if they said, "Now for it! off we go," in the act of springing; but yet forever held fast in stone. It is an extraordinary idea of these gothic architects to give this rushing-away, active expression to the centuries-enduring, fixed stone. I wonder if it is an image or emblem of the hopeless longing of the monks to escape from their thraldom. I have a singular desire to break the bonds of these headlong gurgoyles, and let them go. They have such an impetus in their motion, that it seems as they would shoot out of all human vision in a second, if they were freed. Did you ever observe those on the roof of Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey?

We now came to Deeping Fen, which perhaps means, the fenniest of fens. It was, however, adorned with a great deal of beautiful rose-hawthorn in perfect bloom. * * * England is just now in fullest blossom—fruit-trees, May-flowers, purple and white Persian lilacs, like plumes, so soft and delicate, and everywhere the graceful, yellow laburnum, dropping gold; also, of course, the greenest of

grass, as if it had been that moment washed in a shower—so that though the land was flat, there was much about it most grateful to the eyes. I observed that a great many lambs had been taken for a purpose I will not name, so that the dams had but one child apiece, instead of their rightful two. J—— undertook to wonder how each lamb could know its own mother!

When we arrived at Peakirk and Croyland, we regretted our tickets were not for Croyland, for, in that case, we might have stayed there all night, and seen the abbey. As it was, we kept on to Peterboro. The Railway Hotel being directly upon the station, we walked into it. I immediately looked out of the windows to find a glimpse of the cathedral, and I saw a portion of the western façade and pinnacles, and the top of a mighty arch.

After dinner we took a walk. Peterboro is a very small town gathered in front of its glorious minster. It is the cathedral, and nothing else. We soon came to the market-place, on one side of which is the Guildhall, now used for a butter-shop, beneath the lower pillars. Opposite to it is a stone gateway, which is the entrance to the Close. As we entered the Close, the world seemed shut out, as it always does inside these monastic retreats. Eternal peace is within their gates, and upon me the effect of the three vast arches of the western façade was more sublime and magnificent than that of any architecture I have yet seen in England. I was

wholly unprepared for the vastness and splendor of this church. No one had ever spoken of it to me, and I had never read about it. I believe there is no other façade like this in the country—the arches being much higher than that we so wondered at in Furness Abbey—three arches, perfectly uninjured. I did not know before what a grand power lay in a lofty curve, and words can never convey an idea of it. The first impression was that those arches had more to do with heaven than earth. Though the line returns again to the same level from which it rises, yet it seems to have been transfigured as it soared and sang in its circuit. They are the emblem of a saint's soul, whose visible form still exists. He stands on the earth, but his spirit has ascended into another world, and remains there, in truth, though he is yet with us in mortal guise. They are an image of endless aspiration in constant rest.

Between the gateway and the cathedral is a pointed entrance into the cloisters which *were*, for Cromwell's soldiers utterly demolished the cloisters, except the inner walls. On these inner walls are the remains of broken arches and shafts. The lawn is of the loveliest pale green velvet. On its south side are some beautiful high arches, dripping with wreaths of ivy. If you can recall the banqueting-hall of Conway Castle, with its lofty vaultings and mullioned windows hung thickly with enormous vines of ivy, you will be able to fancy how these appear. Entering from a corner, opening through

one of these garlanded arches from the cloisters, we were in the former refectory of the old Abbey, now roofed by the sky and floored with daisies and grass. Traces of the Abbey are all about this part —clustered pillars, broken arches,—and from these we went into the cathedral, by one of the southern doors. The service was not quite over, so we walked quietly up the stately aisle, with its fine, Norman, groined roof, nearly eighty feet high. We sat down upon a seat in front of the screen of the choir to wait for the end of the function, and had hardly time to glance at the glories around and above us, before a verger came from the dropped curtain beneath the organ, and invited us to go in. The prebends and choristers were chanting, and one lady and two gentlemen formed the audience! I was struck into amaze by the choir, its effect was so gorgeously rich, so loaded with ornament, and the chancel so singularly shaped in semicircles, with a solid wall nearly to the roof, and then broken into superb arches opening upon other arches beyond and behind, in the Lady-chapel, of which the ceiling was intricately sumptuous; while there were glimpses afar of rainbow-glass—mysteries, and fold within fold of beauty, revealing remoter beauty through the never-ending arcades. Ah me! what can poor mortals do with but two eyes to see out of, and so confined a space for the heart to expand in? I was glad when, after the chanting, the precentor said "Let us pray," and I closed my dazed orbs

upon all visible things. The "Amen" to the prayers was peculiarly beautiful—a fountain of sweet, young voices and organ music, rising with a full and expanding tone through the wilderness of spaces, and returning with a soft, closing cadence into silence again.

The chancel of this choir is called an apse, which means the rounded end of a church, opposite the nave. There is but one other of Norman date in England. Directly over the altar, on the roof, is a painting of Christ sitting, with all the apostles around him, involved in curling lines; and it is written on a scroll which encircles the whole, "I am the Vine, and ye are the branches;" and, "I am the Bright and Morning Star." The bishop's throne is here very superb,—a little cathedral in itself, of cunningly carved oak, flowing into pinnacles. All the arches of the apse are profusely decorated above the clustered shafts; and with the pierced, flying buttresses and tracery over the windows, and the arcades above and beyond one another, I received an impression of magnificence which no other choir has given me; though, on account of being smaller, it has not the grandeur of that of York Minster.

After the service was over, there was a great ceremony of waiting for a venerable old Canon to descend from his stall beneath the organ. All the choristers, prebends, minor canons, and the precentor arranged themselves in a reverent manner, while behind stood an ancient verger with a rod in his

hand. The venerable Canon was lame, which made his descent very slow; but when he came upon the level with his subordinates, he bowed graciously to them, and took the precedence in vanishing beneath the curtain. It was pleasant and grateful to see such deference to infirm age.

We left the choir on the south side to go and look at the altar, and we stepped from the door directly upon the stone beneath which Mary Queen of Scots was buried, after her execution at Fotheringay Castle, near Peterboro. Her son James afterward removed her body to Westminster Abbey, and you know we saw her sarcophagus there, and her lovely effigy upon it. In the aisle we met a young verger, who offered to show us the cathedral. First he told us about Queen Mary's grave, and then we followed him into the Lady-chapel. The ceiling of this chapel is a specimen of the fan-vaulting, of which I caught glimpses through the open arches of the choir. What is called the perpendicular style is particularly famous for this fan-vaulting, which is very splendid. Between the windows these superb fans curve over and meet in the centre of the roof, almost touching with their scolloped edges. It is all of stone. Beneath the thirteen windows is a great height before the pavement comes, and this space is filled on the east, north, and south sides with an arcade. There are seats in these arcades all round. The central window is filled with painted glass; but it is modern and not tasteful. There

are six windows over the altar, filled with what was saved of the superb, old colored glass from the destructive hands and guns of Cromwell's soldiers, who were in a particular rage with this cathedral, because it had been considered the holiest ground in England, and kings and cardinals put off their shoes when entering its gates. There are but very few monuments left. One is very curious, and it is the oldest Christian monument now to be seen in the land. It is of the ninth century, and in memory of Abbot Hedda and his monks, who were killed by the Danes. It is very rude and worn, and the monks are the funniest old frights that were ever seen.

At the northern door of the choir, every one who goes in or comes out steps upon the slab over the body of Catharine of Aragon, first wife of Henry Eighth. She died at Kimbolton Castle, in Huntingdonshire, and was buried here. When Henry was told that he should build some fair monument to her memory, he replied, "Yes, I will leave her one of the goodliest in the kingdom," and so he spared this superb cathedral; and no queen has such a mausoleum as she, and I hope her proud and injured spirit was somewhat appeased by it. It was late amends for the king to make, but it was right royal. There is a shrine near this, thought to be that of Saint Ibba, and from the Lady-chapel, all along the aisles to the west front, on the walls beneath the windows, are the intersected arches, which

first suggested the pointed arch. I took great pains to draw you some of them, to show you the transition steps from Norman to the early English or pointed style. The Norman arch is a perfect semicircle, heavy and massive. Doors, windows, and arches were all rounded, and the pillars were very thick, and the sculptured ornaments bold and rude. By degrees the style was enriched with zigzag adornments and the chevron; and then came the intersected arch.

The verger then took us into an old chapel, where morning prayer was offered; and there is some tapestry on the eastern wall, worked by two sister nuns before the Reformation. There are two pictures; one of Peter and John curing the lame man at the gate of the Temple, and it seems to be from Raphael, though altered a little. The other is Peter's release from prison; and the angels who set him free have the most hideous faces imaginable. Instead of angels, I should call them devils. A Roman soldier sleeps, headless, on one side. This chapel is a very old place, with curiously-carved screens and doors of almost black oak, it is so time-worn. It was a grand *coup d'œil* to look from the east end of the Lady-chapel to the western transept, all along the vaulted aisle, four hundred and twenty-two feet! More than twice as far as Bunker Hill monument is high. This image will help you to estimate the distance. The beautiful groined roof of the aisles makes an enchanting and noble perspec-

tive; only some foolish bishop or dean, whose heart must have been a whited sepulchre, and who is recorded as not liking rich colors, washed over the tinted barnacle-stone, of which the cathedral is built, with a yellowish daub, throughout the inside. If Dante should award him his punishment, I think he would dip him in his lake of pitch of which he sings in the "Purgatorio." The verger said there were hopes that it would presently be all scraped off, and the primal hue restored.

So now we walked down the mighty nave, with its strange and unique roof of painted oak. It is marked in lozenge-shaped mosaic, and the interstices are filled with richly-colored figures and devices, kings and queens, bishops and abbots, and emblematical designs, in extraordinary preservation, considering its antiquity. The great transept, north and south, is very superb. Its roof is of the same character as that of the nave, but not so gorgeous in color and device. It is very lofty, and there are four stages. First is an arcade on slender piers, then a decorated string-course, then an arch, through which is seen a window; then again arches and windows to the top. One capital only of all the piers is an impish head, spitting out, as it were, the shaft from its mouth. Now just fancy this workman, busy with the rest, who were all producing plain capitals, and finally showing this funny head, not to be altered now. These stone jests are certainly very singular. How the sculptor must have

grinned to himself! The arches supporting the tower, which lead into the northern and southern parts of the great transept, are glorious in beauty and in size, and excel all others in England in these characteristics. They have the effect of those of the western front, and must have been designed by the same person. The screen is lovely, and I made a sketch which I will draw out for you. * * * The pavement of the whole cathedral is wonderfully joined, so as to look like one piece of stone. The columns that support the nave are thirty feet in circumference, clustered, with Norman arches.

* * * * * *

Coming out, we wandered round the Close. Two sculptured stone gates led to gardens on the northern side. We entered one, and it opened upon the burial-ground, which extended quite round to the cloisters again, north and east. Fine old trees and shrubberies adorned this cemetery, and opposite the gate by which we went in was another beautiful arch, giving a glimpse into some wonderful Arcadia, with a lawn of sunshine-green, a tree of rarest loveliness, branching out from the very velvet sward, so that the delicately-tinted leaves lay on the grass lightly, like the folds of a lady's airy dress; and it rose in perfect proportion, somewhat trained by art, into pyramidal tendency, but more flowing in outline than the geometrical figure. Papa was particularly transported with this tree, which I think was a beech. Behind it was a grand, dark cedar of Leb-

anon, as if set there for contrast and background to the beech.

The house of the secretary of the Bishop stood beyond the cedar—a picturesque building of fawn-colored stone, with blooming plants around it, and reaches of soft lawn leading to inviting shades farther on. An avenue of noble trees, each side of the smoothest gravel walk, at that moment made smoother by a huge stone-roller in the hands of two gardeners, led from another arch to the principal porch of the house. These trees met in fraternal communion overhead, arch within arch, and unbroken peace brooded over all. Peace, such as the world can never give, seemed established in this consecrated retreat. Behind the cemetery there was a rookery—for all abbeys have rookeries—and the rooks cawed incessantly; but they only made the peace and silence perceptible or sensible,—just as the cricket reveals how still the night is—just as the shadow makes salient the light.

This was originally a monastic church, founded in 665, and built of such heavy stones that sixteen men could hardly draw one. Penda was the Mercian king who commenced it. You know that the Mercian kingdom was the largest of the heptarchy, and this village, originally called Medeshamstead, from a deep gulf called Medes Well, famed for its very cold water, is in Northamptonshire. The monastery of Medeshamstead was afterward finished by King Wolfen, and dedicated to St. Peter, and then

the village began to be called Peter Burgh. When its abbot was Hedda (in 883), the Danes injured the church very much, and it was restored again by the Bishop of Winchester, assisted by King Edgar, 974. Successive abbots, before and after the Conquest, enlarged it; for these great Minsters grow from age to age, like flowers which it takes centuries to unfold. The name of the sublime architect who designed the west front arches is lost, unless some one succeeds in deciphering that vast hieroglyph of stone.

After gazing into the paradise of the Close awhile, we again looked at the few remains of the cloisters, once illustrious with painted glass in their mullioned windows, and walked through the refectory, with its majestic arches, festooned with ivy, once, no doubt, also radiant with saints and angels in rainbow colors, and passed through gothic doors into narrow lanes, with many ruins, on the way, of the former abbey—walls, tithing barns—until we came into paths leading by fishponds and streams, perfectly dark with overhanging trees, where the monks found their Friday dinners and Lenten feasts—until we wound our course out into the town, and came home.

May 28th.—This morning we went again to the cathedral. The service was over, and we walked into the open door beneath one of the western arches. There was no one in all the great temple.

We found the door of the Lady-chapel unlocked, and every door open, in the most hospitable way—so unlike Lincoln. We wandered about at our own will and leisure, and there was no sound but of our echoing footsteps and the distant cawing of rooks.

I stood again upon Queen Catharine's grave. It is bare now, but once a superb canopy hung over it, a hearse and velvet pall—as well as over Queen Mary's; but the regiment of horse under Colonel Cromwell demolished them, though a part of the hearse is preserved somewhere. The painted glass was particularly rich at Peterboro, so that the soldiers were daunted with its splendor, and they cried out the more furiously that it must be smashed, because the idols the monks worshipped were flaring on them in their gold and purple. So they stupidly shot at the saints and kings, until enough only was left to piece out a few windows in the choir, out of all the multitudes of windows full! The fan-vaulting was more beautiful to me to-day than before, and now I recognize of what it reminds me. Take one of the divisions by itself and it looks like a rocket falling in stars or flowers, the motion in rest everywhere suggested. In comparing Gothic with the Greek architecture, one is the clear, logical understanding, coming at truth mathematically by the way of reason; and all this range of truth stands beautiful and sure, on lovely, even pillars, surmounted with

square pediments, symmetrical and perfect to the eye. I think, too, of those lovely faces like A—— G——'s, with her brows in a straight line. And she is a person of clear understanding. But the Gothic "is of Imagination all compact," "in a fine frenzy rolling," glancing from earth to heaven and heaven to earth—a crystallized poet, as it were, of endless variety, of scintillating fancy—soaring in "immortal curves," baffling geometric conclusions, setting known, established rules at defiance, wild beyond reach of recognized art, flaming like fire, glowing like flowers and rainbows, soaring like birds, struggling for freedom, like the soul, never satisfied. A cathedral is really an image of the whole soul of man; and a Greek temple, of his understanding only —of just decisions, serene, finished postulates, settled axioms. We want both.

Most regretfully we left the mighty Minster, and took a last look at the Close. Near the gate leading into the secretary's Eden is another, opening upon another domain of a Canon or Dean. It had the same, but never-wearying sunny lawns, rich shrubbery and flowers, and birds in rapture, all embosomed in the pervading peace.

In one corner of the Close is Thomas à Becket's chapel and shrine, now the chapel-school; and boys with the square-topped Oxford cap, and an immaculate toilet, were standing near—some with books, studying. I wondered if they were conscious of the

place where they were standing, and of what was before them.

We went into a shop, and bought some engravings of the interior; but not a drawing that I saw gave at all the impression of the grandeur and size of the front arches, or of the nave.

* * * * * *

Farewell.

V.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

NOTTINGHAM, May 29th.

WE left Peterboro yesterday, but I must not omit to tell you that J—— was made perfectly happy there by seeing some knights in armor, who had come from Astley's in London. They were careering through the market-place, and they brought back to him the days of chivalry and romance, and turned common life into poetry at once. * * *

We hissed away at about half-past two, and had gone but a few miles, when we passed a house covered with double roses, in full bloom—May-roses, of a lovely crimson, and giving an air of supreme elegance to the whole place. They were the first I had seen this season, and were the more precious for that, and I rendered due homage to the queen of flowers.

We were happy as usual in having the carriage to ourselves, and it has been almost invariably the case in all our travels. Once a gentleman came into our private boudoir, and after sitting a few minutes, seemed to be conscious of intruding into domestic

sanctities, and left us again, for which I was much obliged to him. This arrangement is very pleasant, and somewhat like posting. The great plate-glass windows are as good as the air to look through, and one can have the prospect without dust. We passed the town of Tallington, and the country began to be less flat, and rich and beautiful.

The hawthorn-trees hereabout were enormous—as large as the largest horse-chestnuts!—and so loaded with bloom, that each one seemed to have had a separate snow-storm upon it. There was a station at Bytham also; and near this the grounds of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby stretched down to the track, and were exceedingly stately, and most daintily cared for. Picturesque old villages abounded as we went on—clusters of ancient cottages, gathered lovingly about a pretty church, which was often a gem of beauty. No doubt many of these are of remote antiquity, and the cottages often looked to have grown around them, mossy and lichened, and not to have been built by man at all. At last we came to Grantham, and as we were to remain an hour, we left the carriage, and walked into the town, because Sir Isaac Newton went to the grammar-school there. There was an old market-cross, with several well-worn steps leading to it, which J—— ran up, in memory of Sir Isaac, for no doubt he had stood and played on them many a time. We wandered on to a church, which seemed beautiful afar off, and proved very much so near by. It had a

lofty spire, two hundred and seventy-three feet high, and painted windows, of which I should have liked to see the right side; but we had not time to get admittance. It contains a curious font also. Grantham had a monastery once, and there are ruins of it, which I wish we could have searched out. The Angel Inn was a strange old place, approached by an arched entrance, and we should have enjoyed staying at it all night. The inns have singular names, and were all blue—the Blue Ram, the Blue Lion, the Blue Horse, the Blue Man, the Blue Cow, the Blue Bear—and so on through the animal kingdom, and I marvel it is not the Blue Angel as well.

Our way was over a sumptuous country now, and for a great many miles we saw afar, on a high hill, Belvoir Castle, the residence of the Duke of Rutland, a magnificent structure, and it must be of vast size, it looked so extensive at a distance. Towers and turrets were numerous enough to supply a small town. I wish his Grace could have received us; for he possesses one of the most valuable galleries of pictures in England.

On we hastened through Sedgebrook and Battisford, where was an exquisite little church,—then to Elton and Astlockton, where a gentleman intruded upon our family circle. He was a peculiar-looking man indeed, and as he sat directly opposite to me for many miles, I could not but see him well, so that his face was stereotyped upon my retina; his eyebrows were lifted into a high Norman arch, crump-

ling his forehead into ribs, like the sea-sand after the ebb of the tide. His collar was like a carving of marble, so stiff and polished, and his toilet was altogether elaborate and without fault; but frozen, like the wonder in his face. What could be his history? I was inclined to exclaim to this persistent, unmitigated look: "Really, my dear sir, it is not, I assure you, so *very* surprising. Pray compose your mind and smooth your brow, and regard the matter with a reasonable degree of becoming indifference."

Meanwhile we steamed into Bingham, which possessed one of the prettiest of churches, and herds of perfectly white cows. And now we had left Leicestershire and entered Nottinghamshire, and so into Nottingham. We asked the guard which was the best hotel, and he strongly recommended the Maypole as "a hotel every one admired," so the driver was ordered to take us there. It was close by the market-place, through an alley, and did not look inviting at all. I feared it was a pot-house, and fortunately they had not room, so we drove to the George the Fourth, which the coachman said was the first in town. It has no show outside, but, like the "Clarendon" in London, it proves within the nicest one we have chanced upon. Our waiter is unexceptionable. He would on no account smile unseasonably, but it is very evident that he can smile in a decorous manner, at the right time. Everything is quiet and elegant, and the table perfect in style and quality.

This morning we took a cabriolet, and drove to Newstead Abbey. It was a fair day, with dim sunshine and no wind. I had never associated Lord Byron with Nottingham, and yet I could think of no one else after I arrived here. No doubt he came here often, as it is the nearest town to the Abbey of any size. As we drove on toward Newstead, we had a view of Nottingham Castle, and nothing else of interest, till we got within the precincts of Sherwood Forest. This was poetical ground. Richard the Lion-hearted, jolly Friar Tuck, the king of outlaws, and all the merry-men were then in my mind's eye, though there are now no thickets or century-trees, but new growths of pine and beech. Newstead Abbey was once all surrounded with Sherwood Forest, and when we came within its boundaries, there were fine old trees left standing among the younger growth. Generally, the Newstead forests were exceedingly gloomy in aspect. There was a great-uncle of Lord Byron, called "the wicked Lord," who was the terror of the country, and it seemed as if his ruthless spirit darkened the woods, and as there was no subsequent light nor joy in the fortunes or character of the family, the heavy, motionless evergreens looked like stern frowns of doom, and fixed clouds of melancholy fate.

We drove ten miles, and then drew up at a small, nice-looking little inn, called "The Hut," and our coachman averred that he was not allowed to take us any farther into the private park. I supposed

we should have but a short walk to the Abbey, and so was nothing loth to leave the carriage. We unlatched the hospitable gate (Colonel Wildman being a very kind and open-handed gentleman), and wandered along the broad avenue, winding over undulating ground, at first through woodland scenery, floored with violets, which J—— began diligently to gather for memorials, and then to open hunting-grounds, covered with ferns,—coverts for small game; then again to woodlands. We went on and on, I looking, at first, to see the towers of the Abbey on some eminence, forgetting that religious houses were always hidden in vales,—indeed forgetting that Newstead Abbey ever was a religious house, till reminded. Presently a light gig came up behind us, with a lady and gentleman and little boy. We were astonished at this, because we had been led to suppose that no vehicle was allowed to approach in that way. They passed us; but stopped at an inner gate, which we now saw ahead, and the lady alighted, and the gentleman and boy returned. The lady climbed up a steep path on the left, evidently to obtain a view of the place, and we entered the gate, trusting now that we were near, for I was footweary.

Soon we saw a gleam of water, and a small flag flying from a tower. This is a sign always in England that the family is at home. When we arrived at the lawn before the front, I was surprised that the Abbey was not much larger. I had imagined a

very extensive range of buildings, and a broad, glittering lake before them. But a wide lawn intervenes between the house and a small lake, near which are the stables, a row of low, stone, castellated edifices. On the lawn we met an old man, who said we had only to ring at the porch-bell, and some one would admit us. A small footman welcomed us with a smile and cordial "O yes" when we requested entrance, so that it was plain what the master's spirit was about receiving guests. We entered a low gallery, with a groined stone roof, rising from thick pillars, like the columns and arches of a crypt. There was a boat of light material and construction on the pavement, and I meant to ask what its history was, but entirely forgot it. Heavy oak-carved chairs stood against one side, and everything was scrupulously exact and ordered. After the boy left us, it was some time before we saw any one, but at last a highly respectable dame appeared, and after requesting us to write our names in the visitors' book, she preceded us up-stairs. And the very first room she ushered us into was Lord Byron's bedchamber, precisely as he left it, excepting that a table, and a huge ewer on a stand, have been added to the furniture. I do not know what some of our fashionable young men of fortune in America would say to the plain and simple arrangement and upholstery of the "noble lord's" private apartment. An oriel window, the only one, commanded the lawn, water, and woods beyond. Two large arm-chairs,

covered with embroidered silk, stood on each side, and I sat down in one; and I endeavored to believe that I was really there, sitting exactly where the poet sat, my eyes resting on the same landscape which his had so often dwelt upon. Over the mantelpiece was a looking-glass, into which I gazed, for it was the very same at which he dressed his hyacinthine locks, and met his own melancholy, defying eyes. Prints of the colleges of Cambridge hung on the walls. There was not a luxury nor an adornment of any kind to be seen in the room, and no attempt at any unusual comfort or ease; but it is just a chamber with bed, toilet, chairs, tables, washstand, in ordinary style, not even large. Next to it is a smaller room, where his lordship's page slept, and once there was no access to it, excepting from his own; but now Colonel Wildman has cut a door into it from the corridor. This page's apartment is the famous haunted one, where the ghost of a monk was often seen. It has a deep window, the thickness of the walls causing an embrasure of several feet; but otherwise there is nothing remarkable about it. It is left, like Lord Byron's, just as it was in his time. In the corridor, leading to these two chambers, hung two pictures,—one of Murray, the faithful, attached servant of his lordship, and the other of his fencing-master. The face of old Murray is very interesting; he looks good and loving, and it is an excellent painting. We lingered about this part a long time. An uneasy feeling of sadness was

caused by the sense of his former presence; for there was no peace nor true happiness in him at any time, and so the mysterious Od left by his footsteps, his touch, his glance, his life, must impart a sense of unrest and gloom. It was pleasant to see the kind face of the old servant, who loved him so devotedly that it proved a power in Byron of deeply attaching others to him, when in a simple relation to them. I doubt not he had a warm and fiery heart, wretchedly embittered by the circumstances of his early life, which only cultivated the evil in him, and by no chance unfolded and increased the good; and he died in early manhood, attempting to do a generous deed.

Leaving this most interesting part of the Abbey, the housekeeper led us into all the state chambers of the former Abbots, now most sumptuously restored, and made delightfully comfortable and habitable by Colonel Wildman. One is Charles the Second's chamber, another Henry the Seventh's, another Richard the Second's—either because these several kings had occupied them aforetime, or because their portraits are in them. There are fine portraits by Sir Peter Lely aud Holbein of these kings and their queens, and of other remarkable persons of the age of those painters. I was particularly arrested by a portrait of Charles the Second, which was hung in his chamber. It was not the dark, animated, forceful face I have always seen and become acquainted with; but it was pale, haggard, thin, joyless, and

worn, as if he had exhausted all his human life, and saw no happy future before him of rest and blessedness. It also had, singularly, a more kingly look than any other, and resembled, more than any other, the right royal head and air of his unfortunate father. A portrait of Henry the Eighth, by Holbein, was unspeakably ugly and jolly, with eyes as small as a pig's, and with no better expression. He was unwise to sit for his portrait, when he had become so much swallowed up in his body that he could scarcely see out of it. I almost think that Herr Hans Holbein revenged himself at this sitting for having been obliged to paint the "Defender of the Faith" so many times, and hoped to cure his majesty of the desire to be repeated again. Artists have, to be sure, a terrible power in their hands. Richard the Second looked like a fool in the picture, but it was not a master who executed that. In all these rooms were superbly carved cabinets, chairs, and tables; and in one was a cabinet, toilet, and looking-glass which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, very rich, with plate-glass mirrors all over them, mounted with gold. They were magnificent. Every fireplace, or rather all the woodwork over them, was cut into the most extraordinary heads, in high relief, and some half-figures seemed starting horizontally out of the wall, and both figures and heads were brilliantly colored and gilded. They were portraits generally, and were there in monkish days. The effect was gorgeous, but, upon examination, the

work was not superior. Gobelin tapestry of the finest kind, beautiful and finished as paintings, covered the walls. One tapestry face, in a little boudoir belonging to Henry the Seventh's chamber, was one of the loveliest I ever beheld anywhere. I have never before seen such Gobelin tapestry as that. One of the beds was hung with it, but wrought with silk, not wool. In every room was a centre-table, furnished with every convenience for sitting down to write,—so tempting, that one could hardly resist doing so.

While we were standing in Henry the Seventh's, the housekeeper said that when Lady Lovelace, Lord Byron's daughter, came to Newstead, two years before her death, she slept in that room. She said Lady Lovelace asked of Colonel Wildman a great many questions about her father, and I wished to hear everything she could tell me ; but she had not much to say. The lady stayed three days.

"Ada ! sole daughter of my house and heart !"

There were a great many corridors of polished oak, dangerous to walk over. These had richly-carved chairs, and couches, and cabinets, and one was adorned with two chairs and a sofa that had belonged to Charles the Second. They were of ebony, sculptured into flowers.

I think we next went into the library, a long, rather narrow, and charming apartment, with study tables dispersed through its whole length, delightful

lounges, and deep chairs to nestle into, with precious books; and above all the bookcases hung fine pictures by Sir Peter Lely. One was of Nelly Gwynn (a famous person in the time of Charles II.). She is exceedingly beautiful in this portrait, with small, graceful head, and perfect features, a mouth pouting with lovely curves and coral red, and cheeks like roses, and every line of face and form delicate. There were also marble busts upon the bookcases, one of Lord Byron, and some of other poets and of philosophers. From all the windows of the state-chambers and library, the landscape was a picture not painted by human hand, combining wood, lawn, gardens, and water, in every variety of beauty. It was to the state dining-room we went next, formerly the dormitory of the Abbey. Now, it is a superb hall, panelled with rich oak—military weapons, corselets, helmets, stags' heads disposed around—a vast chandelier in the centre, and gauntleted hands and arms thrusting themselves out on every side, each one grasping a vase-shaped, ground-glass socket for holding a large wax-candle. In the upper portion of each arched window was painted glass, commemorative of Colonel Wildman's and his brother's war-triumphs. At one end of the hall stood a knight in complete armor. Opposite was a gallery for a music-band, sculptured in oak, with Gothic panels and a carved balustrade, making a magnificent effect. Lord Byron used this room for a shooting-gallery. The Colonel must have a fine per-

ceptive taste and a vivid sense of fitness, for everything he has done seems to be the work of past ages, with a new polish on it. From this large and stately banqueting-hall, we went into Lord Byron's dining-room. It is exactly as he left it, one or two things added; but nothing taken away. There stands his very dining-table, rather low, but of tolerable size, where he sat and passed round the grim drinking-cup, made of a skull, and mounted with silver. There hangs the picture of his faithful dog Boatswain, one of the few friends who never disappointed him. The same chairs remain, and the wine-coolers and the sideboard; but over the sideboard, where, in Lord Byron's life, there was a door, a great mirror is now inserted in the wall, so as to brighten and reflect the room. The ceiling is heavy and lower than in other parts of the Abbey, and it is very plain and simple in its furniture and arrangement, and there is but one window. It must have been very gloomy, and the kind Colonel felt as if he must give it another bright spot. As the mirror is opposite the window, it repeats it, and gives unexpected light, besides making the room appear twice as large.

The drawing-room came next, and there hangs the famous and authentic portrait of the poet, very handsome, and yet not so handsome as my fine mezzotint makes him out to be. That shows a faultless head and face; but this true likeness, though intellectual, noble, proud, and sensitive, is not quite as

symmetrical and Olympian as my old print. The eyes are not so large, the mouth not so Apollo-like, the brow not so spacious and throne-like. This has the clustering hair and beautiful throat, however.

William of Orange and his Queen Mary also are there, and several portraits of the Wildman family, and full-lengths of the Duke of Sussex and of George III., and of a stern and fierce lord, with a child, whose pale, thin, gentle, sweet face, makes wonderful contrast with that of his father. The father holds a stick over the head of the boy, and the housekeeper told us that with that stick he struck his child upon the head so violently, in a passion, that he became an idiot for the rest of his life. This seemed to me quite a fit picture for the Byron halls; for Lord Byron's mother was so passionate, that she would strike him with tongs, or shovel, or whatever she could find.

All kinds of rich and sumptuous furniture and ornaments were lavished about this vast drawing-room. Cabinets of turquoise-shell and ebony, and turquoise and silver; but nothing interesting as connected with Byron, excepting the far-famed skull cup. This skull Mrs. Shepherd took with great care out of a cabinet, and I held it in my hand a little while. A grim and ghastly goblet indeed it is.

Before this, we had been into the chapel, a very small, but lofty apartment, most comfortably arranged for the family. Up a few steps, on one side, is a thickly-carpeted dais or gallery, where Colonel

Wildman sits with his relatives and friends. Even a fireplace is there, to make it entirely luxurious. Below sit the servants and tenants. I cannot reconcile myself into this division of human beings into high and low, rich and poor, noble and simple, in a house of prayer and worship of the one loving Father, who is no respecter of persons. In this the Catholics behave more like humble Christians than the Protestants.

This room was once the Abbot's Holy Place; but Lord Byron had used it for a dog-kennel, until Colonel Wildman restored it to its original purpose. There is now a dim, religious light in it, and a quiet which makes it seem like a sacred spot. Divine service is regularly performed there now.

The cloisters are all perfectly in repair and surround a quadrangle, which contains a fine stone fountain, that once stood in the gardens. Various strange and monstrous beasts are sculptured on it, and probably they once spouted water. It is a very ancient work, a memorial of the monks of past time, who were, perhaps, the artists, and they amused themselves with cutting out the most fantastic forms and heads. It was removed into this small, snug quadrangle to keep it safe. The utmost ruin prevailed when Colonel Wildman purchased the demesne; but now every mullion is restored, every broken stone replaced. One of his nephews is his heir, and will inherit all this. The present Lord Byron is a cousin of the poet, and belongs to Her

Majesty's household; but though he and other members of the family often visit Newstead, they no longer have any right to it.

* * * * * *

Now we were again in the crypt-like entrance-hall, and the housekeeper said that if we wished to see the gardens, we should gain admittance by ringing a bell, just round the tower. * * * We were first led over the grounds which Colonel Wildman has brought from a wilderness and pasture into lovely lawns, shrubberies and woodlands of all varieties of form.

In our way we came to a well, which the man called "the Holy Well," and at that moment appeared a little boy with a crystal cup, and he dipped up for us the pure cold water, and we drank of it. There were very aged yew-trees, also, and I asked a cutting from one of them for a memorial. The gardener said that the long, straight path near the pond was one of the monks' promenades. Turning to the right from this comparative wilderness, we went along an avenue of trees into a garden, called "the garden of the wicked Lord." In the centre of the principal walk were two statues, one of Pan, and the other the guide called, strangely enough, "Pandora after her fall." Pan looks very jolly, with his reed pipe, his hoofs and his horn, and "Pandora after her fall" responds with a broad grin and correspondent hoofs. These works of art are made of lead, and were brought from Italy by "the wicked

Lord," and when they were seen by the people, they excited great horror and fear, for they believed them to be Mr. and Mrs. Satan, embodiments of their Lord's wickedness. The form of the fallen Pandora is very beautiful, and her hands exceedingly lady-like. But we were taken to this avenue especially to see the twin trees, upon one of which Byron cut his name when he was last at Newstead—his own name and that of his sister Augusta. This tree, so precious to all who value the poet, has withered from the root, I believe. At any rate, the trunk is sawed off a few inches above the inscription, and a bit of india-rubber cloth is carefully tied over the place. The twin tree flourishes finely, so that the doom of the race involves the other, with the illustrious name. Colonel Wildman thought once of putting the portion that has such a melancholy interest into a glass case, so as to preserve it more effectually; but the old gardener told him he had better let it stay in its original position; for it would be more valuable to all who came to see it, to stand on the spot his lordship stood upon when he carved it, and that it would certainly last as it is now during the Colonel's own life. So it remains. When Barnum, the American showman, came, he sent into the house to request Colonel Wildman to sell it to him for five hundred pounds! The gardener took the message, and the Colonel returned word that he would not take five thousand for it, and suggested that the man who proposed such a monstrous thing should be shot.

We then entered another garden, in which is an old clematis vine clinging round a tree, and the vine is as large in circumference as the trunk of a common tree, and seems all resolved into threads. But it is alive, and the gardener said no man living could tell its age.

Looking up from this endlessly old clematis, I saw at an oriel window of the Abbey, looking earnestly out, an elderly gentleman, and Mrs. Shepherd by his side. It was Colonel Wildman, trying to see his guest, whose name he had read in the visitors' book.

In an open lawn, near the house, stands the storied oak planted by Byron. It is trimmed bare, far out of reach of human hands; and when I asked the gardener for some leaves, he exclaimed, "Oh, I daren't." He was forbidden to touch it. We saw also the grave of his lordship's dog, Boatswain. There is a monument erected over it, consisting of a broad platform or pedestal of several steps, upon which is placed an urn upon a column, and on one side of the column is a long inscription. Byron intended that his sister, Augusta Leigh, old Murray, and himself, should be buried there with the dog, when he erected this mausoleum; but the dog remains alone, and Lord Byron's tomb is in Hucknall church.

The last thing the old gardener did was to lead us into a cellar-like apartment, containing a large stone piscina, where the monks used to wash their hands.

It was a part of the church once; and from it we went into the nave, which now has the sky for its roof, and grass for its pavement. Choir, chancel, all is gone utterly, except the beautiful west front, which is in a line with the front of the Abbey, and has a noble arched window in the centre. Beneath it is the great door, and two smaller arched openings on each side, all richly hung and garlanded with ivy, springing from roots as large round as my arm, or even waist. I asked for a bit of this reverend vine, and had permission to take what I would. The effect of the ivy is lovely, as one stands before the façade, on the lawn. Fancy a decoration of deep lace around the edges of all the arches—a deep lace of green, for the wall inside is wholly covered with the rich foliage. I have never seen any print of this ruin that gave the least idea of its beauty, and I wished excessively to try to sketch it, but had no means. I did not wish to come away. There was a spell about the spot, very difficult to analyze; for I could not tell whether it were more pleasant or sad; but it was the spell of genius and beauty, at any rate. I felt a poignant sorrow when I thought of Byron, brought so near as he was by standing on his very homestead-ground—when I considered his ruined life and poisoned genius—his fiery heart, once innocent and true, turned to wormwood with hate and indignation, and the golden promise of his dawn darkening into a lurid storm before his noon—and no purple sunset when his mortal life sank into

the night of death. It is certainly one of the saddest of all histories. But his Father in heaven alone could know all his temptations and all the hindrances to the development of his better nature, and He only knew all the gracious aspirations and motions of his spirit, veiled from the world, which so sternly repelled and scorned him, and too savagely dishonored his remains, even when they were brought from Greece, where he endeavored to do a noble deed. I hope that those persons who rejected him were quite sure that they were holier than he. And it is just as well for him that his body lies in Hucknall church, instead of in the glorious old Westminster Abbey. I remembered the divine words, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

The gardener told us that our coachman might have driven us to the inner gate, and that the reason he did not was probably because he wished to have a jolly time at "The Hut." So when we arrived at the aforesaid inner gate I sat down, for I was weary, and obliged the man to meet us there, where he ought to have driven us.

After we had dined, our landlady came suddenly in upon me. She inquired kindly whether we had had a pleasant day at Newstead, and I civilly answered "Yes," and remained with suspended pen, that she might retire, as time is precious. She talked on, however, and presently asked if she might sit down. I was much annoyed, but, of course, I

said "Yes"—yet I found she was a perfect mine of interesting facts about the Byrons. By degrees she informed me that she was Mrs. ——, and that her mother was very highly regarded by all the aristocracy, whom she was in the habit of entertaining. She was especially intimate with two of Lord Byron's aunts, who lived in Nottingham; and when Mrs. —— was a young girl, she was often sent to them by her mother with messages. And once she was going through the Market-place, when she met a little sweep, upon whose bare black toes some one trod, just as she was near him, and the boy squealed out "Oh Lord!" when she heard a voice behind say, "Is it I you want?" Looking round, she saw Lord Byron, who had thus responded to the poor boy in very gentle, musical tones, with great kindness.

* * * * * *

Two years after Lady Lovelace's visit to Newstead, she died, and her body was brought to this house and lay in state in the great drawing-room, covered with a violet velvet pall, embroidered with silver; and twelve wax candles burned round it during the watch. She desired to be buried by the side of her father at Hucknall church; so there lies her body now.

NOTE.—It is perhaps superfluous to say here that this chapter was in type before the publication of Mrs. Stowe's article on Lady Byron.—*Publisher.*

VI.

ON THE WAY TO SCOTLAND.

CARLISLE, June 26th.

WE left the station at ten. Our particular porter was very attentive, and papa wished me to corrupt him with a shilling; but I would not, because I did not put him to any extra trouble. We again had a carriage to ourselves, and were extremely comfortable. The country was so flat and inexpressive, to Preston, that I ceased to look abroad after awhile, and read my books about Holyrood. We arrived at Preston at eleven, and there we were obliged to wait two hours, which was provoking and tiresome; for it was too hot to walk into the town, and there was nothing to see, if it had been cooler.

At one we started again. We found a woman in one corner of our carriage,—a queer little old-fashioned woman, who was very nearsighted, very nice, and very sleepy, and her sleepiness and short sight together reduced her eyes to a geometrical line. We went to Preston on a Sunbeam, for that was the name of our engine; and at the station was a spir-

ited, comely-looking young woman, tastily dressed in a cloth jacket and hat, with two feathers, who went along by the carriages, calling out at each window, "Times, sir? Will you have the Times?" Dickens has memorialized her, somewhere, as a famous little person. At Bay Storse station were a great many large damask-roses, some quite faint with bloom. At Lancaster three interlopers crowded into the carriage (our old lady having left us)—two gentlemen and a woman. One seemed to be a solicitor, both from his looks, and from a paper parcel in his hand, directed to "Doctors' Commons." The solicitor remained till the end of our journey, and was so tired, and folded himself up in such a strange manner, that I thought once he was going to put himself into his pocket. As soon as we were confined for a few moments beneath a roofed station, we were of a light blaze instantly; but the flames were quenched when we issued again into outer spaces. The earth was covered with the white May-weed and buttercups, and the road bordered with alder-bushes, reminding me of American waysides. At one wee town, a bush of lovely dark-red roses shot new life into me, and I begged the guard for one. He plucked one for me, and its perfume was restoring. It was the crimson-velvet rose. The bush was nearly demolished during our halt. Papa solaced himself with his volatile salts, which once nearly cut open his head, with its penetrating, powerful scent.

After leaving Lancaster, where we peeped at the Castle, and thought of John of Gaunt, the country began to be picturesque and hilly, and soon, afar off, we saw the Scotch mountains on one side, and those of Westmoreland on the other—beautiful, pale outlines on the horizon, wrapped in a hot mist. We rushed for a long distance by a narrow, shallow, but clear stream, flowing over pebbles, at the foot of successive hills, which sometimes were very high. And there were many dry beds of torrents from the summits down to the narrow river. Often, for a good distance, the hills were quite bare, and one looked much like hoary old Nab Scar of English lake-memory. Then again, delicious, shady woodlands covered the slopes, and pretty little villages were embosomed within, on small plains. I saw very few cattle,—only one or two flocks of sheep, no longer shaggy with long locks, but running, comfortable, in sheared skins, enjoying the breezes. It was enchanting to see the mountains, after so much flat, and I only wished your eyes were resting on them as well as ours.

I was struck with a singular arrangement in some of the pastures. In each of the four corners of a square lot, trees were merrily flourishing in a triangular pound, exactly as if they had been caught straggling about as vagabonds, and fastened up in groups for safe-keeping, while not a shrub was to be seen on the whole pasture besides.

At Penrith we saw the ruins of a castle close by

the track, a very few remains of thick brick-walls and battlements. Some bits stood up miraculously —so narrow and unprotected that I should think a high wind would throw them over. They were of great depth, however.

We passed Milnthorpe, the town of roses, where, two years ago, we all stopped and took the stage for Windermere and Newby Bridge, as you will remember. And you remember my charming coachman, done up in drab, with a face like a mammoth peony, bursting out of his collar. Ah! the happy days of Windermere! But there were no roses to be seen in Milnthorpe now, and we shot by in a few minutes. At five we arrived at Carlisle, and the guard said "The Bush" was the best hotel, so here we are. A grave, ministerial, dignified butler received us, and we found ourselves in a nice, pleasant parlor, looking upon the High Street (I suppose). At the end of double-twisted turns of corridors are our chambers, side by side. I hastened to mine; for with a hundred miles of soot and dust settled upon me, what must I have been? It seemed to me as if I had an entirely new face when it came out of the bath.

Carlisle is on the river Eden; and after dinner we walked out to a bridge over it, and the country beyond was beautiful. A pretty church lifted its spire from a mass of foliage on an eminence—Stanwix Church, in Stanwix. We were searching for the cathedral, and at last I asked a boy where it was,

and found we had already passed the direct street leading to it. So we went to the castle. A wide walk surrounds it at the foot of the walls, and this walk commands an extensive and lovely scene of plain, river, woods, and, afar off, the mountains of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Scotland. The walls are extremely high, and supported by enormous buttresses, very close together. On this walk we breathed the most delicious air. A stone bridge, with low arches and round Norman pillars, crossed the river Eden, and lambs grazed on the sunny green meadow, and we could see the high road to Scotland. On one side of our broad walk was a steep terrace, and then the strong, high walls; on the other, an abrupt descent of a hundred feet, covered with trees and shrubberies to the very edge of the smooth, fair meadow. So we circumambulated until we came to the castle entrance, where a soldier was sentinel at the outer postern. We passed him to the inner, and there a youthful artillery officer, with sword and cylinder fur-cap, took charge of us. Several men, striped with red and gold, and wretched in heavy cossack helms, lay about the settles. Queen Mary Stuart was confined in this castle. That hapless queen seems to have tried the prison-power of all the castles in the land. We saw the site of the tower she occupied, of which the staircase only remains, and looked at the terrace where she walked for exercise; and then we went round the battlements. There were three old-fash-

ioned iron guns, not used now, pointing to possible enemies on two sides. Across one opening, wide enough to admit a man, boards were nailed, because, as our young officer said, the sentinels had sometimes swung down from it, to go and have a merry revel for the night. It seemed much too high; but he said that when men were very tipsy, it did not hurt them to fall so far; and then he confessed he had dropped down himself, and knew well it could be done. But some legs had at last been broken, and one man had been killed, so now it was fastened up. The view was wonderfully beautiful from this height, which was the roof of the donjon-keep. We could look down upon Queen Mary's tower also; and on the steep ascent to this promenade, we were shown Queen Mary's well, which our guide sãid was the best water in Carlisle; but we had no cup for tasting it. This young soldier told us that life was very dull in the fortress; and he looked extremely joyless, with no ready smiles. He was handsome—his profile gem-like, really a Greek head and face, and he was doubtless as brave as handsome, for on his breast he wore a medal, which had Victory crowning a hero on one side, and her majesty, Victoria, on the other. He had been to the Crimea, and had not a sick day there, though he suffered on the voyage. Every one of the present garrison had been there also. When he took the medal from his breast to show us, he was just as joyless as before, and the memory of his brave deeds

gave him no animation. There were but twenty men in the castle, so that the duty was very heavy, he said, the turns about came so often, and he could sleep only three nights of the week. It is the monotony that seems to weigh upon him like a mill-stone, and crush the faculty and inclination to be gay out of his heart. These soldiers are condemned to celibacy, and lead prisoners' lives, in effect. Oh that the lion would make haste to lie down with the lamb, and let the little child lead them!—so that free-born men should not have to live such unnatural lives, and suffer so much wrong and evil.

Carlisle is an old Roman station, and doubtless this castle was the site of one of their fastnesses. William the Conqueror rebuilt it, and William II. repaired it; and it was taken and lost by the Scots and English over and over again for very many years, and was like a ball tossed from the hands of the one to the hands of the other, in a game centuries long. It was the outpost of the English against the Scots, just over the Border. Mary Stuart's keeper, Lord Scrope, once restored its dilapidations; for the officer said it was exceeding old, built before the Christian era, two thousand years ago.

He took us into the prison-cells, in one of which he had himself been locked up for two nights in succession; and he spoke of being punished, with the same quiet manner and simplicity as he told us about his medal. There was no visible emotion in him, and it was heartrending to think of his object-

less life, so without interest, that it was all one to him whether he were a prisoner in a cell or an officer keeping guard—whether he wore a medal on his breast, or broke bounds and sprang down from the battlements.

He recounted a legend of Lady Scrope, who betrayed the castle for the love of Queen Mary, and who was shot, as she tried to escape through a door which he showed us, now forever closed. There is a deep moat on one side; and on the summit of a slope Queen Mary walked, and watched games of ball played by her suite. She also rode on the lovely meadow; but Sir Francis Knolles, who was appointed by Queen Elizabeth to guard her, and, though unwilling, was perfectly faithful, wrote to his royal mistress that he feared she might be rescued, and taken back to Scotland by some of her friends, if he allowed her so much freedom; and finally, she was removed, for greater safety, to Bolton Castle.

Until Scotland and England became one kingdom, Carlisle was the scene of perpetual victory and defeat; constantly destroyed, renewed, burnt, razed, and built up again, like a phœnix rising from its ashes. But now it grows yearly, and is what the old chroniclers would call a very fair town, and peace folds her wings over it. A very short time ago, the keep was an arsenal, and there were many arms there, which made a fine show; but they are all taken away now. One of the largest rooms in it was used last Christmas for a ball-room, and a hun-

dred and fifty people made merry in the grim old place. I was glad to see our sad attendant smile at the mention of this jolly dance. There was no more to see, and we bade farewell to the handsome, triste, and brave young sentinel, who had interested me very much, and depressed me too.

We now went in search of the cathedral, and, going through a deep arched gateway of stone, we entered a Close—another cathedral Close—but very small, and, instead of rooks cawing on lofty trees, we heard the twitting of innumerable sparrows. At Peterboro, the effect of the Minster and its environment was like a hymn of the gods: here it was a simple song. The building looked to have been repaired very thoroughly, and recently, all the corners and sculptures being crisp and unworn. The renewed part is of reddish stone, and the old Norman part is of gray stone, and it is renewed in the decorated English style, and some intermediate portions are early English. We admired greatly the south porch, with its lovely wreath of carved flowers and birds, and its fantastic corbels, and also two seraphim as corbels to the principal arch of the entrance. The east window is vast, with a heading of flowing lines, filled with painted glass, all the compartments adorned with cinquefoils and trefoils. Statues of saints stood on canopied brackets, and lovely little circular lights were placed here and there. We could find no grand portal. The western front, instead of a lofty door or window or tower, was a wall,

supported by the hugest buttresses. We could look through the iron gate in the southern porch, but it was locked. Through it we could see the transepts. The clerestories (which are the upmost range of arched galleries and windows) were of Norman architecture, gray and ancient, and the rest looked new. There was no sign of a verger, and we thought it too late to go for one.

On one side of the Close was a very old building indeed, which I thought might be a part of the Abbey, and there were houses in this retreat, probably of the Dean and Canons. We could only conjecture of these things then, and left it till to-morrow.

June 27th.—Have been to the cathedral. * * * We tried to get there before the morning service, because we had so little time. We found a venerable man working in the grounds; and when he discovered we wished for the verger, he dropped his spade and went for him, and returned with him immediately. There was a mild, pensive, contemplative look in his face, and a patient quiet in his manner and figure very pleasant, and almost saint-like. Yet he was a homely, plain man, with no appearance of good fortune and good cheer, like the ruddy, gentlemanly, well-informed verger of Lincoln. There was refinement, however, in my twilight verger, John Scott, which his shabby coat did not conceal. As soon as he began to talk, I found he was scholarly and cultivated, and that the cathedral was his

"great darling." He was perfectly delightful in his naturally poetic, dreamy way, and I found he had a fine perception of art. He told me that Cromwell had utterly destroyed the west end of the building. William Rufus founded the original conventual church, and Henry I. finished it in 1101, in the Norman style. After the injury of a great fire, it was repaired in the early English. As it was long in reconstruction, there are specimens of the geometrical and flowing lines; but all blend together wonderfully, just as variety of character makes a harmonious company, and two thousand different voices can blend into one mellifluous tone, as happens just now at the Crystal Palace. The aisles of the choir have been scraped of plaster and wash, and now look perfectly fresh, and the hue is pale porphyry, like the stone outside, and the groined arches are even beautiful. The Lady-chapel was demolished as well as the west front, and the vast east window is new. It is to be entirely filled with painted glass, and the top is already full, as I perceived yesterday; and now that I saw it on the right side, I found it exceedingly rich. A Berlin sculptor was employed upon the carvings, and the verger said he was a man of extraordinary genius, and made sketches with no effort, and then cut the stone, or cut with no pattern at all. All the strange gurgoyles and corbels and bosses were his handiwork, and had in them the true spirit of the ancient conceptions. In the choir is one brass left upon the floor, of which

the verger has made a rubbing, by putting paper over it and using black-lead, so that the result is like an engraving or mezzotint. There were so many beautiful arches and circles of lights, that I had to pull out my pencil and go to sketching, and John Scott seemed well pleased that I cared to do so. One shrine was adorned with a carving of the badge of the Earl of Leicester—the ragged staff, at least. The tabernacle-work of the choir is quite black with eld, and a side screen between the stalls and the altar was of the same date, and covered with heads of saints, and every imaginable device of flower, bird, and beast. The verger showed me what looked like a brass tablet of a devout bishop, very delicately engraved, which he told me had recently been electroplated with gold, and that he had had an engraving taken of it. He was very proud of this.

But the hour for the service approached, and he had to leave us once in a while to ring the bell; and fearing to interrupt him, I reluctantly took leave of him and his "great darling," just as his Reverence the Dean issued from his house, in white linen robes, with a scarlet scapulaire and a square-topped cap, preceded by an official with a silver mace. As he appeared, a troop of young choristers ran down the steps of the old building I had supposed a remnant of the Abbey (and it *was* the former refectory of the Abbey), and followed him into the cathedral, when at once the organ rolled forth its thunder.

NOTES IN SCOTLAND.

I.

BURNS' REGION.

DUMFRIES,—MAUCHLINE,—AYR,—BONNIE DOON.

DUMFRIES, June 27th.

HERE we are, in Burns' town, where he lived many years, and died, and was buried, and where the great mausoleum was built over his body.

MAUCHLINE, June 28th.

I COULD write no more at Dumfries than those few lines, and those were written in the station, while waiting for the train to fetch us here. We concluded to come to Mauchline, instead of going on rapidly to Glasgow, as we at first intended. * * * The weather has become cooler this afternoon. The comet has probably switched aside its fiery tail, and we are restored to England's customary, moderate heat. Our carriage from Carlisle was more luxurious than usual, and quite private to us. Indeed, there were no other first-class passengers. We passed the Annan river, which doubtless flows through Annandale. The country was very flat all

about there, even to the horizon, with only occasional clumps of foliage. Very soon we came to Gretna, and then to the famous Gretna Green. Gretna Green is on the very line of division between England and Scotland; and young people who resolved to be united whether their parents would let them or no, and who did not wish to have their bans published, went there to be married without benefit of clergy. I do not think the custom holds now—but perhaps it does. I saw a lovely wood, where new brides and bridegrooms might wander at will, and the country was all very pretty thereabout. Afar on the left was Solway Firth, to the shore of which, in Annandale, Burns went, for the sake of bathing in the sea, just before he died. He had rheumatism in his limbs, and the salt water relieved him for a little while.

After passing Gretna Green, we were refreshed by the looming up of a mountain on the left, and now we were in Scotland. It had a different aspect to England. It does not look so well brought up, so delicately nurtured and polished. Old Scotia seems not to have combed her hair—the grass looks rougher, and there is a wilder expression on the moors and hills.

We passed Cammertrees and Ruthwell, and now the lovely wreaths of blooming sweetbrier began to beautify the hedge-rows; and soon the steep banks were covered with the yellow gorse in great profusion, and the wild pink and bowers of honeysuckle

(or "beesuckle," as R—— calls it). The foxglove also abounded, stiff and stately, holding all its cells open for the fairies to nestle in. We stopped at Thornhill, and mountain beyond mountain rose in the distance; but first we passed through Closeburn (no doubt named so from one of those shy little streams called "burns" by the Scotch), overshadowed by foliage, and closely folded in by narrow banks. After Carron Bridge we plunged into a tunnel, and were cool for the space of two minutes and a half; and issuing thence, J—— shouted, "A ruin! a ruin!" and on the left there stood a few shattered walls of a small castle—a border fortress, perhaps; but I do not know its story. At the Sanquhar station a little Scotch bairn called out "Glasgow Morning Times" in such broad accents, and so musical too, that we thought we would buy a paper of him—especially as he was the first who spoke Scotch to us on Scottish ground. Presently we saw "Bute" on an engine, which looked classical, and at last arrived at Dumfries, where we were to remain three or four hours. So our luggage was locked up, and we walked into the town, red-hot as it was, near noon of day. It is a large town, and we toiled along, and turned down Shakspeare Street, and by diligent inquiries arrived at Burns Street, and found Burns' house. It is a low house, of two stories, and we were admitted by a smiling maid, who put us into a small parlor, and went to call her mistress. The mistress was a loosely strung woman, with a

pale, washy face; and she said this was Burns' parlor. So we looked earnestly at it, and tried to realize his existence there, till she took us up-stairs into the room in which he died. It was also small and low, and had a side closet, where, perhaps, he wrote and studied. The house is now an Industrial School. It is difficult to conceive how people can live in such small places. After lingering as long as we liked to detain the woman, we left this scene of most melancholy days in the poet's life. He had no thrift nor prudence; and though he was an exciseman, and had a tolerable income, he yet spent so profusely that his family suffered from want, and sometimes did not feel sure of enough to eat. He had a wife and four children to maintain, and was wretchedly ill himself. In days of former despondency and gloom he had sung—

"I wish that I were dead, but I no am like to die."

Now he wished to live, but was daily like to die. The government, with singular meanness and cruelty, deprived him of part of his income when he was ill, though he already belonged to the kingdom through his genius. Genius and prudence seldom come together, especially when it is poetical genius; and he wrote most eloquently and pathetically to this effect himself. "There is not among all the martyrologies that were ever penned so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets. In the comparative view of wretches, the criterion is not what

they are doomed to suffer, but what they are able to bear. Take a being of our kind: give him a stronger imagination, and a more delicate sensibility,—which, between them, will ever engender a more ungovernable set of passions than are the usual lot of man; implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary—such as arranging wild-flowers in fantastical nosegays—tracing the grasshopper to his haunt by his chirping song—watching the frisks of the little minnows in the sunny pool; in short, set him adrift after some pursuit which shall eternally mislead him from the paths of lucre, and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can purchase; fill up the measure of his woes by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity; and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as a [poor] poet."

In judging of these finely-strung, fiery-hearted beings, it would be well always to remember this plea of Burns. Ordinary mortals cannot estimate the dangers and temptations of those who are gifted, as Tennyson sings, with "the Love of love, the Hate of hate, and Scorn of scorn."

After leaving the house, we walked up the High Street to the Market-place, and into a hotel to lunch. This hotel was the one in which Prince Charles occupied a room; but we did not care to see it. It was far more interesting to look at the Globe Inn on the other side, which Burns used to frequent,—

by how much a true poet is greater than an indifferent prince! Upon the windows of that inn Burns scribbled poetry with his diamond, which was a dangerous weapon in his hand—more fatal than a sword; for with it he often indelibly recorded his indignation, his satire, and his wondrous wit, much to the detriment of his fellow-men, if they had been guilty of a mean or hypocritical action.

After luncheon, we went to St. Michael's churchyard to see the mausoleum; and we were much annoyed, in our strolls through the town of Dumfries, with the noisome odors, giving us a sad foretaste of the notorious uncleanness of Scotch towns generally. A grave-digger unlocked the door of the churchyard, and then resumed his grim occupation. We wandered on by ourselves, hoping we were to be free; but a woman with keys soon overtook us, and asked us if we wished to see the mausoleum. We found, therefore, that it was locked up. It is round, with a dome, and formerly was open to the air; but the marble was becoming excessively defaced, so that now the spaces between the pillars and arches are glazed. The sculpture is by Turnerelli, in very high relief. Burns stands with the plough, and Scotland's Muse hovers in the air, about to wrap him in her mantle. He is looking toward her with a surprised and animated air, and the face is said to be a perfect likeness. The figure is stout and well made, and the head large and compact, with clustering hair, large eyes and mouth, and the

whole expression pleasant. I thought the hovering figure pretty and graceful. Tablets of marble hang on the walls, commemorative of all the members of his family. He died on the 22d July, 1796, when but thirty-seven years old, sixty-one years ago; and in 1815, when his coffin was removed to its present abiding place, the clustering dark curls on the head were as glossy as in life. The woman who was our guide was remarkably intelligent and good-looking, and we thought she talked English wonderfully well; but it seems she was a Cumberland and not a Scotch person. There is a grand-daughter of Burns still at Dumfries, whom I wish we could have visited, but this we were not able to accomplish.

The tombstones in the cemetery were different to any I have ever seen. They were nearly all very high, a mere façade, with an inscription; and the trade or profession of the individual always put beside his name: *i. e.*, "John Lookup, skinner"—(I cannot imagine what that trade can be, unless it was what Apollo practised in respect of Marsyas),—"Alexander Johnstone, painter." There were three ancient monuments, the oldest of 1529. Cromwell half pommelled them down, but the ruins remain, and it seems astonishing that some violent storm does not wholly overthrow them; but the guide averred that no wind could move a stone. She took us inside the church, to show us the marble figure of a little child, whose father is the sculptor, Dunbar. The original baby-form lay asleep, draped

only in its beauty and innocence, and a lady who saw it was so much affected by its repose and loveliness, that she wished it for her own, and the father actually sold it for a hundred guineas, and carved this one in place of the other for himself. He has slightly draped this. It is a pity the first was sold, for it was doubtless far more beautiful,—cut "in love and terror,"—though this is also sweet and expressive of a living calm. We then went into Burns' pew, and I sat down where he used to sit,—a great pillar intervening between himself and the minister; "for he did not much like the ministers," said the woman. He may have had reason in this; but that he was deeply religious, no one can doubt who reads "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It was here that he sat, when he composed the poem upon the unspeakable creature upon a lady's bonnet. The lady so unfortunately immortalized was seated directly before him, in a more stylish pew than his, lined with cloth:

"Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

"Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How dare you set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some puir body."

We enjoyed much seeing the scene of this poem, and it was wholly unexpected. This was the end of our Dumfries excursion, and now we are at Mauchline.

Mauchline is the village close by Burns' farm of Mossgiel, where he lived several years with his mother and sister, and brother Gilbert. It was at Mossgiel where he disturbed the field-mouse and crushed the daisy, and composed his celebrated poems upon each. It was in Mauchline that Jane Armour, his wife, was born and bred, and where he finally married her. An old inn in the village street was the scene of his cantata, "The Jolly Beggars." We are at London Hotel, the principal one—a two-story, rather long house, with a look of newness and neatness. We were shown into a homely parlor, and the maid took me up into the chambers. One had two closed recesses containing beds, which is a Scotch style, and saves the expense of bedsteads, because a plain frame or box is merely nailed up to hold the bed, three sides being the walls of the room. Folding-doors are in front, which, when shut, turn the apartment into a parlor. * * * The house seems clean, and the landlady is a nice little woman, and the landlord a well-read man, if we may judge from his library in J——'s bedroom.

After tea we walked up the village street, and I found out which was "Posie Nancy's Inn," where "The Jolly Beggars" caroused and told their stories. There are but three or four streets.

Just as the green country opens is a beautiful mansion where Lord Chief Justice Hope resides; and an avenue of stately trees, making a superb arched way, was very tempting to enter, but as it was private we did not like to go in, though the gardener thought his lordship would be very willing.

29th. Sunday.—This morning we went to kirk. It was sacrament day, and the services were four hours long, three of which we stayed, the last hour and a half much against my will and capabilities. The kirk is as plain and homely as a house can be made, with long, narrow, high pews on each side. I do not accede to these barn-like houses of worship, while close at hand such lordly dwellings are erected for man's residence—as that of the Lord Chief Justice, for instance. Why not render our best homage in art and architecture to our Supreme Father, as well as our best devotion? The cathedral builders were right, I think. Down the centre was a peculiar arrangement. A narrow table reached from the pulpit to the door of entrance, and on each side sat the communicants, as closely as they could crowd, *at the Lord's table.* It was a kind of interminable pew, for behind the seats was a back-piece, all the way up and down. The chief pulpit stood high, and beneath it was another one, very tiny, like a box, and ministers occupied both. First, the most exalted minister gave out a hymn, or rather a psalm, and then the lower clergyman began to sing alone,

in a loud key. Before he had finished the second line, a sweet female voice joined in, and before the end of the fourth line nearly every person in the whole congregation was in full unison. This had a very beautiful effect indeed. I can compare it only to the sun, rising over a river of closed lilies, as it used to do in Concord, and as the rays struck each lily, the chalices opened and gave out their incense. All around me this gradual waking into song was quite perceptible. There was no organ, dulcimer, or harp, but the human voices were the only instruments, swelling into praise. An exceeding long prayer followed, not so edifying—another psalm, and then the sermon. My attention was now directed to the minister, and he was an extraordinary looking person. His round, swarthy face was set in a frame of black hair and whiskers; his brows were black and heavy; and when his face was still, cast a shadow with his eyelashes. But in speaking, he continually lifted these heavy eyebrows to their utmost possibility, so that the space between them and his eyes looked like a white desert; and as he kept up an incessant lifting, it had a ghastly effect, something like lightning. In addition to this hard working of the eyebrows, he twisted his mouth awry at every word, as if he had the St. Vitus' dance. His voice was naturally low, and through his long sermon he strained it up to a falsetto tone, and screamed; and I think that very likely this effort sent up his eyebrows. You may fancy the effect of

all these manifestations. He spoke, besides, in such a broad, Scotch accent, that I could not catch an entire sentence from beginning to end of the discourse. His text was, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" When the sermon was over, he descended into a semicircular enclosure, and actually preached another long homily to the people about the qualifications for communicants; and when that was finished, he turned to the members of the church who were sitting at the table, and actually delivered a third sermon! Then the bread and wine were administered by five elders, while another psalm was sung; and when those then at the table had partaken, the minister—yes, truly, the minister—uttered a FOURTH address, to admonish them of their renewed obligations. It might have been short and impressive, but it was long, and too diffuse and wearisome. Finally, his scream ceased to torture my ear, and all who sat at the table rose and left the kirk. I was now sure that no more would be said, both because the poor man must be exhausted, and because enough, and far more than enough, had been already said. But as the table filled again with another company, a new minister, fresh and strong, took the former one's place, and commenced another exordium! This was the *fifth*. I began to grow so faint from the long confinement in the hot atmosphere, and from such a strain upon my attention and ear, that I feared some catastrophe, and wished to get out. But the pews were very narrow,

and six great women had crowded into mine after we had taken possession, and it was impossible to escape, unless they had all filed into the aisle first. This could not be done during such a solemn rite. I concluded that when this second group had received the communion, I would tell the women they *must* give place, and let us go. My despair grew to its height when the minister commenced the sixth sermon, and at its close, I seized a woman and opened my lips to cry out for deliverance, when, fortunately, they all started up and went to the table. I was nearly speechless with fatigue, and after dinner was obliged to lie down for a few minutes, but could not spend much time resting, as we were to drive to Mossgiel and Ballochmyle during the afternoon.

We ordered a carriage, the only one in Mauchline; and it proved a remarkably comfortable sort of chariot, and we drove to Burns' farm of Mossgiel, about a mile from the village. When we came to a very old hawthorn-tree on the side of the road, the coachman stopped, alighted, and opened the door, without a word from us, and I could not think what he meant. But he informed us that this old tree was Burns' "Lousy Thorn," and that pilgrims to Mossgiel had cut its twigs so constantly for memorials that it was nearly demolished, as, indeed, we could perceive. "Some of it has gone to France, and some to America," quoth he. So papa duly cut off a bit, out of love to the poet. Beggars used to

rest under it on the highway, and Burns himself, from Mossgiel, often enjoyed its shade and met the beggars, and their deplorable squalor gave it its hardly-to-be-spoken name. How singular that a poet should have made that unmentionable insect classical!

We were now on high land. The difficulty with the farm used to be that it was too high and cold, so that it was only good for pasturage, and it still is famed for its excellent cheeses, as aforetime. Soon we turned into the field in which stands the homestead, and the cottage was entirely concealed by a hawthorn hedge, twelve or fifteen feet high! Passing through an opening in the hedge, we drove directly into the farm-yard, round three sides of which were thatched buildings of stone, plastered white. One was a cow-barn, another a storehouse, and one the human dwelling. But the human dwelling was not at all better than the barn. An incredibly dirty woman and dirtier children came out of the cottage to look at us, and the woman said the family had gone to sacrament. (If that were so, the sacrament lasted all the afternoon as well as all the morning.) She went into the storehouse, and the driver told us we could enter the cottage and look about, if we chose, and we did so. On the right hand of the narrow lobby was the kitchen, and a small girl tending a baby, with two other children, in the midst of the utmost defilement you can imagine. Indeed, you cannot imagine it. It exceeded anything to be

found in any land but Scotland. The girl who held the baby was pretty; but her face was so soiled that it was difficult to see through the grime; and she was shy, and did not know how old the baby might be, nor could she answer any question whatever. We looked at the kitchen in which Burns once had lived. On one side were two recesses—boxes, holding beds, and these beds were indescribable, and all tossed up. Though it was nearly six o'clock in the afternoon, not anything was put in order—no rag nor cloth was smooth on those horrible beds. I was afraid to stay long in such a place. We groped farther into the lobby, and found on the other side a room, where a youth sat, eating bread and cheese. He did not seem at all surprised to see us, and continued eating in great composure. There were two more box-beds, larger than those in the kitchen, though not in better order. We then went up the short staircase, and saw a small bedroom on each side. One contained two beds, and clothing thrown about, and I think was a degree worse in condition than the kitchen. The other was covered with nice-looking cheeses, and really clean,—the only clean spot in or around the house. It is infinitely melancholy to think of Burns,—a genius, a poet of fine perceptions, a being, as he says, "of a stronger imagination and more delicate sensibility" than common men—living in such a den. One other door opened into a store-closet, and this was the whole. I was exceedingly depressed at finding Burns' home

so squalid. I only hope and believe that his mother, who was a woman of remarkable piety and sense, was also unusually neat for a Scotchwoman, and that she and her daughter kept everything clean and sweet. This I *will* believe, though papa says he does not. We peeped into the barn and saw some goodly cows, and then walked down a path, and papa leaned on an old gate, upon which, no doubt, Burns often leaned, and looked off upon the far-distant hills and mountains, with smiling plains between. Near by were fine old trees; and presently the young man, who was so diligently eating bread and cheese, came forth and told us that beneath the finest and largest of these—a plane-tree—Burns composed a great many of his songs. Two children followed us about, staring unweariedly, and at last I asked one his name, and he replied that it was Johan Wiley (I think the people here pronounce John, *Johan*), and finally we mounted into our chariot, and drove across the very field—yes, the actual field where Burns disturbed the mouse and ploughed down the daisy—immortal mouse! immortal daisy! The field was thickly covered with daisies, as if they had come in crowds to thank him for his exquisite poem on their progenitor.

Papa sprang out and gathered a handful of the myriads of daisies, and I have pressed some for memory; but the houseless little mousie has utterly gone, leaving not even its wee tail behind, though he is safely embalmed in the poem—more safely

than any royal mummy, or, I might more aptly say, than any fly in amber; for amber better symbolizes this poetry than cotton cerements and gold-embroidered wrappings, steeped in spices.

So we left Mossgiel, and papa mounted the box of the barouche with the driver, to get a wider view of the country, and I was left to my meditations. I could not recover from the dirty cottage. I could not see how anything pure and high and heavenly could possibly grow and flourish in such a noisome atmosphere, with no space for decency, no leisure for order. But God's ways are not ours, and His thoughts are not as our thoughts, and doubtless He has his own shield to guard the innocent heart from wrong; and the soul is not necessarily soiled with the body.

The afternoon was delicious, for a cooler temperature was coming on, and the scenery was beautiful on every side. We now were in pursuit of Ballochmyle, where Burns met the lady upon whom he wrote the song—

"The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle."

Ballochmyle is the estate of the Alexanders, and the "bonnie lass" was a Miss Alexander. We soon arrived there, and from one point we had a fine view of a new bridge of great beauty, with one mighty arch in the centre, and three small pointed arches on each side. The central arch was the frame of a

pretty picture of hill and wood and meadow in the distance, and the valley was full of rich foliage, that covered the lower portions of the piers.

Then we saw the very bridge on which the lady was musing. The road was deeply shaded on each side by thick woods for a short distance, and a fairy bridge of iron spanned the road far over our heads, springing from the foliage-covered rocks on one side to the thickets on the other, and leading to enchanting recesses both ways. It was to some of these bosquets that the lady was wending when Burns saw her. It is certainly one of the most romantic spots in the world. The Ayr flows on the right, taking a bend just there, and a lofty cliff rises almost sheer from the stream, and the wildest, freshest charm pervades the whole environment. The waters are shallow, and the pebbles gleam distinctly through the pellucid ripples. On one side the perpendicular crag, on the other the meadow—not smooth and glossy like Genoa velvet, as an English meadow would be, however, but unkempt, because, as I said before, Old Scotia will not dress and smooth her tangled green hair. Dear me! It was a place to dream in—a place to fall in love—a place to sing such songs as Burns sang.

"Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile—
Perfection whispered, passing by,
'Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle.'"

Most reluctantly we left the delicate bridge so "high uphung."

Soon we began to skirt the estate of Sir James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson. It was Auchinleck on the right, and Ballochmyle on the left. We then drove to Catrine, which is called "Scotland's clean town," as if there were but one. It was there that Burns first saw a Lord, the Lord Daer, a nobleman of the loveliest character, whom he afterward immortalized in a poem, beginning—

> "This wot ye all whom it concerns,
> I, Rhymer Robin, Robin Burns,
> October twenty-third,
> A ne'er to be forgotten day—
> Sae far I clambered up the brae—
> I dinnered wi' a Lord!"

Catrine was not a very pretty town. All the way back to Mauchline village we constantly had on one side or the other the immense estate of Ballochmyle. As we came along the little old street in which this London hotel stands, I took a last look at "Posie Nancy's Inn," where the Jolly Beggars told their stories.

29th.—It rains hard, but we are going to Ayr at two o'clock to see Burns' birth-place, near "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." Good-bye!

AYR, June 29th, 1857.

WE arrived at this fair town at four o'clock, in a dreary, cold rain, and I shall not be able to go out to see anything till to-morrow. Papa and J——, however, have been out, and walked over "the twa' brigs of Ayr."

We drove from the London Hotel to the station in Mauchline in the rain, not having time to stay for fair weather; and while waiting for the carriages, we saw a venerable gentleman walking up and down, waiting, as we were. Looking at his portmanteau accidentally as I passed it, I saw the name "Alexander," and no doubt it was an Alexander of Ballochmyle, some cousin or brother of "the lovely lass o' Ballochmyle," whom Burns met. No, it could not have been a brother, but it might have been a nephew, perhaps. I glanced with interest at him, for the glamour of poetry enveloped him, so potent is genius to glorify every slightest thing it touches. Would not the lips of the lordly Alexanders have once curled in disdain at the suggestion that a ploughman could invest their race with a mysterious charm?

In due time we were safe in our carriage, and first stopped at Kilmarnock, and at Stuarton the towers of Eglinton Castle appeared afar off. At Dalry junction we changed, to part off from the Glasgow line. For if you will look on the map, you will see that we were obliged to come farther south again to

get to Ayr, which is almost in a line with Mauchline, to the west. Dalry is on the river Garnock, and next to it is Kilwinning, in which is the ruin of an abbey; but it is flat and sandy, and on our right we began to see gleams of the Firth of Clyde; and the Isle of Arran presently appeared. Ardrossan, a sea-bathing town, is situated beyond the sands, on the shores of the Firth of Clyde, and two fragments of the Castle of Ardrossan remain on a promontory. This castle was a scene of one of Wallace's exploits. I had a glimpse of a gable of the ruined abbey, which was once very grand, founded in 1140, in memory of St. Winning. John Knox knocked it to pieces, and "more's the pity." Kilwinning is a famous archery town, and here was a nearer view of Eglinton Castle. It is the residence of the Montgomeries, Earls of Eglinton, and I wish we could have gone to it, for the sake of seeing the enormous trees for which it is famous. Twenty years ago the present Earl, then a young man, held a tournament with all suitable accompaniments, in the true, olden style. Do not you wish we had been there? For five hundred years the Montgomeries have been lords of the demesne.

We now passed through Irvine, chiefly famous for being the place where Burns, when a youth, endeavored to learn to be a flax-dresser, his only attempt at a trade. The shop in which he was established burnt down soon after he began, and then he gave it up. All his pecuniary efforts failed.

We next dashed into Troon, in full view of the Isle of Arran, which looked very near, "and therefore foreboded rain," said a wight, who was our *compagnon de voyage* thus far. It was not necessary to say it "foreboded" rain, for it already rained, and when we brought up at Ayr, it still rained, and was dreary and sloppy and cold. We had to wait at the station interminably for a fly, and in the waiting-rooms there was never a seat, and they were very dirty and Scotchy. But the fly came after our patience had had its perfect work, and now we are quite nicely accommodated at the King's Arms. We have a large, handsome drawing-room, polished footmen and butlers, and a pleasant though wiry-faced landlady.

June 30th.—This morning I looked out of the window in the broad daylight at *half-past three!* and was thankful to see the streets perfectly dry. I asked for no more; for this would do without sunshine, though the sunshine would have been most welcome. So, soon after ten, we ordered a fly, and drove out of Ayr to the cottage in which Burns was born. It is the lowest, humblest of thatched cottages, consisting of but two rooms. The kitchen remains exactly as it was originally, with its floor of smooth, large stones laid together, its small recess containing a bed, upon which the baby poet first opened his eyes to the light, and a funny old fireplace. The room is extremely small. It was now

however, perfectly clean. The sitting-room is plastered and floored with planks, but in the time of Burns was unceiled, and had a clay floor. The walls and furniture of this apartment are literally embroidered with names of visitors, cut with knives. There is scarcely an inch left anywhere, to put another name. Really it hardly seems possible to live in such a small space as those two wee rooms, and when I said so to the old woman, who showed us about, she replied, "Och, ma'am, it is na wi' Scotch as wi' ither folk." The cottage has been built upon for an inn, and she took us along a corridor to a very large and pretty high saloon, which I think would have amazed Burns. There were other rooms besides, hung round with prints and paintings—all of the poet, or of scenes in his poems. The auld mither said that Burns was nine years old when his father removed from this cottage to Mount Oliphant.

We then drove to the Monument, passing by Alloway Kirk, which is close to it. We alighted, and tried the bell at the gate opening upon the monument; but no one answered, and the driver was obliged to search after the old porter, who had gone to see a foundation-stone laid. The auld mon came, after weary waiting for him, and let us in; but said he must return and see "the stane laid." So he locked us up and went away, after informing us that every door was open inside, and that we could look by ourselves. The enclosure is a garden, entirely filled with every variety of flowers

in the richest profusion and fullest bloom. Roses—sweetbrier and all kinds, heliotrope, rosemary, and other aromatic plants, among evergreen shrubs, offer up their incense to the memory of Burns, whose bust is enclosed in a Corinthian temple, raised on a high stone base, in the midst of the garden. It is surrounded by eight columns, and surmounted by the Highland-bonnet. Inside stands the marble head, and a glass case, containing the Bible he gave to his Highland Mary, and a lock of her fair hair. His own autograph is on a fly-leaf of the Bible. They stood each on opposite banks of the little river, holding that Bible between them, and promised eternal fidelity; and Burns had written on the fly-leaf a verse from it about not swearing falsely.

We went up on the roof, and there my longing eyes at last rested upon "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." And I saw "the little birds that wantoned through the flowery thorn;" and I saw the thorn, and heard the birds, as when they almost broke the heart of the poet. We then walked along every path, bordered thickly with flowers. A sundial, with a hedge of "flowery thorn," stands before the door of the temple. At the end of one path, we came upon a deeply sheltered edifice with open door, and we walked in, when, behold! there sat Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, forever jolly in stone, each holding a glass of ale—Tam laughing outright, and old Souter Johnnie with a happy, silly grin on his face. This group was cut by a self-taught artist

by the name of Thom, and these identical figures, or exact copies of them, were once exhibited in Boston, America. It was curious to leave these animated images in eternal silence, and yet laughing so loud. And if Tam could have seen with his stone eyes, he might have looked upon the very Brig of Doon over which he rode so madly on that memorable night; for it is close by the little edifice in which he sits.

When the old porter had satisfied his curiosity about the foundation-stone, he returned to us, and gave me a sweetbrier-rose and some rosemary—

"That's for remembrance—"

and two damask-roses. I will enclose you one, because it smells so sweet. I have sealed up the eglantine and rosemary.

We then went to Alloway Kirk, which is now a ruin. The two gables remain, and the side-walls, but there is no roof. It is very small, and divided by a stone partition into two parts, and in each is a tomb, and it is surrounded by a graveyard. Papa found the window into which Tam peeped, and pulled out of the embrasure a little stone, as big as a pea, and gave it to me for a relic.

We wandered off from the Kirk to cross the old and new Brigs of Doon. The old is much the most beautiful: we walked quite over it, and returned to our fly the other way. "The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" are pre-eminently lovely. The river

is broad in many parts, and the trees stretch over and dip into it, and it flows with life and joy, as if it were happy in its poetic fame and memories. We enjoyed this excursion purely, deliciously; for though the sun did not shine, there was beauty enough without it, and the sweet song, and pathetic ode, and comic tale, all blended together in an enchanting effect impossible to describe.

We drove back to the hotel, and then walked out to see the town. I wished to go over the "twa brigs of Ayr" which had such a pleasant chat together. We first crossed the new one. The tide was low, and the river did not look pleasant; but it was one of the memorable "brigs," nevertheless, from which we observed it. We saw an old kirk up a street, but upon going to it, found there was no reason for investigating the inside, and we pursued our intention of returning by the "auld brig." It is very picturesque—covered with moss and lichens, and raised on high arches, with an exceedingly narrow carriage-way. A throng of country people was selling pigs and vegetables at one end, and we crowded through both piggies and folk. There were small shops part way over, and I looked into them all to find something for a memory.

I observe here in Ayr, as I did in Mauchline, that the women have a peculiar way of carrying about their babies. They wear a long shawl, which they wrap round their own shoulders and the child, and the result is that they look like a full-blown flower

and bud on the same stem. You see no arms, but only a large and a small head and the main body. I am surprised to find Ayr so large and fine a town. It is much handsomer than the lesser towns in England; and this hotel, the King's Arms, is uncommonly good—of the first class. The landlord, when we started for Alloway Kirk, put us carefully into the carriage, and brought one of his own plaids to fold about us. We find a great deal of this genial kindness in Scotland, and I think the charges are not so exorbitant as at English hotels.

Now we are for Glasgow.

II.

GLASGOW.

June 30th, 1857.

* * * * * By the time we left Ayr, the sun glinted at us a little out of the clouds, and it was a very pleasant journey. The Firth of Clyde was now on our left hand, and the Isle of Arran lay half in mist, like some huge sea-horse, upon its surface. I had a glimpse of a ruin of a kirk near Prestwick, and when we arrived at Monktown we had a fine view of Ailsa Crag, rising a thousand feet from the level water, a mighty globular mass. At Irvine (Burns' flax-dressing town), an old gentleman got into our carriage. He was very kind, and told us all he could about the country, and in return I sketched his face. He had a good profile, and in his youth may have been handsome; but now he was too fat. The Scotch have far handsomer noses than the English. I suspect the English suffer from having been mixed up with Danes and Northmen so much, and all Northmen are liable to have potato noses, says Miss Bremer. I suppose the Scotch are a less mongrel race. Let this be as it may, their noses have a finer line.

Perhaps some Romans who strayed up here rectified their forms with their own classic contours.

As we passed through Kilwinning again, the gudeman lamented over Knox's senseless rage against innocent stone, when knocking down the magnificent abbey. We now kept crossing the river Garnock. Then we enter Beith, and skirt along by Kilburnie Loch, two miles long and half a mile broad, with pretty banks of clustering foliage; and on it is Kilburnie village, with its small, ancient kirk, full of interesting memorial tablets of the noble Crawford family. The ruins of their castle are at no great distance, covered with ivy. Soon we came to Loch Winnoch. The country all about these lochs is rich and picturesque, but still not carpeted with velvet of various shades, nor winnowed of every unsightly weed, nor bearing marks of the untiring hand of man, polishing and garnishing at every point. It has its own charm, however, though my eyes have become so accustomed to England's perfection of culture, that I do not quite like it, and I am all the time wishing I could clear up the landscape and make it nice.

But now the great town of Paisley comes to view, with its spires and towers and chimneys of manufacture. It is the shawl-town, and of remote antiquity. It has ruins of an abbey, where there is a sculptured figure of King Robert Bruce's daughter. Her husband, Walter Stuart, founded the abbey. I wish we could have visited it; but I should have

preferred even to this a visit to Ellerslie House, upon the lands of which William Wallace was born. But all wishes were vain, for on we went to Glasgow, and drove to George's Square, George Hotel. At the station we were recommended to several hotels, and when I asked our old cabman whether the George was good, he replied with the broadest accent:

"They're a-a-a-a-a-ll gude," in the most Scotch and patriotic manner.

Immediately after arranging ourselves, we went out for sight-seeing, and turned into George Street. It is very long, and crossed first by Montrose Street and then by High Street. This is the ancient part of Glasgow, and, going to the end of it, we found the famous Cathedral. At the gate, just inside, is a small lodge, where tickets are sold for sixpence, and no other fee is allowed. This is a convenient arrangement, for it relieves visitors of the care and demands of vergers. The building is not of the largest size for a minster, but it is of fine and stately proportions. There is no peaceful and heavenly Close around it, but a graveyard; and high above and beyond its eastern end is the Necropolis, covered with obelisks and little temples and columns and sarcophagi.

We entered the Cathedral by the southern porch, as the door was open, and were directly under the spell of the arches and clustered pillars and groined ceilings of the nave. The choir and chancel were

filled with pews, kirk-fashion, all the (doubtless) beautiful stalls and tabernacle-work having been cleared away as rubbish by the Reformers. The pews were of oak, and where the high altar once stood stands now the pulpit—no bishop's throne nor canon's desk being left. But the rich upper border of the former screen remains, exceedingly splendid. The Chapter-house is at the side of the Lady-chapel, and its stone roof is supported by one of those grand fountain-columns which I have before described to you.

But we concluded to go down into the crypts before we looked any more at the upper regions. I was wholly unprepared for the wonderful and solemn grandeur of these crypts. Walter Scott speaks of them in "Rob Roy," and Rob Roy himself was concealed behind one of the massive pillars on a special occasion. How can I make you see with me these majestic sepulchres for the dead? There is nothing like them in the kingdom, and the verger (who cropped up in the Chapter-house), said that he believed there were none equal to them in Europe. The ground upon which the cathedral is built suddenly descends toward the east, and the glorious architects of those early days, instead of filling up the cavity with earth or other supports to the floor, conceived the idea of building these aisles, of the same superb style as those above, for the burial of saints and prelates. Beneath every column in the upper stands one in the under structure; but besides

these, there are many more beneath those above, of every variety of shape and capital. There are three separate crypts. The largest, which is beneath the choir and chancel, is St. Joceline's, and his stone effigy lies in state in a shrine in the centre, of which the four columns have rich foliaged capitals. But the figure has been mutilated, and the lions broken. This shrine is the central object, with its four clustered shafts reaching to the ceiling.

Under the Lady-chapel the ground descends five feet lower, and therefore the piers are twenty feet high. And this ordered wilderness of stems bear up a marvellous intricacy of branches, which hold, as it were, in a thousand-in-one-united chalice, the gorgeous Victoria Regia of a cathedral. At every crossing of the groinings is a sculptured rose, or boss, and under the chancel fifteen at least meet in one great rose. Beneath the Lady-chapel are several small chapels of perfect beauty, each one containing the monument of some illustrious person. But in all these spaces the destructive Reformers have not left one single tomb, except that of St. Joceline. They cleared the crypt, and made it the place of worship of some parish until as late as 1803. It was called the Barony Parish; but after they ceased to worship there, they filled it with earth! and used it to inter their dead, and daubed the columns with black and white devices. Five years ago all these defilements were removed, and the soot and paint scraped off, and every part repaired and thoroughly

cleansed, so now it is just as when first made. It is delightful to see with what loving, faithful care each worn and broken stone has been replaced. There are some trefoiled pointed windows at the sides of one of the chapels which made me nearly distraught for want of power to express their enchanting grace ; and the door that leads into Bishop Lander's Crypt is also confounding to poor limited mortals. It is a pointed arch, or rather a hundred arches, one within another. These grooves make the depth of the doorway, and there is one broad groove intricately and most richly carved. Upon examining it, I found that on one side saints, monks, and devils are sculptured, and on the other birds and animals. The arch runs up in saints and fiends, and runs down in beasts and reptiles. One old monk sits reading in ineffable repose, as if he had read undisturbedly from a past eternity, and purposed to read on to a future without end. Just above him is a saint in ecstasy, and at the lowest point sits an imp, or Auld Nickie Ben himself, pretending to be devout. At the end, on the other side, a reptile is wriggling out of the stone as fast as possible, as if he were going to scamper away with the whole string-course of figures, saints, devils, and all. The old painted glass is nearly gone ; but one window in St. Joceline's crypt has been restored, and all is to be replaced in course of time. I was half frozen in the abysses at last, and obliged to go up-stairs. Grand, broad stair-

ways led to the nave. But on the way to the upper regions, I found still another crypt at the south,—Bishop Blackader's—oh, so stately and beautiful! Directly down the centre is a row of glorious clustered columns, with foliated capitals. It is fifty-nine feet long and thirty feet broad, and has a great deal of delicate sculpture. Papa confessed himself too cold to remain "in profundis" any longer, and so we went on to the nave. There sat the verger. I asked him where the organ was, and he exclaimed, "Oh, we have no kist of whistles here!" and then he laughed, and turned himself upside down in a great spasm. When he recovered his equilibrium, he began to tell me the Scottish Kirk's manner of singing—"mental music," he called it, but I assured him I knew all about it, for I had heard it at Mauchline, and liked it exceedingly. He thought it must be very coarse at such a wee place as Mauchline, but if I should hear it in the cathedral, where there were trained singers, who had the finest voices, I should then find that there was no organ music and no chanting like it. I defended the Mauchline people, and urged that they could have as sweet voices and as much devotion as Glasgow orchestras, and that I found it very inspiring. Oh, but, he said, the spaces, the arches give such a fine effect! The small-eyed verger seemed to have a misgiving that I was making fun of his "mental music," but I insisted that I was sincere, and that I was also a dissenter, and could sympa-

thize with his repugnance to empty forms. After laughing a great deal, and doubling himself up in and kicking out in his indescribable manner, he gave over about the music, and called my attention to one of the groups on the screen—a bonnie Scotch girl talking with an old monk—which still keeps its sharp lines and is full of life and good expression. A grotesque figure at the corner sent him off into a new fit, and then he delivered a learned discourse about the top of the screen, and how feebly it had been imitated on the sides by modern artists. * * * * *

After bidding adieu to the cathedral, we looked over the graveyard and at the sky-high Necropolis, and then went to see the University. It has five courts or quadrangles, and the part of the building on the High Street is long and low, of antique appearance. We merely walked through the courts, and did not then go inside. The Molindinar burn flows behind. It was a college, founded in 1450 by a bull of Pope Nicolas V. We admired a fine old stone staircase, with a sculptured lion on one pedestal and a unicorn upon the other. We did not go anywhere else, except to the post-office for your letter.

In the centre of this beautiful George's Square is a garden, enclosed, as you often see in English and Scotch cities; and in the centre of the garden is a lofty column, eighty feet high, upon which stands a statue of Sir Walter Scott. It looks very like him, even so far off as it is. Other statues are at the

four corners. One is of Sir John Moore, by Flaxman, and one is of James Watt.

This morning we went out to find, if possible, the old Tolbooth (Scotch for prison), made famous by Walter Scott. We walked along Buchanan and Argyle Streets, and I think Glasgow a very splendid city, very far superior to Liverpool in every respect. The streets are broad, and the houses stately, and the shops superb. London hardly surpasses them, and a few are handsomer than any London shops. We went down the salt-market for the sake of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, who lived there, and I think I saw his house; for I saw a very ancient and funny one. Along this and High Street were throngs of dirty people, so thick that it was not agreeable to crowd past them. We persevered to the end, however, and came out upon the Glasgow Green, which is a hundred acres large. An obelisk to Nelson is erected there, and it was the first monument erected to him in this country. Fairs are held upon it, and we saw a movable theatre and an exhibition of waxworks. We stood on a bridge a little beyond the Green, and looked down into the River Clyde, and I made inquiries about the old Tolbooth of a man who seemed friendly. He assured me that it was close by, and pointed to a grand, stone, new building facing the Green. But we knew better than that it could be the old jail.

We then returned through the noisome salt-market, and crossed Trongate, where Sir John Moore

was born, and went into an archway beneath a high tower that seemed of the olden time, a hundred and twenty-six feet high, surmounted by a crown. Adjoining it is now a new building. We asked several policemen about it, and also the place where was the old historic Tolbooth; but no one knew anything. So I went into a shop near this cross (as the tower is called), and bought a little Falkirk mosaic quaigh, and afterward we proceeded to the college. At the High-street entrance we found three people, one of them looking like an official—an old man—and I was sure he could tell us about *the* Tolbooth. And so he could and did. The old Tolbooth, he said, was no more, and on its site had been built a new town-house; but that the ancient cross still remained, at the corner of the Trongate, and, behold! we had been standing beneath it; for it was the very one, surmounted by a crown, close by which I had bought my inlaid tub, and therefore we had already effected all that was possible concerning the memorable old prison.

III.

DUMBARTON.

July 1st, 1857.

It is quarter-past six, and we have just arrived here from Glasgow by a steamer that passes up and down the River Clyde. We are in "The Elephant," an unexpectedly nice hotel, considering what a small town is Dumbarton. Our butler is a venerable man with white hair; our maid is enthusiastic and obliging, and our landlady drops a courtesy at every turn, and is polite. I sit at a window that looks up a street of shops and people, terminating in a kirk.

The first part of our course on the river was not interesting; but when we came to the country, with its trees and hills and meadows, it was refreshing indeed, and in an hour the Highlands began to show themselves in blue mist. The weather has been as superb as weather could possibly be, not too warm, and with a reviving air. In the boat we had Souter Johnnie and Tam O'Shanter, and they enjoyed each other prodigiously. Johnnie was mighty in girth and profuse in chin—or chins, for he had a dozen of them; and Tam was bony and wiry, with a great

tendency to excitement. Such good portraits I have seldom seen. Johnnie was sitting near me, with a good-natured lack-lustre in his fat face, when the tall form of his beloved compeer loomed up in the neighborhood, and Tam gave a friendly nod, and sat down opposite to us. Johnnie wriggled in his place for a few minutes, endeavoring to remain where he was; but Tam's magnetism proved too overwhelming, and so he got up, and squeezed his enormous rotundity into what seemed no space at all between his friend and another man. This other man was about being vexed, but meeting the jolly, kind glance of Johnnie, he made room for him directly, and Tam's wit immediately began to shake the mountain of materiality at his side into earthquakes. They talked with broad, Scotch accent, and, upon the whole, I have a suspicion that I saw the very originals of Burns' poem.

Presently the river Clyde came to have rural banks, green meadows, and villas in shaded woodlands; and strange-looking structures rose up upon every turn of the stream and every inequality of the shore. They were of great variety of form, and built of various substances—some of brick, some of stone, some of clay and earth, and some of coal-dust; and each one was surmounted with a cross, red, black, or white. They were warnings or beacons for steamers and row-boats that go up and down, to show where rocks and sand-banks are. From the fanciful shapes, one might suppose that the old Gothic dreamers had

been at work with their love of change; but they are modern, and the spirit of picturesqueness has descended from aforetime to the present generation.

During the last hour of our river journey, grand old Ben Lomond made the distance illustrious with giant head and shoulders, like Michel Angelo's Day, and like it, without distinct features,—the veiled prophet of this northern land. To-day his veil was blue tissue. Nearer at hand were the Roman fortress of Dunglass, and a bold headland called Dumbeck (hill of roes); and then came the twin crags upon which Dumbarton Castle is built, very abrupt and sheer from the river and plain, and from some points of view very sharp. We soon were safe in the bay, and a stout porter took the portmanteau in his hand and the trunk on his back, and, as there were no cabs, we followed him afoot to this only good hotel, close by the landing.

Eve.—We have climbed Dumbarton's craggy heights, and it was no small labor, for they are almost perpendicular, five hundred feet into the air, —reached partly by convenient natural inequalities in the rocks, and partly by stone stairs cut where it is steepest, and where the twins have a chasm between. We found a very intelligent, gentlemanly soldier of the garrison at the gate, who pioneered us about. I thought at first that I would not go to the very summit, but I was tempted higher and higher, till I stood on the topmost peak. The captain of the steamer had pointed out to me from the

boat the crevice in the cliff up which Wallace climbed and killed the sentinel at the stone wall built on its verge. The soldier said there were two places up which he struggled, and at that time (in the 13th century) it was a daring and perilous feat. The soldier was, however, mistaken in thinking that Mary, Queen of Scots, was ever a prisoner here. He showed us the outside of what he believed her cell, at the same time saying that it was one of several very nice apartments, the best in the castle; but that now they were all shut up, and we could not go in.

The truth is, that Mary was there in the early part of her life, until she was six years old, and that then she went to France; and that, though after her return to Scotland she intended to visit Dumbarton, she never was in the castle again. But the noble Wallace was prisoner in it, betrayed by the base Sir John Menteith, who invited him as a friend to go there, and then thrust him into a dungeon, for the sake of a share in the three hundred merks [a merk is worth $3.22] which King Edward had set as a price upon his head. This mean, paltry knight is made forever hideous and absurd in stone, as a corbel, on the outer wall of one of the towers. Sir John was then governor of the castle. When Edward heard that Wallace was secured, he sent for him, and crowds followed him to London, where there was such deep sympathy expressed that the king did not venture to put him in the Tower. He

therefore went to a private house, whence he was taken and tried, and then hanged ignominiously, being first treated with frightful cruelty. This happened in 1305. On the summit of the rock we saw the foundations of a very old round tower of the early British period; but the wind blew such a hurricane that I had much ado to keep myself steady and entire, and I could not examine it much.

We walked round the battlements. The view was very beautiful. The atmosphere was like diamonds and pale topaz; for it was near sunset, and the soldier said he had never seen the Highlands so clearly defined—Ben Lomond especially—as then. On the other side, the river Clyde, broad and winding, with its green meadows and wooded shores—the villas—the bold headland Dumbeck and the castle Dunglass—all combined to make a stately and lovely picture. Nothing remains of the ancient castle but one old bit of wall, entirely overhung with ivy, and doubtless upheld by it also. That was the part used as a dwelling, and called a palace when kings lived in it. There were sentry-boxes, like little towers, at the corners of the battlements, and J—— got into one, and then papa took his stand. I wondered why—but no longer, after papa told me that his beloved Dr. Johnson once took a fancy to thrust his large person through the door, and then found it nearly impossible to get out again! Would not it have been very funny if it had been necessary to demolish the tower for the sake of deliver-

ing the big philosopher from his voluntary confinement? After seeing everything on the tip-top of the highest twin, we went to the lower, where the governor's house and officers' rooms are, and an armory. There were once fifteen hundred stands of arms there, which now are in the Tower of London. The officer gave us in charge to a little girl at the armory. She, with her key, came out of a door near by, and took us into a grim old place, where we saw only some pistols arranged in stars in that perfect order always enjoined in military affairs. But though the guns and muskets are all taken away, they have what is much more interesting and valuable—the sword of William Wallace. I took it in my hand, and it was pretty heavy. The point is broken off and it is very rusty and black. For five hundred and fifty-two years it has been rusting there, ever since it was treacherously taken from Wallace. * * * The girl also showed us many weapons that had been picked up on the field of Bannockburn, at which we looked with great interest. I thought this armory a gloomy, sad place, and was not a little surprised to observe in the windows pots of blooming roses! I told the girl she must give me one of the roses, which I wondered at for blooming in such a dark, dull old room; and she smiled and broke off the best and gave it me; but I had hardly stepped outside the door with it before its petals dropped off, every one. Its life was weak in that imprisonment, and it died at a touch of fresh

air. It made me think of many a delicate, tender prisoner that had become pale and faint on a sudden exposure to the sun's rays.

Then we met again the soldier, and he guided us down the steep stone stairs in the very narrow gorge—down, down, down—oh, me! what a descent! But finally it was accomplished, and we came out into the lower courts. In one of these courts, cannon-balls of various sizes were laid in geometrical forms of great beauty. But as I looked out from the castle-gate upon the lovely, peaceful sunset scene, war seemed a myth and a phantom, and as if it had never been, and could never be—a fact. Earth, river, and sky, wrapped then in a glow of pale gold and purple, seemed echoing and emphasizing the simple, effectual law of Christ, scarcely heard yet by the world, but which if obeyed would make a heaven of this planet, and angels of men.

July 2d.—At two o'clock we leave Dumbarton for Loch Lomond. We still have splendid weather. I must tell you, as history, that we have found the people of this hotel quite literary and refined in comparison with English landlords and landladies. When we ask for a book here, we can get it, but except at Skipton, we never have been so fortunate in England. This class of people are doubtless better educated here than there.

IV.

LOCH LOMOND AND THE BENS.

INVERANNAN, GLENFALLOCH, July 2d.

WE have just arrived at the head of Loch Lomond, and farther still into the depths of the Highlands, into Rob Roy's country, and scenes made classic by Walter Scott and Wordsworth. We thought we would come to the very end of the steamer's course, and therefore kept on to Inverannan, in Glenfalloch. The hotel is situated in a valley, which is a plain between lofty ranges of mountains—Ben Oss and Ben Douchray, Ben Crosh and Ben Eim, Ben Vain and Ben Voirlich, and above all, Ben Lomond. They have a bare, sterile aspect, but a grand outline and elevation. The air here is nectar. We have been obliged to walk two miles from the landing to the hotel; but the road was good and perfectly level, so that I held out bravely. There was no carriage to be found. Part of the way was lovely with thickets and roses, and how I wish I could enclose you an exquisite wild-rose which I plucked in passing, for it has the wonderful odor of the tea-rose.

Evening—but not dusk by any means.—We left Dumbarton at noon, and came by rail to Balloch, and then took the steamer for Loch Lomond. In the railroad carriage, we skirted along the valley of the Leven, beautifully verdant, and saw constantly beyond the majestic Ben Lomond, towering grandly over all. After entering Renton, Smollett's monument is seen on the right. He was born close by that spot, and wrote pretty poetry about the river Leven, which winds along the valley.

> "On Leven's banks when free to rove,
> And tune the rural pipe to love," &c.

At Balloch—no, we first passed through Alexandria and Bonhill, and then Balloch, and there I was delighted with a very graceful suspension bridge over the "soft river" (the meaning of Leven). It was built by Sir John Colquhoun, of Luss. At Balloch we embarked and were afloat on Loch Lomond, queen of Scottish lakes, thirty-two miles long. Castles and stately mansions, many of them full of historical and poetical interest, rose up on every side. Cameron House, where Alexander Smollett, a descendant of the novelist, resides, and Arden, in which is the original portrait of Rob Roy. I wish I could have seen the old feudal fortress of Bannachra, where the Colquhouns lived, with whom the Macgregors had deadly strife and won the victory, and slew two hundred Colquhouns. Now a large island

seemed nearly to cross the lake. It was beautifully green, of a bright sunny green, and contrasted wonderfully with the dark mountains above and beyond. Its name is Inch Murrain (Inch means island). It is the deer-park of the Duke of Montrose. On one end are the ruins of a castle of the Earls of Lenox. Near by, on the mainland, is a mansion where Walter Scott often visited. It is Ross Priory, the residence of Lady Leith Buchanan. In that house Sir Walter wrote the romance of Rob Roy! Then comes a sharply-pointed hill, call Duncruin—hill of witches—famous in legends; and Balmaha, the famous pass mentioned in the "Lady of the Lake," is a little way inland—

> "So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
> Sore did he cumber our retreat,
> And kept our sternest kerns in awe
> Even at the pass of Balmaha—"

Another lovely island now comes in sight round a curve, called Inch Cailliach (Isle of Women), where was once a nunnery, and where very ancient graves of chiefs are found. Five or six more Inches we pass, and so you see how studded with isles Loch Lomond is—all so lovely with copses and rocks, and each famous for something. And as we wound about them, the lordly ranges of mountains kept changing their relations to one another, as well as their lights and shadows,—rising also one beyond another, like an ever-heaving, mighty sea, rolling

sky-high, firmly fixed, yet seeming in constant motion. I quite agree with Ruskin about mountain scenery; like Gothic architecture it has the effect of aspiration, struggling upward.

Now we drew into the bay of Luss, where some of our passengers landed, and after resuming our way onward, we soon had on our right Robert de Bruce's Isle of Yews—Inch Lonarg—upon which he planted yews for making bows. There is now a growth of yews upon it, dark and thick, children of those planted half a thousand years ago by the illustrious de Bruce. Perhaps there are some grand old stumps left of the identical trees of that time, and I wished to stop and explore. But inexorably we steamed on, without the smallest regard to poetical longings, and had a glimpse of Glen Douglas. Douglas! what a name! and I really saw what once belonged to them! The river Glass flows into the lake from this glen, and Ben Glass towers over it. Immediately above Rowardennan, the next pier, the king of Bens, Ben Lomond himself, climbs to the stars in three vast waves, the midmost the highest, three thousand two hundred feet above the level of the lake. All who wished to ascend upon the monarch's shoulders and stand upon his head, left us here, where there are ponies and guides. From his head can be seen Stirling and Edinburgh Castles, Goat Fell in the Isle of Arran, the passes of Jura and Ailsa Crag. There are a great many shooting-lodges now upon the sides of the hills, belonging to Scotch and Eng-

lish gentlemen. Just beyond Rowardennan a promontory juts out called Forken, and on its top is a little lake, used long ago by the Fairies to dye the wools of the country people in. The trustful people deposited their wools on the shores of the fairy lake at evening, and in the morning when they came for them they were all ready, and of exactly the colors they wished; but at last, a foolish, faithless wight, as a practical joke, placed a budget of black wool and a bit of white alongside for a pattern. This so offended the small folk, that they threw all their colors into the loch and disappeared. Fortunate persons, who now look down into the pure water properly, can see these magical hues at the bottom, mingling together like the tints of a kaleidoscope, in ever-varying, marvellous patterns. But we had not even a chance to try our luck, our captain remorselessly steaming past the spot.

We were now especially in Rob Roy's realm, and I saw the sheer rock rising perpendicularly from the water, from which that resolute and uncompromising gentleman was in the habit of dipping his enemies, and those of his adherents who differed from him, till they concluded to be his friends or saw fit to agree with him in opinion. He tied a rope round the waist of the delinquent, and kept him under the water awhile to cool his rage or damp his enterprise, and then raised him a moment just to ask whether he would be good. If he said "no," down he went again, and if there were determined

resistance, without hope of amendment, Rob Roy tied the rope round the neck of the unfortunate man, and then dipped him for the last and the fatal time.

The Lord of Lorn once defeated the bold outlaw, and he took refuge in a little cave just beyond this rock of execution.

Ben Lomond ranged now on our right, and a strangely cut peak on the left, called the Cobbler and his Wife, and just at this point a wonderful assemblage of mountains opened upon us. Gigantic sweeps of outline, all softly flowing to the lake, flowing, flowing, and lost in the waters—and also rising from the waters upward, upward, like a strain in one of Beethoven's sublime symphonies, which seemed to me, when I heard it, like the human soul's cry, prayer, demand for light, wisdom, and help.

The boat stopped at Inversnaid, but we concluded to keep on, as I told you in the beginning. A wonderfully beautiful and romantic glen comes to view, near to Inversnaid, on the opposite shore, on each side of which mighty Bens loom up—Ben Crosh and Ben Eim, and craggy, rugged Ben Vain on the left, and lovely, though grand, Ben Voirlich on the right. Ben Voirlich is peculiarly tender in aspect, though of vast proportions. It is something in his nature that gives him this gentle expression, no doubt, and it may be the effect of a shy little tarn on its summit, where the angler can always find trout. That tarn may be the pure soul of this huge

old Ben, into which the heavens constantly gaze, and which itself holds the heavens in its depths. Loch Lomond becomes narrower just here, and the shores are enchanting, and the next memorable object we saw was Rob Roy's great cave. There are large rocks tumbled about the place, and on one that is exactly over the opening the captain pointed to a mark which identified the entrance. * * * * * * The scenery is very rich all about it. Robert de Bruce also concealed himself there before the battle of Bannockburn, when the English were hunting for him.

"The Braes of Balquhedder" are north of Inversnaid, where Rob Roy is buried. Meantime, during my memories, we are going on, and a sweet little Inch is at hand. It is covered with trees, but by carefully peering in I saw the ruins of a castle. The name of the island is "I vow." It belonged to the clan of McFarlane, and one of its chiefs built the castle, saying "I vow no other clansman shall pass by." Directly ahead of us now rose Ben Oss and Ben Douchray, and then we approached Inverannan, where we landed. * * * * * * As I sat upon the upper deck all the time, I had a full view of the passengers as well as of the lake and mountains.

It was all in harmony to hear the Scotch dialect and accent on every side. Mothers calling out to their bairns "Take care, noo! sit doon or ye'll fa'." "Dinna put the roup in yer mou, it's nae gude;" and so on. The lake was not smooth to-day, and a

gentleman told us we lost a great deal by not seeing it like a mirror, reflecting all the majestic mountains.

I established myself on the lower deck, and sat near a group of folk, one man of whom was reading aloud a trial for poisoning. They were so absorbed by it that they did not look at the scenery, which amazed me. Yet, perhaps, they had often gone up Loch Lomond, as they were Scotchmen, with intelligent, amiable faces, though rather rough.

So we came to Inverannan, in the county of Glenfalloch, and learned with some dismay that the hotel was two miles from the spot where we were to disembark, and that there was no carriage of any kind to convey us, but only a light cart for the luggage. We questioned whether I could walk so far after the fatigue at Dumbarton, but I accomplished the feat very well. We sauntered, entirely at our leisure, along the charming road. Oh, the gurgling burns at the foot of the wooded braes! Oh, the sweetbrier-roses, foxgloves, daisies, and purple-bells, and the desolate, grand, steep Bens that shut us into the quiet vale! rising instantly, not gradually from the even plain. Papa mourned after wooded mountain-sides; but I was content with the sublime forms without any drapery. There was no lace, nor ruffles, nor flounces upon my Highlands hereabouts, and not even a skirt. Naked and awful they stood—Michelangelic forms, even as gods, conversing with the skies. The pure, high air winged my feet, and I never felt better in my life. Here I sit now in a

pretty parlor, and we also have comfortable bedrooms surrounded—yes! give ear, England! and never more boast a superiority to auld Scotia—surrounded with hospitable pegs and hooks! ! ! Scotland is not only the land o' cakes, but the land o' pegs, and poor mortals are not obliged to wander wild with despair round their chambers, holding their garments, and crying—"Oh, where shall I hang them; oh where?"

I never saw a peg in England, and I believe Europe cannot show one, so that Scotland and America alone excel in this kind. There are also an abundance of baths in this good country, though it is so abused for uncleanliness—and a great deal of various comfort.

We are so far north now that during these summer months there is properly no night, and therefore I said it was evening but not dusk, in the beginning of this letter. The Gloaming meets the Dawn, and they join hands and dispense with Night altogether, and now they have the Moon also for boon companion.

We have had the most enchanting stroll. At the end of a meadow, close beneath a great Ben, we saw the rudest little hut that ever took shape and was not a cave. It was built with stones, overgrown with moss, with no windows and one door. I can give you no idea by a sketch of the exceeding wildness of this wee shelter. We found also a very wonderful oak-tree, branching out from one root into

fifteen boles, as if fifteen separate trees were springing from it. Then we got into its midst and sat down, and it would have held you and R. also, and thus we should have been a whole family living in a tree. It had delightful forks for chairs. I compared it to a Briareus with one hundred legs, instead of arms—the said Briareus standing on his top, while his multitudinous legs sprouted into thousands of feet, and his thousands of feet into no end of toes, each toe flourishing out millions of whispering leaves, and so becoming finally a tree. Oh, Briareus, thou hast buried thy head with a noble result! * * *

The sunshine played on the sides of Ben Voirlich (the tender-souled mountain), and papa took up a bit of slate from the ground and drew his profile, which is very irregular with rocks, and then we turned homeward, gathering delicate purple grasses on our way.

July 3d.—It rains, and we are weather-bound, yet we mean to post down to the shore, and meet the afternoon steamer for Inversnaid.

V.

INVERSNAID AND LOCH KATRINE AND THE TROSACHS.

July 3d, 1857.

HERE we are now at the veritable waterfall, where Wordsworth met the Highland girl, and we hear the musical flow from the hotel, but do not see it, and it pours a heavy rain. We left Inverannan about an hour ago, in a covered phaeton, and were obliged to run from it down to the brink of the lake, through the wet grass, and then, in the steamer, I must, perforce, stay in the cabin all the time, and could only see a little from the side-windows. What a loss! Mists were on the mountain-tops and trailing down the sides like mantles of illusion lace; but I saw again Rob Roy's cave. If it were fair weather we could go there this afternoon, either in a boat or by climbing over rocks. But, immitigably, down falls the rain, and to-morrow we shall go to Loch Katrine in a stage-coach, and take a steamer at one end and proceed to the other. * * * From our parlor windows we look directly across the lake into the romantic glen of Inveruglass. Ben Eim and Ben Voirlich, Ben Vain and Ben Crosh rise up on either

side. They are now almost wholly enveloped in mist; but when it clears I hope to sketch them.

July 4th.—When I looked out this morning I had hope for fair weather, and the sun has been actually shining. Before breakfast I visited the waterfall, so as to make sure of it. We climbed up a path to a little wooden bridge, which is built over it midway. It is very pretty from the bridge, and yet it seems a pity to have placed a bridge there, as it is not a lovely arch, but only a straight, common affair. Why will man make a straight line when a curve is possible? I thought I should like the view better from below, and so I ran down to some rocks directly in front of the foaming cascade, and it was far more satisfactory from that point. The glen of Inveruglass was hidden in thick mist, and not a mountain could be seen before breakfast. Indeed, it has been clear enough only within an hour to perceive the entire outlines. Now they are grand. Ben Crosh is nearest on the left. Ben Vain is on the right, as you enter the glen; but from this window it looks very much in the centre, and is bold and conical. Ben Voirlich rises from the edge of the water, half concealing Ben Vain. Ben Eim is behind Ben Crosh, and now has a turban of thick India muslin on, so that I cannot trace the line of his head. * * *

After breakfast we walked along the road which leads to Loch Katrine. It was constructed by the Duke of Montrose for the benefit of travellers, and it winds round in a very comfortable manner, pro-

tected on the steep side by a fence made of young oak of a year's growth, woven like basket-work. We sat down on the rocks at the second turn of the road, whence we had a fine view of the glen, and also of the lake toward Rowardennan, over which Ben Lomond uplifts himself. He "the likeness of a kingly crown has on" this morning of folded cloud, and I have not seen his highest height to-day. While we sat aloft the steamer arrived from Balloch, and gave forth a great many people, who nearly all mounted into an omnibus for Loch Katrine. It was so full that many gentlemen were constrained to walk, and we were glad we had decided to go at four P. M. We then concluded to take a boat and visit Rob Roy's cave. The lake was charming to row upon, and is very deep just at Inversnaid—I think a hundred fathoms deep. The shores on the right, as we glided along, were richly wooded and green; but on the left the Brothers Ben rose up bare and rugged, with a small fringe of trees round a cottage at the base of Ben Voirlich. The air was soft and the sun hot, and I trust that the cold, chilly weather has passed. We arrived in less than half an hour, and our oarsman helped us climb the crags nicely. We descended into the depths. Rob Roy, with twenty men, used to remain there together in pretty small quarters; yet there is as much space as in a room of a Highland cottage, perhaps. Light comes in through two or three crevices; but an entrance can be effected by one only, and that one could be well defended

from an intruder. Not a very sumptuous palace for a king, as King Robert Bruce probably thought when he fled there from his English pursuers. There is a ladder by which we descended into the lowest part, and there I stood, after knocking my head twice, at the risk of spoiling my pretty bonnet, too, though I believe it is not injured.

The cave does not seem to be a natural hollow in a rock, but a result of the falling together of great boulders, leaving open spaces. The boatman told us that it was Rob Roy's property, and that he owned the land for ten miles, as far from here as Rowardennan. The water is beautifully clear, diamond clear, and of a golden color. This mountain spring-water is delicious to drink—the first I have tasted in Britain not hard. August is the time for the heather to bloom, but I saw a wee tuft of crimson color on a rock in a warm nook. Farewell for a few hours.

The Trosachs!

Macgregor's Hotel, Head of Loch Katrine,
Fourth of July—Evening.

We have celebrated the day of the Declaration of Independence in a very delightful manner. We left Inversnaid this afternoon.

Before the stage-coach set forth for Loch Katrine, papa and J—— started on foot, enjoying much better to walk till they were tired. There was room for

sixteen in the carriage; but there were only two gentlemen, and my ain sel was the only lady. The gentlemen were Germans, as I discovered by the "neins," and "jas," and "echs;" but they spoke English as well. They stationed themselves on the driver's box, and so I had all the rest of the fifteen seats at my disposal. The road which we owe to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, winds along on a shelf, exactly after the manner of that road in Madeira, up which you and I and R. were borne in palanquins or litters. On our left were the braes, and on our right below rushed the Arkhill, which forms the falls of Inversnaid as it hurries into the loch. It was very beautiful and refreshing, singing its loud song over the rocks. Where its banks were high, the huge boulders had tumbled in from age to age, so that the small river has much ado to get along, but having a downward impetus, along it will and must get, and its persistence and importunity are very musical, and it roars like a thousand nightingales. The descent to the stream from the road is quite precipitous, and the basket-fence is not finished, so that after a mile or so, we could have pitched over as well as not. It all depended upon the driver of our carriage—his skill and his soberness.

It seemed to me that I should never overtake papa and J——. The hills were wild and bare for a good distance, and had no names. Small stone hovels here and there appeared on the moors, lonely and forlorn, and then we came to the ruins of a

stone fort, which the English built to protect the surrounding people from the terrible Macgregors. In 1718, General Wolfe was stationed there.

As I could not reach my foot travellers, I turned round to look behind, when lo! such a glorious vision burst upon me, as I had not yet seen among these Highlands. We were high and far off, but exactly opposite, was the glen of Ivernglass—and all those lofty Bens that cluster there had risen in glory and ascended into the heavens. Let me try to tell you how. They were half-wrapped in delicate gauzes, and the sun, which was not shining on us nor on the intervening spaces, was pouring a flood of silver-gold splendor into the glen, in front of which a dark hill stood. So that the effect was precisely as if the sun had dropped into the glen, and was shining up from it, and with a million arrows of light was piercing the mists that hovered just beneath the summits of Ben Crosh and Ben Vain, in such a way that they appeared miles in height. Indeed they seem to have no end, but to be lost in the heavens. You have observed at sunset or toward sunset, how rays are marked on the sky from the sun (when veiled in clouds), to the horizon. Now fancy the sun hidden in a deep vale, and the rays streaming up from it to the zenith instead of down from it to the horizon. Prismatic hues played about the mists like the changes in a pearl shell, and the whole wonderful pageant was on such a gigantic scale that I was breathless with astonish-

ment. Fancy a dim twilight world of giant proportions, Chimborazos and Himalayas piled up, enclosing passes of awful depth, or assembled in majestic conclave around one deepest fell. Fancy them thinly enveloped in illusive vapor, which allows, here and there, an outline to be discerned, and then let the Great Carbuncle suddenly blaze out from the abysses, and shoot aurora borealises upward, and transmute white mists into rainbow tissues, and by the singular refraction or reflection magnifying every line and mass into a vastness beyond comprehension. But it is not possible to show it to you by words.

The German gentlemen were all this while looking straight ahead, not having the remotest idea of these glories, and after reflecting, I considered it my duty to tell them. "Wunderbar," "Wunderschön!" they shouted in a rapture, and we all sat with twisted necks in a helpless state of exclamation for a long time. I say "helpless," but perhaps "vain" would be an apter word, for exclaim as we might in German or English, we could not adequately express our emotions. No expression has been coined that would fit the case, and we were obliged to ease off into "oh's" and "ah's." And I truly believe that these little ejaculations often save the lives of poor mortals. They are blessed safety-valves when the shows of Creation are too much for us, and I dare say "Oh" was Adam's first utterance when he found himself standing with open eyes in

Paradise. And I was so afraid papa and J—— might not look back!

The head of huge Ben Venue now appeared in the distance, the very Ben Venue, dear, which overlooks your beloved Loch Katrine, Ellen's lake. It did not seem possible that I was really so happy as to see it, and I then especially wished for you by my side on one of the empty fifteen seats. * * * * Now I saw papa and J—— far ahead, and we overtook them directly. We then passed the small Loch Arklet, which might reflect Ben Lomond when smooth, and then we arrived at Stronaclachar, where is a hotel and a pier, and a pretty screw steamer was waiting for us on the shores of Loch Katrine itself! Into this we immediately entered and settled ourselves in the prow, so as to see all before us without hindrance.

* * * * Loch Katrine opens with a wide and lovely expanse of water which seems quite shut in by the hills, as if it were finished off at once, holding a small island on its bosom. We were a weary while waiting at the pier, and I could conceive no reason why—but each thing has an end, and so had our delay. Upon arriving at the little island aforementioned, which is covered with trees and shrubs, Ben Chochan can be seen, but there is no name to the bare mountain bases that are washed by the waters all along here. The Lord Willoughby d'Eresby owns the left side of the lake, and the Duke of Montrose the right, so that Aberfoyle is his. There are

several passes on each side, and in Portnellen, a pass on Lord Willoughby's side, once lived Rob Roy. You well remember Malcolm Græme, so that you will be interested to know that the family name of his Grace of Montrose is Grahame, or as the Scotch pronounce it, Græme.

The broad waters of the Loch wind in great curves round the various promontories and headlands, so that constantly we seemed to see the whole, and then a turn brought to view still remoter reaches, and as we approached Ellen's Isle, the sterile mountain-sides changed to richly-wooded steeps. Before this change, however, I ought to tell you of a magnificent glen, or pass, which we saw on the left. Heavy clouds hung over that region, tinging the bold, vast heap of rock and stubble perfectly black, while close to the lake, long hills swept down to the brim, of the richest, brightest green—not of the texture of velvet, but exactly like chenille, soft and uneven like that, and delicious in verdure. The water was like ink beneath these black masses, so that papa proposed I should fill my inkstand with it, as just before I left Inversnaid, I upset my little portable. But we have traversed the inky flood, and passed the mighty pass, and now glide into peculiarly enchanted realms. Sir Walter stood thereabout with magic wand, and the whole boat's company assembled amidships when Ellen's Isle came in view, as if it were the promised land. What is like the power of genius! The captain told his

own minute stories, as if Ellen, and the Douglas, and Roderic once lived and loved and fought; and, in our imagination, did not we all devoutly believe so?

The island is much smaller than I had fancied, but lovely, and entirely covered with trees and shrubs, as are all "the banks and braes" at this end of the loch, while far above rises Ben Venue, rugged and stern. Opposite to it—

"Ben An heaves high his forehead bare."

The beauty and richness seem to increase as we go on from Ellen's Isle. Scott's description of its innumerable riches only mirrors the plain fact.

I looked with all my eyes at every side. I wished to be Argus, so as to see all round at once, and not lose anything behind while I was gazing before, or on one hand while looking on the other. Alas! however, we have but two eyes, and we are bound to be thankful when they both look the same way, instead of in different directions.

It is one wilderness of thickly-wooded hills at the head of the lake, and then begins the pass of the Trosachs. Two carriages, one open and one closed, awaited us there, and we preferred the open one, so as to enjoy the prospect. There had been only a slight sprinkling of rain during our voyage of ten miles, and though now it threatened somewhat, I thought I would take the risk. The whole narrow road was enchanting from beginning to end, overhung with trees, guarded well by Ben Venue and

Ben An on either hand, with small burns gleaming among the wayside shrubbery, and flowers and sweet-brier hanging out long wreaths of roses.

Soon another lake—Loch Achray—opens the pass. Round this water the hills are much lower. Trosachs means Bristled Territory. Two arched stone bridges span a river that flows from Loch Achray to Loch Vennachar.

So now on the shores of Loch Achray, we drove up to a castellated building, Macgregor's Hotel, built by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. It has corner towers which J—— disrespectfully called pepper-boxes; but which are castle-like, and in one of them is our parlor. It is a delightful room, with four lancet windows like a true turret. So at last I am living in a tower, as I always wished to do. One lancet opens upon Ben Venue, another upon the lake. It is wainscoted with polished oak, and the deep embrasures and furniture are also of oak. The walls are hung with a mosaic pattern, crimson and wood-color. The carpet is crimson Brussels, and the couches and chairs have crimson-velvet cushions. No Macgregor of former days ever lived in such a fine castle as this.

After tea we strolled out toward Callender, with Loch Achray on our right. A tiny little stone kirk soon came in sight, which we walked round, and then sat down on a comfortably low parapet to gaze about. The water was smooth, and perfectly reflected the purple and gold clouds of sunset, and

there were actually level lands on its banks, while Ben Venue rose aloft. Ben An from one point presented a perfect pyramid, and it is really difficult to say what shape any mountain has, the form changes so much at different points of view. Until we are very close upon Ben Lomond, however, its shape holds, always like a head and shoulders.

It was in the pass of the Trosachs, you know, that Fitz-James stumbled and fell when he was hunting. It was formerly a mere gorge where now the good road winds. We gathered here from a wild eglantine three roses—one a shut-bud, but showing the lovely pink petals—another not quite half opened, and a third just ready to unfold, but curved over the stamens. We named them after three children we know, and they are the prettiest of portraits.

It was nearly nine o'clock when we got back to the hotel, still day, and though I wished very much to go to Loch Katrine, we concluded to defer our visit there.

* * * * * *

July 6th.—The waiter came with a request that we would dine at the table d'hôte, because it was Sunday, and the servants wanted rest and leisure; and I could not but consent, though I was very sorry. So we went down into the dining-hall, which, in harmony with the rest of the castle, had an unceiled roof of polished rafters of oak, in gothic peaks, and an oaken wainscot. On one side was a broad window of painted glass, with three lights. Oppo-

site me hung the portrait of some redoubtable hero, Robert de Bruce, Rob Roy, or Macgregor, I presume. Between two windows, at one end, was a picture of a bishop, and opposite him a convex mirror, surmounted by an eagle.

The table was exactly full, and I saw hardly one comely person. Two young gentlemen in gray, and a young clergyman at the top of the table, were good-looking, but only one individual in the room was eminently handsome. There fell great pauses in talk, one of which I broke by saying to papa, "What a pretty dining-hall this is!" and my profound remark proved quite a blessing, for they all began to speak of it to one another, and continued to keep up a babble to the end.

After dinner it was clear and fine, and we went to walk, and decided to go to Loch Katrine through the famous pass of the Trosachs. We were guarded on each side by Ben An and Ben Venue; and there were the wildest fells, the steepest precipices, beetling crags, singing burns, and plumy foliage—every combination in form and texture of soft beauty and rugged grandeur. When we arrived at the lake, we saw our pretty steamer moored fast, resting over Sunday, and several row-boats also. Two thatched buildings are on the margin of the water, one of them covered with moss and lichens, and large clusters of a white flowering plant. The front of this hut was ornamented with devices made of saplings twisted into ornaments in alto-relievo. The

other was a shelter for animals. Before us lay Ellen's Lake, shut in by the promontories and capes, so as to seem very tiny, while Ben Venue, the mighty sentinel, kept watch on the left of the dream-haunted spot.

Some friendly dry boards were piled up near the cattle-shed, and I had a good rest there, after a walk of a mile and a quarter. One way in which we discover the vastness of Ben Venue is by finding that he always seems just alongside, go as far as you will. A mantle of mist about his shoulders, and a gleam of sunshine from behind a cloud, would at once make him appear of infinite altitude. He has thrown off (if he ever had any) all his "lendings" from head and body, but there are heaps of drapery of richest material fallen at his feet;—such lovely, feathery garments, as if his royal robes had been of emerald marabouts intermingled with ostrich plumes and a great deal of pea-green chenille trimming. The gem of purest water that erewhiles dropped from his loosened gabardine is the lake itself. It seemed very small as we looked at it from our pile of boards.

We made up our minds to go on to Ellen's Isle, though it was rather far, but there was no other way to see it unless there had been a donkey for me, or it had been a week-day and we could have hired a boat. So we took the delightful path that is made on the borders of the water sometimes, and sometimes farther inland. It is about twelve feet broad,

and just as wild, lovely, and varied as woodland path can be, and made tuneful by mountain rills which run across the way into the lake: often walled in, too, by horrent crags that rise up from the level ground, wedging the innocent air with sharp points, though often wrapping their "épouvantables terreurs" in mantles of heath and moss. The purple heath was in early bloom along the sides, and I gathered some for you. I did not see the "light harebell" that "raised its head elastic from her airy tread"—which is a pity; but at last, at last, came "the snow-white beach" to which Ellen shot her shallop when she heard the bugle, and directly opposite this was her island home! The sun had now come fully out, the wind was still, and it was a scene of perfect repose and loveliness. Though, as I said before, the isle looks smaller than I expected, yet distances and scenes are very difficult to estimate correctly across water, and I think it may be found large when close upon it. It is thickly wooded and there are cliffs and rocks, and we are bound to suppose there are ruins of the castle of the Douglas somewhere within the recesses. What castle that we see is so real to our hearts and fancies as this? There is a beautiful bay made by a peninsula that reaches far beyond the island, and the beach is covered with white stones—some of which we gathered up for you. I walked all over it, so as perchance to set my foot where "Snowdoun's Knight" set his, as he descended from the thickets to step into "the

light shallop" of the Lady of the Lake. Just as the perfect reflection of the surrounding landscape looks more real and finished, as well as lovelier than the tangible scene, so the dreams of poets are more truth than very facts. The Douglas, the Græme in spirit had been there. Ellen lived and breathed—

> "Her head thrown back, her lips apart,
> Like monument of Grecian art."

Papa found a stone, hollowed like a little cup—and we drank of the dissolved diamond dropped from Ben Venue's regal vestments. J—— lay down prostrate and took a reviving draught, and we mused and gazed till about eight o'clock. The sun had not yet set, and the long gold lights and shadows were enchanting; but we were obliged to commence our return, because there were more than two miles to walk. J—— ran on before us, and just as we were coming opposite an enormous cliff, we heard him shouting aloft—

> "And like a sheet of burnished gold,
> Loch Katrine lies before me rolled!"

How little he supposed he should repeat those lines in the very place where Fitz-James himself stood, perhaps, when he first heard them read in Leamington. The setting sun threw wonderful gold floods over the wooded braes and slopes and through the glades; and once in the dark depths of forest, a single group of trees flamed in its beams like fire.

What a country is Great Britain! Every atom of it is a jewel. History and poetry transmute into precious stones every particle of its dust. One cannot look abroad or plant his foot, but a thousand illustrious shades spring up before him—noble deeds and creations of genius make it fairy-land. And full as it is of riches, it is so small that we can fold our arms round it and love it and enjoy it. Hail Britannia!

VI.

BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

July 6th, 1857.

HERE we are—arrived at the most famous of the Scottish Spas, at the Queen's Hotel, and we are most unexpectedly here, as I will tell you.

We left the Trosachs at nearly four o'clock, in a mail-coach, for Stirling. The coach had a small body or calyx, and a very wide-spreading corolla. We three and a stranger-lady were in the calyx, and innumerable people were perched upon the corolla, like so many bees; and such a gorgeous king-bee as the driver was you will never see, unless you see one of her Majesty's mail-coachmen in a new scarlet coat. Every time he appeared in sight, I heard the sound of trumpets, and the landscape kindled. My scarlet bee buzzed about so long, without apparent aim, that we were quite tired of waiting. You, perhaps, remember the coachman from Newby Bridge to Milnthorpe. He looked like a huge moth-miller in his light-drab wrapper, but I liked him better than this scarlet creature, though not his coat so well. Finally we bowled off very pleasantly. The

road skirted Loch Achray, and then a valley through which a stream wound to Loch Vennachar, the Trosach crags continuing on our left till we came to a hotel. But first we passed the Bridge of Turk (vide "the chase" in the Lady of the Lake) and saw the River Turk rushing down Glenfinlass—a broad glen with bleak mountains rising from it—and of course I thought of Fitz-James, who dashed over this bridge on his "gallant gray," when pursuing the stag. The huts of Duncraggan then came in sight, built in the open space near the glen, singular, desolate old huts. Now Loch Vennachar (lake of the fair valley) opened upon our right, and opposite, on the left, giant Ben Ledi lifted its double-headed top, one of the four highest Bens in Scotland (3,000 feet). After passing the loch, we began to see a most lovely valley in the distance—a river winding through it, and a town situated on the fairest plain, broad and bright, with richly wooded cliffs sweeping up in long curves from it, and Ben Ledi growing more and more grand as we left his immediate vicinity. I wish you to have an image of this valley. It took a character of vastness, it was so exceedingly smooth and wide, and gave me the impression that everything was cleared away at last, allowing plenty of room to breathe and consider, while the heights which closed it in afar off gave an effect of comfortable and comprehensible space, while plains that reach to the horizon almost weary one with their indefinite immensity. George

Herbert, in one of his divine poems, speaks of the Lord's "transparent rooms"—and this seemed one of them, though on earth, and not in heaven. I think it must be after this valley that the loch is named Vennachar, fair. Before us were blue distances, probably including Stirling Heights, and as we drew nearer the vision grew more beautiful, and a bridge of three arches, the midmost the tallest, captivated my eyes, so eager and grateful for curves.

The Teith is a tolerably wide river, flowing over rocks, and, in some places extremely shallow, so that when Rob Roy was chased over it he need scarcely have wetted his flying feet. We stopped at a hotel to change horses, and had twenty minutes to walk about. We went to the pretty bridge and looked down into its clear water, and saw tall trees drooping their branches into it to take a sip. The trees were quite lordly all round. The long street of Callender is bordered by all kinds of thatched cottages, small inns, and low shops, not at all comely, but we saw some large, handsome villas among the groups of woods outside the thickly peopled part. Just as we were settled again in our calyx, another stranger-lady joined us; a person who looked anxious and careful, as if she had so many children she did not know what to do, or some other great burden on her mind. She charged the driver over and over again to leave her at "the Queen's," as if she feared to be mislaid somewhere; and when he had quieted her uneasy mind we resumed our way. The road

now lay across a more level and desolate country. I put out my head to glance back once, and saw Ben Ledi standing alone like a monarch, a Saul among his brethren, taller by the head and shoulders than any other.

We now came to Doune, where the rivers Teith and Ardoch meet, and at their confluence is an old ruined castle, making a stately picture; and soon after leaving Doune I caught a glimpse of Stirling's storied height. I saw but for an instant an abrupt ascent from a plain, and a heap of turrets, and then it was all gone again. When we arrived at the Spa, the coach stopped at this hotel to allow our anxious passenger to alight, and I asked her about the hotels in Stirling. I supposed this was the town of Stirling, or immediately in the environs of it, and the hotel looked so large and inviting that I asked her if she could recommend it. "Oh, yes, she could," and so we decided to remain here, and did not discover, till after our *malles* were in and our rooms engaged, that we were not at Stirling, but at the Bridge of Allan, three miles away, and that our fellow-traveller was the landlady of this very hotel, and that it was "the Queen's." The coach had driven away, however, and here we must stay, and it proves so very beautiful that we are not sorry. Scott has made the place memorable; besides that it has natural advantages of situation. After tea we walked out, and found another great hotel, with gardens of rose-trees in full bloom, a pretty church

of the Establishment, a mighty fountain nearly ready to play, a nice little bowling-green, and a view of Stirling Castle. We then turned about to walk on the bridge. Near this are the original old cottages which first composed the village. The bridge has been renewed on one side; but on the other looks very old, with two arches. It spans the Allan-water. "Allan" comes from a Celtic word—aluinn—meaning beautiful. The parish is named Logie, and is bounded on one side by Dumblane. We walked along a road leading to a church, which gradually ascended. Embowered cottages were on our right hand, and under one clustering vine a woman sat knitting, and I asked her about the church. She said it was not an ancient one, but quite pretty inside; so we did not visit it, and turned on our steps, when behold! spread before us and on one side a magnificent prospect. The sun threw long beams of light from his closing eyes, and out of the rich, cultivated plain, rose in the midst the high crag upon which the renowned Stirling Castle is built. Nearer to us the Cliff Craigforth, less high, but perfectly beautiful and thickly wooded, seemed to invite another castle to crown its summit with battlements. A steep rock on the highest side I thought might be a ruined wall, but a woman near us said it was not. Farther to the east the Grand Abbey Craig swept up like a wave, and on this the national monument to William Wallace is to be erected, and a nobler pedestal for the monument to

a hero could not be found in any kingdom. It is far more superb than the elevation on which Stirling Castle stands, and there are remains of a walk on its face, which are a sign of, who knows what? deeply interesting historic events in the vanished ages.

Besides the three I have mentioned, there is another on the horizon over Craigforth, still keeping the form of the others, but after rising it continues for miles and miles along. I believe it is "the Ochils."

NOTES IN ITALY.

I.

ROMAN JOURNAL.

Pincian Hill.—Palazzo Larazani.

Rome, February 14th, 1858.

We have been in Rome since the 20th January, and I have not written a word of journal. Till the 2d it was bitterly cold, and afterward but little milder, and not sufficiently so to make my fingers flexible enough to hold a pen. On the 5th it began to rain, the weather previously having been clear and brilliant. The rain softened the air, or it rained because the air was softer, and rained on till the 12th. Now, again, it is glorious sunshine and cold; but every one says the winter has gone. I have not really commenced seeing Rome in earnest, and with accurate observation, but intend to do so after the Carnival. I have walked about, however, and had glimpses of what is before me. I have

spent one hour in St. Peters, walked through the Forum Romanum, and seen the Arch of Septimius Severus, the portico of the Temple of Saturn, the three beautiful columns of the Temple of Vespasian, the three of the Temple of Minerva Chalcidica, the single column erected to the Emperor Phocas, the Schola Xantha, the Temple of Faustina and Antoninus, the Sacra Via, terminated by the Arch of Titus. How I like to write down the illustrious names of what I have all my life long so much desired to see! I cluster them together like jewels, and exult over them. The Forum is a kind of vale, above which rises the Palatine on the right, as one approaches from the Corso; while the Capitoline towers up behind the Arch of Septimius Severus, which is at the opposite end of the Forum to the Arch of Titus. I have wandered over the Coliseum, passing by the ruins of what was once called the Temple of Peace, but is now the Basilica of Constantine. At a distance I have seen the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, crowning the Palatine. I have driven under the Arch of Constantine, through the Porta San Sebastiano, to the Appian Way, and passed under the Arch of Drusus to the tomb of the Scipios and the Columbana, by the stupendous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, and, outside the walls, back through the Porta Maggiore, upon the Piazza of St. John Lateran. Since the drive I have been into that grand old Basilica, and half looked at it; also, into Santa Maria Maggiore, on the Esquiline. One day,

when alone, I chanced upon a most beautiful temple, with a mighty flank and portico, which I find to be the Temple of Mars Ultor, in the Forum of Augustus. I have been on the Quirinal, and seen the Greek groups of Castor and Pollux by Phidias and Praxiteles, before the Pontifical Palace; and the Forum of Trajan (or the little that has been excavated of it), with the wonder of art, Trajan's column, sculptured by Apollodorus, from top to base with hundreds of figures, in the highest style. This is a slight sketch and foretaste of the riches I have before me.

February 19th.—It is a superb and cold day. After breakfast we undertook to search out Santa Maria degl' Angeli on the Viminal. We went through the Via Felice, and passed the Piazza Barberini, in which is the Triton fountain—a stone basin, wherein sits a Triton with upturned head, spouting a thin line of water into the air, and then we ascended through the Via delle Quattro Fontane. On its highest point the four fountains make the corners of the four ways. They are all at the angles of houses, and look very old, with recumbent figures, mostly without noses, quietly reposing by the ever-flowing streams. At this point, we turned to the left into the Via Porta Pia, while at the end of the Via Quirinalis on the right, we could see afar the obelisk, round which are the glorious groups of Castor and Pollux, with their horses, crowning the Monte Ca-

vallo, where we went the other day. We walked along by a dead wall for some time—probably the Barberini Palace Gardens—and then by the monastery and Church of Santa Susanna and Santo Bernardo, and Santa Maria della Vittoria, opposite to which is the fountain of Termini. This is quite imposing, with a colossal statue of Moses in the centre, striking the Rock. Its old name was Fontana dell' Acqua Felice. There are four marble lions, with their heads turned toward one another, while out of their mouths flow the inexhaustible clear streams. The Moses is the work of Prospero di Brescia, who died of mortification at the derision which it called forth. But I do not see that it is so very absurd. It is a mighty old form. On each side are bas-reliefs, in one of which Aaron predominates—in the other, Gideon. The places of these four new marble lions were once filled by four Egyptian lions of black granite, that were removed from before the Pantheon—which I think is unpardonable—and now the Pope has put them in the Vatican Museum.

We saw no Basilica, and so we went on, passing the Villa Bonaparte,—a charming little mansion in the midst of green shrubbery, looking English in form and arrangement, but without the lovely velvet lawns: then the Villa Torlonia, which seemed an Eden through the gates; and the city wall limits it on one side. We went out of the Porta Via, designed by Michel Angelo. Upon the top of Michel Angelo's gate Pio Nono has built another story, as if for no

other reason than to put his name upon it; for the popes emblazon their names in this way, all over Rome, on every ruin and church and wall, as if it were in the least interesting to read the names of popes, or that it is of any account to know what they did. I wish they would beautify and repair and restore, without marring their good deeds by illuminating their unimportant cognomens upon them, as if to proclaim—"It was I, Gregory, or Pius, or Benedict, VII., VIII., or IX., and not Gregory, Pius, or Benedict, X., XI., or XII., who did this fine thing. Observe!" Near this spot is wondrous interest; for it was not far off that Hannibal threw his spear over the wall of Servius Tullius, of which a portion still remains, stretching from the ancient Porta Collana. The Via Porta goes straight over its site, and on the right hand is what is left of the venerable wall. Between it and the Villa Torlonia is the Campus Sceleratus, where the vestal virgins, who had broken their vows, were buried alive. The Pretorian camp of Tiberius was near this dismal field of murder, still more to the northeast. Belisarius had also something to do with the walls surrounding the Pretorian camp. Beyond the gate afar off were the ever-lovely blue Sabine and Alban hills, snow-capped and of enchanting form. In the clear light of morning they looked like the Delectable mountains of Christian's dream, where all the saints were shining. No Saint Mary of the Angels, however, was yet visible, and upon looking at the map

we found we had taken the wrong direction, and that we must return to the Fountain of Termini. So we retraced our way, and went through the Piazza di Termini again, by the calm Lions, and the never-ending crystal streams,—more like the ceaseless bounty of God than anything else—and, like His bounty, too much contemned and forgotten by these Romans, who use it neither to make themselves nor their city clean, and who think those persons who drink it mad men and women. The grape flows for them, and the voice of the many waters calls to them in vain. We found a wide space beyond the Piazza, with avenues of trees leading two ways from one point, like the tines of a fork, and at the end of one a gate of bronze, which we thought might be the entrance to the Basilica we sought. But it was the gate of a garden of the Villa Negroni, where Crawford lived, and we saw within some giant cactuses, which looked as if carved out of pale, green marble. A French sentinel stood near, and I asked him where the church was, and he pointed to a heap of ruins; but we could see among them no sign of the magnificent structure we had read of. These ruins, however, were the wreck of the baths of Diocletian, —a portion of them having been made into a Christian temple by Michel Angelo. They were very superb, and a mile in circuit, built by forty thousand Christian slaves. The vast hall, in the midst of the Thermæ, is entirely preserved, and forms the largest part of the church. Eight of the enormous, grand

columns of oriental granite are the identical columns of Diocletian's baths, and stand just as they were first placed. They have marble bases and Corinthian capitals, and lofty arches rest upon them. The ceiling is still studded with the very brass rings from which the lamps were suspended fifteen hundred years ago, and it is vaulted in a somewhat gothic form, so that it looks lighter and freer than any other ceiling I have yet seen in Rome, giving a fountain-like expression to this noblest hall in the world; for no hall of ancient times has come to the present age so grand and fine as this. Michel Angelo has arranged the church in the form of a Greek cross. The Natatio, or swimming-bath, is higher by a step or two than the hall. On one side hangs the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, by Domenichino. Opposite is the Baptism of Christ, by Carlo Maratta. Domenichino's fresco was veiled; but upon my pulling at the curtain, a respectable priest came forward and drew it aside. For over every rare and famous masterpiece in the churches these Romans hang a veil, so as to get a paul for removing it; though I should like to think it were to preserve the painting from dust and light, which might fade the colors. This holy man, however, seemed neither to expect nor await a fee,—honor be to him ever! We took chairs, and sat down before the great picture. I had never heard of it, though I saw a mosaic of it at St. Peter's on Ash-Wednesday, when I attended the ceremonies in the Sistine Chapel. The mosaic

I did not dwell upon, for then I was taken up by the Transfiguration (in mosaic also), and Michel Angelo's Pietà, in marble. But the original fresco to-day impressed me deeply. It was first painted on the wall of St. Peter's, and by marvellous skill transferred to this place. Why St. Peter's should be deprived of so wonderful a work I cannot imagine, unless it was intended that all its pictures should be (as they are now, with one exception) of imperishable stone. Executioners are drawing up the form of St. Sebastian, with ropes, on a cross. On the right, a soldier is dashing by upon a horse, and shakes a truncheon at the saint as he goes. Before the cross, kneeling on the ground, is a woman, turning her face toward the horseman. Another woman and a child, both with hands extended in fear and horror, crouch in one corner. A man with bow and arrows stoops on the other side, raising his head to speak to a soldier, who is bending down to him. Other officers are in the distance. Above, very near the head of St. Sebastian, an angel hovers, with a crown in his hand, in the act of dropping it upon the brows of the martyr. Higher still, Christ, in a form of freshest youth, reposes in the arms of other angels and cherubs, in a blue mantle. Seraphim are blowing trumpets on the left. The head of St. Sebastian is raised, with an expression of divine patience, at the same time with a keen sense of suffering. The pure, pale features are, however, becoming glorified, as if reflecting the heavenly vision above

him. Eternal youth and rest look down upon him from the face and figure of Christ. The countenance of the angel with the crown is of etherial beauty, illumined also with the soft light of his golden hair, floating backward. The woman, kneeling in the centre—her face in profile—is beautiful, a rich mass of sunny tresses gathered beneath a turban, and her neck and shoulders exquisitely painted. The headlong rush of the horse, and the rapid action of its rider, are in fine contrast with the silent agony and patience of the saint, and the unearthly repose of Christ, beaming through the heavens. This is unlike any martyrdom I have seen, for Domenichino has succeeded in making the triumph over pain complete, and instead of the distressing horror, I felt only a peace which passes all understanding. The longer I looked, the more profoundly I was affected by the sublimity of the sacrifice, for St. Sebastian looks delicately organized, and full of tender susceptibility, as if pain to him were pain indeed, and as if he were conscious, perfectly, of the agony he endured, and should endure. Yet he is willing. His gentle might is inflexible, and controls the quivering sensations of anguish into resignation ; and his countenance is becoming celestial, as I said, as the heavens open upon him, with the sound of trumpets, the golden crown, and above all, the Lord Jesus, not represented bleeding and wounded, and as "a man of sorrows," but with serene joy beaming like a pearl on his forehead. His aspect says to the suf-

ferer, "Come unto me, my beloved, my brother, and I will give you rest."

I was obliged to leave the picture much sooner than I wished, without half comprehending it; but I shall go again. I should now like to know all about Domenichino, and whether he painted unconsciously in a religious devotion, or whether a personal experience of sorrow and torment had revealed so much to him as this. I think we generally take a masterpiece as if directly from the hand of God, and do not consider the character or idiosyncrasies of the artist. But it seems as if the soul must be pure, and the instrument clean, by means of which the Creator delineates such a scene as is represented here.

The opposite painting by Carlo Maratta was rich and soft in color, but I saw nothing more than that of it to-day. The tops of both were arched, as well as those of every picture in the church. The vast hall is surrounded with these arched pictures in every compartment, which gives great splendor of effect. Very many of them are the originals of the mosaics in St. Peter's. At each end of the transepts are altars in chapels, and the pavement of one has been lately renewed or newly laid by Pio Nono, and is magnificent—a mosaic of the most rich and highly polished marbles, shining like glass; and the Greek cross is repeated over and over, alternating with other patterns. I did not know the earth contained such varieties of superb marbles as I have already

seen in Italy—first in Genoa and now in Rome. The whole pavement of the church was once like this new part, but is now dimmed and defaced by innumerable footsteps. An immense meridian line is inserted transversely from one corner to another. Above the arched niches are other arcs and lights, and the sections of the arcs are also filled with brightly colored frescoes or oil paintings. Such compartments as these, so filled, are truly sumptuous.

I can fancy Diocletian's Calidaria, encrusted and paved with marbles and bas-reliefs, and adorned with frescoes, while a hundred blazing lamps, suspended from those very brass rings now visible, kindled into splendor the polished stones and glowing colors, (the light of day never penetrated into the Roman thermæ,) and brought out all the expressive lines of the statues of the gods and goddesses standing around. The ancient Laconium, now the vestibule, is a dome upon the ground. The tombs of Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratta are here, with two others, opposite each other in the circle, and between them are shrines and altars, with pictures. In the short passage from the vestibule to the hall is a noble, calm statue of St. Bruno, by Houdon. He is looking down in reposeful thought, with his hands crossed, and a face of sincere benignity. The drapery is very straight and simple, in perfect harmony with the lines of the countenance. It is truly grand, with no gesture or attitude for effect—just

standing, serene and firm in faith, with a very living presence. Not a statue of a saint in St. Peter's can be compared to it for a moment. Bernini makes all his apostles and holy men stage-actors. There is always a whirlwind among their garments, and a tempest of passion (virtuous rage, I presume) tosses their limbs about. But the soul of St. Bruno possesses itself, his limbs and his robes in PEACE.

We did not go to-day into the cloisters behind the chancel. In the court of the cloisters I wish to see some cypresses planted by Michel Angelo, and I shall go another time.

We came out and walked along the other avenue, around the ruins of the baths, now in part converted into public granaries and barracks for French soldiers. Endless arches, almost all filled in with bricks, rise on every side; and half-ruined vaulted roofs and mighty walls, thick and high, have now all tumbled together in confusion.

THE BARBERINI PALACE GALLERY.

February 20th.—Bright, cold day. We went to the Barberini Palace. I feel indignant with it, because Urban VIII., who was a Barberini, built it out of the Coliseum—daring to pull down that lordly ruin for materials for his house. The entrance to the court is under a very old, battered stone gate, that looks like early Roman work, and the Pope may have plundered some other classical ruin for it.

Soldiers are on guard at and around and within the gate, who seem to belong to the prince; for they are neither Papal nor French. There may be a few red legs among them, however. The palace is three-sided. On the right is the gallery of pictures, which is on the ground-floor. A magnificent white marble staircase winds up to the upper suites of apartments, with beautiful columns and balusters—the finest in Rome. We then went into an ante-room, where some old and not valuable pictures were standing on the floor and hanging on the walls; but we did not stop to look at them. A civil, intelligent custode received us in the first gallery, and gave us a mounted card-board, upon which the names of the pictures and their artists were written, both in Italian and French, with most hospitable care. There were also tubes for use on the marble tables. A holy family, by Francia, first arrested me—one of his saintly works. Mary's face is extremely beautiful, matronly, pure and intellectual, as his Madonnas so often are, looking older than Raphael's Madonnas, and as if her experience were deep and wide. It is a MOTHER, with a perfect sense of all a mother's responsibilities,—and a sacred mother, as if she knew she were the long-hoped-for "mother in Israel," who has the Christ for her son. The infant has a noble head, and it has the air and motion of the heads of so many of the best old masters, as if they heard stately music, and poised themselves in unison with it, with a peculiar expression of dignity and

duty and severe precision—not as they would, but as they ought—"Not as *I* will, but as Thou wilt." The genius of Francia is thoroughly devotional, as well as that of Fra Angelico. The only other masterly picture in this room is Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Albert Durer. The Christ is not at all divine; but the power and wonder of the painting is in the heads and action of the Jewish Rabbis, who, every one, have the truth of portraiture, and are all the Jews of Jews, especially one frightful creature, who stands close by the young Jesus, with his wicked eyes fastened on the child-face, and his fingers resting on his hands. I think this Jew was the father of Judas Iscariot. Eccolo! only I cannot get so much wickedness, malice, and meanness into my sketch as are in the original, especially the eye is not so evil. He has an unwholesome, yellow complexion, while all the rest are as red as Adam. Two are reading out of the Talmud, to prove something against the words of Christ; and the books are painted with true Dutch fidelity. They are books, and not pictures of books. I wish "the Light of the World" had a more adequate beauty, and then the contrast of the frame-work of "Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites" with him would be more suggestive still; but it certainly is a *chef d'œuvre*, as it is.

In the next saloon is the Garden of Eden, after the Fall, by Domenichino. The Lord has come down, riding on angels and cherubs, to ask Adam why he did not answer when He called him. Adam

points to Eve to excuse himself for having disobeyed His commands, with a pitiful air of unmanly cowardice, and actually shrugs his shoulders at the Almighty [the first shrug], as if he said, "Thou seest how it is—that woman tempted me." Eve is kneeling, and turns to the Creator with a much more dignified and respectable gesture of concern, and points to the serpent for her defence; and the serpent is wriggling away as fast as it can, perfectly conscious of its base purpose. All the grandeur of Adam has collapsed under that shrug and cringing look toward his Maker, though it is evident that his form is noble and his "front" has been "sublime." Self-respect having gone, however, and taken with it his self-possession, he is king no more. He is weak, and his sceptre is taken from him. A lamb in the foreground, lying hitherto in quiet felicity, raises its head, and looks at the scene, as if aware of a disturbance in the bliss of Eden, with a questioning, awakened action of the pretty head. It is the loveliest lamb I ever saw painted, except that one by Murillo in "The Good Shepherd," in the National Gallery of England. If Domenichino intended to prefigure "The Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world," its marvellously tender beauty is accounted for. Close by comes prowling a tiger, no longer in loving fellowship with lambs, but glaring with newly-born ferocity at the unconscious creature, ready to devour it in a moment. This group suggests "all our woe." Just above reposes

the Almighty Father in His wreath of angels. It is no face of God; but the angels are of enchanting beauty, especially one in the centre, with a noble head, lustrous with golden curls. Another puts back his lovely hair to gaze up at the grand form he upholds, with a clear, sweet look of confidence. Another on the left side actually blazes with joy; and a faithful little cherub, who supports a globe upon his shoulders beneath the Lord's left hand, has an expression of cheerful duty rendered, which is a sign and lesson to all beholders. I had no idea of Domenichino's power to represent beauty till yesterday and to-day. The disorder of emotion and disturbance of self-respect caused by sin in the group of Adam and Eve, the immediate suffering of Innocence for the guilty, typified by the Lamb and springing Tiger, and the baby-love and rapture of the little angels, who behold the face of the Father with no shame nor fear, compose a wonder of art and a world of Truth.

And now we sat down before Beatrice Cenci! at last, at last! after so many years' hoping and wishing. This is a masterpiece which baffles words. No copy, engraved or in oils, gives the remotest idea of it. It is all over Rome, in every picture dealer's shop, of every size; besides being engraved. In the copies are red eyelids, and other merely external signs of sorrow. In the original the infinite desolation, the unfathomable grief, are made evident through features of perfect beauty, without one line

of care, or one shadow of experience,—translucent and pure as marble. Extremest youth, with youth's virgin innocence and ignorance of all crime—an expression in the eyes as if they asked, "Oh, what is it—what has happened—how am I involved?" Never from any human countenance looked out such ruin of hope, joy, and life; but there is unconsciousness still, as if she did not comprehend how or why she is crushed and lost. The white, smooth brow is a throne of infantine, angelic purity, without a visible cloud or a furrow of pain, yet a wild, endless despair hovers over it. The lovely eyes, with no red nor swollen lids, seem yet to have shed rivers of crystal tears that have left no stain—no more than a deluge of rain stains the adamantine arch of heaven. It is plain that the fountains are exhausted, and she can no longer obtain any solace from this outlet of grief. The delicate, oval cheeks are not flushed nor livid, but marble-pale, unaffected by the torrents that have bathed them, as if it were too hard an agony to be softened by tears. The mouth is unspeakably affecting. The rose-bud lips, sweet and tender, are parted slightly, yet with no cry, nor power to utter a word. Long-past words is the misery that has banished smiles forever from the blooming flower of her mouth. Night is gathering in her eyes, and the perfect face is turning to stone with this weight of voiceless agony. She is a spotless lily of Eden, trailed over by a serpent, and unable to understand the desecration, yet struck with a fatal blight. Her

gaze into the eyes of all human kind, as she passes to her doom, is pathetic beyond any possibility of describing. One must *see* that backward look to have the least idea of its power, or to know how Guido has been able to express, without high or livid color or distorted lines or heavy shadow, a sorrow that has destroyed hope, and baffles the comprehension of its victim. If this be a portrait, and it surely is, then Beatrice Cenci must have been as free from crime as the blazing angel of Domenichino's picture opposite to it, who is basking in the "effluence increate." The heavy folds of the white turban and mantle are all in keeping with her innocence and involved and weighty woe. It is certainly one of the greatest works of man. One could look at it forever and not tire. I wonder that the Prince Barberini can give it up so much to the public, for these rooms are open to all daily from eleven to five.

Close beside the Beatrice hangs Raphael's Fornarina—not the Fornarina I had always seen engraved, which is probably that at Florence; but quite a different person. She is sitting with uncovered neck and arms, holding up transparent drapery with one hand, while the other lies upon her lap, across a red mantle. She is the darkest brunette, with deep, rich color, black eyes and hair, and a turban, threaded with gold, upon her head and a bracelet upon her left arm. There is the most complete contrast between the two persons. The For-

narina is very handsome, but with the world and its wiles thoroughly mingled in her mortal mixture of *very* earth's mould. Life, sunned without stint, glows in her ruby-red and golden-brown, and lightens in her laughing eyes. Fresh youth, unconscious innocence, lily-purity, have departed. She is a gem, but a carbuncle rather than a pearl or a diamond. She is utterly incapable of the desolating sorrow that has swept over Beatrice. The Fornarina could no more comprehend such grief than Beatrice can comprehend the crime which will destroy her life, and has already destroyed her peace. It is not difficult to say which is nearest heaven, even so, under such circumstances of horror as surround Beatrice. Raphael could never idealize this Fornarina into a Madonna. I am not sure, though I believe he has the other that is in Florence.

Next this picture is the portrait of Lucrezia Cenci, the stepmother. She is a stern lady, with regular features and no pity, beautifully painted by Scipio Gaetani. Her brown hair makes a coronet on her brow: a plain black dress, like that of an abbess, is folded over her bosom, and she holds a book in her hands.

Guido's Aurora.

Miss M. came in accidentally while we were at the Barberini Gallery, and when we left it, I proposed to go to the Rospigliosi Palazzo, to see Guido's Aurora, and Miss M. wished to go with us. So

we mounted the Quirinal to the Monte Cavallo together, and observed the house where Milton lived while in Rome. It is a corner house, at the angle of which is one of the Quattro Fontane, on the Via Quirinalis. The glorious groups of Castor and Pollux were good to see against the deep-blue sky as we ascended the hill. Miss M. and Mr. H. walked round them, while I inquired for the Palazzo Rospigliosi. The French sentinels did not know, though they were keeping guard just opposite to it, as it proved. People passing did not know; but finally a woman told me, pointing, not to a palace façade, but to a long, high wall, at whose gate stood a porter in blue and silver, with a chapeau bras. Entering, we were in an immense court, and at the farthest side of it stood the palace. But the Aurora is in the Casino (garden house), and not in the palace, as the frantic gestures of the distant porter signified, his brandishing arm being stretched toward the left of the great court where was an arched way leading to a smaller enclosure. (I am not sure it was arched.) Upon a door, up several steps, were brass tablets, whose inscription announced that the Casino could be seen on Wednesdays and Saturdays. A gardener admitted us here. Opposite the door was a grotto, where once had been a fountain, but now there was no voice of waters, and a broken statue occupied the place. Perhaps it was a Naïad, but I did not take notice at the time. Stone stairways led on both hands to the garden above, and all

along them stood marble busts and statues of antique workmanship—heads of goddesses, virtues, and powers—spoils from the Baths of Constantine (326), upon whose site the palace was built in 1603, I should say rather, upon a very small part of the site, large as the palace is; for those famous Roman Baths were miles in circuit, and that of Constantine covered the whole summit of the Quirinal, where palaces, villas, and public edifices now stand. Paul V. was the barbarian pope (anti-classical, I mean), who removed all vestiges of them to build this palace, retaining, however, for the adornment of the Casino, the sculptures we saw to-day; and considerately placing the noblest relics, Castor and Pollux, with their horses, on the Piazza, before the pontifical residence; and statues of the Nile and Tiber in front of the capitol, for all men freely to see and study.

In the centre of the Casino garden is a laguna, in a vast stone basin, surrounded with statuettes of marble. Orange and lemon trees and various flowers grow round about, and a rare tropical tree, with delicate foliage and a strange knotted trunk. In the façade of the Casino are inserted very beautiful basreliefs of white marble. This is a way the Romans have. If they pick up a rare bit anywhere, they fasten it upon the outsides of their walls and houses, without regard to symmetry of arrangement often, being wildly determined to save it, at all events. The want of order at first disturbed my mind, but

when examining and enjoying each morsel, I was indifferent about their being tossed at the walls in such a random style.

Finally we entered the central saloon, and there, on the ceiling, dawned the world-renowned Aurora, and Apollo rose up in his chariot with the wreath of Hours. I was amazed to see the fresco as brilliant as if painted to-day, perfectly unharmed by time and atmosphere. Four artists were copying it together. It does not cover the whole ceiling as I supposed, but only the centre, enclosed in the similitude of a frame, richly arabesqued and carved. I found that even Morghem does not quite give us this radiant creation, not even the expression, though through him I recognized all. But the color adds infinitely to the glory of the composition. Apollo blazes in a sea of golden light, and the only part of it I do not entirely admire is his hair, which is too pale and short, I think. I wish there were a sheaf of yellow beams rolled up in lovely splendor on his brow, and flowing off backward, like a wake of sunshine. This truly olympic form bends forward with majestic ease, as he lightly holds the reins of the magnificent horses, swallowing up the darkness with his presence, and filling the dawn with his overflowing day, as she looks to him for illumination. Such glorious, fresh, rejoicing movement and outbreak were never painted before. Guido has made the sun to rise as no landscapist—no Claude even, nor Turner has done. The lovely

Aurora, beaming from her violet mantle with reflected joy—the young Morning Star holding on to his kindled torch with a gentle but resolute force, as he endeavors to outstrip the absorbing, fast-rushing god, perhaps with a premonition of his doom : the horses, mottled with a struggling light and shade, purple and pearl—the rainbow richness of the drapery of the Hours, each one so individual in character and expression—the softly-heaped clouds—the deep-blue sea beneath, and mountains beyond, tipped with morning—this is Guido's sunrise in items, but ye who wish to see the sumptuous pageant as a whole, come to Rome, and behold it. There is no other way, words and the pencil cannot copy it. One Hour steps gravely forth, fateful like the Grecian Destiny, with calm, classic contour. Another, with fair, blonde hair and azure robe, points forward with ivory finger, while she turns to the rest, as if promising bliss to come, while her delicate feet airily tread upon the imponderable vapors. She is strong, and will give strength to many. Her hair is of the finest mist of amber. Holding the hand of this heaven-robed Hour is one draped in a peculiar tint of green—not grass-green, nor sea-green, but a bright, cool, tourmaline hue, visible in early morning at a fountain in a grotto. It is symbolic of hope and trust, and the shape it enfolds has a wonderful grace. She looks out of the picture at all the world, soft, sweet, with a fulness of content that can never become scant. Her feet are beautiful with glad

tidings, and dance to the music *she* hears, though *we* do not, "wrapt in our muddy vesture of decay." * * * * * * There is another, looking back with a sad thoughtfulness, as if no future could be to her like the past. This is one of Guido's upturned faces, in which he excelled so much. One Hour is younger than the rest, with quite an infantine expression, as if life were in close bud, and no knowledge had yet shadowed her bliss of ignorance. There is no record in her innocent countenance of experience or inquiry.

A mirror is arranged in the saloon in such a way, that instead of breaking one's neck by bending back the head, one can sit down and look into it, and see the fresco, as if it were hung on the side of the room. The mirror is on a very slightly inclined table, I think.

There are here a bronze horse, found in the baths, and busts of Emperors and Empresses, without names, upon pedestals, and the upper panels of the walls are painted in fresco by Tempestà, and the lower with landscapes by Paul Brill. Two side apartments are hung with oil paintings, but no picture is pre-eminent except another Garden of Eden, after the Fall, by Domenichino, in which Adam (in return for the apple, I suppose) is giving Eve some fig-leaves. But I was either not in the proper mood to see it, or it was really quite inferior to the conviction of the unfortunate pair, in the Barberini Gallery.

I was interested in a portrait of Poppæa Sabina, the fearfully depraved wife of Nero, over whom she exercised such despotic sway, and who was, I had thought, so supremely beautiful. She has a small head and features, by no means of uncommon beauty, and a slender figure, and reminded me of a portrait of Jane Shore, that I saw at the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures. She looks cruel and crafty, and I observe that cruel persons always are rather thin, with small and sharply-cut features—handsome, but not lovely nor inspiring confidence. Have I indeed seen Poppæa, the terrible creature?

There was a Christ, bearing His Cross, very fine, by Daniele de Volterra, and a great picture, by Ludovico Caracci, of the Death of Samson. The Caracci always excite my opposition, for some reason, perhaps because they are academical, and work by rule and not by inspiration of religious devotion.

The floors were paved with a mosaic of brick, and there were gilded chairs, some of blue damask and some of crimson velvet, and tables of ormulu, with marble tops, arranged in straight rows round the different saloons; but all the furniture was faded and defaced. Every ceiling was frescoed—as is the invariable habit of ceilings in Rome—where every available surface is emblazoned with color, in flowers, saints, and angels, and, once in the ages, with an Aurora, by Guido.

But it was very cold in the stone house, and we

returned to the warm sunny garden, and looked at the marbles standing about there.

When we first arrived, we saw the Rospigliosi children, two of whom were playing with their attendants in the avenues. One was followed by a liveried servant and a maid, and the other was in the arms of an old nurse, and both were entirely in white ("*devoués au blanc*"), like all the younger children of noble families in Italy. When we came out of the Casino, the infant was asleep, and I went to look at him as he lay on his nurse's lap. He was lovely—the long dark lashes of his closed eyes resting on cheeks like rose-petals—a cherry mouth, shaped like Cupid's bow, soft-brown hair on a noble brow, and a cunning little straight nose. Such heads and faces the painters paint for cherubs and angels, hovering around Madonnas and holy people, of all kinds. The woman sat in the sun (like Queen Anne), while the baby-prince slept peacefully in the flower-scented air, to the tune of a fountain in a niche, near by. It was a stately and elysian scene, that I shall like to recall hereafter.

Santa Andrea.

The Palace of the Consultà makes one side of the piazza of the Monte Cavallo. This summit of the Quirinal is a grand site, commanding one of the finest views of Rome and St. Peter's. On our way home, we followed two gentlemen into a small

church on the Via Quirinalis, and found it a perfect jewel of beauty. It was Santa Andrea. It is oval inside, and surrounded with columns, and chapels that are encrusted all over with every variety of marble, and illustrated with oil paintings—three in each chapel. In the first, on the right, is a copy of Correggio's Nativity, in which the light comes from the child, irradiating the Madonna with white effulgence, and dazzling all who stand near. In the chapel of St. Stanislaus is a sarcophagus of lapis-lazuli, adorned with sapphires, emeralds, amethysts, and chrysolites—and before it, suspended in a gold setting, is a vast ruby or carbuncle, perhaps "The great Carbuncle" itself. Was the sarcophagus made in Ormus or in Ind, I wonder?

The floor of the little temple is a mosaic, in the form of a star, the rays extending to the outer circumference. Those who enter to worship stand upon a star! What an appropriate pavement for a church! Over the centre is a dome, surmounting the dome-like interior, and a garland of white cherubs encircles its base. In designing this building, Bernini certainly redeemed himself, in some measure, from the disgrace of his ranting, stormy statues, though I rather think the Prince Camillo Pamfili's taste controlled him here in his fancies, since it was at the Prince's cost that the church was built. To-day we have indeed had an "*embarras de richesses.*"

Museum of the Capitol.

February 22d (Washington's Birth-day).—Our celebration of this fortunate day was to go to the Museum of the Capitol. We saw the Dying Gladiator, the Antinous, the Amazon, the Faun of Praxiteles, the wonderful Centaurs, busts of all the Emperors and Empresses, and other illustrious people; and in the Hall of the Emperors, the antique bas-relief of Endymion, of which I once made a copy in oils. It was deeply interesting to me to see the very original of my picture, and to be able to compare it with the water-color painting from which I copied it. The right hand is broken in the marble, and so the lovely one, so heavy with sleep, in the water-color drawing, must have been the creation of the modern artist. If so, it is a wonderful work, but I cannot help thinking that the marble might have been injured after the drawing was made. In the same hall is the celebrated sitting statue of Agrippina, with small, delicate head and features—a perfectly chiselled profile, just barely escaping sharpness—and great ease, dignity, and grace of attitude. Agrippina was wife of the good Germanicus, and mother of the wicked Caligula, both of whom are near her, one beautiful, and the other the most evil looking of all men. The Julius Cæsar I cannot believe in, for it is too uncomely, mere driving action and will—not grand nor intellectual. Next him is Augustus, perfectly handsome, and like his youthful

self, with the exception of two deep lines of care on his once deep brow. "The young Augustus" is considered the most exquisite bust in the world. As yet I have seen only casts of it, not having been to the Vatican; but this mouth is as ideal in faultless beauty as a mouth can be, but there is more experience in this of the man, more strength too, and finesse than in that of the boy. It is very satisfactory to identify illustrious individuals in this way, tracing them from youth to manhood. I have now seen Octavianus face to face, and also Marcus Aurelius. There are a great many busts of these last, all resembling each other, and a most noble head and countenance he has. The marbles in the Capitol, and the head of the bronze equestrian statue in the Piazza, are of the same man. I had an impetuous desire to see Commodus, because De Quincey speaks of his marvellous beauty. I found him of fair symmetry of feature, and I do not think I should prophesy a monster from his expression; yet there is nothing high and pure in his look, and I believe there is the shadow of a frown somewhere about his face; but I have not half seen either of them. I shall go and become well acquainted with all these potentates, who ruled the world, but not themselves. The Dying Gladiator cannot be seen in one, nor in many visits, yet even in the little while I looked at it to-day, I began to feel its irresistible power, and I foresee that I shall think it one of the greatest of all sculptures, more and more. The Antinous is

consummate mortal beauty. I do not conceive that any human form can surpass it. It satisfies all my dreams of it, even already. The Amazon is superb, and the Lycian Apollo is music. There were some magnificent sarcophagi, with high reliefs—one the history of Achilles, one Diana and Endymion, one the battle of the Amazons; and each one the labor of a lifetime. The walls of these saloons are covered with inscriptions on marble, inserted into the stone —relics found all about Rome. The famous Venus of the Capitol is not seen on public days; but is kept in a reserved cabinet, to be shown only by special request. We glanced through a grate into the hall of bronzes, where I saw the world-renowned mosaic of Pliny's doves, which has been repeated for centuries in cameos, mosaics, and enamels. On the staircase walls are deeply interesting bits of marble inlaid, covered with the ground-plan of the city in early times, and thus revealing the site and relation of temples, forums, and porticoes. It was found near the Forum Romanum, in broken pieces. I wish it had been all matched, so as to be a clear map, instead of being stuck up, as it is, in sixteen separate bits. It is called the Pianta Capitolina.

The Mamertine Prison.

After leaving the Museum, we went into the Mamertine prison. This is one of the few remaining structures of the Kingly Period. We went down

into the cell where Jugurtha was starved to death, and where St. Peter was chained. Prisoners were let through openings in the ceiling. It is a terrific dungeon, but now very clean, and now also there are stairs for visitors to descend comfortably. But the true way to show it, and give one a due sense of its horror and misery, would be to be lowered into it, as the prisoners were, through the trap-door, with a shuddering sense that hope was left behind, unless, by human aid, deliverance should come. There was very little room there. I really think a man might at least be allowed room enough, if he must be confined in a dungeon. That is enough, without a refinement of cruelty. We drank of the miraculous fountain, which sprang up for St. Peter to baptize his keepers with. We saw the stone column to which he was chained. The prison is of enormous strength, a true Etruscan work, of huge square blocks of stone. On the floor upon which we stood, the Catiline conspirators were strangled. It was astonishing to find myself in the very spot upon which St. Peter stood! It was a den for State criminals only. In the apartment above St. Peter's cell, and equally dark and strong, is an altar, and the marble busts of St. Peter and St. Paul, enclosed in an iron grate, carved in the time of Constantine. The guide showed us the walled-up, ancient staircase that led to these cells from the Capitol, by a secret way—the way along which the stranglers came. It made me faint to think how utterly im-

possible it would be to escape. It would be as easy to tear asunder a mountain as to break through these ponderous stones. I hope St. Peter was allowed a torch. O wonderful revolution! He who was chained and martyred then, now rules Christendom from the throne of the most magnificent Cathedral in the world, and a hundred ever-burning lamps watch round his sacred grave, under the high altar, like so many sleepless eyes of seraphs. He who was in black darkness has light enough now, and having died for his Lord Jesus, he has found his life, which he can never lose again.

The Forum Romanum.

We went to the Forum afterward, and I remained alone there to wander about. It is the first time I have had a chance to loiter round the chief seat of Roman grandeur. What a dream of unexampled beauty must it have been, when the white and violet marble temples, porticoes, and richly sculptured arches stood in all their freshness! From the Tabularium of the Capitol what a vision of splendor must have then dazzled the fortunate eyes that looked forth over the vale between the Capitoline and the Palatine hills! Directly beneath and before me (had I been that happy gazer), the pure white Temple of Concord, where the illustrious Senate assembled—the Conscript fathers we so worship in our young academic days—lifted its glorious beauty into the

sunny air. I know it was glorious; for I saw to-day the bases of its columns in the Museum, and the sculpture upon them was elaborately perfect, and as fine as the cutting of a cameo. It has now utterly gone from its site, except a portion of its pavement. Close beside the Temple of Concord was that of Vespasian, of which three lovely columns, with an entablature, alone remain, richly ornamented; and this temple was purple, as if cut out of an amethyst—the Temple of Concord a pearl; the Temple of Vespasian an amethyst. Near there stood the Schola Xantha, of which eight elegant little pillars, of the most delicate grace, now survive. It was a portico, where the twelve consenting Gods (*Dei consentes*) were placed; and along by all these visible dreams ran the Clivus Capitolinus, leading down from the Capitol on the right, and on one side of it was the Temple of Saturn. Eight columns, of the Ionic order, still are left of it. Directly in front of the Temple of Concord is the Arch of Septimius Severus; but then its present defaced and stained marble was white as snow, and its reliefs perfect, and on its summit was a bronze chariot and prancing horses. How my vision grows! On the left of this arch, I can see with my past-world eyes the magnificent Forum of Augustus, with its group of stately temples and porticoes, of which I perceive, at this moment, a ruin of grandest style and form. It is the Temple of Mars Ultor. The lofty columns of one of the peristyles attest the perfection of this

work of Augustus. But I now look down upon the Forum Romanum only, and I see the marble statues of Curtius and of one of the Emperors, standing in the midst, and, beyond them, the temple and rostra of Julius Cæsar, in front of which he sits and receives the senators, as they go to bring him to account for offending the Roman people. The populus Romanus! what words are those to pronounce here! Fancy that majestic, grave procession winding down from the Temple of Concord, in white robes of fine samite, bordered with purple, through the Clivus Capitolinus, to call to judgment the Dictator of the World!

By Cæsar's temple passes the Sacra Via, over which young Virginia "danced along" and the "vulture eye" of Appius Claudius "pursued the trip of those small, glancing feet." On the sides of it I see Julia's Basilica, with its hundred and twenty columns (now vanished, except its pavement); and beyond rises another splendor, "like another sun rising at mid-noon," the temple of Minerva Chalcidica, whose ruins are the models of architects—its three Corinthian columns the most consummate specimens of their order. Farther to the right another marble flower blossoms, called the Temple of Castor and Pollux, while at the end of the Sacra Via the arch of Fabius frames a distant picture, made up of turquoise sky and emerald Cœlian hill; and farther on, the arch of Titus encloses another landscape of its own. Through this I perceive, coming

on, the triumph of Titus, after his conquest of Jerusalem, and behold, glittering in the sun, the sacred seven-branched candlestick of massive gold, borne by the procession, and the silver trumpets of Judah and the golden table from the Temple of temples, the Temple of Jerusalem. And here is the Emperor in his car, with four proudly-stepping horses, surrounded by the bearers of the fasces, and crowned by Victory. On the left is another tuneful temple, that of Antoninus and Faustina, with its richly-sculptured frieze, crisp to this hour, and its peristyle, yet complete; and nearer to where I stand, the Basilica Emilia, shorn now of its glory of columns and pediment. Beyond, in a loftier strain, the vast Temple of Peace cuts its arches against the tender blue; and farther still, the most stupendous ruin of the world—the mighty circle of the Coliseum—crowns my view. But even this is not all. On my right is the Palatine, and I see it shining with Nero's golden house—the palace of the Cæsars, like a gorgeous oriental sunset, with its colored marbles, its gems and precious metals. What a scene, indeed! And if the Capitol and piles of modern buildings did not hide it, I should see Trajan's Forum on the left and behind, with its noble column, covered with a spiral band of delicately-cut basreliefs, still perfect.

I tried to go down upon the pavement of the Basilica of Julia, but sought in vain for steps or an opening; and when it was too late, a man came to

unlock an iron door for me. It is new to me to find that all works of art here are Greek, and not Roman. The Romans were the employers of all men's hands, but did not work with their own, and the tens of thousands of slaves they brought to Rome quarried these enormous stones and polished the adamant, at their behest, and carved the statues and the reliefos. Then it is necessary to suffer to *produce* beauty as well as *to be* beautiful. Alas for the blood and toil and misery and crime out of which these glories sprang! And they would have utterly perished long ago, if the Cross had not been affixed to every relic of Heathen Rome which remains for us. Four great palaces have already been built out of the Coliseum, and a dozen more would have been pulled out of it, if the Cross had not been set up in the arena, where unspeakable atrocities once amused assembled thousands. So in the amphitheatre's headlong fall, that potent emblem—so potent in spirit, so weak in substance—upholds the giant walls, which cannot come down, except by violence of man; and instead of dying gladiators and wild beasts, tearing and torn, a tall, black cross rises in the midst, and pious folk go and kiss it, to win indulgence from Purgatory--for each kiss two hundred days.

I tried to come home a new way, and was consequently misled, and strayed into the Piazza of the Holy Apostles, where the great Palazzo Colonna stands. Then I found myself at the fountain of

Trevi, and by degrees arrived at the Pincian hill; and Mr. Louis Rakermann played Beethoven to us all the evening.

February 23d.—This morning I went, according to agreement, to show Miss M. M. the temple of Mars Ultor. We looked with wonder at the stupendous blocks of stone of the wall of the Forum, against which the building stands. It is evidently Etruscan work. Everything here is either Etruscan or Grecian. Lately, these columns have been cleared to their bases, very far below the street that runs by them. Madame de Stäel says modern Rome is forty feet above ancient Rome. This accumulation of soil is caused by the frequent inundations of the Tiber. Five times in the course of a century the city was overflowed even to the top of the hills, though not over them; and so, holding the earth in solution, as it were, I suppose it settled down again more equally. But I know nothing about it.

As we came along the Corso, we went into the Palazzo Doria, because it is one of the two days in the week when visitors are admitted to the gallery. But we had but an hour, and only expected to see what treasures were in store for us at another time. We found the palace exceedingly splendid. We walked through fifteen saloons, whose walls were covered with pictures, some of them very choice, besides that there was a great deal of beautiful Greek statuary. Every great name in art was rep-

resented by some work. Claude's two famous landscapes, the Molinô and the Temple of Apollo;—Titian's Sacrifice of Abraham;—a superb portrait, by Leonardo da Vinci, of Joanna of Aragon (a lovelier aspect of her face than Raphael has given);—a portrait of Lucrezia Borgia, by Paul Veronese;—the lovely Madonna of Guido, adoring the Infant;—and Claude's celebrated Flight into Egypt, with Lippi's figures. There is also a grand picture, by Sebastian del Piombo, of the Admiral Andrea Doria, grave and stately, like all Piombo's portraits. He must have chosen persons of such character to paint. In one of the cabinets is a noble marble bust of the Admiral, and one of the Princess Mary Talbot Doria (the English lady), by Tenerani, which is very beautiful. The present prince is eminently handsome, as a bust of him testified; with arched brows, quite ideal in beauty. His nose is a very little too pointed, which saves the face from being perfect. Upon a table stood a head, in white marble, with a colored marble robe, and a veil. It is exquisitely lovely, but I do not know who it is, nor who was the sculptor. The Palace has an inner court, with green shrubbery and flowers, and a fine arcade of columns entirely round it.

The Borghese Gallery.

February 25th.—This morning there was a cruel, murderous wind; but it did not rain, and we went to

the Palazzo Borghese. The gallery is very superb, far more so than that of the Doria. I looked at every one of the eight hundred pictures, in twelve rooms, and at some of them carefully, and I was diligently employed three hours and a half—and yet I have merely introduced myself. I recall, first, Raphael's "Entombment." I congratulate myself that I have travelled to Rome from America, if only to see such a consummate work of genius, conceived and executed at twenty-four years of age. I think I felt the pre-eminence of Raphael first to-day. Beauty, force, grace, expression, color, all were excelling. The life, energy, and vividness of the figures who uphold Christ are in striking contrast with his dead body, the limbs so stiff and pale. His sacred body rests upon a linen mantle, which two young men support, each with both hands, and with an appearance of great effort, as if Death were very, very heavy. This group is at the left. The youth who is at the feet of Christ has a most graceful form. His limbs are so light, I thought it an imponderable angel at first. The face of the other bearer is very handsome, and painted so marvellously, with such perfection in every way, that I can conceive of nothing superior to it in execution. It has the rich, full, soft forms and hues of life itself. By his side stand two of the apostles, Peter and John, I should think. Mary Magdalen is also near; and on the right is another group. Mary, the Mother, has fainted quite, in the arms of several

women. One of these is young, and of surpassing beauty. Mary's face is noble. But I feel helpless to express my sense of this miracle of art. I wish I could see it all the rest of my life. Raphael's portrait by himself, in early youth, is in the same room, I believe. Another great picture is the Chase of Diana, by Domenichino. Diana is awarding a prize to one of her nymphs. Lovely maidens are grouped all about. A wreath of three is rejoicing over the flight of an arrow just sped by one, while a bouquet of two is looking on with animated faces. Diana, in the centre, stands eminent, with arms uplifted over her head, and limbs elastic and swift for the chase. Two children are lying in the water in the foreground, taking the *fresco* and the *dolce far niente;* as if all work were over in the world. The picture overflows with bounding, eager, rosy, pure life, splendid as morning; and the children balance the quiet sky, in their pause from play.

A young artist was copying one of the groups, and his easel was much in my way. He had not succeeded in getting a single face right; but the neck and bosom of the archeress who had shot the arrow was beautifully painted. Domenichino's celebrated Cumæan Sibyl is here also. I saw a copy of it in Mr. George Peabody's house long ago; but though I knew that the original was superb, I must see it often to appreciate all its merits, and it certainly did not fasten me as long as the other masterpieces. Cæsar Borgia's portrait, by Raphael,

fixed me much longer. It is deeply interesting, and so excessively handsome, that, at the first glance, I said to myself, "What, is *that* the monster of humanity?" For his figure is stately, graceful, and commanding, and his head turns upon his shoulders in a princely way, and his features are high and perfectly chiselled. A light bonnet and floating feather give him a chivalric, gallant air. But soon one discovers that out of the fine sculpture of form and face looks a cold, dark, cruel, and vindictive soul. The black eyes are especially terrible. They do not send forth any beams, but are introspective, secret and evil. They reminded me of the eyes of the sullen vulture in the Zoological Gardens in London, who sits on his perch, and looks vicious and designing, and above all, cold and indifferent. No human, kindly warmth seems ever to have made genial the heart of Cæsar Borgia. The curved lips are closed firmly, with an immutable fixedness of fell purpose. He has ceased to be aware that there is a conscience, and there is no longer any tender sensibility in him to suggest to himself that he is a monster. He has left the circle of human brotherhood, and made a compact with the Son of the Morning, beautiful once like himself, but fallen, fallen now. He really seems never to have dreamed of good, and therefore to be unaware that he has departed from it. How true was Raphael! How could he bear to study and dwell upon such a countenance, and then render it so sincerely, as to create

another Cæsar Borgia, to live during the world's forever? It is impossible to compass the versatile power of Raphael, who was greatest in whatever he undertook.

Close by this is Guilio Romano's copy of Raphael's portrait of Julius II., of which there is an original in the National Gallery in London, where I became well acquainted with it. It is in great contrast with Cæsar Borgia. He looks venerable, of extraordinary intellect and indomitable will, grand, and firm as a rock, with musing eyes. He seems sculptured out of a rock in attitude, but the rich hues of life burn like fire in his fine countenance—in Raphael's picture. One is never weary of this masterpiece. I believe it is considered the greatest portrait in the world. This of Guilio Romano, though very splendid, has not the strength in the mouth that Raphael's has, and the artist who was copying it to-day failed still more in the same feature, so that the magnificent Pontifex Maximus looked like an old lady of benignant disposition, but not like the Julius whose will was the law of all around him. He is so still; yet so filled with latent motion, powerful enough to overturn worlds, that he reminds one of a lion at rest, but not slumbering—oh no,—watching, considering, haughtily ready. If we had seen the living Julius, we could not possibly have known him so perfectly as by studying this "presentment."

Two apostles or prophets or saints, by Michel Angelo, in his first years, impressed me deeply. It

was profanely suggested that there was something of Bernini in the draperies, but I did not agree. Grand and massive they are, but not in a whirlwind of passion. The attitudes and faces reminded me of the prophets of the Sistine Chapel, as I have seen them in engravings; for though I spent Ash-Wednesday morning in that chapel, I could not see the frescoes, because of the ceremonies and the crowd. I have yet to go there and to the Vatican. To-day I became acquainted with an artist altogether new to me—Garofalo. He has made himself immortal by an angel I saw in one of his pictures. In his backward-flowing, soft vapor of golden hair is caught the sunshine of heaven. I have never seen such celestial hair in life, so it must be that of an angel. It is rolled away from the pure, serene brow and cheek in a radiant, fleecy cloud, and floats off in beamy curls. The face is entirely lovely and unearthly. The subject of the painting is a Deposition, but I cannot recall the rest of it, so completely has the angel outshone everything else. There are many beautiful works by Garofalo, sincere, careful works, with the devoutness of Perugino and Francia, but not with their grace always. Francia is well revealed in this gallery. Sacred Madonnas, mothers with tender, anxious care and noble expression, and divine babes and holy saints. I think he must have been like Fra Angelico in character, who never painted after the fire of inspiration went out, and always knelt before his easel, as if at his prayers.

I was deeply moved by a Crucifixion, by Vandyke, one of the few of this subject that I can look at. It is of the noblest manner. Titian's famous Sacred and Profane Love had no effect upon me whatever to-day. Correggio's Danaë is a work of great fame, —ah me—and here are creations of Carlo Dolce, Sasso Ferrato ("*senza errore*"), the Caracci, Perugino, Pinturicchio, Guercino, and all of them—and by the last a beautiful head of the Adolorata, though I never like his inky shadows and sharp lights. It must be the richest gallery in Rome, but I have as yet seen only two others. There are three frescoes by Raphael in the remotest room—one of a group of archers, shooting at a target, very renowned; but it was too cold there to stay a moment. A great many people were copying—one an Englishwoman. How hospitable are the Roman princes! In almost every saloon was a brazier of coals, to warm, at least, the fingers of the visitors, who may wander at will before these wonders. Yet I see why they must feel under an obligation to share the invaluable *chefs d'œuvre* of human genius, by accident fallen to their lot, among the world's best riches. One must also have sympathy in enjoying things of beauty; for even a jewel, put away in a shut casket, might as well remain in the depths of a mine. It must be worn for others to see, if it would be of any worth, or give true enjoyment.

There is a Salutation by Rubens, the only one by him in the collection. Mary's face and expression

are lovely, but her figure is large and full, with Dutch contours, in striking contrast to the Italian type, portrayed in all others that fill the gallery. A portrait of Mary de Medici, by Vandyke, is very interesting as an authentic likeness. We meet face to face here many artists—Titian, Bassano, Pordenone; and there is a portrait of Savonarola, by Lippi.

The Palace of the Conservatori.

March 1st, Spring.—Yesterday the rain fell and the wind blew all day, so that we could not go out at all, and another day was lost in Rome. But this morning it brightened, with frequent little showers, and we concluded to go to the Vatican. But the Vatican was shut, and so we hied for the Palazzo Colonna. We found an entire change in the air, a really spring day. It was soft and mild and south-windy for the first time since we arrived in the city, and also very muddy; but when we finally got to the Palace, we could not go in, because the custode was ill; and so the Palace of the Conservatori was our last resort. A stupid French soldier did not know how to tell us the way into the picture-gallery; for these small red-legged men do not know anything whatever. If they are keeping guard in front of a palace, they cannot even tell its name. They never move their minds, and hardly use their eyes. They are only machines, that carry guns and swords.

It is really something like a retribution, for power abused and means wasted, that Imperial Rome should fall so low as to be watched and sentinelled by these mean-looking, ugly, diminutive barbarians, who crop up at every turn, to shock the vision that is harvesting marvels of art. Rome, held in check by pigmy Frenchmen, causes a melancholy, grim smile that becomes almost a grimace. The only words I ever heard any one of them utter were "Je ne sais pas," and this is the exact amount of their knowledge. It is sad to think there are so many young men living such an inane, monotonous life—stunted in form, but still more in faculties.

Not finding any entrance, we walked round the court and loggia. There we saw a grand colossal statue of Julius Cæsar, the only authentic one. The face was younger than those of the busts I have seen, and handsomer—not so worn and careful. We could not get a good view of the profile, because it was so high up. He wore the gorgeous dress of a general—an Imperator in a martial sense. On the other side stood a colossal Augustus, in the same richly-sculptured dress as that of Julius. In the open court a great many precious wrecks were placed, enormous feet and hands of a mighty statue, erected by Lucullus to Apollo on the Capitoline, forty-five feet high. These feet and hands reminded me of the Egyptian red-granite hand in the British Museum. The statue must have had an Egyptian grandeur in it. In Imperial times, architecture and

sculpture took gigantic forms. This Apollo responded to the Coliseum. A head of Domitian and a head and hand of Commodus are of the same size. Perhaps I shall discover, by and by, what stupendous temple or amphitheatre these vast figures adorned. The celebrated group of a horse attacked by a lion, restored by Michel Angelo, is very powerful in expression. Michel Angelo has replaced parts of the legs and hoofs of the horse, whose agony quivers to the last fibres of its body.

The Arch of Constantine, near the Coliseum, is adorned with spoils from the Arch of Trajan, now destroyed. Bas-reliefs were taken out and put into Constantine's Arch; and the stately, mournful captive kings and warriors of Dacia, whom Trajan brought to Rome, stand upon its pilasters, with folded hands. To-day I saw another relic of Trajan's lost arch. It was a relief upon the key-stone, representing a mourning female figure, probably Dacia, and very beautiful. There were also two gray-marble conquered kings of heroic size, which perchance also embellished the same arch. A defaced marble square block, called a Cippus, which once held the urn that contained the ashes of Agrippina (as an inscription now legible upon it testifies), interested us extremely. Why did not the solid stone shiver to atoms when the poison of her dust touched it? Somehow it seems as if the wickedness of these cultivated, highly-civilized Roman emperors and empresses, kings and princes, was more appal-

ling and atrocious than the sins of barbarians—that is—of all peoples beside. It was such a finished, conscious, purposed, fondled depravity—so delicately studied out often, so utterly without compunction, that it overwhelms our apprehension. And I was so near the fearful Agrippina as to lay my hand upon her cippus, once permeated by her evil effluence. What have they done with the urn of her ashes now? I think they ought to have been left in their first place of deposit, and not separated from this ancient sepulchre. It is a pity not to allow things to remain in their original relations, when it is possible—things of great historical interest, especially. It destroys the unity of effect to divide and scatter what belongs together.*

Several columns of granite and marble and a lofty one of porphyry, are preserved here. While we were looking at these morsels, an Italian guard appeared, (how different from a French sentinel!) and when I asked him for the gallery he directed us to it with genuine politeness, for it was a good deal of trouble. We ascended a broad, marble staircase, where some statues and reliefs looked irresistible; but we passed quickly on, till we came to the oil paintings. Both rooms contain a great many unfinished sketches by Guido, and a finished head of

*I am mistaken in having supposed this the cippus of the wicked Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus. It was the cippus of the *wife* of Germanicus—who was remarkable for her virtue, in an age of monstrous depravity.

himself, by himself, which I gazed at with deep interest. It is a youthful face, earnest, gentle, and full, with a mouth not unlike Raphael's, but with not quite such a delicate and lordly curve as his. In the second room is a St. Sebastian, which I think is Guido's. It has the upturned eyes he painted so often, and is of a most winning sweetness, and perfectly finished. Some of his sketches, I must say it, looked like unbaked clay,* so whity and cold. He would hardly thank any one for showing them. There is a shadowy Lucretia and a Cleopatra, both dying by their own hands, besides several mere beginnings. A Magdalen is about half painted, but of noble expression. I should think some one had plundered his studio of these pictures, after his death, when he could not keep them back.

There were four or five fine Guercinos—one, the Persian Sibyl, a grand, sad face, without the abrupt lights and shadows he fancied so much; another a large composition of Augustus and Cleopatra, splendid in color and expression. The "Serpent of old Nile" is imploring Augustus, apparently. She is of gorgeous form, and is gorgeously arrayed. It hangs in a very bad light, so that it was nearly impossible to catch the whole scene at once. His immense picture of St. Petronilla (copied in mosaic in St. Peter's) is also here; but I am not much attracted to this great work of Guercino. I see that the dead

* I wish to say *dough*, but it seems irreverent.

body of the saint is very dead, and very, very heavy, as is shown by the efforts of those who are lifting it from her grave, to show it to Flaccus, her betrothed. And the contrast of life around is vivid and impressive. But I do not appreciate it yet, and the scene above, where she is ascended and kneeling at the feet of Jesus, is to me neither sublime nor beautiful.

There are some magnificent Paul Veroneses, the Rape of Europa the most so. All the luxury and splendor of rich womanly beauty are in the form and face of Europa, who is superbly arrayed in stuffs of silk and gold, shining with jewels, and brimmed with the rapture that perfect, material well-being gives. It is a glory of earthly felicity, without anything divine or etherial in it. The complete comeliness of the white bull—the large, soft eyes and mild aspect of subdued strength, with the radiant garland of flowers across its brow, are quite in harmony, and the creature seems as high-toned as Europa—nor more nor less. A little Cupid holds him with a slight wreath, quite securely, and stands with one tiny foot on his leg, as if the bull were a lamb. It is a sumptuous, glowing reality—no dream nor vision. There are velvets, brocades, precious stones, and Europa is a queenly woman. The white bull is lying down in the foreground, and Europa sits upon his back, while her maidens finish her toilet. One is just clasping a glittering bracelet upon her shoulder, and Cupid holds the slender reins till she be

quite ready. Her eyes and head are raised, and a little thrown back. On the right some people are going off—a figure on horseback, with a brocaded mantle, and others walking by his side. Over a thicket the head of another bull, or of a cow, is thrust out, the eyes flashing fury and amazement (ox-eyed Juno, perhaps). I do not recollect any more of the composition. It comes up to my idea of the great Venetian artist. Europa is Venice, as she was in the days of the Doges, when all her palaces were alight with refulgent life and state, and looked like jewels studding the rim of her watercourses, when the air was heavy with fragrant sighs and perfumes, and delicious tones from harp and dulcimer overflowed from gondola and balcony, till the senses could bear no more enjoyment. This was Venice, and it is the Europa of Paul Veronese.

On the same wall hangs his Madonna and St. Anna, surrounded by angels. Mary sits in the centre, and Anna stands behind with arms outstretched and mantle spread in a kind of shielding love. I cannot describe it; but I do not believe Paul Veronese was a devout painter, though, in my next visit, I shall like to see how he has managed a wholly divine subject.

In the first saloon is one of Perugino's loveliest Madonnas. It is more entirely beautiful in feature than I have yet seen by him, besides the holy expression he always gives. The oldest masters conceived an image of ideal maternity in their Madon-

nas—sacred, intent, thoughtful, with a shadow of the worship of sorrow, as they hold the holy child, who became "acquainted with grief." But this peculiar look of tender, anxious care is only when the infant is present. For in the Annunciations it is different, and to-day I saw an Annunciation by Garofalo, which surpasses all I have yet seen, even Murillo's. A young maiden is kneeling, reading a book, with a lovely, innocent face just before, but now made glorious by the sudden presence of the angel. He has brought down with him the splendor of heaven. The airs of paradise wave back the torrent of golden curls from beneath the glittering fillet on his brow, in the rapid rush of his flight. He seems dressed in rainbows—and amethysts and rubies flash from his shining garments, fastening his mantle on his breast. An immortality of prime youth beams like a star from his countenance. He bends one knee as, with an air of gentle majesty, he offers the lilies to Mary. He radiates such vivid life, that he seems to have this instant bent the knee, and to be just rising, also, to vanish from sight, a prismatic ray of the aurora of Christ's coming. Mary does not raise her downcast lids. She has no need to look. She knows Gabriel is there, and she is made almost transparent by the brightness of his glory. Every feature gleams, like the sculptured lines of an alabaster vase, illuminated within. But this is an inner, caused by an outer light, or perhaps the angel is passing into her heart; for she

looks penetrated with the celestial messenger. What a picture is this, and no one says anything about it!

There is a portrait of Michel Angelo by himself, and of Velasquez, also by himself, very interesting. Now surely I see Michel Angelo, at last.

We saw the superb bas-reliefs from Marcus Aurelius's arch, which once stood in the Corso; and which Pope Alexander VII. was so barbarous as to destroy, in order to widen the street. Had not far greater men than he found the street wide enough before he was ever thought of?

Tomb of Cecelia Metella.

March 3d.—* * * * * This morning it was very sunny and mild, and we concluded, for the celebration of U—'s birth-day, that we would take a large barouche and drive out on the Appian Way to the tomb of Cecelia Metella. We started at half-past eleven from our old Palazzo Larazani on the Pincian, and took the hill of the Quirinal and the Corso, through the Forum Romanum, by the Coliseum, under the Arch of Constantine, and along by the Palatine, piled up with ruin, and the Baths of Caracalla, a city of tumbling walls and arches, out of the Gate of St. Sebastian, upon the Appian Way. Two miles beyond the gate is the tomb. Just within the gate we passed under the Arch of Drusus, the oldest of the arches now remaining. It has two columns and a little sculpture left, and is made of

huge masses of stone that might stand forever still. We passed the door of the tomb of the Scipios, and the Columbaria, and at last towered up the Mausoleum. It is larger than I supposed, raised on a high substruction, built of square blocks of travertine, precisely fitted, with a cornice and a draped frieze.

When the Gaetani took it for a fortress, they raised a battlemented story upon the original tomb, which spoils its symmetry. For a wide distance all around the extensive ruins of the outworks of this fortress stand and fall. The custode was absent, and we could not go inside; but we wandered about, and walked along the true Appian pavement, lately laid bare by Pio Nono,—composed of large flat stones, more than a foot long and wide. Whose chariots and horses have passed this way? What legions have stepped on these very identical stones, with their worn traces, in which I plant my own foot? I see the unconquerable eagles raised aloft—as the solid phalanx moves on to crush the world—I see them return in triumph, and pause before the Temple of Mars that once stood hereabout. Hadrian and the beautiful Antinous passed over it—Horace and all the poets—the superb Zenobia, in her fallen estate, yet in eastern pomp, came this way to her regal villas. What way in all the earth is so rich in memories as this?—and I actually step upon it, without any doubt. I thank the Pope, Pio Nono.

The inscription in front of the Mausoleum is as clear and distinct as if carved to-day, yet it was cut

nineteen hundred years ago, and I believe the tomb would have presented a perfectly finished and fresh appearance to our eyes this morning, if the reprehensible Popes had not violently destroyed a great part, for the sake of robbing it of the slabs of fine marbles with which it was covered;—and if the Savellis and Gaetanis had not desecrated it by their warlike uses. Time could have had no effect on those perfectly-hewed stones of travertine, as one may see by the crispness of those which have escaped the destructive hand of man. The beautiful frieze is uninjured nearly round the circle; stone drapery, looped up by bulls' heads. The sarcophagus of white marble that was within the chamber is also taken away to adorn the court of the Farnese Palace, but we could not see even the empty crypt to-day.

The view of Rome, as we turned back, was superb. St. Peter's made the highest point, and all the lesser domes grouped themselves round it. The Sabine hills were in a silver veil. The Campagna lay between, in dim green, with ruins scattered here and there over its whole extent.

We drove straight along upon the Appian Way for a little while, and then turned to the right to visit the grove and grotto of Egeria. Near the spot is the Temple of Virtue and Honor, spoiled into an ugly church, enclosing in its brick walls four lovely Corinthian columns. We entered and found a vaulted *cella*, with old urns upon a ledge at the top

of the straight sides, just at the base of the curves, and a great deal of fresco-painting, and figures in stucco. The custode called it the Temple of Bacchus. Opposite the Temple, over a valley, and upon an eminence, stood a shadowy grove, called the Sacred Grove, and beyond the view wandered over the Campagna, where the magnificent arches of the Claudian Aqueduct looked like ruins of mighty temples—with miles of colonnades. And, farther still, the silver-veiled Sabine Hills guarded the enchanted land. But as it is now said that this was not, after all, the true site of Egeria's grotto, we did not go to it, and, after plucking violets and lilies, we drove away, and came to the Columbaria of the families of Cæsar and Pompey. These were very curious and interesting, and have not been excavated long. The first we saw had been found ten years ago, and the other three were discovered and dug out by the man who now showed them to us. There is an avenue of extraordinary cypresses on the hill near them—a truly funereal walk. We descended by a narrow, steep flight of ancient stairs into the one devoted to the household of Cæsar. It was square, and very deep, and the walls were entirely filled with semicircular niches, like pigeon-holes, for the cinerary urns, with inscriptions on brass plates fastened over them. In the urns were the burnt bones and ashes of the dead, and over each a cover of red earthen substance was placed. I took in my hand the illustrious ashes of some Cæsar. Little vases of food and ewers for

libations stood above. In one niche was a marble bust, and beneath the bust a bas-relief, and beneath that still, the cinerary urn. This was the bust and these the ashes of Lucius Valerius Creticus, B. C. 67. The proprietor pointed out to me the name of the usher of Cæsar's Court, the officer who announced names to the Emperor. "Nomenclator Neronis" was the title of the individual, but I forget his name. The poor man was probably brought to an untimely urn, by announcing some one whom his imperial majesty did not wish to see. I should think this columbartum were forty feet deep and twenty in diameter. There are thirteen or fourteen rows of semicircular niches all round, one above another. In the centre is a large upholding pier, also surrounded with niches. The narrow stairway, and very steep stairs with an iron railing are on one side, just as firm and safe at this moment as nearly two thousand years ago. The grounds around are probably full of these wonderful dove-cotes. [It is sad to think how far from dove-like were the persons whose ashes filled the urns.] But how much better is this way of disposing of the dead than any other. What the fire burns away should not be left to decay. The purified ashes have nothing fearful nor repulsive in them, and the living are in this way saved from the miasma of inanimate mortal substance. There was but one beautiful marble urn, standing upon a niche; all the rest were hollowed in the stone, and the covers only were moveable. Our guide uncere-

moniously removed the lid of the incut urn of the conqueror of Crete, Lucius Valerius Creticus, and plunging in his hand, brought up a quantity of calcined bones and ashes, and I was stupid not to take at least one little bone of the illustrious dead. I wished very much for a fine, small marble medallion of Tiberius, that lay on the ledge.

When we had sufficiently examined this, the custode desired us to go down into that of Pompey's household; but we had not time to do more than glance into it. It was deeper than the other, and I think, had no pier; and I wish we could have seen it, because it has been very lately brought to light—only three years ago. I saw another a little way off, cropping up like a singular kind of plant, budding and bursting from the soil. I suspect no variety of produce could bring to the farmer of this campagna-homestead so large an income as the Columbaria. He looked really fat with prosperity. I think the avenue of solemn old cypresses was the ancient walk between two series of tombs, and perhaps the households of all the emperors were buried in them. This is a private notion of my own. The many remains of marble columns, and capitals, and bas-reliefs scattered all over the grounds, show that these deep sepulchres were covered with little temples or porticoes. How stately, then, must have been the scene! At the end of the double row of cypresses, is a kind of shrine, surrounded by a circle of these tall, dark, mourning trees, and within the

circle is a marble cippus or pedestal. Perhaps a statue or a superb urn stood upon it once of some very distinguished person. Bordering the large field runs along the Claudian Aqueduct, whose lofty arches, when in perfect condition, must have been magnificent to see, though hardly more beautiful than their ruins now.

We resumed the carriage, and drove to the tomb of the Scipios, still nearer home. A weird old man, with the nose of a Jew, and handsome features, all worn to a spectre, unlocked the door, and we followed him into a chamber, where he lighted five moccoli, and gave each of us one (except R.), and then he preceded us into these ancient catacombs, where the noble Scipios were buried. What a procession! The weird old man first, with his torch, and we five following with ours, and lighting up the winding ways and arches dug out of the tufa and peperine rocks. Once in a while he stopped to show us, by his moccolo, the inscription on a marble tablet of the name of an illustrious Scipio, and then we brought all our moccoli to bear upon this point. Little R. kept tight hold of my dress, and seemed not at all alarmed at the profound darkness that swallowed up our small tapers. U. enjoyed the adventure and the picturesqueness, and said it was the best time she ever had in her life. But all the sarcophagi have been removed. That of Scipio Barbatus is at the Vatican. It is a pity to take away from their proper places these

deeply interesting relics, though it may be the best way to preserve them. I do not submit to it at all, however. J——, with his usual good fortune, found, outside the door of the sepulchre, on the steps leading to the road, a precious stone, a tourmaline, covered with the lovely iridescence which ages of time cause upon vitreous substances. Holding it up to the light, one can see the peculiar tint of that stone—a green different from any other. But looking upon it in the hand, no tint of green is perceptible, but only rainbow, ever-changing hues, like those upon the neck of a dove. The gem is oval, about three-quarters of an inch long.

We then returned home, after a charming excursion, and Mr. Louis Rakermann closed the birthday with performing for U. one of Beethoven's symphonies.

Now I will go back to yesterday. When we went into the Church of the Capuchins, we found a curtain drawn before the Chapel of Guido's Archangel, and, peeping through, I saw a man copying the picture. I asked him whether we could go in, and he directed us to a side-door, opening from the next chapel. The mosaic at St. Peter's is an admirable copy of the original, but I was glad to have before me the work of Guido's own hand. We had just seen the Beatrice Cenci, and I think that that and this are quite sufficient to make immortal any name. This is of the same order of hierarchs as Garofalo's Announcing Angel. There is the same immortal

prime in his face, youth in essence, baby-majesty of innocence, the freshness of the petal of a rose just bloomed. And with all this, there is princely state, and a lofty dignity. It is an unfallen form of man, and by this we can see what man has lost of original brightness. How light and powerful is his descent! He is as imponderable as air and as irresistible as— I was about to say, as a thunderbolt, but I cannot say it, for he is not so terrible. What is irresistible that is so soft and tender? I can think of nothing but light. He is then as irresistible as light. The armory of heaven seems to have been exhausted to furnish forth the splendor of his array. His corselet is of sapphire, and identical with the curves and lines of the glorious form. A crimson mantle floats around him, like the red band in the rainbow let loose for his adornment, a symbol of his flaming love; and from his brow waves backward light spirals of pale gold hair. The sandals are bound upon his feet with lacings of azure and gold, and fastened high with large rubies that burn like fire. How can any one describe the aerial tread of those angelic feet? The left one is planted upon the head of the dragon, who looks up at the seraphic vision with the face (it is said) of Innocent Tenth, an evil-eyed old demon, and now powerless beneath the etherial touch. The right foot rests upon a rock, with as little effect of weight as the alighting of a bird upon a tree. It is the insubstantial yet immutable firmness of divine power. This

combination of airiness and might, shows miraculous genius in Guido. The delicate contour of the limbs, the pearly texture of the beautiful feet, like the snow of an infant's feet, as if just created, with no earthly stain, are united with superhuman force, expressed in the chest and arms. One hand, the left, holds the chain with which the dragon is to be bound, and which already secures him. The right is uplifted, grasping a sword, in act to strike. The glitter and flash of the inevitable stroke dazzle as it descends. Outspread wings of pencil-color, just the hue of the shaded side of a cloud near the moon, hold poised this celestial Leader of the Hosts of God. The downcast white lids, with dark lashes, the untroubled brow, the curves of the closed lips, without disdain or pride, but tender and sweet, though resolute without effort, show the messenger of Our Father. What endless worlds of meaning are evolved from this master-piece. A perfect work is a unit of Truth, and all truth is one. The whole destiny and history of man in relation to the Deity can be read in this picture. The artist who was copying it had entirely missed the face and the sway of the attitude, but had succeeded pretty well with the right foot and limb.

Gallery of the Sciarra Palace.

March 11th.—On Saturday, though it rained, as it is the only day of the week for the Sciarra Palace,

we went through the showers, and fled into the gallery like stormy petrels, taking U. for the closing festival of her week. The first picture in the first room that arrested us was Raphael's Violin-player. It stands on an easel, with plate-glass over it. It is the face of a youth, looking over his right shoulder, holding the bow of the violin in his hand, with a flower. It is a dark, Italian face, with long hair, falling from beneath a small cap, and with earnest eyes. The upper lip is rather long, but the mouth is handsome, with an expression of grave sweetness, and the painting is most highly finished. But I have to confess that I was not so deeply smitten with this celebrated picture as I supposed I should be, at the first study of it. The memory of it is more powerful than its presence was, but when I see it again, I shall understand it better. Near it, also carefully glassed, and upon an easel, stands what is called "Vanity and Modesty," by Leonardo da Vinci, another famous picture, so very often repeated in every way. As in almost every picture that Leonardo da Vinci painted, one can see Mona Lisa in this. "Vanity" is another Mona Lisa, with her sweet smile. The whole is as rich and dark as a carbuncle, and of deepest glow in the face and smile of "Vanity." She is attractive, beautiful, and gay, decked with jewels and finest ripples of golden hair, and looks away from her monitor, and into the eyes of the world around her with a soft, resolute expression of persistent, happy complacency with her-

self and with all earthly good. It is a pure, innocent vanity, an ideal self-conceit, not in the least offensive. "Modesty," with her veiled head and warning finger, is not so charming as the delinquent, though she is beautiful. She looks quite hopeless in her expostulation; and I think one might as soon expect to win to seriousness the play of sunshine on a waterfall, as this smiling maiden. Engravings and oil-copies do not render this wonderful face. They leave out the rich meaning, and either make a simper or emptiness. Only these very lines, only these very lights, shadows, and colors can convey the artist's idea. One can get little more than the design in any copy, as I find more and more. Copyists generally are superficial, quite. They should be informed with the feeling and secret of the soul that wrought the wonder, or they only hide the masterpiece they pretend to repeat, and this is an injury and a wrong, and not a benefit. The finish of this painting is of the highest perfection. It is only true genius that has patience and love enough to create. Mere talent and skill are never faithful; and what they effect in art can never last but a moment.

In the first saloon is also a copy of the Transfiguration, by Valentine, as large as the original, and much faded. Being hung exactly opposite the windows, with unaccountable disregard of proprieties, it was difficult to see it, and I did not care to try, as I have not been to the Vatican yet, where the original

is. To copy the Transfiguration! Mr. Valentine was enterprising, certainly!

In the next room is a Holy Family, by Francia, in which the Madonna is different from any other of his that I have seen. Instead of the matronly expression of care and solicitude, together with great beauty, this is the face and form of a young peasant—handsome, but not ideal. It is of rich color, with dark eyes and hair—honest, sweet, thoughtful, but with no premonition of sorrow. The child is of the usual type.

Two large pictures by my new painter, Garofalo, are here: a Caccia, and the vestal Claudia; and also a Noli-me-tangere, in which the Mary is exceedingly beautiful, but I do not like the Christ at all. The vestal Claudia has fastened the rope of a ship to her girdle, and is drawing it across the Tiber, out of the mud, where it had sunk, to prove her chastity. There are some admirable heads and figures in the group of priests and Roman citizens, who await her on the other side of the river.

A very curious big picture I saw called the Old and New Testaments. Christ and the Virgin Mary sit on a throne with angels on each side, with green wings. Just below them are the prophets on one hand, and the apostles on the other. These form a sort of orchestra (as U. suggested). Below the orchestra, directly in front, stands an angel, and a monk kneeling to him with clasped hands. This angel also has green wings; but his attitude is fine,

and he points to Christ in answer to the prayer of the poor old monk. It is by Ferrari. One of all the angels in the orchestra is very beautiful.

In a bad light, in the corner of the room, is a most lovely Madonna and child, by Carlo Maratta. Mary's head is in profile. The babe stands upon her knee, and endeavors to read in the book she holds open. It is very graceful, and the faces are exceedingly beautiful; but it was aggravating not to be able to get a good view of it. I tried to push back the shutter and curtain, but they would not stay back, and the day was so dark, it was in vain to have more than a faint glance at it.

In the last room were Guido's two Magdalens; one, the Magdalen delle Radice, and the other much like it, but far more finished and beautiful—one of his *chef d'œuvres*. The abundant hair is not of the red or yellow gold, so greatly loved by Italian painters, but palest flaxen, and fine and soft as the silk of a cocoon, and flowing everywhere about and over her perfect form, like streams of dim light. From all points of view but one her mouth seems too much open, as if with a cry; but there is one point from which the lips look only parted slightly, as would be inevitable, with the eyes upturned, and the head raised and a little thrown back. One lovely arm and hand support the head, the hand overflowed by the pale flood of hair, and clutching it; the other hand rests upon a skull, and this right hand and arm are surpassingly lovely. This is one

of the Guido pictures that can be looked at forever, without weariness or satiety. It is forever new, and forever more expressive, eloquent, and pathetic.

In strongest possible contrast to this is Titian's renowned "Bella Donna," the portrait of a lady. This picture realizes completely all I have heard of Titian's coloring, which no other work of his had yet done. The flesh-tints of this beautiful lady imprison the sunshine of Italy, golden and fair at once. I can in no way conceive how such a rich, glowing splendor of tint is also so pure and fair and dazzling. I find here the master of color, which I have sought in vain in all the Titians I have hitherto seen in Rome and England. It can neither be described nor copied. Titian has caught the daylight, and enclosed it in transparent pearl. A folded mass of auburn hair crowns the head, and falls behind the throat. As U. stood near I perceived what artists have meant when they called U.'s hair "Titian hair," for it was *precisely* like the Bella Donna's. The eyes are dark and rather small, and their expression and that of the perfect mouth are not amiable. The Bella Donna is proud and imperious and peevish. Even her fine, straight nose is handsome, without sweetness. Bright, gorgeous colors mingle in her dress. When looking upon the face, one involuntarily turns to see whence comes the sunshine that seems gleaming over it. I actually exclaimed, "Why, the sun has come out!" and behold, it was still a dull, rainy day, and I came to discover that

the light was not *upon* it, but *within* it. Has Titian painted the life? I perceive how Mr. Alston endeavored to get this miraculous coloring—but he never did get it. His complexions are all thick and muddy, compared with this. I always thought them not clear and living, but not till now knew at what they aimed and how they failed. Titian's Bella Donna lives and breathes throughout her material form. Her veins are like the Pactolus, and her tissues are woven of opal at its whitest, but, like that marvellous gem, you feel that fire is somewhere shut in, so that they are warm and sentient. But I am trying to render into words what Titian's pencil alone can manifest; for this must be seen to be known. The Venetian artists have discovered the secret of sumptuous earthly beauty. Transmute a superb eastern jewel or a gorgeous flower into a woman, and you have the Bella Donna. In Guido's faces a spiritual and heavenly light dawns. His Magdalen here beams through the silver mist of tears, like a lost Pleiad, striving to ascend again to her unfallen sister band, through the evening dews. * * *

We then went to the studio of Mr. Nichols, a townsman of ours. He was close against the sky, up a hundred steps! We saw some landscapes, and a copy of one of Murillo's Holy Families, now at the Vatican, and it was a fine picture; but I have not seen the original, and do not know how well he has succeeded in imitating it. He has, however, a high reputation as a copyist of the great masters.

We thought we would go into Mr. Gibson's work-room after our skyward visit; and there was such a crowd of statues that we could scarcely move through them—Cupids, Venuses, Nymphs in legions. Out of the whole throng one Cupid shone pre-eminent, as fresh and lovely as if it had been the first and only Cupid conceived and sculptured by man. It is not a little, round, rolling, baby Love; but a boy, an earliest youth, toying with a butterfly on his breast. We did not stay long in this room, all were so busy chopping and chiselling, but passed on to find Miss Hosmer, whose studio is behind Mr. Gibson's. Yet we got into another crowd of Mr. Gibson's immortals, in the next saloon. A bas-relief of Cupid and Psyche was enchanting, close by the door; but we did not wait to examine anything, and pressed on to Miss Hosmer. She was in her aditum, and came forward with the most animated gesture to greet us. Her action was as bright, sprightly, and vivid as that of a bird: a small figure, round face, and tiny features, except large eyes; hair short, and curling up round a black velvet cap, planted directly upon the middle of her head, instead of jauntily on one side, as is usual with artists; her hands thrust into the pockets of a close-fitting cloth jacket—a collar and cravat like a young man's—and a snowy plaited chemisette, like a shirt-bosom. I liked her at once, she was so frank and cheerful, independent, honest, and sincere—wide awake, energetic, yet not ungentle. She showed us her "Puck,"

which she called "the son of her old age,"—a mischievous mad sprite, sitting on a toad-stool, with a shell on his wild curls for a cap, and a crab in one hand; not so weird as Sir Joshua Reynolds' Puck, but very charming and jolly. She showed me also her design for a fountain—Hylas, drawn into the stream by the water-nymphs—which I liked exceedingly, as also her sad, noble Daphne; but not so much her Medusa, which missed the Greek, terrible beauty. Her pencil-sketches for bas-reliefs enchanted me—Night approaching—Dawn coming—and a Star group, all in circles. In one, Night rises, drawing up with her the stars, embodied in two lovely, graceful forms, who cling to the ancient mother. In another, the Dawn begins to mount, and the stars above (two sister forms) veil their heads and close their lids before it. The grouping is masterly. Miss Hosmer also intends to model a Zenobia, walking in the triumph of Aurelian. After seeing all she could show us of unfinished designs, we descended into one of Mr. Gibson's work-rooms again, where men were chipping out goddesses. There was a tinted marble Venus, with a golden fillet on light golden hair, a golden apple in her hand, and a mantle edged with red and gold. It was beautiful and captivating; but I inveighed against the coloring of the pure marble most emphatically, as profanation, when Miss Hosmer exclaimed, "Take care what you say—Mr. Gibson is behind you." So I turned to him, not frightened out of my protest.

He is a short, elderly, Italian-looking—or rather Greek-looking—gentleman, with glowing, dark eyes under pent-house eyebrows—straight nose—every feature handsome. He smiled, and said, "It was nonsense not to like tinting of marble—that it made a richer effect." I persisted that I wished for pure form, and not painting in sculpture; and so he gave me up to my folly, muttering good-naturedly, "Yes, yes; it does seem horrid to color marble, I know." He then began a long story about a Chinese general, which I did not care to hear. I kept breaking in upon his tale with "That is a group of Cupid and Psyche—how lovely!" "Yes, yes—that is Cupid and Psyche—so the Chinaman said;" and then followed more story. My eyes were wandering round on Nymphs and Graces, and soon I unawares exclaimed again, "Oh, what an exquisite Flora!" "Yes, that is Flora—so now the rascally Chinese general declared the men were all respectfully buried!" At last the narrative was finished, with regal indifference to interruptions, and Miss Hosmer took us to her own workshop, where her cutters were finishing her monumental figure in marble—a young lady asleep on a tomb. It is a portrait, she says, and it is very lovely. I had time for only a glance at her Beatrice Cenci—for it was nearly six, and we had to hurry home to dinner, up the Pincian hill.

On the 7th, Sunday, we heard there was to be high mass at Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, before the

Cardinals, on account of the festival of St. Thomas Aquinas. So I went with M. and Miss S. to see and hear. It was a fine, clear day. This is the only Gothic church in Rome. It is built on the site (and perhaps partly with the materials) of Pompey's Temple to Minerva, and is very near the Pantheon. It has now the plainest possible façade, promising nothing, like so many churches in Italy. Within, it is magnificent. A lofty nave, with cippolino marble columns, and arched side-aisles, with chapels. Michel Angelo's statue of Christ stands on the left of the high altar. This statue is one of Michel Angelo's divine, gentle, and not terrible creations. Christ stands holding a very heavy cross, his face turned from it. It is infinitely powerful in the simple majesty of its action. The story is told at once. There is the heavy, heavy cross, and there is He who was crucified upon it, and bore it for us. The noble, serene face looks straight into the eyes of all men, with ineffable attractive force. The form is delicately moulded, and is full of sensibility, as if it would suffer much; yet it expresses "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, Thy will be done." In its strong, firm peace it also expresses "I have overcome the world." Its gentleness, its gentle majesty, impressed me more than anything else, at the first contemplation of it; but a very little only of a great work is seen at first. Meanwhile, high mass went on, and chanting "De Profundis," but there were no

Cardinals. After mass a sermon was preached, and we stayed awhile to hear Italian pronounced so sonorously that it was like a rich hymn. The preacher was eloquent and graceful, and discoursed of St. Tomaso Aquino in words that rolled like gems from his lips.

March 15th.—A week ago we went to the Vatican, to the halls of sculpture. They commence by a very long narrow gallery, the first part of which is devoted principally to inscriptions, inserted into or fastened upon the walls—on the right hand, pagan, on the left, Christian. All along the gallery of inscriptions there are sarcophagi, vases, torsos, capitals of columns, cippi, and various bas-reliefs of fine workmanship—cornices, and specimens of everything picked up and dug up about Rome. The second part of the gallery contains busts, and figures of heroes, gods, goddesses, emperors, philosophers, poets, children, and women. Here is the colossal head of Minerva, with the strange black eyes and black lashes, while the rest is snowy marble—the grand, colossal, sitting figure of Tiberius, with the civic crown. He seems to have been carved out for a god, though he became unworthy even of the name of man. Here also is the newly-discovered and only true Cicero. The Cicero that has hitherto been called the orator, is now supposed to be his brother, who was a soldier. It is only a year ago that this was found. It is very satisfactory—a re-

fined, intellectual, penetrating head, with a mouth of wonderful beauty. Its authenticity is proved by its exact resemblance to a medal in the Vatican, inscribed with his name, and which the long-accepted Cicero does not at all resemble. It is delightful really to have seen Cicero. Here, too, is the celebrated young Augustus, of a delicate, poetic, musing beauty, with a lovely mouth and a perplexed brow. The trouble on his brow seems a prophetic shadow of his anxiety, at the close of his life, to know "whether he had played his part well."

There is also an imperial head of Julius Cæsar, as Pontifex Maximus, with a folded drapery, and another fine Cæsar, not veiled. These are both far superior to the head in the Hall of the Emperors, at the Capitol, though still like that. A baby Nero was very interesting. It is not a pretty child, but it is not evil in its expression. I was disappointed in Scipio Africanus. I expected him to be very noble. It is an earnest, strong head, and full of care, and in *nero antico*. Praxiteles' charming Faun is here also, —a happy smile embodied. There is an astonishing grace in the figure, and a cheerfulness, like a sunny afternoon. I became acquainted with this ever-enchanting creation in the Capitol. He stands in an attitude of easy rest, making multitudes of curves. Sunshine on rippling water is like the gleam on his face and form. The *dolce far niente* was never so exquisitely expressed. He is perfect

bonhommie, idealized with a thousand fine amenities. It is one of those master-pieces of antiquity, in which "the marble flows like a wave."

About half-way in the long gallery, the Braccio Nuovo leads off to the left,—a gallery with mosaic floor, and marble columns and arched niches, in which full-length statues stand—and half-columns of red, oriental granite, surmounted with busts. If it were not for what they contain, the halls of the Vatican would be visited for their own intrinsic splendor and state. But who minds the setting of diamonds? In the Braccio Nuovo is the Minerva Medica, which alone is worthy of a pilgrimage to Rome. I had never heard of this statue in America, and first saw a cast of it, a very fine cast of it, in the Crystal Palace last autumn, pointed out to us by Mr. Silsbee, who greatly estimated it. Even then, in the disguise, and through the obstruction of plaster, it seemed to me the most majestic expression of profound and pensive thought I had ever imagined. The plaster was as much as I could comprehend at first, and I am glad I saw it first; and now to see the marble is a privilege, for which I trust I am sufficiently thankful. There is a grand sorrow in the countenance and air, but it is the sorrow of an immortal—the pensiveness of profound insight—not a human emotion. The drapery is in fine folds, and falls round the feet in solemn flow. The expression is entirely introspective. The features are

of perfect beauty, of a very high order of beauty—with no prettiness. She is the sister of the Apollo Belvedere. He is all immortal action, while Minerva is immortal Thought, and both heroic.

March 17th.—Yesterday, it was so perfectly clear and dry and exhilarating, that I took U. to the Palatine, to explore the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. We wandered out of our way by going up some steps on the right of the Arch of Titus, from the Sacra Via. It was very interesting to go that way, however. It was the Via Santa Buona Ventura, and led to a church of that name, which contained, on one side, a multitude of shrines, like niches, each one containing a colored bas-relief of some event in the life of Christ.

On our left, at the top of the steps, were some ruins of arches, said to be of a temple of Adonis, erected by Domitian, with gardens adjoining. We then passed along a narrow way, with high walls on each side. On a gate on our right we saw a paper upon which was written "Termi di Livia," and we knocked, but no one came. So we went on, along by the church and its shrines, till we came into a still narrower path with still higher walls, with now and then a gate, peeping through which, we could see ruins; but no one would let us in. We passed a group of French soldiers, sitting on the grass, at some game, persevering resolutely, and quite beyond U.'s patience, who was sure we should find no

outlet, yet walked on in her queenly gait, out of indulgence to my persistence. U. was right; there was no outlet, and we were obliged to retrace all our steps. I knocked at a great double-door of a garden, on our return, as U. saw an old portress sitting on the other side, and she admitted us. It was a vast space within, partly cultivated with vegetables. On the left side was a semicircular construction with niches—alternate square and arched recesses. The arched ones were for statues, doubtless, and the square for frescoes or mosaics. At the end of the field were lofty ruins of a curved shape. An old man said this was the Sala di Augusto Imperatore, and a Hippodrome or race-course; and the high ruins were his theatre. Sunken panels of square and oval form were cut in the roof of the stone arches, and a little minute carving of the cornices is left. We climbed up, and went through an opening to the other side of the theatre-ruin. Below us stretched out a richly cultivated plain, once the Circus Maximus. On the right of the Hippodrome, now the garden, is the Villa Palatina, standing on the site of the Palace of Augustus. We sat down in the sun, on a bank of flowers, and took out our map of Rome, and concluded to go back, and find the other entrance. We therefore passed under the Arch of Constantine, upon which I was right glad to see the original marble relief of that lovely outline of the moon setting over the Tiber, which I long ago saw in Miss Burley's volume of antique gems, by

Moses. It is broken now in many parts, but the beauty and grace remain yet. We again lost our way; but at last discovered a tablet over a small door, "Alle Rovine del Palazzo de Cesari," and we joyfully entered. An English lady, with her portfolio and camp-stool, followed us. We found a very lofty flight of steps, which took us up into a vestibule, turning to the right. This was frescoed, and surrounded with low stone seats, and contained another staircase. We strolled about, above, among arches, round towers, chambers, halls, and recesses, gathering purple flowers (efflorescent loyalty, in the very home and centre of kingly pomp), and bay-leaves, with which to crown Cæsar's brow, and ivy and laurestinus—and admiring without end the magnificent views on every side of the lordly Palatine, the Campagna, and the Alban and Sabine hills, whitened with snow—and Rome within these lovely bounds.

March 25th.—I was interrupted in my record more than a week ago, and now I am crowded with a multitude of events. The Prince Piombino sent us a ticket of admission to his villa, the Villa Ludovisi, long ago, and we availed ourselves of it to-day. It is close by our Palazzo Larazani, leading up from the Piazza Barberini, by the Via Basilio. Upon entering the gate, avenues and enchanting vistas opened on every side, but we went first to the Casino of Sculpture. There are two rooms in this small

casino, sown thick with richest gems of art. There is a Venus coming from the bath, with a most luminous smile curving her mouth into a splendor of beauty, without any movement of the muscles of her face. There is often an insipidity of perfection in the lines of the mouth of the Venuses. But in this a sweetness and an archness combined—a full, free wave of light—give more piquancy to the expression than I have before seen. It is the foam-born goddess. There is the sparkle, the motion, the translucency of water in her form and attitude. She is entirely beautiful, and there is an Olympian nobleness in her air. A sitting statue of the philosopher Zeno is good, and there are many admirable busts of the Emperors. I have now become perfectly acquainted with Julius Cæsar, Hadrian, the good Trajan, the pious Antonine, the beautiful, noble, and good Marcus Aurelius, the superb and wicked Commodus, the ugly monsters Caligula and Nero, the handsome and repulsive Claudian family, and Augustus, boy and man. I know also the earnest Demosthenes, the keen, intellectual Cicero, beautiful Euripides, our dear old Socrates, and Phocian, whom Plutarch made me love—Marc Antony and Lepidus. Marc Antony has a very strong head and face, with immense tone of will in it—Lepidus is weak, with small features. He stands opposite the powerful Marc Antony, in the curved transept of the Braccio Nuovo in the Vatican—and Augustus is between them. There they are, the triumvirate, perfectly life-like,

How could so insignificant, puny a person as Lepidus be united with such mighty powers as Augustus and Antony?

AUGUSTUS

LEPIDUS MARC ANTONY

How little I once thought I should ever see these persons! But I am not at the Vatican now. In the inner room of the Casino is the far-famed Ludovisi Juno. The simplicity of this Juno—the absence of all attempt at effect, may strike one with surprise at its fame for the first moment, and lead one to prefer the other. Yet I was impressed immediately with the pure grandeur and majesty of this. It beams with a broad, steady, calm effulgence. Light tranquilly forms itself into this Queen of Olympus. The lines and curves are all as soft and round as a baby's, yet grand with intellect, and serene command. It seems to rise as one looks at it—to rise and unfold and bloom—a vast Lily of the White Ray, combining all the seven other rays—a thousand times Queen and Goddess. No effect is drawn from nobly arranged drapery; for it is the head only. The hair is folded away from the clear brow, and surmounted with a diadem, and from this a long curling tress hangs behind each ear. This Juno could never be angry. Eternal repose has crystallized into marble, yet it is also a controlling energy.

On each side the door are wonderful works. One is Mars at rest, the other a Hero, taking his ease,

Mars is famous, but I prefer the Hero. The head and face of the last are more noble, I think, and the attitude of the head graceful and fascinating. He sits upon the ground and leans forward, supporting his right hand with his sword, while his left hand and arm are thrown upon his right knee, which is raised. The position is so balanced, that one sees he might sit there forever, and rest forever, and therefore it conveys an impression of comfortable peace. Mars clasps the left knee with both hands, and at his right foot a little Cupid sits laughing. He certainly has *le bel* air, and it is glorious sculpture.

There is a group near Mars called Orestes and Electra, when they meet after their long separation; but it is also suggested that it is Penelope taking leave of Telemachus, when he is going to seek his father. I am inclined to believe it is Penelope. There is a mother's love in her face—a tender, fond, admiring look, as if she commended his enterprise—a matronly dignity and sacred purity; and the action is gentler than that of Electra would be, who suddenly should recognize her brother. There would be rapture in Electra. In this face and figure is quiet, deep love. This youth is also much shorter and smaller than the female form, as I think Orestes would not be. A gentle, home-like, tranquil dignity is in the noble woman, and she is fully and richly draped, like a matron.

There is also a large group, which may be Pætus and Arria. I immediately thought of it. Arria has

already pierced her own bosom, and is falling, held up by the arm of Pætus, who is thrusting the knife into his heart. It is very powerful.

A bronze bust of Julius Cæsar is remarkably fine. It is singular that it reminded me of Mr. Wm. Henry C. It is almost Mr. C.'s portrait.

After two hours here, we walked about the extensive and delightful gardens, till we came to the Casino of the Prince and Princess, in which is Guercino's Aurora. It is rather harsh-looking after Guido's, but upon patient study, there is found great beauty and expression in it. We mounted to the Belvedere, and saw therefrom a magnificent view of Rome and its environments. We then visited the gardens of Sallust, which are included within the Prince Piombino's grounds, and we saw a strange little grotto. I could not but wonder that I was in the gardens of Sallust.

March 26th.—We went to-day to see the Pope pray at St. Peter's. He prays there every Friday during Lent. I thought it would be a good, quiet time to see his face, which I had not yet done. In due time a great many attendants arrived, with various-colored, long-bodied, old-fashioned coats, trimmed richly with pie-colored borders, and three-cornered hats upon their heads. They looked like sudden apparitions out of an old picture-book of ancient costumes. They arranged themselves in lines from the chief entrance, edging the crowd with

their finery. Then followed the Swiss Guard, a body of stalwart young men. Their dress is entirely peculiar—trousers full to the knee like a Turk's, with a tunic—in stripes of bright yellow, red, blue, and white. The dress is made of separate strips of cloth of the pure colors, so that a battalion of them looks very gorgeous and harlequiny. These gay tulips lined the way quite to the chapel. The space before the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, to which the Pope would come first, was left wholly free for his Holiness. Near the gate was placed a *prie-dieu*, covered with crimson velvet and gold, as was the floor beneath—and crimson velvet cushions were arranged for him to kneel upon and to rest his arms. We patiently waited a long time, and at last a stir announced the entrance of the Pontifex Maximus. He was preceded and followed by Cardinals, dressed to-day in violet robes, significant of mourning, just as all the pictures are veiled during Lent in violet. The Pope was arrayed in white silk, with red shoes and a red mantle. I do not know why he also was not in violet, unless he is to be presumed beyond penitence and mourning. He was, however, without tiara, and only a white silk skull-cap, and his aspect, and that of all his suite, was grave and sad. I saw him very well as he passed me. His face is benign and comely, and every few seconds he blessed the crowd by a motion of his right hand, and a slight bend of the head, at once majestic and gracious. If one could only believe him a perfect saint and virtu-

ally the Head of the Church, this would have been very impressive. He made a deep obeisance to the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, where he believed God was present in the wafer, and then he knelt on the crimson-velvet cushion, and the Cardinals knelt behind and on each side of him; and profound silence fell over all while they prayed. Every Catholic was on his knees, with moving lips. As soon as the Pope rose, there was a rush for the next *prie-dieu*, prepared in front of St. Peter's shrine. We stood close by the ever-burning lamps, and the same ceremony was repeated, watched and guarded by a military band. I at first thought these mailed and halberded soldiers symbolized the Church Militant. But they are merely the attendants of the temporal prince, as the Pope claims to be King and Imperador, as well as Pontifex.

March 31st.—Mrs. W. sent this morning to invite me to drive with her in the afternoon, and she came for me at two o'clock. We returned to her house in the Piazza di Spagna, and took in Mr. W. and H., and drove to the Villa Borghese. This is a very large and enchanting domain, and the prince liberally permits the public to frequent it at will every day after twelve o'clock. It has groves, deeply shaded avenues, lovely meadows, fountains, wide prospects, wild-flowers, stone-pines, casinos of sculpture and painting, and profound quiet. We alighted from the barouche; and H., looking like a crocus in

her striped purple and white silk dress and ribbons, strayed off into one of the sunny meadows, and gathered a bouquet of pale-blue violets. I thought of Proserpine in the Vale of Enno—but checked myself when I remembered of the result of that. On the border of one of the avenues was a row of stone-pines; and it was pleasant to see the enthusiasm of Mr. W. for them. It was so great that it served for us all. Their lofty curves, marked on the upper azure, certainly have a peculiar charm. In a landscape by Turner, in the Marlborough House, I saw one so perfectly painted, that these living ones seemed quite familiar to me. All about the grounds were marble busts and statues, which, even in this clear climate, have lost their brilliancy. It is melancholy to know that it is not possible for the owners of these superb villas to reside in them in summer, on account of the malaria; so they are wasted when in their complete beauty. What a strange and mysterious retribution upon the Empress of the World is the malaria! It is said to be increasing and encroaching, so that Rome will finally be left desolate, a sign and a portent to the nations.

In reading the history of Rome, I feel as if the Campagna were all steeped in human blood, and filled with human bones and dust, as indeed it must be. I have heard that one cannot sit down on the grass in the Campagna, anywhere over its whole extent, without finding, just beneath the flowers and turf, these human bones, excepting where there are

ruins of dwellings. It has been thick with life, and now it is thick with death, and Death is chasing all that remains of Life from these regions.

After exploring the Borghese grounds, we drove to the Forum and Coliseum, and to the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, in the line of the city walls. It is in perfect preservation, covered with plates of white marble, and its apex as sharp as if just pointed, though it has pierced the air for at least two thousand years. Mr. W. and I left the carriage to see the tomb of Keats; for the Protestant burial-ground is at the foot of the Pyramid. There is a white marble headstone, with "Here lies a young English Poet" upon it, and no name. The hillock over the body is still rounded, and covered with flowers, which seem to be carefully tended. Shelley's grave is close by, but we could get no admittance to it; and we could not go into the Pyramid to-day, because the custode was not there. It has a small chamber in the centre, with arabesques that still retain their bright colors.

We then went into an old church, in which was an enormous Mask, called La Bocca della Verità. On each side of the nave were ancient columns of various orders, rifled from pagan temples. The floor was of mosaic. Two marble pulpits, on each side the choir, were of the remotest Christian times. They are called ambones, I believe. The mosaic is Alexandrian work. The name of the church is Santa Maria in Cosmedia, and it stands where once stood

a temple of Ceres and Proserpine, from which the columns, and perhaps the pavement, were taken. The lovely temple of Vesta is close by, and also that of Fortuna Virilis, which is exceedingly small, but perfectly beautiful in its proportions; and opposite to it is the house of Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes. Pilate is said to have lived in it.

We then drove over the Pons Cestius (St. Bartholomew's Bridge) to the Island of the Tiber, now entirely covered with houses. In Roman history I have read a story of a ship having been sent to Greece for a statue of Esculapius, as a charm against the pestilence, and that when it arrived in the Tiber, a living snake, whose form Esculapius assumed, glided out of the ship into the island and hid itself among the thickets, and a temple was erected to Esculapius on the spot. Substructions of this very temple now remain; but they are built upon by modern houses. The island was faced with rock, and made in the shape of a ship, and an Egyptian obelisk was put up in the centre, to represent a mast. A hospital now stands on the site of the temple of Esculapius.

We afterward drove to Santa Maria in Trastevere, a large, old church, with a stately nave, bordered by ancient granite columns. One of the chapels was prepared for Domenichino to paint in fresco; and in one corner of an arch he commenced with a little cherub, and then he fell ill and died. No other hand has carried on the work. The little cherub

remains alone, as we saw, surrounded with the empty panels. There was something inexpressibly affecting in these void spaces, watched over by the cherub.

Finally we drove to St. Peter's, where we intended to hear Vespers. There was a dense crowd round the gate of the choral chapel; but we patiently waited two hours, and then crushed in and obtained seats in front. The music was divine to-day. It was a Miserere, and gave us a foretaste of the Miserere we shall hear in the Sistine Chapel by and by. They had the triangle of lights, and extinguished them one by one, after each chant, and then a priest took down the candle from the apex, and hid it behind the altar. Violet curtains were drawn over the windows. All the Canons of St. Peter's, and all the acolytes, and one Cardinal, in violet robes, knelt down, and a wonderful voice rose upon the silence and rich gloom, like a pure crystal jet of translucent water, and then curved and fell to rise again. "Misera, Misera!" It fell into a sea of sad voices composed of the whole choir, and then rose out of them again and again, far into the lofty dome, as if seeking heaven with its cry for pity. The responses of the Canons were so dissonant and loud that I was shocked and shaken by each uproar; but I had never conceived any sound so eloquent, sweet, and pathetic as the single miraculous voice. I could not dream of anything superior to it then.

It was dark at the close of the music, and the

balcony over the statue of St. Veronica was lighted up, because there was to be an exhibition of relics—a portion of the true cross, and the handkerchief St. Veronica gave our Saviour to wipe his brow, when he passed, bearing his cross, on the way to Calvary. All we could see at such a distance was a very superb and glittering frame to each of these relics, which seemed to be all gold and precious stones. The fading twilight in the vast basilica was very impressive and grand. The multitude knelt when the priest held up the glittering treasures; and the prostrate throng, the illuminated balcony, the lofty arches receding in the darkness, the apparently endless nave, made a marvellous picture, such as can nowhere else be seen. Aforetime, a cross, seven feet long, of burnished metal, studded with the most brilliant lights, was let down from the dome, the most glorious imaginable sight, and powerful enough to kindle up those wastes of space. But it was necessary to discontinue the custom, because the Americans and English behaved so indecorously during the ceremony—walking about, laughing and talking aloud, much to the horror of the devout worshippers, and certainly very much to the discredit of the manners and decency of both Protestant nations. I have no patience with them, because I should have seen it to-night, if they had shown proper respect to the faith of the Romans. As we left the Piazza, we looked back, and saw one solitary star risen directly over the church, one star in the purest sky. Of

course we could think only of the star that stood over the place where the young Child lay.

On the 17th March (I must not omit to record) I went with the children and Miss Shepard to the Baths of Caracalla. We drove to the entrance, and were admitted through a small window, rather than a door, on the side of a great gate. An old man is custode, and takes fees. He at first insisted upon leading us to a bed of delicious violets in one of the mighty halls, saying "they were the violets of Caracalla!" Violets never were "of Caracalla," I am very sure. One glance from his wicked eyes would kill violets, for I know his evil scowl perfectly. We found the various halls stupendous in size and height, and the principal one really incredibly so. I did not suppose that such an apartment was ever roofed in. If the Emperor should sit at one end upon a raised dais, he might think he were ruling over a kingdom within the four walls. A part of the mosaic pavement has been uncovered within a short time, and it must have been superb when in its full polish and perfection. All round the hall it is of the fish-scale pattern, very appropriate for baths. In the centre there is another pattern, and the ceiling was once an immense mosaic, but it has now fallen, and lies in heaps upon the floor in huge boulders—on account of the granite columns having been unpardonably removed. The pavement is of purple, green, white, and yellow marbles, and the ceiling of black and white. The border close to the

walls is mixed of all the colors, producing the richest effect, and the outside rim of pure white.

In the centre each oval is alternately of yellow, white, and green; the corners of the white are purple—of the green, yellow, and of the yellow, green.

All this was not in the style of the Florentine mosaics, in which one color is one piece of *pietra dura*, but each of these divisions is made up of small bits, and it is all composed of marbles. The purple is porphyry, the green is serpentine, and the yellow is *giallo antico*. The walls of this apartment were faced with marbles also, and columns of alabaster and marble stood around, while marble statues peopled the arcades and colonnades with ideal beauty—gods and heroes! And there they would all have been now, and there would have been the walls and ceiling, if man had not wantonly destroyed them. I found one small room with a roof. It is concave, paved with mosaics, and some of the marble plates are still on the walls. This was probably the natatio, the swimming-bath—a private little one—and delicious it must have been. Indeed, the whole vast hall seems slightly concave. What if it were once a mighty swimming-bath at times, whenever the Emperor chose to let loose his aqueduct upon it!

In a sort of tower there is a staircase which leads to the top, and we went up, and walked about on the passages made by the thickness of the walls. They also are laid in mosaic. It was designed never to

decay, certainly. The views from this summit are beautiful, of the same unwearying objects in different relations—the Alban and Sabine Mountains, the melancholy wastes of Campagna and Rome, with its domes and palaces—forever new, forever old—fascinating beyond all other combinations of hill and plain and city. I fell into infinite depths of musing, as one must always do in the midst of Roman ruins. It is certainly all right that Caracalla's baths should tumble and thunder down, and startle Rome with fear and horror; for they were built up through the toil and agony of thousands of captives, heathen and Christian, and revolting crimes were daily committed to make them so sumptuous for the tyrants who were to enjoy them. Thousands to suffer and die that one might roam in state, through miles of splendor, in cool comfort, and feast his eyes on beauty! Under such a curse, these stupendous structures could not stand. The very stones must have longed to revenge the wrong, and resist being placed in harmonious forms.

Since the ruling powers had no mercy, inanimate nature must have sympathized with the oppressed human creature, and I can almost fancy that there was an inward exultation in the heart of the mighty blocks when they hurled themselves crashingly from their settings, where weary, suffering hands had fixed them. If man turns his heart to stone, then stones must contrive to have hearts to balance the scales of divine justice. Flowers grew on those

heights, springing out of the crumbling mosaic, as tender and fresh and sweet as if there never had been sin nor sorrow on the earth, or on the spot where they grew. They seemed to me like the gracious smile of the patient, Eternal Father, whose infinite pity preserves the world in its orbit, notwithstanding its errors and relapses. They suggested the loving mercy with which He waits for His prodigal sons, ready to take them into His arms when they arise and go to Him.

J—— and I strayed all about, while the others sat still; for they did not care to search for treasures. We found some marbles and bits of mosaic for memorials, and discovered wonderful subterranean recesses and rooms. Perhaps some of them were for heating water, but we did not know what they were for. We saw some broken columns and finely-wrought capitals, and at last we opened into a covered apartment, where a great many sculptures were placed, that had been collected about the ruins —pieces of figures, heads, vases, and morsels of architectural carvings. I asked the old custode whether these relics were his; and he replied, "No—no sono di Pio Nono."

The atmosphere was transcendent that day, and on the way home, J—— and I delayed at the Arch of Constantine to sketch a bas-relief of the moon rising over the Tiber, in the same style as that of the moon setting—of which I made mention before, and which is on the other end of the arch.

On the 18th of March we went to the Temple of Vesta the first thing. The original roof of this is lost, and replaced by one as ugly as possible; but otherwise it is as perfectly beautiful in form as ever, though discolored by the storms of centuries. It is of Parian marble, once pure white—a small circular *cella*, surrounded by a colonnade of Corinthian fluted pillars. One column only has fallen. A woman admitted us. It consists within of one simple apartment about twenty feet in diameter, lined with white marble. I never saw anything built by human hands so simple and so lovely. Oh the divine sobriety of Grecian art! What a pattern for manners! It seems like a flower. I wonder why some one of the Popes has not put on a proper roof, instead of allowing these rude tiles to remain, like a rough cover to a daintily finished casket. It deserves either fit restoration, or the right of being an untouched ruin. It stands close upon the banks of the Tiber, which must have overflowed it many times, and I doubt not it is the very temple spoken of by Horace, built by Numa, ages ago. When it first rose there in its spotless purity, it must have been a fair type of a vestal virgin. Within full view of this pearl of beauty is the temple of Fortuna Virilis, a very small parallelogram, surrounded with fluted Ionic columns, with a portico in front. It is made of Travertine and is a perfect specimen of the Ionic order. The Greek forms have for me a mighty charm still, though I thought I never could be so much carried

away by them, after being steeped in the glorious Gothic so thoroughly. But the understanding, as well as the imagination, must have its sign.

Near to this Fortuna Virilis is a fabric we had not yet seen—with four sides—Janus Quadrifrons. It is a most solid and potent building, which must stand during the forever of this world, I am sure, as unmoved and immovable as it already has stood since Septimius Severus. The blocks of marble are enormous. It is no doubt Etruscan. The Etruscans, and the race they were of, easily moved mountains about, it is plain to see. In the centre is a vaulted roof. The earth has accumulated around it to such a height, that it is now in a hollow, and it has evidently been dug out; for the inundations of the Tiber set so much soil afloat, that new levels were constantly formed. These four arched fronts must have faced four streets. We were in the Velabrum —the Forum Boarium. There are many Forums, though I once supposed there was but one, the ever most illustrious Roman Forum.

Near Janus Quadrifrons, is another small arch, very much ornamented with sculptures. An inscription testifies that it was erected to Septimius Severus and his wife and children.

We then retraced our steps to the Ponte Rotto, which is a re-erection of the Pons Emilius, from which Heliogabalus was thrown into the Tiber. The great Scipio Africanus and the stupid Mummius finished it from a beginning by Lepidus and some

consul. Standing upon this, we looked along the river, and saw the ruins of the illustrious bridge Sublicius, upon which Horatius Cocles did such good battle against Porsenna, and then destroyed it—or rather, the Romans destroyed it at his command.

We passed over the Ponte Rotto into the Trastevere, and walked a long way to St. Peter's. We had heard that the Romans of this region were finer and nobler looking than any others, and claimed to be descended from the pure, ancient race. We did not observe much difference to the others in those whom we met in the streets. Very many of the people have a kingly air and step, all over Rome. We entered St. Peter's, where I alone remained to see the five newly-appointed Cardinals pray at the two holy shrines—that of the Sacrament and of St. Peter. While I waited, people began to collect to see the ceremony, and purple-robed priests, with lace tunics, came out of the choral chapel, and knelt down near me to pray. I had my tiny sketch-book, and caught one of them exactly. In the midst of his prayer, when, in my own sincerity, I supposed him wrapt in devotion, away from all sublunary needs, he shocked me by taking out his snuff-box, and making himself jolly with a pinch. It seemed as if something must happen at such a disturbance of the divine economy and order; but the grand space and silence swallowed up this portentous irreverence, as if it were a very little thing. And, in truth, the priest only injured himself, and could not disturb the true worship and

sublimity of devotion of those who really prayed. And so my own private *tourbillon* at this incident subsided in presence of the majestic calm pervading the temple. Processions of nuns passed in remote distances of the nave—processions of young acolytes also, in various costumes—all kinds of monks and churchmen, each body in a different habit, as well as multitudes of ecclesiastical schools, in peculiar dresses. Each group was occupied with its own separate duty, and there was abundance of room for thousands of groups more.

At last the grand entrance was flung open, and the five new Cardinals, in very new scarlet silk skull-caps and violet robes, came in, attended by footmen and prelates, and knelt at a *prie-dieu*, side by side. One of them was quite young—an unusual thing.

I observed all at once that I was rather officiously attended by a stranger Italian, who seemed to feel bound to suggest to me a good place to stand; and as I could not possibly get rid of him, I became rather alarmed, and left the church at once, and took a carriage home, resolving not to be quite alone again. I think he must have been a spy.

March 20th is memorable for a charming walk which I took with little R. to the Temple of Peace, the Coliseum, the Cœlian Hill, and the Forum. It was a glorious blue and gold afternoon, and we sauntered along very slowly. I meant to play in the Temple of Peace with R., to fulfil a prophecy of my

very dear friend S. A. C., who said to me years ago, when I could not dream of such an event, "that my children would one day play in the Temple of Peace." But now it was so full of boys, and also so defiled, that R. was disgusted. She enjoyed, however, the magnificent arches—the richly-sculptured capitals, bases, and architraves lying about upon the ground; and then we went on to the Coliseum, where the devout were kissing the black cross in the centre; and then to the Cœlian, where I sat upon a marble seat, in view of the Palatine, while R. gathered daisies on the lawns, and I mused about Etruria, because Etruscans settled on this hill in the far-off times, and, as I believe, were the most civilized race of Italy before Rome was built.

II.

JOURNEY OF EIGHT DAYS FROM ROME TO FLORENCE.

CIVITÀ CASTELLANA, May 24th, 1858.

WE left Rome this morning at eight o'clock. The weather was then fine, though, earlier, there was a fog. We had a nice old vetturino, Gaetano by name, who looked like a good New England farmer, with a face placid and gentle, and not at all Italian in color or expression. Our carriage was of the usual long and cumbersome fashion, with seats inside for four, and a coupé in front for two, in the form of a chaise—and in front of the coupé, a box for the vetturino. Our luggage was bestowed upon the top, and behind, reaching out many a rood, so that with four, and sometimes six horses, we have the effect of an endless arrangement of human affairs. We drove out of the Porta del Popolo, the old Flaminian gate, leading upon the Flaminian Way, and we were detained five minutes for the examination of our passports. I felt an extraordinary and unexpected regret at leaving Rome, and if it had been a final departure, I should

have been almost inconsolable,—so potent and profound is the hold this "city of the soul" has upon the mind. A great crowd appeared afar off on the road, and it proved to be regiments of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, all marked No. I. We could fancy them either the Roman legions, returning from a memorable victory (for the music-bands were in full play), or a saucy army coming to attack the "Mother of Empires," before they were "dead." It was a grand spectacle, but they stirred up a suffocating cloud of dust, which was all that remained with us for the pageant.

Pretty soon we began to see the identical pavement of the old Flaminian Way, by the side of the comparatively modern road. It is not very broad, but very perfect, composed of large flag-stones, as much as a foot and a half wide, and more than a foot thick, as smooth as a marble church-floor, and carefully joined. It is a wonder of skill and faithful finish, and a stupendous work, considering its length from Rome to Soracte! Rome could never have done such vast things if she had not broken up kingdoms to do them, and brought captive to her throne hundreds of thousands of peoples, gentle as well as simple, to accomplish her will. I am surprised that the Popes do not lay open this masterpiece of human hands and heads, through its whole extent, though I fear some of its admirably fitted blocks have already been removed to build other structures, which is a foolish and stupid act, if it be so. Yet such ruin of the

most precious memorials to the classic scholar is constantly brought about by Popes and modern Princes. How impious in this way are the Piuses, how merciless the Clements, how unblest the Benedicts! I looked upon this road with absorbing interest. There is something that contents, or rather that is satisfactory to man's right royal demand for incredible deeds, in these Roman relics. It is not the triumph of our pride, so much as the proof of our possibilities, that gratifies one. The Romans had the will and the might—*virtue*—as they understood it—according to their acceptation of the word. If there were will and might—virtue according to Christ, what could not be done?

Ten or more miles from Rome we still saw the dome of St. Peter's on the horizon, and there were miles and miles of the fair and fatal Campagna, extending every way, plain and rolling, deliciously green—a green, and not "a whited sepulchre." We passed a great many crumbling tombs, and mediæval towers; but Gaetano, our vetturino, did not know their histories.

By and by, Soracte began to appear—Byron's "long swept wave," that "pauses in its curl." As we came nearer, we found it to be a vast rock, and Byron, as usual, to be correct in his description of it. It does indeed look like a suddenly petrified, enormous heap of waves, about to foam and fall hundreds of feet. It "hangs pausing." It is "the lone Soracte's height," and is one of the nota-

ble and beautiful objects on the horizon in Rome, and here we were almost at its base. It is called Sant'Oreste now, and on its rugged summit is a convent in the name of St. Silvestro, which pilgrims climb up to visit. The view from it must be glorious. The Temple of Apollo, sung of by Virgil, was on this site, two thousand feet, at least, above the sea. Saint Oreste is also a town on an eminence near the mountain, once the Etruscan Feronia. There is an old grotto on the side of the mighty crag, and deep clefts, out of which oracle-inspiring gases still gush. There ought to be tripods there, upon which any one might sit and be a sibyl or a prophet for a time.

We stopped to lunch at Castel Nuovo at twelve o'clock, our first stage. It is a small village in the Boracic-acid region, told about by Murray; but I do not care about boracic acid in Italy, and as I did not see the works, I let them pass. The inn was a strange old place, and in the inner vestibule there was an altar or cippus of white marble, beautifully carved, a bay or olive tree in bas-relief in the centre of the side, and a lovely device round the edges. It is now put to the base use of a leg to a table, for upon it is a stone slab upon which people eat and drink. We were led into a large apartment, paved with bricks, in diamond shape, and the ceiling high and frescoed, and two long tables on each side. At one of them we had our lunch. Gaetano is our commissary, and we have nothing to do with order-

ing our food. He gave us to-day beefsteak, omelette, bread and cheese, and wine, all of excellent quality. We neither order nor pay at the moment for anything, for he is also our purser, being paid finally the amount first agreed upon for the whole journey, which is very comfortable, and relieves us from all care and imposition.

After lunch we all went out, and descended into a valley—the children far down, but we sat on the grass in a shady place near the entrance. I gathered the prettiest little bouquet in the world, of all the colors. * * * * * *

We left Castel Nuovo at two o'clock. On the way, the mountain Soracte took every form—sometimes a round, sometimes a conical, and oftener a long, crested shape. The dells and profound valleys on each side of our road, were wonderful for beauty and richness. For a great distance the high causeway was apparently built up from an exceedingly deep vale—by Romans, of course; for who else would dream that such a stupendous work could be done? Just fancy a wide plain between lofty ranges of mountains, and fancy the conception of piling up, in the centre of it, a foundation for a road, five hundred feet from the plain! This seems to have been done. The roads are all perfect that we have yet travelled upon here—hard and smooth, and this road over the valley entirely straight. Some of them are paved, though not in the Flaminian style, but all in consummate order. How can I write down the

flowers? The hedges and fields burn with poppies of the brightest scarlet, and they have an effect among the green grass and shrubbery, which an untravelled American can in no wise imagine. Scarlet is so satisfying, so triumphant a color, like the sound of a trumpet (as a blind man described it), that to see it spread over consecutive miles of country, quite overwhelmed me with joy and gratitude; and, contrasting it, the pure gold of the broom is sumptuous, and a nameless, lowly purple-blossom clothed the ground with royal robes, varied with daisies and buttercups, as embroidery. One large field might truly have been called "the field of the cloth of gold," for, from a distance, there was no break in the yellow hue; just as sometimes the poppies are one suffusion of fiery red. It is not here and there, but everywhere. The sweetbrier contributes its delicate beauty to the waysides with long wreaths of pale, pink roses. We are perpetually accompanied by the lovely mountain-ranges, and as the afternoon deepened, they took soft and airy tints, seen only in Italy. As we were happily looking forth on such a profusion of beauty and splendor of light and space, it was sad to see a long carriage full of prisoners, who had no outlook—not a crack, and who had only small openings in the roof of their prison, partly shaded by extinguishers, for breathing. In front sat two dragoons, and the vetturino. This melancholy carriage we saw three times, and I was suffocated and miserable at the

sight. Gaetano called it a carcellaria. They might at least have had grated windows. I cannot bear to see anything alive boxed up. No matter what a man has done, he ought to have air and light while he has life, even if he have forfeited his freedom. Air and light cannot make him worse, but probably would make him better. Justice should not be angry and revengeful with crime, but only careful that the innocent should not suffer by it.

At half-past five we arrived at Cività Castellana, and met near the entrance a line of donkeys, carrying loads of hay. Very comical was the picture of the short donkey, with his long ears and small front presentment, with such a wide-spreading, high load; so immensely disproportioned. The hotel was a large, respectable building, and we were agreeably surprised at being ushered up into this enchanting suite of rooms, opening out upon a broad, covered terrace or loggia, which commands a magnificent scene. Our apartments are in a row, and we are quite by ourselves. Everything looks clean and nice, and the prospect before us, who can describe? Now we see Italy, the Italy of song. It is also *real* Italy, which no song can fully render—Byron's, however, best. We never could have appreciated Byron's genius if we had not come to Italy. He came, saw, and became master or conqueror of the land, by reproducing it in words. The truth of his portraiture is marvellous. He was only thirteen or fourteen days in Rome, and he not only looked at

everything in that short time, but sung it as no one else before or since has done.

From our loggia we look down into a deep ravine; and rocks of red tufa, perpendicular, and hundreds of feet high, rise out of it, and form its sides, like fortresses, overgrown and adorned with foliage of trees and shrubs. From the summits of these parapets stretches a green campagna, with groves and meadows, in smooth undulations, and far in the middle distance lofty hills rise—some crowned with cities; and beyond these the grand mountains fill the remote spaces, each one lovelier, as it climbs higher and farther off into the pale blue and purple and roseate abysses. An arched bridge spans the defile, the limbs of the arches resting on the very bottom of the gulf. Soracte is on the other side. I have been trying to sketch, but just in the midst dinner was announced, and took up the goldenest hour between six and seven, and afterward it was too late.

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The moon is up now, and I have been on the terrace to see it, all having gone to walk except sleeping little R. and myself. It is not a full moon, and there is a clear but dark light, most magical and mystical. How fortunate we are to have the moonlight!

TERNI.

May 25th.—We arrived here at twelve o'clock, having left Cività Castellana before six this morn-

ing. We came to see the Falls of Terni; but it has rained all the afternoon, and we cannot stir out—a pouring rain. It is necessary to walk a mile after driving as far as possible, and so it is quite an impracticable thing to-day. What a misfortune! We can see nothing from this Hotel delle Tre Colonne excepting an old house, two feet from our windows, and a man making a table at an open casement. Not even a green leaf or a blade of grass.

We had a superb drive this morning, looking into the vale of the Nar. The olive plantations are very numerous, and grape-vines are trained to separate, short trees, not far apart, so that, perhaps, when the vines become long they are looped from one tree to another, and make a continued canopy of grapes. The olive-leaf is dull-green, just as we always know it, and one side is silvery, so that when it flutters in the breeze it looks paler than when in repose. It is not a pretty tree at all.

We also passed the vale of the Nera and of the Treja, and drove through the town of Narni, the birthplace of Nerva. It is the Nequinum of the Romans. It has a square castle, which is a prison now. Near this old Umbrian city we looked down into the lovely vale of the Nar.

We wished to go into the cathedral of Narni, because of a masterpiece of Lo Spagna—the Coronation of the Madonna; but we could not, as there was no time.

We kept coming again upon the wonderful Fla-

minian Way, which goes farther than Soracte, I find; and along it we saw many more ruins of tombs; and we went through the village of Otricoli (Utriculum), the first Umbrian city that yielded to Rome. There was the most extraordinary formation of rock. It is volcanic—all the region is volcanic—and seemed to be in distinct layers. Some of it was horizontal, and some slanting one way and some another, in opposite directions. We passed over a fine bridge after leaving Otricoli, built by Augustus, and now called the Ponte Felice, and then Borghetto appeared, with its old fortress. The scenery upon the near approach to the town of Terni is indescribably enchanting. It is singular that one of the Romans should have made these falls. It was Curius Dentatus, the Sabine conqueror. I have read all about it, but cannot stop to recount the matter.

Magnificent mountains, rich with foliage and cultivation, swept down to the deliciously verdant vale, along which a pale ghost of a river meandered. The rivers of Italy seem a solution of white or yellow clay, and are nowhere clear and limpid. We saw very many beds of rivers, long ago run past, or perhaps never full, excepting after the melting of snows on the heights. Close on the plains, beside the river-beds, were ruins of towers, small castles, or houses; and just over the site of these buildings the shrubbery was particularly luxuriant, as if the memories of the hearthstones were pleasant and flowery. It was so, I remember, with the ruins of a small

temple or church in the Isle of Man. It stood in the centre of a grass-field, and the walls remained standing, while the roof was gone; and it was so full of rich plants and lovely trees, which towered up over the broken edges, that it had the effect of a gigantic vase of flowers, standing on an emerald table.

SPOLETO.

May 26th.—We left Terni at six this morning, which proved fair; and our first stage was to this town, where we breakfasted at twelve, our usual hour for *déjeûner à la fourchette*. The first Bishop of Spoleto was a contemporary of St. Peter, Murray says. It is a queer old town, with narrow streets and picturesque Roman gates, at one of which Hannibal was repulsed,—and that one we have walked through or passed under. It is of vast strength, and quite entire, and has the ruin of a lion on one side, with a lamb in its mouth. We have been to see the Cathedral, which contains some fine pictures; and over the entrance is an ancient mosaic of Christ and the Virgin and St. John.

A beautiful effect the aqueduct has, with its numerous arches—spanning the deep vale between the elevation upon which Spoleto stands and the mountain near. Gaetano brought us into the city through a lovely avenue of acacias, and by a delightfully ancient wall, full of ruined watch-towers, that looked as if they might have stood there since the foundation of the world.

FOLIGNO (*Fulginium*).

May 26th.—We left Spoleto at a little after two, and arrived here early enough to take a walk about the town. We climbed more than three thousand feet to Monte Somna, by the aid of oxen, added to our four horses. At Le Pene the Clitumnus rises, which is the only translucent stream we have yet seen in Italy. Byron has immortalized its purity, as well as the "delicate temple" on its banks. The temple has fluted Corinthian columns, and is very small, facing the river. We saw "the milk-white steer," and also a flock of lambs, passing over a fairy arched bridge, the sweetest picture of peace and innocence; and it is singular that Byron's words should prove so literally true at that moment. The vale of Clitumnus is wonderfully beautiful, and inspired Virgil to sing of it, and of its flocks and steers, ages ago—and it sings itself also. The Via Flaminia again appears here; and the town of Montefalco is seen from the road, before we arrive at Foligno—Foligno, the scene of so many earthquakes, and once the possessor of Raphael's divine Madonna (now in the Vatican), in which a thunderbolt is painted, descending upon the city. We walked out, and visited the Cathedral. Its walls looked very bare, after being accustomed to the richly-marbled walls of Roman churches. There were two half-ruined, red-marble lions at the entrance, and a sculptured Gothic front; but the rest

of the edifice was painfully modernized and whitewashed. A little boy, with one leg, followed us all over the town, into all the churches, as if he were a spy. He asked for nothing, but looked on and grinned. We went into Santo Domenico, once covered with frescoes, also whitewashed nearly over now, yet a few heads and groups are left of the ancient paintings—heads of saints and angels. In Santa Maria infra Portas we saw the ancient temple of Diana, now a chapel, in which St. Peter and St. Paul once said mass; and on the wall is a very old painting, in a ruinous condition. It is beautifully arched, and a deep-mullioned, small window remains on one side. This, again, is another of those very small and perfect temples of Greek design. All about the church were frescoes saved from the general whitewash, some of which were well worth study.

In this strange, weird, rambling old hotel, we are to remain to-night.

Assisi.

May 27th.—We left Foligno at six and passed the town of Spello (Hispellum), whose treasures of art we should have liked to go and see, but Gaetano drove pitilessly by, as it was not in our contract to stop there, and brought us to Assisi, so associated with St. Francis. It is the native town of Metastasio, and above all contains the works of Giotto, in a large convent and church of St. Francis. A

horrible, dirty scout ran by the side of our carriage for many miles; and when we set forth to go and see the town, he presented himself as guide. I told him we did not want him, but he followed us just the same, and went to the Cathedral with us and to the Church of Santa Chiara. But then we made the hostess dismiss him, and provide another guide, who proved pleasant and intelligent, and was clean and respectable. He went with us to the famous convent and church. It has an upper and lower part, beneath which is still a crypt, which contains St. Francis' body. The middle part is deeply impressive, with its Gothic vaultings and arcades, and sombre light. It seemed perfectly dark when we passed from the sunshine into its nave, but after we became more owlish, we could see a little. It is the first specimen of Gothic architecture in this part of Italy, and it is really delightful to see Gothic architecture after so much Greek and classic in Rome, and elsewhere in Southern Europe. A Franciscan priest was summoned by the guide, and he took us first to the high altar, above which, on the ceiling, are some of Giotto's masterpieces. There are four compartments, illustrating the three virtues of St. Francis—his poverty, chastity, and obedience—and in the fourth is his apotheosis. We broke our necks looking at these frescoes, but it was worth while. They are astonishingly bright still, and full of beauty and grace—especially the groups of angels round the saint's throne. But it is impossible in such hurried

visits to immortal works, to give an adequate idea of their character. Everything was gorgeous—all the wood or stone work covered with rich, white silk, embroidered with flowers, and every kind of splendor—all culminating in the masterpieces of Giotto above. We were not allowed much time to stay, and followed the monk into some side-chapels, of which I particularly remember one by Andrea del Ingegno, and one by Dono Doni. That by Andrea is covered by sibyls and prophets, grand and beautiful, and so much admired by Raphael that he is said to have imitated them in his sibyls of the Santa Maria della Pace, in Rome. But it is a pretty bold saying that Raphael imitated any one. Dono Doni has illustrated the life and death of St. Stephen, and I perfectly have in my mind the face of Stephen, when he kneels to be stoned, with hands extended, and turning a full, radiant countenance. It is indeed "as the face of an angel." With what wonderful devoutness these ancient masters painted! They pray, they adore God, they deny themselves, they live gloriously,—all with their pencil. They painted religiously, and there is an expression in the faces and figures nowhere else found, excepting in Raphael, who imbibed so deeply the spirit of those men, and was their last expression. In what is called the vestibule of the middle church, was a chapel with locked gate, in which was a picture by Perugino that seemed exceedingly beautiful, at the distance we stood. I was surprised that the priest

did not let us in, for we had apparently been admitted into all the holy places; but perhaps they are afraid of some sudden escapade, as it is a framed painting, and not secure on the walls. In this vestibule we saw some tombs, one reputed to be that of the Cyprian Queen Ecuba, who gave a huge vase of ultramarine to the church, for the painting of the ceiling. The vase (which was there) is big enough to hold sufficient ultramarine for the painting of the sky itself, I should fancy. I should like to spend weeks in looking at many frescoes that we could only glance at. We then ascended to the upper church, out of the crypt-like gloom of the middle one, and it was like climbing into the New Jerusalem, so light, so gorgeous, so lofty and airy is this stately Gothic structure. The roof is painted by Cimabue, and the walls by Giotto, Cimabue, and Guinta da Pisa. Damp has very much injured a great part of these frescoes; but enough remains to show how fine and brilliant they once were. The life of St. Francis, and subjects from the Bible, are represented. When I remarked upon the cheerful splendor of the upper church, the priest said that it was for festas, and the one beneath for prayer and devotion. The windows are filled with painted glass, which adds to the glowing effect. We did not go down into the crypt.

In the Piazza of the town we saw the Temple of Minerva, or rather its portico, with fluted columns, well preserved, and very beautiful—a little morsel

of Greece set down in the heart of the old Etruscan town. We shall leave Assisi early, so as to go into the great church of Santa Maria degl' Angeli, about a mile from the town.

PERUGIA.

May 27th.—We arrived in good season at this celebrated city, and Gaetano brought us to the Grande Hotel de France, where we are very comfortable for our two days' and nights' sojourn. Our journey from Assisi was superb, as all our route has been. We first drove to the vast Church of Santa Maria, peculiarly interesting as associated with St. Francis. In the very midst of it is the old, humble stone chapel in which he established his order—once frescoed all over, but now dimmed and faded, so that scarcely a form can be made out. Fancy a defaced hut built of stones, planted in the crossing of the lofty arches of the transepts. Earthquakes have once shaken down the vast superstructure (since restored), but the lowly chapel remained unharmed. Over the arch of its façade, Overbeck has painted a famous fresco of the vision of St. Francis, very bright, and with one lovely face and figure. The old verger took us into a tiny stanza, covered with beautiful majestic saints and seers by Lo Spagna, fellow-saints of St. Francis; but they are much faded and injured. After we began to see in the dark little cell, divine faces beamed upon us, with the usual sacred bend of the devout heads and forms, so like prayers and

praises, infinitely affecting and attractive. This is preraphaelite painting, I suppose, as it was before Raphael; but what is called preraphaelite painting in England is not like this. Expression without beauty, to be sure, we see in modern English pictures, called by this name; but all the religion is left out, all the holy fervor, sincerity, and simplicity. Perhaps I should not say the *sincerity* is left out; but the simplicity is—the single thought—the unselfish aim. And the color in these ancient pictures is pure and harmonious. It is a bouquet of flowers, a bit of the rainbow,—a sunset, yet all flowing and blended. It is also a carcanet of jewels. The holy artists did not think it incumbent upon their truth and sincerity to paint every hair on the skin, or the rough ferocity of the weather-beaten, sunburnt complexion—such as I shrunk from in the galleries of England. In the living subject, Nature contrives to avoid this shocking bareness—but the prying modern artist seems to take magnifying glasses to the human face, as well as to the landscape—and bring to view what is veiled from common sight. Oh, why does not some one draw and engrave the divine creations of the old masters in fresco, before they are all faded away! I should think Pio Nono would be better employed in preserving such works from destruction than in writing encyclical letters; for I believe he would save more souls by it. If any visible thing can win a soul to Heaven, it is this embodied worship in spirit and in truth. He wishes to take jewels from his tiara to

excavate treasures from Roman soil, and I should be obliged to him if he would; but I would thank him more for sending the best artists all about Italy to secure from the walls these vanishing, irreplaceable miracles of human genius, painted in awful reverence and love and childlike faith, without a thought of earthly fame. Lo Spagna, next to Raphael, was the most eminent of the scholars of Perugino. Andrea del Ingegno was another, he who painted the sibyls and prophets, which Raphael so much admired. Dono Doni painted the angelic face of St. Stephen, which I lately saw, and Gentile da Fabriano, whose picture of the Virgin with angels, now in the Colonna Palace, we could not sufficiently admire, was a predecessor of Perugino, and one of the oldest masters of the Umbrian school.

After leaving this interesting church in a kind of despair at its fading glories, our way lay through a rich plain of Shinar, and during nearly the whole route, we could see, on a lofty, distant mountain, the city of Perugia, marked by a very high campanile and a flush of red along the summit, caused by the tiled roofs of the houses. I did not comprehend how we were to attain this "city on a hill, which could not be hid," unless our horses turned Pegasuses or we became angels. Gaetano presently began to prepare for the ascent by a deep and sonorous call, that filled the air and the welkin; and he was responded to by another far-reaching and powerful voice. He called for oxen, and by the time we arrived at the

farm-house, on the road, a man appeared with two white steers—"milk-white steers"—which were attached by strong cords to our carriage and horses. All alighted and walked, excepting myself—though one or two gave out before the end; but three of us actually climbed up to Perugia on their feet—R. only failing at the very last, part of the way. We entered Etruria over a bridge, Ponte San Giovanni, and drove through the vale of the Tiber before we began to mount; on every side, endless splendors of scenery.

We walked out as soon as we arrived, after *déjeûner*. A guide accosted us, but we refused him for this afternoon, and tried to find places ourselves. We went to the Church of St. Domenic, pretty near the hotel, where we found some great wonders. A ferret-eyed sacristan seized upon us directly, and accompanied us about, though I told him we had no money with us. We began to think him quite unearthly, having little regard to the gold that perishes; but our visions of his heavenly-mindedness were dispelled by his informing me that he would come to our Locanda for payment. He first took us into the chapel of St. Orsola, to show us some pictures of Fra Angelico. One was a Madonna and Child—the child such a glorified innocence as never was portrayed before. He sits upon the Virgin's knee, and looks straight out of the picture, with a face that might make the world sweet and holy, if it were often enough contemplated. A clear, pure, spiritual

radiance beams from it, with colors so delicate that I can compare them only to those of a blush-rose, a forget-me-not, and pale amber, gleaming through a lily. Some injury to the cheek of Mary destroys the effect of her once lovely face, but I saw that it was once lovely, and it is turned upon the child. On the side of this picture hangs one containing St. Domenic and St. Anthony of Florence. St. Anthony is one of the grandest and serenest of figures—its grandeur showing that there was no lack of strength in Fra Angelico. He stands in superb robes, reading a book with entire absorption of attention. Calm, majestic, noble, benign, the repose of Eternity has passed into his countenance and form. The very folds of his gorgeous drapery have the grandeur of mountain ranges, sweeping down into valleys. Thought and prayer are the phylacteries upon his brow. He looks as immutable, in his collected Faith, as Soracte. Crimson, purple, and gold throw around him all the prestige they can, but the moonlight of peace about his closed lips transcends rainbows. There sat the baby Prince of Peace close by, whose revelations were to evoke this sublime content in St. Anthony—a content that neutralizes all the great and petty trials of life—a content glorious enough to be embodied in the form of an archangel Michael, holding in a leash of iron the evil that opposes good. St. Anthony's foot was on the dragon as effectually as that of the celestial hierarch of Guido or of Raphael.

On the other side is St. Catharine, queenly as queen should be, but at the same time gentle and sweet and devout, as queens not often are.

We then went into the sacristy, where were several heads of saints, and two pictures by Giannicola. One is of the Madonna and St. John. It is plain at a glance that they have just come from Calvary, after the Crucifixion, though there is no cross, and nothing represented of the late sacrifice—merely the two figures walking. Mary is a little in advance of St. John. Her hands are tightly clasped, with profound, repressed agony. She looks out of the picture with a pale face that has seen death, and the death of one who is life of her life. There is no distortion of grief, though unspeakable grief is expressed. The head is slightly bent on one side—a certain terror of sorrow is in her wonderful eyes, as if she feared to know how bereft she is, and how awful a scene she has witnessed. The sword is cutting into her heart at this moment; she is feeling its keenest pain. A mute appeal is in her gaze—a desert of woe—the most heart-smiting pathos. Both the figure and face are also noble. St. John can do nothing for her yet. God alone can minister to her vast dismay, which invests her with a heroic dignity. John turns his countenance toward the Cross, evidently, though none is visible. He finds it hard to leave even the ruined Temple of his Lord; but there seems a marvellous light falling on his features from afar, as if the love of Christ shone

upon them. Like Mary, he is of noble figure and air, and a tender grace sways his movement. I am sure his face is bathed in tears. He extends his hands toward Calvary, with impassioned, wild sorrow. I think John is not now occupied with his new care of Mary: he is only intent on his own loss, and yet a cord already binds them together.

The pendant to this is Elizabeth and St. John the Baptist, but I cannot recall its details now; for though admirable, it is yet far excelled by the other. In the sacristy are other injured small pictures by Fra Angelico, beautiful as far as they can be seen.

In a very dim aisle of the church, we were shown a large painting of the Adoration of the Magi, whose author was doubtful; but it was a great work. Gentile da Fabriano or Bonfigli is supposed to be the artist. Often these pictures are thought to be composed by several artists together, and the verger said this one was.

But the other treasure of St. Domenic is a small masterpiece of Perugino, called St. Columba. Underneath it is written a verse from the Canticles, in Latin: "Show me thy face, my dove, my beloved, at the threshold of the door," or something to that effect. St. Columba stands in the Domenican habit, holding a dove, and round her veiled head is a wreath of white daisies. The Domenican habit is a white under-vest, with a black chasuble that goes over the back of the head, and falls in folds over the figure. The face is divinely beautiful; divine in ex-

pression, and perfectly beautiful in feature, with a pure, silvery color, like that of the dove she holds in her hands. The head inclines to the left a little. It is entrancing beauty combined with heavenly purity, and there is a something for which there are no words, in the deeply religious pictures of that age, before which we must bow in silence. It is something that transcends mortal capacity, and must have affected the artist as it affects us who look at his work. I cannot doubt that Perugino was awe-struck by this face and presence; for his prayer and his faith brought down from heaven into it, what was not in pencil or palette, nor in his own consciousness. To the great state of St. Columba's innocence, let kings bow their crowned heads. She is as inaccessible in her lily spotlessness as the moon riding in the blue abysses. Let the stars wait upon her as well. I am wholly baffled in trying to describe her, for she is ineffable.

We tried to find San Pietro in Martire, said to contain a famous Madonna of Perugino, but we could not succeed, and so we went to a height overlooking a grand sweep of mountain and vale, to watch the sun set, before dinner. The clouds were sultry, and we did not witness so fine a pageant as we expected, though it was worth looking at; and the snow-crested Apennines carried me off into dreamland. After dinner we thought we would go and watch the moon rise, but it became so cloudy we gave it up.

May 28th.—We tried to do without a guide to-day, but finally were obliged to submit to one, after several weary efforts to find places alone. We first strayed to an outlook, different to the one we found last evening, which commanded even a more magnificent scene; and while solacing ourselves with it, a young man saluted us, and asked if we wished to see the Sala di Cambio. As this was the identical "Sala" we had been seeking for an hour, we concluded to let him take possession of us, at least to the entrance of that.

I expected a very large hall, but it was a small and low apartment, long ago used as an exchange, but now left to the kings, prophets, sibyls, and gods of Perugino and Raphael. One compartment of the walls contains the six sibyls and six prophets, and the Eternal Father above them. On another are heroes and philosophers, with virtues enthroned over their heads. Opposite the door of entrance are the Nativity and Transfiguration. Cato is on one side of the door. On the roof are exquisite arabesques, and the gods, as the planets, in chariots drawn by nymphs, birds, and animals, Apollo in the midst. Among the prophets, Perugino has placed Raphael as David, the sweet singer of Israel. It is one of those portraits of Raphael which Perugino alone could paint, and Raphael alone could inspire. An infinite grace in the head and movement, a wondrous, princely beauty,—recalling his other portrait of Raphael in the great picture of the Resurrection in the

Pinacotheca of the Vatican. In that, he is one of the sleeping soldiers, his beautiful head reposing on one arm, and the profile of his face given. As David, he looks straight forward. A portrait of Perugino, by himself, hangs on a pilaster, between the kings and heroes. His Socrates is ideal. The beloved old snub nose is omitted. Indeed, all are ideal except Raphael, and he is ideal in his real beauty. A rich, sweet fancy it was that brooded and traced such forms and faces for these illustrious men—such as they ought to have, according to their historic fame. As to the roof, it is plain enough that Raphael held the pencil there. After seeing the loggie of the Vatican, I knew his cunning hand in those labyrinths of grace, wreaths of wild arabesques encircling the gods and goddesses—not wild "beyond the reach of art" and beauty of beauty. Who is like Raphael? He is the perfect flower of the old schools, the rose of past time, the opal of jewels. As we were about leaving most reluctantly, the custode of the hall invited us to enter what he called the chapel. It is small and covered with frescoes by Giannicola, and a Baptism of Christ by Perugino. There saints and doctors, all living, with fine expressions, and one sibyl of great beauty—the Persican, I think. A young artist was sitting there, copying the groups and single figures with a lead-pencil, in an extraordinary manner, and with the utmost fidelity. He, and others as accomplished and faithful, should be commissioned to save in

imperishable lines the vanishing masterpieces of fresco-painting, so that at least the designs and expression may not be lost, though the color elude seizure. There was some wood-carving in the Sala, but I do not know what it was, I was so absorbed by the frescoes; but as it was designed by Perugino, it must be worth study.

We then went to Sant Agostino, where are a good many oil-pictures by Perugino, but many of them much injured. Two, however, are entirely preserved. They hang on each side the entrance, one the Baptism, and the other the Nativity of Christ. Both are fine, but the Baptism pre-eminent. The figures of Christ and St. John are of delicate proportions and very graceful. John looks up to heaven as he is about to pour the water upon the sacred head. Christ looks down, with hands folded, I think, upon his breast. One such picture only ought to be seen in a day, and I have seen so many! I remember well the ecstatic reverence and joy of St. John as Christ bids him "fulfil all righteousness." One has "a shade the more," but both have a divine expression, and both are in fresh, early manhood. The holy dove opens the realms above, and behind each kneels or stands an angel. The angel attendant upon St. John is the most celestial of the two. When Perugino painted angels, I am sure they must have come down to him for portraiture, so wonderfully does he leave out time and sex, and give "Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow-

ers," in what can hardly be called human form, so dimmed has become "God's own image" in man.

In the Nativity, the Joseph is fine, and Mary most lovely, gazing in adoring wonder at the newly-born babe lying on the ground before them. We looked at all the works said to be by Perugino, or Pietro, as the old sacristan called him; for his name was Pietro Vanucci, and the cognomen he goes by is as if one said "the Perugian."

We tried to get into the Palazzo Staffa then, but that and the Palazzo Baldeschi were shut, and so we came home to go again after lunch with Ada in addition, as I felt very uneasy not to have her see all that we did. We told the guide to be at hand at half-past two—and he came duly, and we went first to the Church of San Francesco dei Conventuali. It was the hour of siesta, and the monks were so fast asleep that our guide found it difficult to rouse them; and meanwhile we were occupied in looking at a remarkable façade of the Confraternità of St. Bernard, by Agostino della Robbia. It is all in colored marbles, carved in figures of saints and angels, with wreaths of flowers and fruits, and every possible invention, as various as fancy could make them. At last an evil-looking friar appeared, and admitted us. We saw a martyred St. Sebastian, painted by Perugino when an old man; but I cannot characterize that, because all the pictures in that church are so completely extinguished by one on the right of the chief entrance. It is a large composi-

tion of several saints, St. Sebastian being one, and this St. Sebastian surpasses all other conceptions of him within my present experience. He is not here transfixed with arrows, but stands, in the prime splendor of youth, a perfect heroic form, in a rich corselet and sandals, like an archangel, and a marvellous helmet of open tracery, which I cannot forgive myself for not sketching, as it is altogether unique for airy elegance, unlike any other device that was ever put upon a head,—and now I have lost it forever. It presses lightly on the fair golden hair, and gives the crowning charm to a face so attractive and winning in its princely state, that in my heart I pronounced him the ideal cavalier, the gentlest, the bravest, the truest; while, added to all this, the hand of the master has sanctified him with heavenly grace, and he stands confessed a holy saint as well as a hero. It is a transfiguring of human elegance into divine beauty, such as I could not have conceived possible, and such as a Co-Raphaelite or a Pre-Raphaelite only could have delineated. I thought it must be St. George of Cappadocia, and insisted upon it; and that what they called an arrow was a spear; but the monk and guide objected, and I now find that Murray calls him St. Sebastian also. It afflicted me so much to know that I should never see him again, that I gazed with a trembling eagerness, and took no time to glance at the other saints.

There was, on the opposite side of the nave, an admirable copy of Raphael's Entombment, which I

could really bear to look at. The original belonged to this church, and I think it an unpardonable robbery of Paul V. to have taken it away, and put a copy in its place. He was a Prince Borghese, and stole it for his own palace, where I saw it in Rome. Why should a Pope steal any more than a private person? Does his position as Head of the Church make the crime less? I should think he, of all persons, should obey the commandments.

We went into the Sacristy to see some curious pictures by Pisanello of the life of St. Bernardin. They are composed of small figures in the costumes of Pisanello's times, which the guide said were "molte gentili." There was great spirit in the attitudes and heads, and I should have liked to examine them minutely, as I would Hogarth's, but there was no time for it.

We also went to Santa Maria Nuova, and of all I saw there, the archangel Gabriel, in an Annunciation, made most impression upon me. It is supposed to be by Bonfigli, the master of Perugino. The angel kneels, with hands folded upon the breast, in one of which is the branch of lilies. The beautiful, large lids are cast down, the face is very fair, the bend of the head most stately and graceful. Its presence makes a broad circle of light around, and while the celestial messenger pays homage, he also commands it, by the singular majesty of his bearing. Two lesser Princedoms wait upon his state behind. I see by this how Perugino was taught to paint arch-

angels and angels; but who taught Bonfigli? and must not religious faith have inspired both equally? After the mechanics and technics of the art were learned, sincere devotion effected the rest, I believe.

An Adoration of the Magi by Perugino, in his best manner, hangs beside this Annunciation, in which he has painted himself, and our guide and the priest had a fierce battle over it, disputing which was the portrait of the artist. The priest had a long pole in his hand to point with, and I began to fear they would proceed to batter one another, in the very presence of the infant Prince of Peace. The early style of Perugino is not so simple as the later one.

We then went to San Severo, to find Raphael's first fresco. It represents Christ, with saints below, and the Lord with angels above; but it is so very much defaced that we could not see it well. All that was visible showed the peerless hand, however.

This afternoon we found entrance into the Palazzo Conestabili Staffa, where is the celebrated Staffa Madonna of Raphael, a very small and exquisite picture, as highly finished as a miniature. The Prince has enclosed this most precious gem in a case, with thick plate-glass over it, locked with a padlock. I was well acquainted with it through a good copy of it in Rome, by Mr. Thompson; so good, that the Prince himself was highly pleased with it, and said it was the only worthy copy that had yet been made, and that no one before had caught the peculiar delicacy of the infant's head. Mary is reading,

and the child turns to look on the book, and puts his little hand on the open page. It is as perfect as a work of art can be; not one careless touch in it all. Mr. Thompson's copy is good, but what can be said of Raphael's creation? How could wise and great Mr. E. say such a preposterous thing as that it was just as well *not* to travel as to travel! and that each man has Europe in him, or something to that effect? No, indeed; it would be better if every man could look upon these wonders of genius, and grow thereby. Besides, after Mr. E. had been to Europe himself, how could he tell? Would he willingly have foregone all he saw in Italy? It was mere transcendental nonsense—such a remark.

A peace that passes all understanding breathes from this little picture. The lovely head of the young mother has the sky for background, and a delicate landscape stretches far away, with a fairy tree in the middle distance. The pure, noble, serene brow, the downcast lids—half-moons, fringed with shadows—the soft bloom of the oval cheeks, the mouth, gently closed in full, rich curves, as fresh as the dawn, all blended into an expression of earnest thought, combine to make this Madonna the Regina Angelorum. The wonderful face is crowned with a high head-dress, encircled with a glory; and the robe is deep crimson embroidered with gold, with a blue mantle. The elaborate finish of the group recalled to me the illuminated missal, of tiny size, which the Countess of Waldegrave showed me at

Nuneham Courtney, when we went to see her while we were at Oxford. It was the cunning work of Raphael, and the miniatures were as brilliant as jewels. The missal was not more than three inches square, and the pictures in it were in proportion. The diligence of Raphael seems superhuman, when I think of all he accomplished in so few years, in such a finished manner too—no hurry and no carelessness—and he himself so beautiful and sweet, that his creations were the inevitable flowering of his nature. He was the culmination of art. No one would dream or pretend to excel him, and to equal him who would succeed?

We saw in the Staffa Palace a beautiful Santa Rosa, by Sasso Ferrato. She is a Perugian saint, and in the Domenican habit, I think.

Our guide also took us to the University, where was nothing particularly interesting till we came to the Pinacotheca, but it was worth any amount of toil to see there the *chef-d'œuvre*, or one of the *chefs-d'œuvre*, of Pinturicchio, in which I saw at last a head and face of Christ which I entirely liked. He has bowed Himself and given up the ghost, but the glory of the soul still sheds light on the body which was so pure that it was almost spirit. In this, at last, I found consummate beauty without feebleness, noblest dignity with perfect grace, holiness with majesty, peace with strength. The apostle says we "are temples of the living God," but this was the only form which was worthy to be completely filled

with that Presence, and Pinturicchio has pictured it. I wonder I have never heard it spoken of. Alas! I am even now losing the vividness of it, and by and by I shall not recall it, I fear; but I will remember that it struck to my heart with its divine power, sweetness, and greatness. This is the artist who, in Rome, frames his Madonnas in cherubic heads—roses of God, whose calyces are wings; but many of the ancient masters were in the habit of embroidering the air with these flowers. They illumine the clouds also, as if to show that Our Father is present even in what seems to us to be shadows. What a tender manner of teaching this eternal truth! They also enrich the glories round the heads of saints,—beaming faces, that embody and make apprehensible to human perception the encircling, divine love that answers to faith and good works. If painters now were holy men, and dedicated their genius to heaven, perhaps angels and cherubs would still live to their imagination, and so to our eyes, through their pencils. But what watery, theatrical, unspiritual, impossible angels we have now-a-days!

In the University halls we saw a very singular work. I supposed it to be an engraving of Raphael's Belle Jardinière, but the custode told us that it was all composed of almost microscopically small words, written with a pen.

May 29th.—We went to Saint Domenico after breakfast to see St. Columba, and to pay the sharp,

ferret-eyed sacristan. The pilasters were hung with crimson-damask, in preparation for the festival of Corpus Christi, next Thursday. After looking long at the sculptured tomb of Benedict XI., which is a very celebrated work of the Renaissance, the sacristan, who had been assisting at mass, in St. Orsola's chapel, came to unveil St. Columba.

* * * * * *

We afterward found the Madonna of Perugino we had been searching for, in a palace, where it had been taken to be copied, and we were disappointed in it. Mary sits with the infant, and six monks kneel in white habits, each side of her. Perhaps it was not placed at advantage, but I could not find it so exquisite as it is described. Ada and I then set forth by ourselves to see the city, and suddenly we arrived at the Cathedral of St. Lorenzo, and thought we would go in to rest. A great Function was proceeding. A Cardinal was on his throne, and several prelates round him, and the altar was covered with gold sacramental vessels, and the organ-thunder was rolling through the great spaces, while a crowd of people stood about. The prelates were gorgeously arrayed in crimson cloth of gold. As they moved in the ceremony, at one instant they were flaming in Tyrian splendor, and at another glowing in creamy gold—so magically were their garments woven. I believe Mrs. Browning somewhere describes cloth of gold—but it is necessary to see it on moving forms, to estimate its magnificence. The Cardinal

Archbishop had a red and gold mitre on his head, and a gold crozier in his hand. It was a superb picture. There was a blessing of candles, as at Candlemas, and high mass was performed at the altar. The music was triumphant, and we did not understand what it all meant; but afterward we heard that at Easter this Cardinal was ill, so that to-day he was celebrating Easter! He was probably also ill at Candlemas, for he was celebrating that too.

Lake Thrasymene.

May 29th—Passignano.—Here is the battle-field of Hannibal and Flaminius. We arrived at this little town, on the immediate shore of the famous lake, at about five, and took a walk before dinner. Boatmen assailed us to row upon the water, but we thought it too late. The little children began to beg, and soon we counted forty beggars, all very merry and dirty, importunate and inodorous. Nothing we could do or say would disperse them. When we turned to go back, they all turned, but finally some soldiers drove them aside, so that we strolled beyond the inn, the other way, with some comfort. The lake is eight miles across in wide parts, and thirty miles in circuit. Low hills, rising often into high mountains, are on the shores for miles, and also extensive plains stretch away, level with the water, on one of which was the battle. Acres of olive-trees, emblems of peace, grow in all directions. The olive and the

grape, and waving fields of grain and grass, fill the scene with verdure and beauty and promises of plenty. We watched the sunset, and the soft tints purpling the hills. U. sat down on a rocky beach, and sketched the old town, which pitches headlong into the lake, a ruined castle making the background and apex. We found lovely plants, and it all seemed a dream of enchantment. J—— rushed to the beach, as the hart to the brook, to find his beloved shells. R. searched for her equally beloved flowers, and discovered a spike of new purple blossoms, such as we had never seen before.

We were served with a generous dinner, of which the poetical part was the course of fish from the classic lake, which we ate reflectingly. I felt as if I were a person in an ancient history of Rome. Hannibal's elephants were close at hand. The tent of Flaminius was pitched near by—alas for him! Memories of war, defeat, conquest, alternated with the deep peace of the present moment, with the vines and olives and fig-trees, the flocks and herds—the undisturbed grain waving, the birds singing roundelays, and the smooth waves lapsing to drown the distant tumult of war; so real and profound and wide the peace, so more and more ghostly and vanishing the battle. While I dreamed over the purple twilight, the moon rose opposite our windows. First a heap of clouds took fiery hues, like the reflection of a burning city, though rather more pink than red; and then the gold rim of the moon marked a

clear arc of a circle over the mountain. When it rose a little higher, a column of silver struck down from its full orb into the depths of the lake, and soon the whole atmosphere was flooded with white radiance. A still vaster peace rose with the moon to possess the earth. I will write to E. as the muse of history, before I sleep.

AREZZO.

May 30th.—We left Passignano this morning at six, and when we arrived at the Sanguinetto, the small river that ran blood, we all alighted from the carriage to look about us, and gather olive-branches and oak to weave into garlands—emblems, as U. happily said, of "Conquest sealed by Peace." On this spot the battle raged.

> "Far other scene is Thrasymene now—
> Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
> Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough,"

as Byron so fitly sings.

We soon left the Papal States, and entered Tuscany, and stopped to show our passport. A fee of ninety cents left our luggage reposing in its mountains of dust undisturbed—so wise and courteous is Tuscany; and we drove merrily on—I might say under Tuscan hats, for immediately these enormous disks appeared, forming vast backgrounds to the faces of the peasantry. While we were waiting

about the passport, I sketched the lake and one of its three islands—Isola Maggiore. We passed Camuscia and Cortona also, with its great church and convent of Santa Margherità, and I caught its outline in my little book. We ought to have visited it for its pictures and antiquities. It crowns a mountain, like so many cities we have seen. This is peculiarly interesting, and older than the siege of Troy, and it is the Corythus of Virgil. So now we came to Arezzo, the birthplace of a crowd of great men. We have been to see Petrarch's house and the Cathedral and Santa Maria della Piere, once the Temple of Bacchus. Petrarch's house has no appearance of antiquity, being kept in excellent repair. It is not a large edifice; and when Ada and I went to look at it a second time, a beautiful dove was perched upon the upper step of the door, and so tame that we approached quite near, without startling it. I thought of Laura, haunting the spot. Opposite, in the street, is Boccaccio's well, the scene of one of his stories. I sketched both, and also the dove. The Cathedral is very grand, and has the most superb painted glass—better than any in England. One circular window over the west front is particularly glorious; but so are all. One, "The Calling of Matthew," Vasari says, "must have descended from heaven to console man, for it never could have been painted on earth." Guillaume, of Marseilles, a French Domenican monk, was the artist. We saw also a shrine of marble, by Giovanni

di Pisa, celebrated for its wonderful beauty, illustrating the life of St. Donato. A row of angels standing in Gothic arches were especially beautiful.

Santa Maria della Piere presents a very remarkable façade to the street. There are three open arcades, with columns that differed each from the others—fifty-eight of them; and one column, for lack of another form being possible, is a caryatid. The Campanile is lofty, with five series of little pillars. We intended to see Vasari's picture of St. George, though I cannot believe he is a great artist; but it was veiled, and no sacristan appeared, and mass was being performed.

The streets of Arezzo were paved with large, flat stones of different shapes, but all nicely joined, like those of the Flaminian Way, and it has been a rest to walk upon them, after the long torture of the pointed Roman pavements. Honor to the Grand Dukes for this! The chief street has been thronged all the afternoon with the citizens, in their best Sunday array, children especially dressed gayly and trimly, like French children, with great bravery of crinoline and pinched waists. The public promenade, behind the Cathedral, is very pleasant, and commands a fine view.

On Petrarch's house is a long inscription on a slab, recounting his birth and fame, and so on many other houses there are inscriptions concerning the illustrious persons who were born and lived in them. The air of Arezzo was wholesome, and crea-

tive of great men, according to Michel Angelo, who was born at Caprese, near by.

This great hotel was doubtless once a fine palace, by the relics of old grandeur which remain. There is no end to ghostly corridors and unexpected doors, sudden staircases and traps in the walls, arcades, lofty apartments and covert nooks. But it is "faded splendor wan" now. And the style is also faded; for we are less well served here than at any previous hotel on the route. Hitherto, we have been agreeably disappointed in the inns and the fare. We have found them uniformly clean and comfortable, and excellent food provided. Indeed, from London to Rome, and from Rome to Arezzo, we have had no annoyance from Dogano, or anything, or anybody. There is not a thorn on the rose of our success.

III.

FLORENCE.

JUNE 5th.—We arrived here on the 31st of May, leaving Arezzo at six in the morning. We drove up the Via Fornace, and stopped at this Casa del Bello, which we had requested Mr. Powers to take for us. The portress said it was not taken yet, however, and so we proceeded to a hotel. In the evening Mr. Powers called to see us, and appointed an early hour in the morning for us to go and examine the apartment. We went to his studio, which is a suite of six or seven rooms, and he came across the street with us to the Casa del Bello (which is opposite his house), and we agreed to take it at once. It is a delightful residence. We have the first *piano*, which opens at the back upon a broad terrace, leading down into a garden full of roses, jessamine, orange and lemon trees, and a large willow-tree, drooping over a fountain in the midst. We have thirteen rooms on the one *piano*, besides four kitchen-rooms beneath. The Casa is three rooms wide, and four deep—(*five* in one of the rows)—and we are, each one, perfectly accommodated, and each one can be

alone and remote from the others. It is the very luxury of comfort. I have selected the best of the three parlors for the study. It is hung with crimson velvety hangings, and the doors are draped in that graceful way they have in Europe; and the windows, of course, are curtained,—for there is not a window on this side the ocean undraped, I believe. It has an ormolu table, two couches, four stuffed easy-chairs, candelabras, chandelier, and a Turkey carpet (an unusual grace). It gives upon the garden, and there is no sound but "bird-voices" that can reach it;—the very ideal of a study, such as the "artist of the Beautiful" ought to have, but which till now he has not found. * * * * *

I am sitting in an enchanting boudoir, a *gabinetto.* * * * * The only light is through a glass door which opens upon the terrace. Green trees and shrubbery only can be seen as I sit, excepting small glimpses of sky and gold sunshine, and four or five busts, arranged along the side of the terrace. A thatched rustic bower is constructed in one part, with rustic chairs and tables, where one can read, write, and meditate. Down in the garden are other bowers, seats, and tables. A small, delicate rose-vine is trained over the iron tracery that guards the outer side of the terrace. In the centre of our *piano* is a drawing-room that can never be too warm; for its only great window looks upon an inner court where the sun never shines. And we have a star to our servant; for Stella is her name.

On the first day I walked out, and saw the outside of the Pitti Palace,—a vast prison of a palace, grim and hard in its aspect. I saw also Benvenuto Cellini's Perseus, in the Loggia de' Lanzi. I had seen a fine cast of it at the Crystal Palace, and could hardly conceive that I stood before the original. I passed over a bridge, and saw other beautiful bridges spanning the Arno, and the city rising around; but I was very tired after the journey, and have stayed at home, since we have had a home again. I was amused to find I could rest in fifteen easy-chairs, disposed about the rooms. There were so many, that I was induced to count them.

Our approach to Florence, toward the sunset, was perfectly lovely. It reposes in the hollow of many mountains and hills; and its glorious Dome and Campanile, arched bridges and palaces, make a rare picture. The atmosphere was so clear that we saw the lofty Apennines pointing into the sky, and there was a purply-gold splendor over-all.

Mr. Powers is agreeably simple in his manners, with wonderful great eyes. In his studio, that first morning, I had hurried glimpses of a bust of Mr. Sparks, California, and Mrs. Ward, and a Psyche, with a butterfly as a jewel, clasping the bands of her hair—Proserpine, and many more, all of which I shall be truly glad to contemplate at leisure.

June 6th.—After tea last evening, just at set of sun, we went out for a walk, and promenaded the

whole length of the Via Fornace, and my soles were greatly consoled by the broad flat pavement. All the world was in the street in the warm, rosy twilight. At the end of the Via we came upon a bridge which crosses the Arno, and a scene of varied beauty opened upon us. The river was smooth as plate-glass, and all of Florence that was near it ascended, or rather descended into the pure depths of the heaven beneath. It was not possible to tell where the immaterial city began and the material city ended. All the arches of the bridges became complete ovals. The thronging crowds, whether they would or no, became spiritual beings, with bonnets, hats, and crinolines; and horses that could never be whipped nor be weary—and carriages that never would raise the dust—passed in glory below. On the sunset side were golden tints; but our way tended in the opposite direction, and we were soon swallowed up between tall houses on our quest of the Duomo. I had never happened to hear this Duomo described, so that I had not the slightest notion of it, and it struck me as an undreamed-of wonder. First the Campanile! Campanile and cathedral both appeared to be covered with precious marbles—vast mosaics. As the inside of the church is quite plain, J—— declared that "it was turned outside in." It was so late, we merely glanced within, but I had enough to do to look at the exterior. We walked entirely round it, as it is in the centre of a piazza, and so we gained an idea of its immense

size, as we cannot of St. Peter's, which is seen only on the front, and is also dwarfed by the vast square, on one side of which it stands. It is, besides, built of unornamented, buff travertine. This inlaying, or rather outlaying of various marbles in patterns has a gorgeously-rich effect. The forms of the building have also a Gothic diversity, though perhaps there is a certain regularity in the diversity which I did not at once detect. The windows are of Gothic shape, and full of painted glass, which U—, who has been inside, says is superb. All the doors are carved outside with heads of Bishops, Cardinals, Popes, and perhaps Grand Dukes. The dome is the largest in the world. I like to record the well-known fact, that when Michel Angelo set forth for Rome to build St. Peter's, he looked back at this, and said, "Like it I will not—better I cannot." As we walked round, the cathedral seemed to extend indefinitely, like a city in itself, enabling me to perceive its size most satisfactorily.

I should not have supposed that a square tower could be beautiful; but the Campanile is exceedingly so,—all in mosaic, like the Duomo, and nearly three hundred feet high. It rises alone, quite disconnected from the cathedral, and is at the same time grand and beautiful. One of my peerless old masters, Giotto, was its architect, and he designed to have a flame-like spire on its summit. I do not know why it is not there; for I think it would be better even than it is now, if it climbed into the

heavens like fire—though to add to it would be like "painting the rose," and certainly no one should dare to finish Giotto's work. As he left it, so let it remain. How can it have such indefinable grace—a straight tower as it is? Giotto must have diffused his spirit through the stones and lines. One of its bells rang out as we passed—a deep, round, liquid sound, which immediately made me think of the bulbul's note. It was music, dropped through water, —a novel, peculiar, and a sublime tone, worthy of Giotto's Campanile. It was as if the great dome itself had rolled from the soul of its artist, a pure globe of melody, and dropped singing into the sea of space.

The Baptistery is opposite the Cathedral, and I looked a moment at the gate which Michel Angelo said was worthy to be the gate of Paradise. I was well acquainted with the design from the admirable bronzed cast of it in the Crystal Palace; but in the deep twilight I could not see it distinctly.

We returned by the way of the Piazza del Gran Duca, and passed the Palazzo Vecchio, with its strange old tower, bulging out near the top into a balcony. In front of it are statues, all colossal, and one of them is Michel Angelo's David, and there is a noble equestrian statue of Cosmo de Medici. It is a relief not to see P. M. after every name—*post-master*, as some one used always to read it. The Grand Dukes will be quite a pleasant change after the Pontifex Maximus.

On another side of the Piazza are three lofty

arches of a wide, high loggia, close upon the Uffizzi Palace. Beneath it are statues. On the left of this magnificent Portico we entered the court of the Palace, through which the world passes to the Arno. Stately open arcades extend along on each side, which, by day, are filled with gay merchandise; but at this hour they were empty and solemn, and sentinels were pacing up and down. It must be a nice place to shop, on a hot or rainy day. Between the arches are niches, in which stand marble statues of Florentine heroes, artists, statesmen, and poets; and above are the halls, where we are to wander and muse on masterpieces of genius.

As we issued from the dim shade of the court, the golden light and the transparent mirror of the Arno burst upon us like a symphony, and now our way was toward the west, still glowing, with one star brilliant over the central arch of a bridge, making the apex of an invisible pyramid. All being reflected, there was also a pyramid below, each pointed by the star, so that the ovals of the arches and the pyramids were in a lovely struggle together.

The Lung-Arno was lighted with gas along its whole extent, making a cornice of glittering gems, converging in the distance, and the reflection of the illuminated border below made a fairy show. No painting, and scarcely a dream could equal the magical beauty of the scene. Florence is as enchanting as I expected. It is a place to live and be happy in—so cheerful, so full of art, and *so well paved.*

It is delicious weather to-day, and the air is full of the songs of birds. The merlins are in choir over against our terrace, in a wood of the Torrigiani Gardens. The marble busts, on their pedestals, seem to enjoy themselves in the bosky shade. The green lizards run across the parapet, and to exist is a joy. J. is drawing Pericles, in his little study, from a fine photograph of the marble of the Vatican. U. is reading Tennyson, looking moony in white muslin. R. is playing with Stella, who is very good, though not as bright as a star. Mr. H. is luxuriating down in the garden, buried up in roses and jessamine. "If the air stirs, it can only be by two contending butterflies," as Jean Paul says.

Generally, in these palatial houses, there is a *rez chaussée* first, then an *entresol,* and then what is called the first *piano,* and so on to the top. In this is no *entresol.* We enter a great arched door into a hall, along which pots of flowers are set, leading straight into the garden, whose delicious green shrubbery we see through an open iron gate. On the left of the entrance is the lodge of the porter. Midway on the right is the great staircase, and farther on there are other rooms for servants and stores. The legend of this Casa del Bello is, that there was a chief of the house so beautiful—the handsomest man in Florence —that he acquired the sobriquet of Il Bello.

June 7th.—Yesterday I was interrupted in writing by the announcement of Mr. Powers. He made us

a delightful and edifying call, of more than two hours. He expounded his ideas of form, and said that color was nothing needful to expression. He seemed to think there were no good busts, except that of Caracalla, and he said Canova always modelled himself.

June 8th.—We have been to the hotel New York, to call on the Bryants—

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and afterward Mrs. Powers took me to see Casa Guidi, and the palace of Bianca Capella, the bronze boar, and other things. We crossed the Ponte de St. Trinità, and the Arno was pale green, very grateful to the eyes after the yellow muddy color of the Tiber; but I should not like to hear any one speak slightingly of the Tiber.

June 8th.—This day has been memorable by my seeing Mr. and Mrs. Browning for the first time. At noon Mr. Browning called upon us. * * * * His grasp of the hand gives a new value to life, revealing so much fervor and sincerity of nature. He invited us most cordially to go at eight and spend the evening, * * * * * and so at eight we went to the illustrious Casa Guidi. We found a little boy in an upper hall, with a servant. I asked him if he were Pennini, and he said "Yes." In the dim light he looked like a waif of poetry, drifted up into the dark corner, with long, curling, brown hair,

and buff silk tunic, embroidered with white. He took us through an ante-room, into the drawing-room, and out upon the balcony. In a brighter light he was lovelier still, with brown eyes, fair skin, and a slender, graceful figure. In a moment Mr. Browning appeared, and welcomed us cordially. In a church near by, opposite the house, a melodious choir was chanting. The balcony was full of flowers in vases, growing and blooming. In the dark blue fields of space overhead, the stars, flowers of light, were also blossoming, one by one, as evening deepened. The music, the stars, the flowers, Mr. Browning and his child, all combined to entrance my wits. Then Mrs. Browning came out to us—very small, delicate, dark, and expressive. She looked like a spirit. A cloud of hair falls on each side her face in curls, so as partly to veil her features. But out of the veil look sweet, sad eyes, musing and far-seeing and weird. Her fairy fingers seem too airy to hold, and yet their pressure was very firm and strong. The smallest possible amount of substance encloses her soul, and every particle of it is infused with heart and intellect. I was never conscious of so little unredeemed, perishable dust in any human being. I gave her a branch of small pink roses, twelve on the stem, in various stages of bloom, which I had plucked from our terrace vine, and she fastened it in her black-velvet dress with most lovely effect to her whole aspect. Such roses were fit emblems of her. We soon returned to the drawing-

room—a lofty, spacious apartment, hung with gobelin tapestry and pictures, and filled with carved furniture and objects of vertù. Everything harmonized—Poet, Poetess, child, house, the rich air and the starry night. Pennini was an Ariel, flitting about, gentle, tricksy, and intellectual—but it rather disturbed my dream "of the golden prime of the good Haroun Alraschid," to have a certain Mr. and Mrs. E. come in, and then Mr. B. and his daughter. Mr. B. is always welcome to the eye, with his snow-drift of beard and hair, and handsome face; but he looked too inflexible and hard for that society. The three poets, Mr. Browning, Mr. B., and Mr. Hawthorne, got their heads together in a triangle, and talked a great deal, while Mrs. E. told me what an angel Mrs. Browning is; and Mr. E. talked to Ada, who looked charmingly, in white muslin and blue ribbons—her face a gleam of delight, because she was so glad to be at Casa Guidi. Tea was brought and served on a long, narrow table, placed before a sofa, and Mrs. Browning presided, assisted by Mrs. E. We all gathered at this table. Pennini handed about the cake, graceful as Ganymede. Mr. Browning introduced the subject of spiritism, and there was an animated talk. Mr. Browning cannot believe, and Mrs. Browning cannot help believing. They kindly expressed regret that they were going to the seaside in a few weeks, since we were to stay in Florence, and hoped to find us here on their return. Mrs. Browning wished me to take U. to see her, and

Mr. Browning exclaimed, "You must send Pennini to see their boy—such a fine creature! with eyes kindling—Pennini must see him, and the little R., a dearest little thing." This I record for my children's sake, hereafter.

Uffizzi and Pitti Palaces.

June 9th.—To-day U., Ada, and I went to the Uffizzi and Pitti Palaces. I have now taken my first glance at the Venus dē Medici, Raphael's Fornarina, Titian's Venus, Julius Second, the Madonna della Seggiola and dell' Impannata. We were very deliberately going through with the Uffizzi, when we met Mr. Rothermel, who said that this was the only day when the apartments of the Grand Duke could be seen at the Pitti Palace, and he counselled us to go. It was now one o'clock, yet, having no conception what unheard-of splendors might be in store for us there, we concluded to brave the noon sun, and go. The loggie of the great court were hung with superb gobelin tapestries, and crimson silk and gold, and the balconies were draped with the same. One of the tapestries was Raphael's Heliodorus, filling the end of a loggia, as brilliant as color could make it. The story of Esther was on one whole side, and on the pilasters, between the open arches, were narrow groups, all of the gobelin arras.

Besides the Great Cortile, there was another smaller one, entered by a corridor, which was adorned with tapestry of the same kind, and this little court

also blazed with red and gold, and woven pictures. It was all good to behold, but Mr. Rothermel was mistaken about the ducal apartments, which cannot be seen till to-morrow, and so we returned to the picture galleries again. Yet no sooner were we there, than Mrs. Mountford came up to say that they were making a flower-carpet in the Great Court, which we must see in its first freshness, and, very grateful to her, we immediately hurried down. To be sure, twenty or more men were at work, weaving a wonderful tissue, composed of petals of flowers, and leaves of box. The pattern was carefully chalked upon the flat flag-stones, and the men were rapidly filling in the forms with separate colors. Each of their baskets contained petals of one hue, and they, being perfectly instructed in what they were to accomplish, moved about, scattering blue, or red, or purple, or yellow petals in each defined division, so quickly and accurately, that like a vision, the gorgeous carpet soon was spread over the stones. Its life was preserved bright and fresh by the continual sprinkling of water from many watering-pots, which also made the petals heavy, so that the breeze would not blow them out of their places. The fragrance was delicious, and can anything be fancied more preciously beautiful than such a carpet? for its evanescence, in this case, added to its value. Such prodigality of richness just for a few hours—at the expense of so much toil! It was like carving and painting for the Lord, with the single purpose of worship;

for it was Corpus-Christi day, and the body of the Saviour was to pass over it—and the procession would inevitably destroy all the cunning workmanship. Thousands of wax-candles, in prismatic chandeliers, and in candelabras, placed in front of mirrors, with crystal pendants, were to light up the scene. As these chandeliers, composed of prisms, vibrated, they reflected the crimson tints of the surrounding silk hangings, and so looked like rubies flashing, even by daylight.

I was sorry to find the Venus de Medici with so many other sculptures and pictures. I always thought it had been alone in the Tribune, or nearly so, with only Raphael's Fornarina and Titian's Venus. But it is crowded, and its outline interrupted by all kinds of background. Yet its beauty equalled my hopes, and I can scarcely say more. It is not in such perfect, unsullied condition as the Apollo, but is evidently an Olympian like him, and the dignity of a goddess is in her air. By a cunning art in the modelling of the eyes, a singular depth and indrawing sweetness is given to the expression, and an effect of motion, as from the action of long lashes, or the glimmering of water,—wholly unprecedented in any other sculptured eyes I have seen before. It gives an irresistible attraction to the face. At the same time the loftiness of her mien makes a too familiar approach impossible. The slight bend of the figure suggests the immortal curve of which Ruskin speaks, while the erect line of the brow gives a commanding

aspect. Bernini has put on some of his ranting hands, and the fingers are singularly contorted, bending in and out in an extravagant manner. He should never have meddled with anything Greek—especially, he should never have touched the statue that

"enchants the world."

No cast or copy conveys any idea of it to the eye of one who has not seen it. Life, emotion, instant thought, vary it every moment,—a movement in perpetual rest. The soul of the artist must have been of kindred delicacy, or he could not have so clothed it with maidenly modesty. This modesty becomes a complete veil, and it is an evidence that the inward sentiment is all that is essential, and no outward condition whatever, to show the character;—*character*—that mysterious entity that no covering can hide and no nudity expose, for it is a presence that nothing can modify. Now I have seen the most beautiful Apollo, the most beautiful Minerva, and the most beautiful Venus in the world. I have heard that the Venus of Milo is thought more noble. But in the Venus we want Beauty—not Nobleness—to predominate. Pure nobleness is for Minerva. The Goddess of Beauty certainly should win and enchant, not strike with awe, except that there must always be a degree of awfulness in such purity as this expresses. But I have seen the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, and she looks proud and not quite amiable. There is grandeur in her mien and a noble beauty

in her form; but she has not an attractive, irresistible fascination. I looked at it for hours, and having heard that the motive of the design had not yet been discovered, I set about trying to find it out. I tried so vehemently, that for a long time I was wholly at a loss; but suddenly glancing at it without purpose, I thought I plainly saw what the action was. As both arms are gone, it was at first difficult to perceive, but I am sure that she is taking the apple from Paris. There is disdain in her air and curled lips, that any question should have arisen concerning the pre-eminence of her claim; and an assurance, also, that Paris would not hesitate. Easy, haughty triumph is in the attitude and look—almost a scornful smile, which must have been highly exasperating to the irascible Juno. The moment I saw it all, I wondered that there could ever have been a doubt about the intention of the artist, and now I wish I could know, undeniably, whether I am right or wrong. She seems to be drawing back a little, while she extends her hand for the prize, as if she inwardly despised to accept the proof of so self-evident a thing as her superior beauty. The Venus de Medici has more winning sweetness and unconscious charm, I think.

I next searched for Raphael's Fornarina, which I immediately found, and a man was attempting to copy it. How worse than foolish it is for any one to try to copy Raphael! Always the touch divine is omitted—the soul, the meaning are not seized, and

all are deceived by the copyists, who do not see the original picture. This Fornarina exceeds my expectations even, for, though I thought I should find rich beauty, I did not suppose, from copies and engravings, that there was such purity of expression in the exquisite mouth. The Fornarina of the Barberini Palace I never liked, as I have elsewhere recorded. She is bold, saucy, and earthly, though not so full in form as this. This has a sumptuous fulness. The eyes are sweet and arch, the cheeks like pomegranates for richness of color, and it has the depth of hues of Titian or Piombo; yet, with all the glory of tint and roundness of proportions, there is the delicacy and vernal sentiment of womanhood, which Titian never attained, and Raphael alone fully rendered. In copies, I have thought it an entirely handsome person, rather robust and buxom. In the original, the face transfigures the rest. She is beautiful and lovable, spirited, warm, tender, and strong, glowing with Italian sunshine in perfect bloom. Of this wonderful picture the copyist was making a vulgar woman.

After two nearly complete exhaustions upon these masterpieces, I was arrested by another, a Madonna with the Infant and St. John. It resembles Raphael's early manner. There is a trace of Perugino in its color and expression, but it is Raphael, and no other possible person who painted the picture. It is a sacred face of maternity—woman, without a shadow of earth upon her, with something of the

delicate tints of Fra Angelico's angels. The lids are cast down; for her eyes rest upon the blessed Child. Her serene brow is like a cloudless dawn, and her pale gold hair around it like a faint, amber cloud, which the unrisen or invisible sun is suffusing with light. Not even the first of her seven sorrows has yet disturbed the peace of her lovely mouth. Titian's Venuses, after this and the marble Venus, were really intolerable, positively disagreeable to me—nay, really indecent; for they are not goddesses—not womanhood—not maternity—not maidenhood, but nude female figures.

I did not really see anything in the Tribune this morning excepting the Venus de Medici, the Fornarina, Raphael's Madonna, and Titian's Venuses. Oh yes; I saw the Slave Whetting his Knife—a powerful, earnest, truthful form and face, but a singular subject for sculpture. It must have a significance not yet fancied or understood.

I remember particularly to-day a marble bust of Lorenzo the Magnificent, which is monstrous in ugliness; and afterward I saw an oil picture of him, equally repulsive. The face is clever, but very evil. A bold, bad man he looks to have been. How my dream of this prince is dispelled! To be sure, the Medici were no princes, but doctors originally, and Sismondi gives no good character of Lorenzo; yet I supposed him grand and comely in appearance. The degree to which ugliness culminates in these old civilizations is fearful and suggestive. Ages of

crime sometimes seem to be concentrated in one countenance. The baby Nero, however, whom I saw to-day, looked innocent, and opposite the infant-bust was the full-grown Emperor, revolting to behold, as if it needed but one life to develop the depravity. The inherited tendencies of the babe were doubtless downward, and his mother did not win him upward, but drove him deeper into sin as he grew older. Yet Nero, at his worst, looks like a great self-indulgent, pampered boy, while Lorenzo is, apparently, an incarnation of complicated, well-planned wickedness, and when only a week old he could hardly have had a sweet and guileless expression.

The Madonna della Seggiola surpasses entirely all the copies in oil and all engravings. An artist was at work before it, and had succeeded a little with the infant Christ; but had wholly missed the young mother. In the faces of this masterpiece there is a singular pensiveness—not so profound and sublime as in the Dresden Madonna; but a tender, meditative, shadowed sentiment—delicate, fine, and pathetic. Mary may be musing over the mysterious words of Simeon; and the loving caress with which she bends her cheek to the child, and clasps him so closely, seems to express, "He is mine—take him not from me! Let not that sword separate us, O Lord!" Yet there is also an all-absorbing content in the attitude and glance—a certainty of bliss so great that the fear may arise that it cannot last.

There is far more prophecy of the worship of sorrow in the face of Jesus than in that of Mary, and the rapture of love in little John's eyes is suffused with tearfulness. The babe is grand. In the Madonna is a penetrating sweetness that I believe I have seen in no other, though I had thought there could be no more complete expression of it than in some of his other Holy Families. This is sweeter than the sweetest, and distances all hope of imitation. Somewhere the drawing, the color, the life, fail in all copies. So many are the applicants to paint this picture that they are five years deep. Every day I grow more and more amazed at the genius of Raphael. It gets to be miraculous. This work transcends any power I possess of conveying it to the mind of another. My words seem poor rags, with which I endeavor to clothe the idea—heaps of rags—the more I try, the larger the heaps. At each separate one of his works I exclaim, "What! another new face!"—which I instantly perceive must be Raphael's, yet as new as each separate soul is new, and unlike all other souls. Color, form, expression, grace—each equal to each, and all best. What an eye, what a hand, what a heart, and what an intellect must his have been, and how we know him at once, though there is no mannerism in his style! We know him, because he is superior to all, and there is no fault. We may find some lesser or greater shortcomings in others; but Raphael cannot be criticised. We only must be thankful that we have eyes to see what he

has done, and some degree of capacity to appreciate it.

Let me not forget to record, however, another wonder I met with to-day—Fra Angelico's Madonna and Child, of life-size, surrounded with angels in choir. It is in three parts—a tryptich—and on the folding-doors are saints. The backgrounds are gold. The wreath of angels, each one with a different instrument of music, and one, over Mary's head, with hands folded in prayer, are worthy of the holy Friar. I do not know in what he dips his pencil, unless in the rainbow; but the robes of this celestial band are glorious in color: gold circles are round their heads, fretted with points that catch the light—a brighter gold than gold. Their hair is still another shade, and their instruments also are gold, and their wings purple and crimson and azure, mingled with plumes of shining gold. The hues of their faces have his peculiar transparency and softness of tint; and it must be the complexion of celestial beings, for there is no earth in it. The grace, splendor, and state of this garland of divine choristers give an idea of the heavenly world, which Fra Angelico alone reveals. The Virgin Mary sits in the centre, with the babe standing upon her knees, with both little arms extended in blessing. From his fair face and blue eyes suns seem to radiate and actually dazzle. He is the Sun of Righteousness, delineated with the pencil of a mortal saint, and this Sun is all made up of Love—good-will to man. How can any one be-

lieve in an angry, avenging Deity who looks upon this true revelation of the Father? How paltry are words in the presence of such an apocalypse of boundless grace to all! Two artists were each copying an angel, and their backgrounds being fresh gold just laid on, showed how gorgeous the original picture must have been when first executed. When Fra Angelico first unfolded the doors of the tryptich, the beholder must have thought the heavens opened upon him, with the sound of sackbut, psaltery, harp, and soft recorders, blown by the breath and touched with the fingers of glorious angels, in accompaniment to the world-wide blessing, that blazes in starry beams from the countenance of the EXPRESS IMAGE OF HIS FATHER.

At the Pitti Palace I saw two Holy Families of Murillo, in his peasant style. One is quite the peasant—the other is somewhat transfigured, and the eyes are musing, absent, and dreamy—the expression most pure and sweet. The child is a lovely little baby, but not the infant Christ. The "Bella" of Titian is rich in color, with a neck and bosom of exquisite beauty, but the Venetian school has, I think, no spirituality. It is all sense, with whatever sense can manifest of magnificence and sumptuousness—not one ray from heaven, however, by any chance. So my observation has been, thus far.

June 10th.—We went to the Pitti this morning early, to see the tapestries in the great court, and

the wrecks, perhaps, of the flower-carpet; and also, if possible, the Grand Ducal private apartments. Nearly all the arras had been removed, and the flower-carpet was utterly gone; but we gained admittance into the palace:—first, into the Entrance Hall of Stuccoes, long, wide, and lofty—the walls and arched ceilings covered with stucco figures and ornaments of every device. In the centre, a door upon the right admitted us into another ante-room, equally lofty, and not so large, entirely painted in fresco by Porchetti (or Porcetti); but the custode did not tell us what subjects were illustrated. Now the guard took out his keys, and unlocked a door and ushered us into a bedchamber, high, but small, —the walls hung with satin damask of deep dahlia-red, illumined with lines of bright gold. The bed, doors, and windows were hung with the same material. It is a fine custom of these southern kingdoms to drape the doors with sweeping folds. It probably obtains all over Europe.

The next room was hung with gobelin tapestry—one whole side a charming scene of gardening and husbandry, carried on by a troup of little genii of loveliest baby-forms and sweet faces, all full of earnestness, and as busy as so many bees. They made labor soar and sing. The brilliant, fresh coloring, the careful drawing, and living expression of these tapestries amazed me; for the softest, round cheek is rendered as by enamel-painting. Several apartments followed one another, filled with similar

beautiful hangings—sometimes landscapes ; and one was particularly delicate in its aerial perspective. In England, and even in Rome, the arras we saw was always somewhat faded ; but these were as radiant as if this moment woven. Every room contained tables of Florentine mosaic, in pietra dura, as well as of the most precious marbles ; and superb cabinets of ebony, with small columns of oriental alabaster and of lapis-lazuli, and of the rare Blue John (which however is purple)—inlaid with flowers, birds, and shells, composed of pearls and gems, in infinitely varied devices, and with no end of beauty. Each cabinet differed from every other in form, and they were of all varieties of substance. The flowers can never fade that are composed of jewels and marbles —lilies, passion-flowers, roses, jessamines, morning-glories, trailing in long vines with lapis-lazuli petals, forget-me-nots of turquoise, and other blossoms of earth, together with birds of the air, involved in graceful arabesques, winding and wreathing about. After the tapestries ceased, velvet and satin-damask took their place, so thick and solid that my hand could scarcely clutch it. It had the thickness and richness of Genoa velvet, with the sheen of the satin added—woven into flowers and leaves, like embossed work. Just fancy the walls made up of this gorgeousness, and full, trailing curtains at all the doors and windows.

At last we came to the chamber of the Grand Duchess. The bed was hung with white satin,

heavily embroidered with gold—the satin seeming to be an eighth of an inch in thickness. The walls, windows, and doors were draped with light-blue satin and gold—as well as the chairs and couches. On the toilet, were candlesticks entirely of flowers in wreaths, in enamel. A chandelier of the same design hung from the centre of the frescoed ceiling. A *prie-dieu*, near the bed, was inlaid with pietra dura and gems, and cushioned with white satin rayed with gold. But the dressing-room! On a marble table, of Greek form, stood a small gothic-shaped glass, framed in enamelled flowers. Tabourets of white satin, embroidered with flowers, stood against the walls, which were encased in azure damask. And so we went on, in splendid mazes lost, till we opened upon an ante-room or hall of audience, and then I supposed we were at the end. But behold! the custode unlocked another door, and we began upon a suite of winter-apartments, which were carpeted. Our feet seemed sinking in deep moss, and we crushed down fresh blooming flowers at every step. Hitherto we had walked over marble and inlaid floors. Now, each room showed a new variety of carpet—a new color for groundwork, and new designs elaborated upon it. In each was also a clock of some rare device. One was made entirely of gold and Blue John. Some were of gold and oriental alabaster, and all were clicking. One struck while we were near by, and it was like fairy music. The cabinets seemed to become more and more

superb, and the tables richer, as we went on. In the Grand Duke's bedroom hung the only oil painting we saw, a Madonna by Carlo Dolce, a replica of the original one, in the Borghese Palace in Rome, entirely different from any other Madonna, very beautiful and highly finished. Wonderful eyes has the Virgin, with tender, deep shadows, as from long lashes. I liked it extremely at Rome, but this is more lovely still. The *prie-dieu* here was particularly exquisite, in Florentine mosaic, and one table in the room had marvellous groups of faces and figures, inlaid. Inlaying certainly can go no further than in this Florentine work. The walls of all the winter-suite were covered with satin and velvet damask—one was again entirely azure. At the close, we entered upon a hall surrounded with marble statues, in niches, where, I think, the custode said the Academy of Arts hold meetings, and this opened upon a cabinet of antique sculpture—one Apollo there greatly resembling our friend the Count O'S. And now we had really finished the circuit. * * * * * *

At one o'clock I took U. and R. to Casa Guidi, to see Mrs. Browning. She does not see people till eight in the evening, but as R. is fast asleep at that hour, she requested me to come at one with her. We rang a great while, and no one answered the bell, but presently a woman came up the staircase and admitted us; but she was surprised that we expected to see Mrs. Browning at such a time. I gave her my credentials, and so she invited us to follow her in.

We found the wondrous lady in her drawing-room, very pale, and looking ill, yet she received us affectionately, and was deeply interesting, as usual. She took R. into her lap, and seemed to enjoy talking to and looking at her, as well as at U. She said, "Oh how rich and happy you are to have two daughters, a son, and such a husband!" Her boy was gone to his music-master's, which I was very sorry for, but we saw two pictures of him. Mrs. Browning said he had a vocation for music, but did not like to apply to anything else any more than a butterfly, and the only way she could command his attention was to have him upon her knees, and hold his hands and feet. He knows German pretty well already, and Italian perfectly, being born a Florentine. * * * I was afraid to stay long, or to have Mrs. Browning talk, because she looked so pale, and seemed so much exhausted, and I perceived that the motion of R.'s fan distressed her. I do not understand how she can live long, or be at all restored while she does live. I ought rather to say that she lives so ardently that her delicate earthly vesture must soon be burnt up and destroyed by her soul of pure fire.

Soon after five I took R. to the Boboli gardens. They are open to the public two days in the week. We soon found a lake with swans, and R. did not wish to go a step farther, and so I sat down on a marble seat, while she watched the majestic creatures. The grounds extend for an immense distance, and include hill, plain and valley, groves, avenues,

lawns, fountains, lakes, islands, statues, flowers, conservatories—impenetrable shades and sunny open spaces—extensive views from the heights—temples, bowers, grottoes—in short, "enormous bliss" of every green, flowery, and bosky kind. They are the gardens of the palace, and have an entrance from the piazza in front, as well as this other entrance, nearer to our Casa del Bello. In the swans' lake was a rough rock, upon which sat a marble Ariadne, stretching out her fair arms wildly for help against a horrible green dragon, who was creeping out of the water on one side, while an enormous frog—probably antediluvian—was opening his jaws upon her from the other. * * * * * *

June 12th.—We set forth for the Pitti Gallery this morning, and first went into Mrs. Powers' to leave R. for a visit. We found Mr. Powers, and had a very interesting call. He took us into all his many rooms, and gave us a great deal of instruction in the human face and form. I was surprised to find that he never models his ideal heads and statues in clay, but cuts them out of plaster, so that his models never crumble, and can be brought to any degree of perfection he chooses. He had a figure of Milton's Penserosa, with "looks commercing with the skies," of the heroic size, and very majestic and impressive —an extraordinary light in the eyes—a rapturous gleam, which one would not have supposed possible to give without the iris and the sheen of color. But

his belief and theory is that every effect can be given by pure form, and he seems to prove it very well. He has studied anatomy, and observed nature most carefully, and thinks he has found truth upon which to stand and work and expound. He says he not only can render the glance of the eyes, but indicate the direction of the beam, so that one can put one's self in the line of sight and meet the look. Perhaps we thought the iris was only a part of the smooth surface of the ball, and, to show us the contrary, he closed his lids and moved the iris back and forth beneath them, and we saw immediately that it was raised from the ball and moved, a perceptible globe, over it. Therefore, whenever the iris might be upon the ball, it would slightly raise the lid in that spot, and this should always be attended to in modelling, for it indicated the position and direction of the glance. He said, also, that the elevation or depression of the lachrymal gland showed the way the eye turned, and he bade us look at his own. We saw that if he looked to the right, the little gland in the corner of the eye, next the nose, was higher in the right eye and depressed in the left, and that very seldom was this gland modelled at all, instead of being carefully distinguished. His own ideal busts proved his laws, all obeyed; and, under the light of his expositions, it was very interesting to examine them anew. He told us also that the skin round the mouth was knitted over the lips in its own cunning way, separating the roseate color from the white

cuticle. This he found in nature, but never found it imitated in sculpture till he did it himself. The ear, also, he said, was generally neglected, while it was a very beautiful part, when well formed; and the ears of his own heads proved how exquisite it could be. W. S. had said that Mr. Powers had but one type, and there was no variety in his ideal faces and forms. I found this to be quite an unjust remark. There is an entire difference between them. Prosperine has a face tender and emotional, with the pure sentiment of womanhood—a little pensive, with prophecy of future sweet cares, blooming with changing rose-hues, affectionate, ready for tears and for smiles,—ideal girlhood, developing into higher experience. It is dewy, blushing, tendril-like in affections. A wreath of wheat is wound round her head, blending with the bands of hair, which are gathered in a rich knot, and then fall upon the neck. For such a daughter Ceres might well search with an immortal sorrow.

Near by this is Psyche, a conception of pure soul, without relation to persons or time. It is eternal youth, and one cannot determine the degree of youthfulness, because it is not young, but youth. The eyes look straight forward with a clear, serene, self-centred expression. They demand no sympathy or responsive, loving glance, like the soft, liquid eyes of Prosperine. They seem to look into the source of light without surprise and without blenching, lofty and steady. Her hair, folded on her brow in the

Olympian style, is fastened there by a butterfly, like a jewel—emblem of the soul. It is a face neither pensive nor joyful, neither for smiles nor for tears, but superior to our regards and content in itself: not arrogant, but lofty; not cold, but calm and collected, and soft only through perfect beauty and a plastic power. Such is Psyche. And Psyche differs again wholly from Diana, which is in the same room. Diana is of heroic size. She has the cold, distant air of a queen and goddess. She is not soul, but only a part of the soul—its chastity. A slight Hyperion scorn is in her mouth. She is plainly the sister of Apollo, the Python-slayer. She has nothing to do with mortals, but is accustomed to hold her highway among the courses of the stars, with the constellations for her maids of honor. She steps only on the adamantine floors of heaven, and her brow is caressed only by the blue ether, in fathomless spaces above. Even now she turns aside her face with a fine and delicate disdain of what may meet her indifferent glance here below. She wears a coronet with stars and a crescent, and a richly sculptured baldric holds her drapery over her shoulder. Who can say that Diana is like the Proserpine or the Psyche?

Eve looks primal. There is not one hour's experience in her new soul, beaming out of her large, innocent eyes. I am sure she has not yet tasted the apple she holds in her hand, and knows nothing whatever about good and evil. But I did not ob-

serve Eve sufficiently to-day, and intend to see it another time.

Mr. Powers showed us a machine in which he cuts and finishes the separate parts of his statues. If he wishes to elaborate a hand, he takes it off the arm, and puts it in a vice, and turns it to every light and point of view, and then fastens it again to the figure; and so with each portion. He is a genius at mechanics as well as at sculpture, and has invented and made various tools, and machines for fashioning the tools, and for effecting manifold processes. He has made an instrument for scooping or punching a clearly cut hole in a thick piece of iron, in which he has concentrated sixty thousand pounds weight of power into his own individual amount of power; so that by leaning upon a spike or pivot for a second, without perceptibly great effort, the hole is punched. This saves the time used for drilling. Enormous labor, expense, and time were all saved—I forget in what proportions. He has also invented a file or grater, which frees itself perpetually from the clogging of the substance grated, so as to work clear, without trouble; and this, he said, was "first-rate for culinary purposes," as well as for grating his statues. After exhibiting to us all his inventions and productions visible round about, he asked us if we had seen the little hand. No, we had only heard of it. So he brought out "the little hand"—the hand of his daughter Louisa, when five months old. All the hands of babies are pretty, but Louisa's is

peculiarly so. It bears the palm; and her father has carved a perfect fac-simile. It is outstretched, with lovely taper fingers, every nail rendered exactly, and the effect of the delicate skin given, with the folds over the knuckles, and the deep crease round the plump wrist. This little hand comes forth from a cuff, as it were—or ruffle of beautifully sculptured leaves, which fall back from it.

I think we must have stayed more than an hour, yet we were not tired of it, though the Pitti was in store for us; and it was after eleven when we arrived at the Palace.

I saw to day, for the first time, the Madonna del Baldacchino of Raphael. I do not like the face of the Virgin so well as that of many others, but it is lovely, and the whole picture is a superb one—with saints and angels, and low in front the Chanting Cherubs, which Greenough so exactly copied in marble. According to Mr. Mozier, of Rome, Greenough never originated the slightest thing, but copied the antique, and embodied detailed descriptions of antique statues, now not extant, and put into marble painted figures, like these cherubs. Here are these, at any rate, perfectly familiar to me through Greenough's group, which I saw so many years ago in Boston, and always supposed his own conception. No one ever told me they were copies.

Mary sits enthroned, with the child, beneath a canopy or baldacchino, the folds of which are held back by two angels, floating above. Four fathers of

the Church, two on each side, stand by the throne, and the little choristers are in the foreground. In the same saloon is a small and wonderful picture by Raphael, of the Vision of Ezekiel: "He rode upon a cherub and did fly." The Almighty is upborne by the mysterious, complex shapes. The effect of the whole is sublime, and I cannot tell how or why, except that Raphael has rendered what the prophet saw, and we kindle to read. It is grand, vast, incomprehensible, yet all comprised in a space no larger than this page (small letter-paper), showing that size is no necessary element of grandeur. Both this and the Baldacchino will be good for study.

To-day I saw also Michel Angelo's Three Fates; and I needed more than one pair of eyes to gaze, for I had all my life wished to see it. An artist was copying it badly, which is a pity; for his copy will deceive somebody, who will suppose it like the original. Mr. Emerson has a copy, but I cannot recall that vividly enough to compare it with Michel Angelo's. The weird sister who stands in the middle, seemed to me to have a slight compunction in her mouth and eyes, but Mr. H. said she had not to him, and that "if she had, she would not be a Fate, but a Providence." I think the other two are pitiless enough, however. They are as hard as metal. One, she who holds the distaff, and has spun the thread, is crying out. Or I think she holds the distaff, and the central sister has spun the thread, which the third one is about to clip. I cannot help seeing a little

softness in the mouth of her who holds the slender thread of life. It is the clipper who looks merciless and stony. It seems as if the distaff-holder were enraged that the substance she has supplied should be wasted, and that the thread-holder regrets that the cunningly twisted filament should be snapped asunder. It is a work of mighty power and expression, rendered with the same single regard to truth and indifference to comeliness, which the great artist so often manifested. It reminded me of the statue of an old woman at the Capitol in Rome—thought to be Hecuba or a Sibyl—an antique, and painfully like a despairing or oracle-mad old prophetess, opposed to the usual tranquil Greek sculptures.

Raphael's Madonna del Gran Duca, never seen out of the royal private apartments, except when some one is copying it, was visible to-day. She stands, holding the infant. Her face is fair, and more like Perugino or Fra Angelico in form, color, and expression, but yet unmistakably Raphael.

Just as I was about leaving the palace, I discovered a Madonna adoring the Infant, by Perugino, one of the divinest I have yet seen by him. I shall have great profit and solace in that picture henceforth.

There is a large round table in one of the saloons of fabulous magnificence. The ground of the mosaic is lapis-lazuli, and on that rich substance every graceful flower and fancy is inlaid with precious

stones. So in a corridor running from one apartment to another are closed cabinets full of Venetian glass and ivory carvings of almost impossible delicacy; and on the wall hang pictures composed of pietra dura—one the Pantheon at Rome—very superb—and two, representing great beauty of expression and grace of form, in which the immitigable stone is made to flow, apparently, at the determined will of genius.

This afternoon I took a carriage to make calls on the Lung'Arno, with Ada and the children; but finding no one at home, we drove to the Cascine, the Hyde Park of Florence, and found it very delicious. It is outside the gates, and consists of long carriage-drives, deeply shaded with noble trees, lovely park-like groves, sunny lawns, fountains, and shrubbery; and on one side afar mountains crowned with cities, and fringed with villages, and a delightful odor of flowers diffused through all.

June 14th.—This morning we spent at the Uffizzi. We first sat down in the vestibule to look at the marble busts of the Medici which surround it. Alas! what presentments! Gaston, "smothered in his own wig," as Mr. H. truly said, has also a face and air in perfect harmony with the bravery of his wig—the truculent mien of a turkeycock—the head thrown back, the nose in the shape of a gallop—an immense assumption of importance, not borne out by any intellectual superiority. Lorenzo has none of this

pomposity; but a very broad head, and an equally broad face, with an expression of power, unscrupulousness, and complexity — ambitious, ignoble, and cruel. Leopold, son of Cosmo, is almost monstrous. From an admirable economy in nature, what should have been brain is, in Leopold, under lip, certainly the biggest I ever beheld in a white man, and as coarse as a negro's. There are two others who also have an African coarseness of contour, and there is but one which is respectable in aspect—one Ferdinand. Such men as these ruled my beautiful Florence! the flower of cities, the most highly-cultivated of communities, the very rose of civilization. Florence must have done very wrong to deserve so severe a punishment.

A few weeks ago the crypt of the Medicean chapel was opened, and the dead bodies of these grim prince-doctors were visible, because they had been embalmed. Conceive the idea of trying to preserve the *dead bodies* of such frightful-looking persons—of being anxious to keep forever that under lip, for instance! I should have liked to see Lorenzo for a flitting instant, because he was so famous; but I am glad, on the whole, that I escaped the ghastly show.

The charming group of Silenus, with the infant Bacchus in his arms, stands in the vestibule, on one side the door. It is in bronze. I was acquainted with it in marble in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, and it is most beautiful, in whatever material—

one of the antique masterpieces. Very finely-cut ancient bas-reliefs of marble are inserted in the walls of the room—noble, heroic, draped figures of Roman times. In an inner ante-room is the Medicean boar, and dogs and a marble horse, and busts of the Roman emperors, old acquaintances of ours. Then we entered the long gallery of marble busts and groups, and specimens of the old oil-painters from Cimabue. Here we paused before Fra Angelico's Tryptich—the Madonna, surrounded by the Choral Angels. I found that there are two in a devout attitude over her head—one with hands joined palm to palm, the other with arms crossed over the bosom. The artists were not arrived yet, and so we could not see the splendor of the new gold. On our return, however, they were painting, and they had commenced two other copies, one of them exceedingly beautiful. I should like to possess such good copies as these, and set up an angel in each room of our house.

We remained a long while in the Tribune, and I saw there, for the first time, Michel Angelo's Holy Family. Mary sits on the ground, and is lifting the infant to Joseph, who is behind her. The child is grand, and Joseph is fine, but Mary is too plain and old. The noble Samian Sibyl of Guercino is there also, with the head raised, and turned over the right shoulder. A man was making a perfectly incorrect copy of it. The lovely Venus de Medici maintained her state, notwithstanding Mr. Powers'

censure of her face and head. He says she has the face of an idiot! and certainly the casts seem to have. But the marble is not so. The profile view is sweet and delicate, and fitly surmounts the unsurpassed beauty of the form.

The Madonna of Sasso Ferrato, with downcast lids, and a blue nun-like mantle over the head—so much copied and engraved—called the Virgin of Sorrows, I saw at last as originally painted, as well as the Magdalen of Carlo Dolce, so much liked, with upraised head, holding a vase to her breast. But there is a singular metallic finish and tint in Carlo Dolce's paintings, which I do not like. They are coppery, brassy, or silvery and golden, and sometimes irony—but the shadows are not transparent, and he is too Dolce generally. This Magdalen, however, is not dolce, though dark and metallic. I like nothing that I have seen of Carlo Dolce entirely, excepting the Madonna in the Grand Duke's bedchamber at the Pitti Palace. That is rare and exquisite, with a noble expression. Titian's celebrated Flora is in the same room—a maiden with flowing auburn hair, a loose, white Greek dress, and flowers in her hand. Her complexion is very fair and luminous; but the face is disagreeable, like many of Titian's ladies' faces, while his portraits of men are gracious and agreeable.

To-day is distinguished by my first seeing Niobe and her children, arranged round a vast hall—the very original marbles. They were found just out-

side one of the gates of Rome. The dying son is very beautiful, as well as the daughter, who is looking down upon him—or who *was*—for they are separated now. The light in the hall is not good for sculpture, and these noble forms are at great disadvantage, and we did not stay long to-day to study them.

Two very large rooms are filled with portraits of artists, where one can see face to face all who have ever had a name. At this time I looked at Rubens, Rembrandt, Raphael, Michel Angelo, Titian, and Mengs. The portrait of Raphael shows the utmost delicacy and grace of soul. All the copies and engravings fail here as usual. It is said that Raphael's eyes in this picture were once blue and the hair fair, and that the cleaners have retouched them and made them dark. This is proved true by the portrait of him by his contemporary, Pinturicchio, in the library of the Siena Cathedral. That has golden hair and blue eyes. So that this Florence picture, by himself, has been shamefully spoiled, and we see only his drawing, and none of his coloring. Picture-cleaners are often the destruction instead of the restorers of works of art. But the beauty of these lines has not been interfered with.

In a small cabinet of sculpture, is an unfinished head of Brutus—Marcus Brutus—by Michel Angelo, with a countenance of stupendous force of expression and careful thought. There is also here his first attempt in marble at fifteen years—a satyr's

head or a mask—by no means lovely. Near by is a colossal head of Alexander the Great—grand, and expressive of wild grief and disturbance. I think I know his face well now, for there are several busts of him at Rome, and a resemblance runs through all. In the hall of Portraits, stands the Medicean vase, upon which is carved, in relief, the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, which I so long ago admired in engravings. It is a good deal injured, and much larger than I supposed.

June 17th.—We celebrated this day by going to the Academy of Arts. We went into the first gallery through a hall of casts, none of which detained us long. The paintings of the Academy are all by the great masters, except a few by Andrea del Sarto, the Florentine. We first looked at an Adoration of the Magi, by Gentile da Fabriano. The faces and figures are all admirable, many of them beautiful, the coloring gorgeous, and made actually to shine by real gold embroidery, gold-hilted swords, embossed gold crowns that glittered with gems, rings and brooches and bracelets of gold, set with jewels; and the gold is gold and not a semblance. I suppose this is a questionable license in art, but the effect was sumptuous.

Mary is lovely, and the majestic babe stoops over an aged king, who kneels to kiss his little foot, and blesses the venerable potentate, bristling and crinkling with gorgeous brocade, by placing his hand

upon his head. Wonderful is the dignity and sweetness of the grand infant's countenance. One of the kings is young, and stands in the centre of the group, with a handsome face—perfectly magnificent in costume, and with that expression of true devoutness, found only in the old masters—a look of entire self-surrender to an absorbing religious sentiment, accompanied with a peculiar bend of the head, in which are worship, gentleness, submission, and serenity. Behind the young monarch stands Gabriele da Fabriano himself, in a red turban—a portrait—his broad, earnest face expressive of much interest in gazing at the kneeling king at Mary's feet. Gold and jewelled cups, attendants and officers, crowd the scene. In the upper part of the picture this splendid throng is represented winding its way up into the town of Bethlehem, like a distant rainbow.

A Descent from the Cross, by Fra Angelico, highly finished—the colors as bright as if just flashed from a prism—attracted me, like all his works, by its delicacy of conception and reverent feeling. An Assumption, by Perugino, called one of his masterpieces, is distinguished by four figures standing below—three saints and the archangel Michael. St. John Gualberto is in the habit of a Cardinal, the red hat upon his head, and tied under his chin—the head bent a little. The face is full of living thought and feeling, and a vast serenity—the attitude exceedingly graceful, with a sort of heavenly grace, rather than the grace of the drawing-room.

St. Benedict is next, looking up in ecstasy. Both these saints prefigure Raphael in expression, dignity, and sentiment; but Raphael always went beyond his master in perfection of execution. His outlines are never hard, nor his coloring opaque, as Perugino's often are. The archangel stands, leaning upon his shield (or rather resting his hands upon it, for his figure is erect), looking out of the picture. There is what Mr. Powers would call "the royal eye"—the glance that does not meet one—that passes over, through and away—calm, closed lips, an air of princely command, and the celestial imponderability, which Perugino and his compeers knew how to give to their angels and archangels so astonishingly. He wears his heavenly corselet, and his limbs are clasped in ruby mail; a helmet of precious metal is upon his head—glorious—resembling that of Perugino's St. Michael, in the London National Gallery—and what a miracle is here accomplished! The three mortal saints are heavy with human experience and suffering, and, though they are holy men, the weight of mortality presses them down, while in the form and countenance of St. Michael is no trace of care, and there is a bird-like lightness and airiness of tread and motion, as if he were the insubstantial breath of God. And we cannot detect in any line or tint the manner in which this is brought about. Genius alone could not effect such a marvel, I think; but Perugino, through religious sympathy and aspiration, and un-

conscious simplicity and singleness of aim, always won the heavenly hierarchies to his studio, "in order serviceable," for portraiture.

A Deposition, by Filippo Lippi and Perugino together, is also a grand picture. Two angels, one on each side the Eternal Father, who appears above, are in the noblest manner; their beauty is perfect and grand. They look down, and fold their hands before the Supreme Deity. What is remarkable in these faces is a blending of mute, profound worship with imperturbable quiet. Not even the presence of God disturbs their repose. His effluence flows through and through their transparent being, and fills the pure chalices of their lily souls. One is in a white robe, and I wish I could make this flower of heaven bloom to eyes that cannot see it here; but language will not avail. Therefore, what am I to do about an Entombment, still by Perugino, and I am constrained to say more powerful to me in sentiment than any other, though I have already seen so many that baffle my faculty of describing?

Directly beneath an arch sits the Virgin Mary; across her knees lies the dead body of Christ, his head supported by St. John and his feet resting upon Mary Magdalen's lap. Nicodemus stands on one side, and Joseph of Arimathea on the other. It is a long and rather narrow canvas. The head and face of Christ rest directly against the head of St. John, whose hands are beneath the arms of Jesus. John looks out of the picture, with eyes full of a

mighty sorrow, as if they demanded of all the world whether ever before on earth were so grievous and sad a sight as this of his murdered Lord. His lips tremble with the brimming woe. The expression is a little startled, but amazement is overcome with tender deprecation. The contrast between the troubled gaze of John and the immovable calm of the dead face, beautiful in death, with a broad light on the brow and lids, is grand. Mary Magdalen sits, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed upon the lifeless limbs, wholly absorbed in that piteous spectacle, forgetful of the world, of the mother, and of John, remembering only and seeing only that Jesus is dead. I do not remember that she had beauty or grace, or any entrancing golden hair, or rich robe; but her face draws the soul of the observer with irresistible attraction, on account of the sentiment pervading it. What can be said of Mary adolorata? The grief of all the bereaved mothers since Eve is concentred in hers. She turns her head aside, for she cannot look at her crucified Son, and she does not care to look at anything else, so that her gaze is impersonal. She is conscious of the heavy weight of the beloved form; but she cannot weep more. Her grief is deeper than tears now, and she asks for no sympathy and wishes to hear no word. The sorrow of the others is measurable; but this mother's sorrow no plummet can sound, and no one can comfort her. She becomes majestic from her unapproachableness of emotion. Nicodemus lifts his

eyes upward. Joseph contemplates the rest; and the central point is the dead face, in sublime repose. The Worship of Sorrow and the Triumph of Love are both begun here. It is a divine poem on the theme of Love faithful unto Death—of the heart-writhing pain of bereavement, which is tribulation for a time, though for an eternity there will be joy.

On the other side of the room is the Eternal Father, by Carlo Dolce. Fancy a delicately colored, feminine, weak, absolutely foolish head, more feeble than the weakest attempts at the head of Christ, appearing to sink through the clouds from helplessness. And this Carlo Dolce conceived as the Almighty! It is truly laughable—but exquisitely painted.

In a small cabinet are many little pictures, from which two come out eminent—an Entombment, by Fra Angelico, and a Last Judgment, also by him. The Entombment seemed to me his greatest work; but I cannot describe it now.

June 19th.—This morning we went to the Church of St. Lorenzo, to see Michel Angelo's monumental sculptures. The church is undergoing repairs within and without, and heaps of rubbish were all around. Upon entering, I was very much disappointed in the general effect of the interior. Indeed, it is difficult to be reconciled to the plain walls, after being accustomed to the magnificent mosaics of marbles in all Roman churches. But along our journey from

Rome we found the walls bare; and in Florence they are so likewise, so far as I have yet seen them. On our return—no, on our way from the Academy of Arts, the other day—we went into the Duomo. It seemed very small and dismal after St. Peter's—covered inside with pietra serena, a pale, brownish stone, grave and sombre—with no mosaic pictures to glorify the arches, and no chapels in the side-aisles. The pavement is composed of beautiful marbles, but is so dim and soiled that one can hardly see them. It is a relief, however, to find none of Bernini's tornadoes of saints, vexing the quiet atmosphere at every point; and there are scarcely any monuments or statues. Behind the high altar, in so dark a shadow that it is nearly impossible to see it, is an unfinished Pietà, by Michel Angelo. It is very curious to see how he left his works, after expressing the idea. It seems as if he grew impatient at the slow process of chiselling the marble, as he was of the slow process of painting in oils. Fresco-painting, I suspect, suited him best, because he could dash it off, and find an instant response to his thought. I tried hard to see the Pietà, but could only discern an outline of the design, which was grand.

The dome is really larger than St. Peter's, but it appears to me smaller. It is covered with frescoes, which I could not distinguish; but they are not considered good, and it is conjectured that the Florentines will whitewash them, as Assisi whitewashes

better things. The Duomo has, however, something that St. Peter's has not, and this is painted windows. They are narrow, but very superb, and light comes only through the faces and forms of saints, angels, and prophets, robed in rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and gold, glowing—sparkling at one view with points of light, and at another with broad effulgence. There should never be a window in any temple erected for worship, without painted glass, I think. It ought to be as much a matter of course as to have walls and roofs. It is poetically just that the Life of Christ and its consequences, which are a flowering out of blessed and holy men, should alone be the medium of light, making it glorious. It is so inspiring to look up and see a divine face, radiating a splendor of love, praise, and tender devotion, amidst prismatic hues; as if the natural garments of the ascended spirits were the pure colors of which God makes the rainbows, or as if the White Ray, emanating in concentrated unity from the countenance of the Creator, had broken into the seven colors, in flashes of rapture, to enrobe His obedient children.

There is an interesting picture of Dante on the wall,—an authentic portrait. He is standing, with hell on his right hand, Florence on his left, and Paradise behind him,—the seven heavens being represented by seven circles, rising like steps, "very much in the shape of a beehive," Mr. H. suggested.

Giotto is buried in this cathedral, and a bust of him is placed over his tomb.

Now I return to St. Lorenzo's. There is, on the left of the high altar, a very large fresco, by Bronzino, of the Martyrdom of St. Lorenzo, a youthful figure, surrounded by a throng. But I never care to look twice at Bronzino's pictures. On each side the altar are ancient, oblong pulpits, supported upon columns of various marbles; and covered by bronze bas-reliefs.

At last we found the chapel designed and adorned by Michel Angelo. It is perfectly plain, with white walls and four arched recesses. In one is the tomb of Lorenzo; in another, of Giuliano; in another, of the father of the reigning Grand Duke, Ferdinand III.; and in the last, sitting statues of St. Damian and St. Cosmo, and the Virgin and Child, an unfinished group by Michel Angelo. The statue of Giuliano de Medici is very life-like and spirited, and the grand Day and Night at his feet make his monument illustrious; but the *chef-d'œuvre* of genius is the figure of Lorenzo, sitting opposite. He is resting his chin upon his left hand, the forefinger on his upper lip. The right hand is upon his right knee, and the palm is turned outward. There is a wonderful expression of abandonment to profound meditation in this position of the hand. His face is deeply shaded by his helm, a most graceful and heroic head-dress, and it is pressed down far over his brow. He wears a sort of Greek armor, covering his whole person, except a small portion of the knees; and Michel Angelo seems to have refrained, in this

almost solitary instance, to mark the muscles in his usual pronounced way. He has transferred all that expression of physical power and feeling to the expression of intellectual power and feeling, which is certainly vast. It becomes no longer a marble image, but a conscious heroic prince and leader, absorbed in mighty purposes and cares of state, anxious for his people. He breathes most thoughtful breath, and his heart seems to throb with large emotion. To me there is a look of terrible perplexity, fearful trouble; but far beyond personal considerations. Perhaps Michel Angelo had no regard to the private character of Lorenzo, which history says was excessively bad (he was the son of Piero, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent), but carved out an ideal father of his people. Or perhaps Lorenzo was an archangel ruined, and not a weak sinner, and could not err without an infinite remorse. At any rate, there he is—the most potent, the most fascinating, the grandest human life in marble yet portrayed, in which the stone is no obstruction, but only a fit medium of disembodied thought. The helmet, and the recess in which he sits, make his face very dark. It may add to the effect of introspection; but I should like to see it more distinctly. In the Crystal Palace there is an admirable cast of it, which we liked better than anything else there, though it was only in plaster. At his feet, upon the sarcophagus, repose the colossal figures of Morning and Evening, as they are called. Morning is not

finished, but, so far, is very serene and noble. There is great anxiety and trouble in the face of the female figure, and I do not know why Evening should look disturbed, nor why it should be so old. Evening is perfectly finished, as well as Night opposite; while Day is merely blocked out, and looks over his huge shoulder dimly, like a clouded sun rising over a mountain.

This plain, small chapel is called the Capella dei Depositi. Up-stairs is the Medicean Chapel, which Ferdinand I. intended for the reception of the Holy Sepulchre, when he should obtain it from Jerusalem. It is octagonal, surmounted with a dome, brilliant with frescoes by Benvenuti. The walls are entirely covered with the richest marbles; and lapis-lazuli, agate, chalcedony, and jasper, and even precious stones, are inlaid in them also. The ducal coronets of the several princes, glittering with gems, repose upon cushions, embroidered with jewels, each upon its sarcophagus of antique marbles. The escutcheons are magnificently elaborated with these "*pietre commessi e dure*," of their natural colors, so that the Florentine mosaic differs essentially from the Roman, in which smalto is used,—a kind of hard enamel, artificially composed. But with all this painfully-wrought splendor, what a mere gewgaw is the Medicean Chapel compared to the Capella dei Depositi! Genius and character make paltry all the shining show, and, do what the Medici would, one looks with more interest upon a half-formed, rough-hewed

limb by Michel Angelo than upon all the cold pomp with which they have emblazoned their burial-place. We did not stay long there, but returned to the Sagrestia Nuova, where Lorenzo sits; and after another long contemplation of him, and of the Virgin and Child, we looked again at the church. The nave has two rows of noble pillars, which, I doubt not, belonged to the original basilica, which was ruined by fire. It is always a mystery to me how these stone edifices were so often destroyed by fire. What can burn? We walked all round; but there was not one fine painting in the shrines, and the sacred quiet of the cloisters is quite scared away by modern and secular dwellings.

In the piazza is a sitting statue of Giovanni di Medici, the founder of the family. It has a remarkable head, and looks worthy to begin a race of heroes. But his posterity was far enough from heroic.

We then went to the Baptistery, a very small Pantheon, and once lighted by an open eye in the dome like that, but now it is dark, till the eyes become owlish. It was anciently the Temple of Mars, and is surrounded with oriental granite, Corinthian columns, the capitals gilded, supporting an arched balcony, a beautiful arcade. The dome is covered with old mosaics. On one side the Saviour, of colossal proportions, sits as judge. The feet are frightfully grotesque in all the details. The pavement is of inlaid marbles, and in the centre of it

once stood the font broken by Dante, when rescuing a child from drowning. Marble saints stand round in niches, and men were to-day arranging candelabra at the feet of each one, to be lighted at the festival of St. John, next week. That is a great day in Florence, and there will be illuminations and processions also. The Baptistery is the Church of St. John, and all the baptisms in Florence are administered here still. Its chief charm to me is the Gate of Paradise, by Ghiberti. The more I see it the more enchantingly beautiful I discover it to be, and I wish Westmacott would not twaddle so about basreliefs as he does. I do not agree with him at all; but when Academicians get hold of a rule they stultify themselves by holding to it, against all the intuitions of genius. Each part of this peerless gate surpasses the other parts. The single figures round the framework, among whom I recognize Miriam with her timbrel, Judith, and other well designated persons, seem best of all; and, outside of these, the borders of flowers, fruits, and animals are so perfectly true and lovely that nothing can be so good as they; and then we come to the eight compartments, containing sculptured events of the Old Testament. The Fall of Jericho is marvellous in force of expression and grace of figure and movement. Can anything be better? And so of each one. Such delicate exactness and fidelity of finish satisfies one's soul. After this, an hour and a half at the Uffizzi concluded our pleasant labors for the day.

June 27th.—I have not written here for a long time, and now I must gather up my sheaf of memories —my golden sheaf—as well as I can. On that day at the Uffizzi I particularly lingered in the Tribune. I thought I recognized in one of Titian's Venuses the face of his "Bella" in the Pitti. It is a very unattractive face, with no delicacy nor tender sweetness nor virgin modesty in either picture. Titian did not seem able to paint innocence and purity, and apparently had no acquaintance with those states of being. The perfection of the coloring of that Venus of the Tribune, however, fascinates one's eyes. It is life itself. It is such a wonder how he did it, that we gaze in the vain endeavor to discover his secret, and I suppose we might almost as well succeed in creating the petal of a flower as in imitating his breathing tissues.

I do not know what is wanting in me, but I cannot like Correggio's famous Adoring Madonna. Just compare it with Perugino's in the Pitti! One is divine and the other earthly. A girlish rapture is in the face and action of one, and in the other the grave, ineffable tenderness of ideal maternity, the sense of a priceless gift of God, the surprise at a new soul, and a prophecy of something to come, not yet fully comprehended—something heavy as the conscience, but sweet, precious, and eternally dear. There is more softness in the lines of that face than is usual with Perugino. As regards Correggio, my eyes may be now holden, and I may

in time see the charm of his rendering, but now I cannot.

I searched for the Bacchus which Michel Angelo sculptured in imitation of the Greek, and then buried, having first broken off a hand. The story is well known. The Bacchus is in a state of inebriation. He holds up a cup and is crowned with grapes, and his countenance is full of jollity and folly. It is not the Olympian Bacchus, the fairest of the gods, who stands with Ampelos in one of the halls of the Uffizzi, all beauty, grace, benignity, and gay, eternal youth; but it is a strong figure, given over to wine and fun; though I have no right to say anything about it till I have seen it more.

In the portrait-hall, I looked at the magnificent Leonardo da Vinci. It is covered with plate-glass, as very precious, and the painting has become quite obscure. But the grand drawing of the head and face is well visible still. The beautiful Raphael hung in its place. He looked like a dove among crows, side by side with those bearded, mustachoed, dark-hued men. Such a pure, clear brow; and cheek and chin "clean as Apollo's" (as Mr. E. said of his brother Charles's), and the graceful swan-throat which no man ever had before or since—as I am well persuaded—these the cleaners have not ruined, though they have hidden the blue eyes and golden hair beneath their black pigments.

An antique Bacchus in the cross-gallery I observed for the first time. The delicate lithe figure is in a

fine strain of excitement, dancing with all his life—light as a breeze and airily mad. The marble will not hold it long, I thought.

On the 21st June it was sultry and threatened rain, but we ventured to rush to the Pitti before the storm broke loose, and it is so near us, that we arrived safely. In five minutes came a tornado and a thunder-crash, and it rained floods for more than three hours. Part of the time the lowering clouds made it too dark to see the pictures well; but it brightened enough to allow us a pretty good study. A Holy Family by Rubens delighted me. It is not at all Mary and the Christ, but it is, however, a most beautiful group, more refined and soft than Rubens' usual manner. The mother, a handsome Flemish lady of brilliant complexion and matronly, benign expression, stands in the centre, looking down upon the two babies, an enchanting little pair. Christ (or one baby) is in a cradle, just raising himself by his left hand, while with the right he caresses the cheek of the other child, meant for John—who, with both hands folded, gazes upon him with a rapture of love. The children are lovely peaches in color, and not so rotund and bouncing in form as is usual with Rubens. An unwonted delicacy then alighted upon his pencil. Elizabeth holds John's little hands, as she stoops behind him, and Joseph looks down over the cradle. It is not the family divine, but it is a noble, charming family, in Rubens' highest style.

I mused a long time over Perugino's Adoring Ma-

donna, which grows upon me the more I study it; and a Deposition by him, a very large picture, I saw for the first time on Monday. I like it all exceedingly except the face of Christ. The Marys are wonderful in varied expression. As to Titian's Magdalen, a very large woman, quite nude, and gathering about her a world of golden hair, amazing as is the beauty of her hair, I do thoroughly detest the picture. Such a woman would be incapable of repentance. She is coarse and earthly in every fibre of her frame, and in every recess of her mind. It is a pity that such a woman should be painted so well. I have no doubt it is a portrait, and I am sorry that Titian knew such a person and contemplated her so minutely. It seems to show a depraved taste and nature. How could it have been?

The dark, stately, most noble and I fear most terrible Ippolito di Medici, attracted me as usual by his beauty, his evil glance, and the princely state with which he bears himself. It is one of Titian's grand portraits, and recalls Raphael's Cæsar Borgia in Rome. A Cardinal by Vandyke is also one of the truly great portraits, with an air of consummate elegance, high bred and quiet and a little sad. Vandyke perhaps caught the trick of kingly pensiveness from the face of Charles I. of England, whom he so often painted. This is Cardinal Bentivoglio.

I saw a table to-day of extraordinary splendor. The slab was oriental alabaster, almost transparent,

like liquid topaz or amber, and in this were inlaid grapes of precious amethyst, and birds and flowers of other oriental stones, and they all seemed floating in a golden sea.

One day I went to meet Mr. Browning and the improvisatrice, Giovannina Milli, at Miss H.'s. Mr. Browning and his little son were there; but no improvisatrice. An English Waterloo Major Gregorie was there too, and a Mr. Trollope, and Miss Blagden, and Miss E., a literary, elderly lady, horrent with plumes, who was very clever. All were English excepting myself. The little Browning played to us some of his sonatas admirably, though he has only known how to play fourteen months; and I had a delightful talk with his father, who is most fascinating, with his mobile life and his deep earnestness.

On the 23d, we drove, in an open barouche, over the Arno to see the illuminations that illustrated St. John's Eve—the Eve of St. John, sung of in poetry. It was a scene of enchantment. We paused on the Ponte Vecchio, and looked toward the west, up the river. The Ponte Santa Trinità and Ponte Carraja were hung with globes of light, like huge bubbles, and all were reflected in the water beneath. The parapets, on both sides the river, were studded with the same delicate globes, making a glittering cornice, doubled beneath; and lighted boats floated quietly in every direction, each one a moving constellation of stars, on the surface of the water, as well as in

the pictured world below. The palaces on the Lung' Arno were kindled up over their façades, and, afar off, the mountains, a dark, waving outline; and above, a black sky, with heavy, windy clouds, were the frame of this radiant pageant. Through thick crowds of people, and in a long line of carriages, we went on to the Piazza of the Gran Duca. But there I was disappointed. I thought I should see the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio a blaze of fire; but the lights had been blown by the wind, and a very few only remained, looking very wild and restless. The noble Loggia di Lanzi, with its statues, was illuminated, though inadequately; but we could see the solemn priestesses standing,—the Roman, rushing away with the Sabine woman, torn from her husband,—the potent Hercules, just about destroying the Centaur—the noble lions, reposing in reserved might—the antique group of Ajax, dying or dead in the arms of a soldier,—and a dim vision of the heroic Perseus, with upraised arm, holding Medusa's severed head. The light also struck upon Michel Angelo's David, and the colossal group of Hercules and Cacus, on one side the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio, and brought into view the Neptune of the fountain. Meanwhile a band of musicians stood in the Loggia, performing symphonies of the great composers, which made all the marble figures seem to live and breathe and move.

We then drove to the Piazza of the Duomo. The Duomo was kindled with little flames, and the gen-

eral blaze of the Piazza fully revealed the beautiful Campanile, climbing up into the inky sky, with its bright marbles,—the stately outline perfectly defined, as it could not be by day. Whether the lights had been blown out on this bell-tower, or whether it had been purposely left unlighted for better effect, I cannot tell, but the effect was infinitely better so. Another band was stationed here, enriching the air with Beethoven's music, and by the potent conjuration of "inweaved harmonies" the dome and the Campanile both seemed to rise that moment into space,—the vast dome swelling with triumphant pomp, and piercing the darkness with its illuminated Cross. We then came round to the Lung' Arno, where still another band suddenly struck up Verdi's opera of the Traviata, and we waited to hear it, within sight of the river; and, afterward, we returned on our way, and reviewed all our pictures.

The 24th was St. John's Day, the chief day in Florence. In the afternoon, Miss H. kindly took us to the Palazzo Villa, where, from a balcony, we could overlook the Corso, and where we were directly opposite the Loggia of the Grand Duke, in which the Court assembled to see the Race. The race-course reaches from the Porta Santa Croce to the Porta al Prato, which, I believe, is the gate that opens upon the Cascine. That day it was covered with gravel, and very thoroughly wetted, because the pavements here are so smooth that the horses might slip upon them. All Florence was gathered

on the sides of the Corso,—on foot, and upon temporary seats, raised in rows one above another, on either hand, and at every balcony, window, and roof—all in festal attire. Slowly moving over the course were two lines of carriages, as at the Roman Carnival; but as it was not Carnival-time, no confetti were thrown. Ladies, in ball-dresses, but with bonnets, sat quietly and looked and were looked upon; and every color of the rainbow, in dresses, made the scene gay. Beneath our balcony, opposite the Ducal Loggia, two battalions of soldiers stood on guard. Dragoons rested, statue-like, or pranced up and down to marshal the throng. Fancy at the corner of a block of houses, a square, lofty apartment, open in front and on one side, and supported at those openings by gray stone Corinthian columns, and you have the royal Loggia. Our balcony was on a level with it. It was richly carpeted, and a crimson divan was arranged round two sides. In the centre stood six crimson and ormolu arm-chairs —thrones for the royal family. Over the solid balustrades, between the side-columns, crimson-damask drapery, bordered with gold, was flung to lean upon; but between the central columns, heavy red velvet and gold for the Grand Duke and Duchess, and the Archduke and Archduchess, to rest their princely arms upon withal, damask not being good enough for royalty. Curtains of crimson silk with gold fringe were festooned between the pillars; and the walls within were hung with white satin.

After seeing endless carriages go and return for two hours, a sudden and most lugubrious sound of the drum, monotonous and inharmonious, made me look about, and I saw a carriage with six horses and three footmen appear, and within were laces, brocades, pearls and diamonds, and military uniforms, gold-laced; but as this as well as all the court-carriages was covered, we could see only half-faces, as we were so high. Fair arms we saw, much bejewelled, however. This was the Prince Poniatowski and his Princess. Many state-carriages, each with six horses, followed, till a flourish of trumpets announced a greater dignity — and this was the Grand Duke himself. On his six horses were postilions in green and gold. His coach was golden, and on the top of it the ducal crown reposed. Behind stood three footmen, one (he who was to lay his hands upon Majesty), entirely in white velvet, with yellow boots. Following this *cortège* rode the Guarda Nobile, the noble guard, in scarlet uniform, with white-plumed helmets, on fine horses — and then came several more state-carriages, with the rest of the court. Twice this splendid train passed up and down the Corso for the benefit of the beholders; and to the bows and greeting of the crowd, the noble personages perpetually raised half-way and let fall again the carriage-windows, quite a novel style of salute.

Finally, all this goodly company was gathered into the Loggia. First came the Pope's nuncio,

with purple legs, and a broad scarlet ribbon round his neck, meeting in a star in front—a youthful, earthly, fat, round priest, very unprepossessing, and attended by an *attaché*. So came the other ministers of foreign countries, with their ladies, and also the maids of honor, designated by bows on their left shoulders. Some were fair, with coronets of pearls and diamonds, and clouds of illusion-lace, and all, of course, with rich brocaded trains, which, in the absence of pages, they held on their left arms. Faintly and lovelily gleamed the pearls without price, and, like fine, promethean fire, burned and flashed the diamonds, certainly the royalest of gems. I never till that day witnessed it in such full play, and it certainly has a light that is nowhere else to be seen on sea or land or sky. Such a delicate, spiritual, soul of a flame, piercing like ten thousand damascus-blades of an army of fairies! such an indescribable fineness of fierceness—so etherial and so real—so fleeting—ah! I have it!—no! I have it not! too celestial to hold. It is like the crossing of wit in angels. It is the symbol of angelic intellects in collision. It includes all light and all color. It blinds like a ray from the "Sovereign Eye," or would blind, if it did not vanish as soon as it comes. What a deep significance has this gem! Nursed in utter dark—of solid blackness—and then becoming invisible in purity absolute, were it not held in sight by combining all hues in its hueless substance. Where is so perfect an emblem of the soul, in the

concrete? All the precious jewels are symbolical, and this is the secret of their charm, I think. Ah! the best of the show to me, on St. John's Day, were the diamonds.

Presently the white-haired Grand Duke and Grand Duchess arrived—the treacherous Grand Duke! Mrs. Browning has deprived him of his princeliness by the deeds of his she has sung in "Casa Guidi Windows." Yet she told me he is a kind, devoted father to his young children, and even walks with them in his arms at night, when they are ill; and so she thinks there must be good in him. He is not tall, and his hair is very white. His dress was embroidered richly with broad courses of gold. Over one shoulder a wide scarlet ribbon passed, and his breast was covered with orders and stars. He held a white plumed hat flat beneath his arm, and wore buff hose. I had seen a bust of the Grand Duchess in Mr. Powers' studio, and in that she is very handsome and regal-looking; but this day she was extremely red, and, though gracious and stately, was not beautiful. Twelve years have passed, however, since the bust was taken. She wore a white silk petticoat trimmed with lace—a pink damask train, flowered with silver—a scarlet ribbon over one shoulder—pink and white marabouts in her hair, waving off from a coronet of flashing jewels. But the young Archduchess was lovely. She also was in white and pink, with pink marabouts and a band of large pearls and scintillating diamond

points round her head. The Archduke was most repulsive in countenance, but with a good figure, in military costume. The Grand Duchess walked round her court, first speaking to the Ministers, and then to all the ladies, with one of whom she talked a great while. It was very nice to watch at will this living picture of the royal group—to see them in full dress, moving, courtesying, laughing, practising le bel air—their ease and their grace. It was much more full of life than the Court of Lisbon, which is the only one at which I have been presented. There was no queen there, which may have been one cause of the excessive stiffness and formality. The ladies sat round the walls of the saloons, like so many statues, and when the King approached, six would start up at once, with a sort of galvanic shock, to receive him; and when he passed on, these six would sink down, and other six rise in their stead, and they said little else besides "Yes, Sire" (Sí, Sire).

Presently the poor horses, goaded by leathers, pricked with points, rushed by, and the Grand Duke and Duchess leaned on their velvet to look at them. It was all over in a twinkling. The Princess Bonaparte meanwhile came into our balcony to see the sights—a lady with a most singular countenance, white as drifted snow, with not a particle of color. She seemed hardly human—not alive—an image of dead white wax. We then ate ice-creams, and were exceedingly comfortable.

June 25th.—We spent this evening at Casa Guidi. I saw Mrs. Browning more satisfactorily, and she grows lovelier on farther knowing. Mr. Browning gave me a pomegranate bud from "Casa Guidi Windows," to press in my memorial-book. He is full of vivid life, like a rushing river. I should think nothing could resist the powerful impetus of his mind and heart; and this effervescing, resplendent life—fresh every moment, like a waterfall or a river—seems to have a shadow over it, like a light cloud, as if he were perplexed in the disposal of his forces. An anxious line is on his brow. His voice is glad and rich—a union of oboe and flute tones.

The finest light gleams from Mrs. Browning's arched eyes—for she has those arched eyes so unusual, with an intellectual, spiritual radiance in them. They are sapphire, with dark lashes, shining from out a bower of curling, very dark, but, I think, not black hair. It is sad to see such deep pain furrowed into her face—such pain that the great happiness of her life cannot smooth it away. In moments of rest from speaking her countenance reminds one of those mountain-sides, ploughed deep with spent water-torrents, there are traces in it of so much grief, so much suffering. The angelic spirit, triumphing at moments, restores the even surface. How has anything so delicate braved the storms? Her soul is mighty, and a great love has kept her on earth a season longer. She is a seraph in her flaming worship of heart, while a calm, cherubic knowledge sits

enthroned on her large brow. How she remains visible to us, with so little admixture of earth, is a mystery; but fortunate are the eyes that see her, and the ears that hear her.

June 26th.—I stood long at the gate of the Baptistery this morning, and I saw why Raphael studied and copied those figures. He drew from them some of his ineffable grace. In the afternoon we drove to Bellosguardo, to take tea with Miss Blagden at her Villa Brichieri. The balcony commands a magnificent view of Florence and the surrounding mountains. There blooms the Flower-City, with the Duomo in its chalice. The soft heights immediately around are crowned with castles, towers, and villas, like white and yellow lilies among the green foliage. Galileo lived in one of them, and in one Savonarola was imprisoned. Many illustrious men make the landscape rich with heroic memories. Day faded away over the Val d'Arno on the left of us, as we looked forth. After tea we went out again, and a wonderful ceremony, a "function," was then going on in the east, in which the state-dress was cloth of silver. The same costly material was soon flung over the whole valley, for the Queen of Night arose, without the thinnest, slightest veil of illusion over the keen splendor of her royal face, and Mr. Browning was talking to us! It seemed like a wonderful dream, and not a real experience in this work-a-day world. On our return,

the city gate swung up in the air to let our carriage pass under, and we might have smuggled Mazzini into Florence; for though they asked us a question, they did not look into our midst, and the guard on duty quietly stood aside.

June 28th.—This morning was very fine and cool, and we went to Santa Croce, "the Westminster Abbey of Florence" (says the book), because great men are buried there. It is large and stately, with rows of many-sided columns, clothed to-day in red and yellow damask, because a Function was in process. The high altar was lighted up with a multitude of wax candles, and there was chanting and organ-bursts, and genuflexions, and bells, and swinging of censers.

Michel Angelo's monument is surmounted with a faithful portrait bust of him, which was deeply interesting to see. I know his face now perfectly well. Figures of sculpture, painting, and architecture sit mourning round the sarcophagus. Architecture is the best. There was something tawdry about the adornments over the bust, not respectful to the mighty genius—a sort of daubing of mock drapery. How could they do so, right before his face, and he so true—a despiser of shams? I felt ashamed. The *too late* monument to Dante is not good at all. The poet sits, leaning on his hand, with the well-known features and profile; but they have put a laurel crown on his head, in a sort of tiara fashion, which

takes away from the likeness; and he is very stern, as if sitting in judgment on his beloved and ungrateful Florence. Florence (I presume) stands on the pedestal of the sarcophagus, and points to Dante, sitting above, with an air of peculiar bravado, and says, "Onorate l'altissimo Poetà," indicating imperiously those inscribed words with her finger. A weeping figure is on the other side; but I do not know who. The wall-crown of the other showed her to be a city. Farther on is Alfieri's monument, cut by Canova and erected by the Countess of Albany. It is not good for anything to me. One draped mourner stands leaning on the tomb. Some of the pictures of the chapels were by Vasari, who never interests me, and some were by Bronzino, equally indifferent to my fancy; and finally we arrived at the south transept, out of which opens the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, which we entered. There we found some good and curious old china statues of saints, by Luca della Robbia. In the south transept was a painting of the Coronation of the Virgin, on a gold ground, by Giotto, with crowds of saints and angels—beautiful heads. After seeing so many ordinary altar-pictures, it was inspiring to meet again a truly devout one. And on the left side of the same chapel were frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi—the Presentation at the Temple, the Marriage of the Virgin, and an Assumption. One may look at any number of Bronzino's or of Vasari's pictures till one is blind, and not be moved or

affected by a face or form or sentiment. But Giotto or Taddeo Gaddi immediately rouses attention and reverence. I am never weary of them. Mr. H. declared that Giotto would be the death of him; for he hates to see half-obliterated and pale wrecks of these old masters. But I live better for even pale Giottos, and the whole quaint, devout old band, in any stage of ruin.

On the other side-aisle we found Galileo's tomb, and that of Morghern, the famous engraver, and finally we got into some chapels painted by Giotto and Giottino. Here I was again glad and Mr. H. desperate; for they had all been whitewashed over, and only lately brought to view by a zealous priest; and so they were injured and then repaired and patched. There was an Entombment, and events in the life of St. Francis. I found many noble expressive faces and figures through all the broken surface; and when the services at the altar were over, I went to a chapel on the right of it, entirely painted over by Giotto. A queenly Elizabeth of Hungary is in one panel, and the sides are illustrated with the life of St. Francis, wonderful forms, which I must try to record another time for my future delectation; but not now. Though vanishing into the past, I could still catch the grand lines, the majestic repose and religious solemnity of expression. Oh, where are the artists to draw these departing glories, that they may be engraved for a never-ending inspiration to all present and future time! Can this child-

like, unconscious grandeur ever again be found in art?

In the piazza is a palace, whose façade is covered with fine but faded frescoes by the best artists of the day. It is the Palazzo of Niccolo dell' Antella, and a bust of one of the Medici is over the great arched entrance. It was in this piazza that assemblies of the people were held, and the free institutions of Florence first established. The short-lived Liberty was born there, and it has a fountain from which flows the only pure water in the city.

We went through the Via dei Librai, where frowns the palace of the former hateful Podestà—a vast fortress, with a lofty tower at one end, now a prison. In the court of the Duomo, we delayed awhile by the "Sasso di Dante," where he used to sit and look at the Campanile and the Cathedral, as an inscription on a marble slab in the wall announces. Near by, sit also, in marble, Brunelleschi and Arnolfo de Lapa, the illustrious architects—one gazing, with upturned head, at the noble works before him. Of course we lingered round the Gate of Paradise. With what a breezy grace stand the angels before the prostrate Abraham! I have seen no figures so much like Raphael's as Ghiberti's. He was surely a kindred spirit. The heads in very high relief round the framework are, I believe, all portraits. At any rate, the perfectly bald one is Ghiberti himself. The walls of Jericho will inevitably fall flat at the blast of those trumpets, blown

with such vigor. Three women, just behind some men who carry heavy stones to batter the city withal, are wonders of stately grace. The beauty and expression of the countenances are very marvellous. Indeed Ghiberti was one of the miracles of genius. I wish the precincts of the Baptistery were not a coach-stand, so that one could be more quiet while looking at this gate. It is so precious, too, that I do not like to have it endangered by the accidents of time. I think I would put it under plate-glass within the eternal walls of the Pitti Palace. It should not be out of doors.

We thought we would visit the Palazzo Riccardi. Mr. Ware ventures to compare it to the Coliseum. It is grand and high and majestic; but it is no more to be compared to the Coliseum than a mole-hill to a mountain. Besides, it has an ever-enduring newness of aspect. No ruin can be imagined of it. Every one of those mighty stones of rough Tuscan finish will look just as now when time shall be no longer. They can never decay, and never appear old. And the Coliseum could hide it away in one of its own vast recesses—in one of its great pockets. When I look at these dark, indestructible, gloomy palaces, they terrify me with a sense of hopelessness. They are defiant with strength, and like prisons from which there is no escape. But always they seem to be finished to-day, and not to belong to the past, though they are half a thousand years old already. This clear, bright atmosphere can never harm them.

And the Coliseum, softened by the ages in tint, and genial in the first place, being of buff travertine, looks hoary with the years that have passed; and flowers and moss and ivy, and even trees, grow upon and out of its stones. It is the Ruin of Ruins. Could a flower be persuaded to plant its delicate foot in a crevice of the terrible Pitti, Riccardi, or Strozzi? Could a crevice ever even be found in that nicely-fitted, firmly-compacted, unsympathizing mass? Nothing so soft as earth could rest there. When a prince gets inside those walls, can he feel any pity?

The Riccardi is now devoted to Government offices. Soldiers keep guard before the entrance; but we walked in without being molested. The first court is surrounded with Corinthian columns of oriental granite. The loggie behind the columns are filled with sculptures—busts, statues, three antique sarcophagi and bas-reliefs, and a beautiful large porphyry vase of an oval shape. On the right-hand side, as one enters, is a grand staircase, leading from the loggia, with ancient marble statues, in niches, on the way up. We were guided into a glorious little chapel, paved with mosaics, and its walls beautifully frescoed by Benozzo Gozzoli, and as fresh as if painted just now, though they are three hundred and eighty years old! They have caught the spirit of the eternal walls, and never mean to fade. Lovely angels, kneeling in perpetual prayer—hunters radiant for the chase, and the famous foreshortened ass. I thought of Mr. Brown-

ing's poem of the Statue and the Bust, and questioned whether the unfortunate Princess Riccardi ever knelt down in this chapel, either in despair or in penitence.

From the Chapel we went to the Gallery, probably once a ball-room, and now used for the meetings of the Della Crusca Society. It is panelled with plate-mirrors, upon which are painted Cupids and wreaths of flowers, as in some of the Roman palaces. The arched ceiling is covered with frescoes—in the centre the apotheosis of the Medici!! Tough work have the angels to lift the Medici above the world! There they are, with their ignoble faces, endeavoring to rise through the air. The aforementioned under lip of Leopold alone might make an angel stagger. All around are symbolical groups—the whole by Il Volteranno. It was a baby-house compared to the magnificent gallery of the Colonna at Rome; and I was much disappointed to find no oil-paintings in it. On the sides of the apartment were ranged innumerable tabourets of red damask, and no other furniture. These are common in palaces, standing in solemn rows. The furniture of palaces never seems to be available. The chairs are generally as large and ponderous as thrones; and no one would think of moving them into a companionable group. The superb tables of ormolu, with tops of precious marbles and jewels, must not be used to hold anything; for if anything were put upon them, some exquisite flower, composed of amethyst, agate, coral-

line, or sardonyx, with leaves of malachite—or some bird of Paradise, of chalcedony, diaspore, and pearl, would be hidden. There is no inhabitableness in halls of state, no place for the heart, no inducement to live and unfold, so wonderful are the compensations of Providence!

In the afternoon Miss Blagden came in her carriage to drive me to Bellosguardo, to look at a villa which she hopes we will take for August and September, because she thinks we should not be safe in Florence during the dog-days. J—— went with us. The weather was brilliant, and we had a charming excursion. I found a sumptuous villa for delight, with multitudinous halls and chambers—with deeply shaded avenues; clear, smooth lawn and semicircular terraces—a strong, old, gray-stone tower, at one end, where owls do whoop and hoot and sit, "to warm their wit," and in which Savonarola was imprisoned. But, above all, the view from it, who can paint or describe? From the tower Florence can be seen, and from the windows of the villa we looked upon a rich plain of great extent, Pistoria afar off, and the lovely mountains keeping watch and ward; and, at that moment, receiving into their fastnesses the sun, who was retiring to rest in great pomp of gold. The air was nectar and elixir. I think we must go there.

June 29th.—In the afternoon I took U. and R. to the Race, with Ada. We had a much more favor-

able situation for seeing the pageant than before, and could sit all the time. It was not a day of such state as St. John's Day, and it closed the festival. The court came to the royal loggia, but not in full dress. There were no trains nor coronets of diamonds and pearls, and no scarlet ribbons over shoulders; neither did the Grand Duke drive in his golden coach, with the crown atop. As it luckily chanced in the course, the royal carriage was obliged to stop just before us, and we had three or four minutes to stare straight into the faces of the Grand Duke and Duchess. The Grand Duke looked like a monkey, with an evil disposition, most ugly and mean. The lady has not a ray of beauty left, but amiably kept bowing to the people every instant. But it was worth while to see the young Archduchess who followed. She is most lovely—pale and sweet. Her dark hair was rolled back and confined with a band of pearls, and blue marabouts waved from it, and her robe was azure brocade. All the maids of honor wore wreaths of flowers round their heads. The Grand Duke has that frightful, coarse, protruding under lip, peculiar to the imperial race of Austria and formerly of Spain. It is worth while to extinguish the race, for the sake of expunging that lip and all it signifies. No man with such a mouth can love liberty or spiritual things. It got into the Medici family somehow—probably by marriage, and it plunges one into musing to see how inexorable is nature in avenging broken laws; while, also, she

"never did betray the heart that loved her," as Wordsworth says.

The scene was very gay, and the crowd most orderly and gentle, like all Tuscan crowds. We could see the course even to the Porta al Prato; and after the court had arrived, the carriages left the street, and a body of dragoons, slowly and courteously, drove all the people off the Corso, in preparation for the horses. Two men were killed the other day, and therefore great precautions were taken now. As soon as the poor steeds were let to run, the six royal people leaned over their baluster to see; and then the Grand Duke threw a paper to some privileged person, which caused immense merriment, and the Duchess laughed very much. I have yet to discover what this paper was. * * We did not arrive home till nearly eight, and though all Florence was in the streets, the city was as quiet and safe as a drawing-room.

June 30th.—This morning, I went with the children and Ada to the Academy of Arts, and to the Pietre-dure Rooms. In the first of the latter are specimens of all the pietre dure stones used in Florentine mosaic, in their rough state; then specimens of each, polished. I had no idea that there was such a rich variety used in mosaics. Agates of all realms and of exquisite beauty—chalcedony, coralline, malachite, lapis-lazuli of all combinations of tints—the oriental, of deepest and purest blue shades, and the

French, much mixed with bright, gold veins; green and red porphyries, jaspers, many kinds of sardonyx and onyx, nero, rosso, giallo and verde antico, serpentine of Egypt (also green), granites of all countries, some very beautiful, of a rosy hue—which was surprising to me (I having been accustomed to suppose the gray New England granite the only one)—terra di paese—a wonderful stone, whose markings resemble ruins of temples and cities—amethysts, crystal, alabasters, both oriental and occidental—samples of all the marbles in the world, some marked with mosses and ferns, some with lovely shells—and a marble called "flowers of Persia," from its gorgeous colors; and another named "stellaria," from its starred appearance. I cannot recollect a tenth part, however. Four rooms were surrounded with cases filled with specimens, all numbered, and for each room were six or seven printed lists, in the form of hand-screens, for visitors. It is, as usual with the Grand Ducal treasures, free to the public, not a crazia being required as fee. Guards, in the royal livery, keep watch. After this suite of precious-stone saloons came a gallery, with copies in mosaic of oil paintings—and then another, with more of these, but, in addition, cabinets of the best work executed there, in small articles—little landscapes, figures in groups, birds, flowers, and arabesques. I saw on this wall the model for the admirable mosaic of the Pantheon, which I liked so much in the Pitti Palace, and also models of some

of the tables there. Then followed a large saloon, with superb inlaid cabinets, vases, large and small tables, and a great part of the ornaments for the altar in the Medicean Chapel at San Lorenzo. Some of these were high-reliefs in precious stones! figures of saints and angels and solid birds. Fancy an angel arrayed in robes of real amethyst, chalcedony, jasper, topaz, and ruby, starred with crystals (perhaps diamonds) and emeralds! Petrified woods make some of the most superb stones.

In the Academy of Arts we spent nearly two hours in the first gallery. The Assumption of the Virgin, the Pietà, and the Descent from the Cross, by Perugino, the Adoration of the Magi, by Gentile di Fabriano, the Deposition, by Fra Angelico, and a few others, occupied us all that time. All were better upon farther knowing.

July 1st.—To-day we set forth to see the house of Michel Angelo, where he once lived, and where a Buonarotti, minister of state, now resides, and allows the palace to be shown every Thursday. But after our long walk we were disappointed, because repairs are going on in it. So we went into the Church of Santa Croce, and looked at the beautiful marble pulpit, cut in bas-relief, in the cinque-cento style, which I did not examine before. But I am now thinking of the Palazzo Vecchio, which we afterward visited. The Cortile, with its sculptured columns, fountains, and frescoed walls, is noble; and from

that we went up some right royal staircases,—broad and low steps, so low that, instead of using effort to go up, they seemed to lift one along with a buoyant bound. Not even those of the Barberini Palace are equal to them. Up, up, and up we mounted, to be sure, for on the continent nothing is down-stairs worth seeing. We must climb near to the sky first. At last we attained a large ante-room, "in faded splendor wan" (for in this palace the Medici formerly displayed great state). The walls on three sides were covered with gold *fleurs-de-lis*, and on the fourth were frescoes by Domenico Ghirlandaio, the master of Michel Angelo. From this we entered the Hall of Audience, covered by frescoes of the deeds of Camillus, by Salviati, and it had a gorgeous ceiling of sunken panels and bosses, with argosies of gold upon them. Three large cabinets were there, containing carvings in ivory of the most delicate beauty, and the custode said that some of them were the work of Benvenuto Cellini himself. One cabinet was filled with an altar-service of a hundred or more pieces, carved out of the finest amber, of both the transparent and opaque kinds—cups, crucifixes, vases, many varieties of pyx, and other vessels, of which I do not know the names. They were like lucid gold, or sunshine crystallized, and polished like glass. This superb equipage once covered the altar of the private chapel of the palace. No doubt many of the figures and cups were cut by Benvenuto Cellini; but the custode did not say so.

The chapel is small, but exceedingly precious; for it is painted all over with frescoes by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio—angels, cherubs, prophets, saints; and the Annunciation is at one end. The frescoes are very grand—glorious little cherubs—grouped like bouquets of flowers in circles—and mighty old prophets and evangelists, sitting in eternal repose—and sacred heads, with the peace of heaven in them, painted in medallions over the altar, as if they beamed through the walls in answer to earnest prayer, revelations of a future, happy world. What a pity it is that any wall should remain a dead blank when they might all blaze with glory in this way, and wake the soul by touch of art divine! Must we not go back to this adornment again, since it arose from the demand of the soul, and the soul demands it still? What were colors made for, if not to use for the worship of God, and the culture of the spirit? Are we more devout for bare walls? Are we less spiritually-minded when the plain plaster gives place to rainbow-winged angels, holding dulcimer, cithern, and harp, praising God—their faces refulgent with His light? We need more Fra Angelicos to open the doors of Paradise for us, and to crowd blank space with seraphim and cherubim—also Ghirlandaios and Michel Angelos to reveal the sublime brows and forms of Prophets, Sibyls, Saints, and Martyrs whenever we lift up our eyes. It is, to be sure, a serious obstacle to the satisfying of such needs that we now have no devout masters in the

world. I try to fancy a function going on in this chapel. A hundred waxen-tapers kindle into flaming magnificence these amber implements. The carved figures are diaphanous, as if they had put on celestial bodies, which offer no obstruction to the blazing light, but rather seem to organize it. Wings sparkle and flow and wave with arrested, golden currents. Every vase seems filled with the wine of life in its own substance. The pyxes look as if the mysterious Host they had held had transfused itself into a visible Sun of Righteousness, shining through the amber;—the Christ on the crucifixes has changed into glory, and even transfigured the cross. The priests who are administering here, robed in creamy cloth of gold, add a living splendor as they move; and, turning from the radiance of the altar and its ministers, behold the heavenly hierarchies, beaming through the walls on every side, with love, joy, and immutable peace, bringing blessings for sincere worshippers, and remaining fixed assurances of never-failing help in time of trouble. But how inexplicable it is that, with all these appliances, even the very priests themselves could continue as stolid as stones, and receive not a single divine idea or impulse from all that art could fashion and the mind conceive. I must not omit the music from my function—the organ-thunders, and human voices, rising and falling in tuneful adoration with tones that seem to cause the pictured faces to flash with rapture—and the wings of angels to plume themselves for

flight. The Medici were present at such services in this chapel of theirs; but beauty of soul and person was not the result to them.

The custode, at my request, now took us into a small room to show us Bianca Capella, a very rotund and jolly dame—not at all distinguished in aspect. Francesco di Medici was her pendant, and between them stood Cosmo II., in marble. The Empress Helena was also there, and a fair little Carolina di Medici, sweet and innocent, with pale, gold hair and clear, azure eyes. It was a relief to see one innocent looking di Medici. From this we were led into a narrow corridor, and looked down into the grand saloon, built for the *consiglio populare*. It was full of workmen and in confusion; but we could perceive its stateliness. The walls are covered with frescoes of the victories of Cosmo I.,—conquests of Pisa and Siena, by Vasari—besides others by Cigoli, etc. Round the vast hall, upon the floor, are marble statues and groups, by famous artists, and one by Michel Angelo, left unfinished. This is Victory and Captivity. The face of Victory is as clear and calm and powerful as ideal Victory ought to be. It looks like Day without a cloud. There is no expression of humanity in it—I mean, of a *man*. It is a Princedom. The attitude is almost indescribable. The figure fronts toward the right; but the head is turned, looking over the shoulder, so that it faced me as I stood before it. Beneath the hands and feet crouches Captivity, an old man, half bowed on his

knees, with a noble contour, only partly made out. Michel Angelo struggled with the marble till the idea was evident, and then left it, like so many other of his half-evolved blocks. The limbs of Captivity have not fought their way out of the stone yet —they are captive to it—though one can discern indications, as if through an almost transparent medium. Mr. H. thought the figure of Victory too tall, and the head too small in proportion. Perhaps it is, and perhaps Michel Angelo left it because he was not content with it. Yet, in that case, I think he would have given it one of his Cyclopean blows and demolished the whole. The expression is so fine, that I did not mind the discrepancies, if there be any.

I saw one day in the cortile of the Academy of Arts another *bozzo* of the great artist. It is St. Matthew. One can see the colossal form, sitting with a book; and yet one cannot tell how anything is seen (except one limb), for nothing is distinctly rendered. But somehow the design, shaped in the brain of the sculptor, has passed into the stone—no —rather, in the stone, Michel Angelo saw St. Matthew sitting with his Evangel, and took up his hammer and chisel to hew him out. He struck away the marble till he obtained access to him, and then, being assured he was there, he left him very safe till he should be in the mood to release him entirely. But he will never be released now, for now there is no angel Michel to smite off his chains.

I should have said that after taking a view of the saloon from above, the custode took us down into it, and that it was then I saw the sculpture. There was also a fine heroic statue of Pietro di Medici, as handsome as Achilles or Mars, and in the costume of a Greek warrior. But history says that Pietro (or Piero) di Medici was not distinguished for intellect or character; yet if this be a true portrait, he must have been famous for his beauty, at least—and is not he the father of the superb Lorenzo in the Capella dei Depositi? Who was his mother—the mother of Pietro—I wonder; for not from the di Medici could such beauty come.

Clement VII., who played so like a cat with Henry VIII. of England, sits in marble, with a King kneeling before him—and there is a grand statue of Leo X., resembling Raphael's portrait of him in the Pitti. But the marble transfigures his earthliness somewhat.

The ceiling of the Hall is divided into compartments, richly carved and heavily gilded; and in these compartments are finished oil-paintings, extending over a hundred and seventy feet by seventy-five of space! The colors are deep and bright, and the effect is sumptuous. The Florentines are very proud of this saloon, and believe it the largest in the world. The doors are hung with solid crimson satin, fringed with gold, and when the rubbish is cleared away and the workmen gone, I think Florence may well be proud of it.

When we left the Palazzo, we saw the Lion, at the end of the broad terrace, which the Pisans were forced to kiss, after their defeat; and Michel Angelo's David, which I do not like, probably because I do not yet understand it—and Hercules and Cacus and two inexplicable figures. And we crossed to the Loggia of the Lancers, by Orgagna, and looked at the Perseus more carefully than I have done before. It is one of those faces in which deepest thought is expressed, earnest, sad thought, and heroic beauty. There is not much taper to the limbs, but immense strength in the arms. I hope Benvenuto Cellini will not destroy me, in enraged self-complacence, if I say that I wish they were slenderer, to harmonize with the intellectual fineness of the face. The irises of the eyes are cut out—incised—which gives them a dark, intent look, which I do not altogether like for sculpture. The winged helmet is falling from his clustering hair; for he need not be invisible any longer, now that the deed is done. He holds out the terrible head dreamily, almost unconsciously, as lost in thought. Canova's Perseus is only a vain toy compared to this noble creation. Canova was external, I think. He cut the outside of the marble nicely, and never wrestled after a profound idea, hidden in it. It is all very neat, but who cares?

It was exceedingly interesting to see the statuettes, placed round the pedestal of the Perseus, referring to the myth. For the Grand Duchess liked

them so much, she wished to have them in her boudoir, and Benvenuto was so determined she should not, that he placed them in their proper niches, in the night, while the Duchess was asleep. The account he gives in his autobiography of the casting of the statue is very characteristic. After loitering about the most beautiful of all Loggie for a long time, we went into the Gallery of the Uffizzi, and sat down in the first vestibule, to contemplate the Medici. I must confess that Ferdinand III. has quite a grand head, wherever he got it. Cosmo III. is as repulsive and ugly as Philip II. of Spain. Cosmo II. looks like a negro, with frightful, thick, prominent lips; and, indeed, they are a fearful set of men. Oh, beautiful Florence! how insane must have been your conduct, to fall into the hands of such keepers! * * * * * *

We passed on to the Tribune, for I wished to see Michel Angelo's Holy Family, after reading Mr. Ware's excessive eulogium of the Madonna. Mr. Ware has gone mad on that Madonna, I believe, for I am sure she is not what he describes her to be. With all my faith in and enthusiasm for the artist, I cannot see in it what he rages about. The mother is looking up into the infant's face, and not into the heavens in a prayer or dream or musing. To me she is not noble nor particularly full of expression. The infant is grand and Joseph is benign —only the Madonna disappoints me.

We did not stay long in the entrancing Tribune,

because to-day I wished to see the pencil and pen and ink drawings of the great masters. As we came out of the southern gallery, however, we found the door of the cabinet of gems open, and were drawn in. There we saw splendors upon splendors of precious jewels and stones. A toad, made of one priceless, great pearl, with two jewels in his head, was certainly a toad in glory. There was a face of oriental jade, with dazzling diamonds for eyes; and a negro's head of paragon (a black precious stone), with an immense pearl for head-dress, and a tunic of one entire pearl, bordered with rubies! I think he was probably the ancestor of the negro-lipped Medici. There were innumerable vases of every form, size, and precious material —columns of crystal, with bands of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies round their capitals; but I cannot tell all that there was. The little cabinet was a gem of itself, surrounded by columns of verde antique, and paved with marbles.

So now we were too late for the drawings to-day, and too tired also, and therefore we strolled into the portrait gallery, where I sketched the beautiful Raphael, and became better acquainted with Leonardo da Vinci and Titian. Titian is handsome, but I neither love nor reverence him, for some reason best known to himself. In the hall of Bacchus, we looked at the authentic PLATO, as it is said to be, a most noble, intellectual brow, and fine features, except that the mouth is not firm and strong. Can this be

true of the divine Plato? As he shares with Lord Bacon the highest human intellect, I am sure he must be strong; but it may be that this is a bust of him when his mouth had lost its precision of line from age. As I believe Lord Bacon and Shakspeare to be one and the same person—or rather, as I believe Lord Bacon wrote what are called Shakspeare's plays and sonnets, this will account for my leaving him out of that lofty companionship. Now, no more. What a day this has been! Oh, yes—a little more. When we came down into the Court, we saw the statue of Benvenuto Cellini, very handsome, a noble figure, holding lovingly on his arm his bronze Perseus. However profoundly one may admire and appreciate Benvenuto, I think he goes beyond any one in admiration of himself; yet in such a simple, genuine way, that it is not offensive, but rather winsome than otherwise. I cannot thank him enough for his entertaining autobiography, though it be somewhat mendacious. His mendacity is a mixture of fun and vanity; but who ever had such cunning fingers? I do not wonder that the Prince loved to watch him at work. It must have been like a glimpse into fairy land, when he was upon his bijouterie. I should be glad to know whether his hands were delicate and taper. And, now again, no more—to-night.

July 2d.—The Brownings went to France yesterday morning, and there seems to be nobody in Florence now for us.

We have been to the Duomo to-day. It was in nice order, and the ugly chairs removed, and we could see the beauty of the pavement, as not before. We walked all round the chapels, and upon one, dedicated to the Virgin, was an image of her, with a necklace of large diamonds; and she stands upon a crescent moon, five or six inches in its curve, made entirely of diamonds. As the altar was blazing with lighted candles, the effect was dazzling.

I had a better view of Michel Angelo's Pietà, and the face and head of Christ are beautiful. Mary is older than she is represented in the Pietà at St. Peter's, but very grand—as is the whole group. John and Mary Magdalen help support the body of Jesus. It is lamentable that such a work should be in so dark a place, where it is nearly impossible ever to see it all, except the outline. The windows were superb to-day on the eastern side, with the sun shining through. The Cathedral is impressive and noble; but very small in comparison to St. Peter's, and it somehow reveals the immensity of St. Peter's, which never was large enough to meet my expectations, when I was in it. It is strange that the Florentines do not fill the Duomo with superior works of art; but it is far better to have none than the pictures and statues of medium merit that usually are found in churches.

Afterward we long contemplated the Gate of Gates of the Baptistery, and then endeavored to

find the Via Faenza, and the building in which is the Cenacolo of Raphael. After some straying, we found it, and then Mr. H. left me; for he said he could not look at a fresco to-day. A deplorable old beggar rang the bell for me, for the sake of a crazia, and a civil, respectable man opened the door, and ushered me into a room, one end of which is filled with the picture I wished to see. It has evidently been cleaned, and that dangerous process would take away the delicate finish and tints and atmosphere of a work of Raphael; but it is a grand, impressive, affecting design. John's head is exceedingly beautiful. He is represented asleep or faint, as he often is at the supper—I do not know why, unless it were impossible to portray his grief and amazement at the words, "one of you shall betray me." There is lovely repose in the perfect features and attitude. His head rests on his arm before Christ, who, with upraised hand, looks directly and deprecatingly, but with gentle majesty, at Judas, who is alone on this side the table, and stares out of the picture, with an uneasy and sinister glance, grasping the bag in his left hand. St. James is, like John, very young and beautiful, with a clear, open brow, and an expression of calm surprise, as if he could not readily conceive of such a crime. The older apostles are noble, some of them with a most tender sorrow, and all astonished, holding their knives and bread and cups suspended at the fearful words. Thaddeus is also represented as youthful. I was

quite alone in the building. Not a sound broke the profound silence.

The arched, vaulted room was the old Refectory of the Convent of San Onofno, now repaired. Antique red-cushioned chairs were ranged round three sides; and beneath the picture, on the fourth side, was a carved settle. Sitting there so still, I seemed to be present at the very moment when Jesus pronounced the sentence that struck such amazement and dismay into the hearts of his disciples, and they all became living persons to me. The fresco was very splendid in color once, with a great deal of gold. The dishes on the table are of elegant form, like Greek pateræ; but the whole effect is simple, and centres upon Christ and Judas. Just as Perugino's Pietà at the Academy made me more truly feel than ever before that Christ was crucified for man, so this assured me of that most affecting last supper on earth of Jesus and his friends. So powerful is the purpose and sentiment of the great masters, that we become possessed of the same. I often go round the chapels of the churches, and look at the altar-pictures, and see and feel nothing, as they usually are. But suddenly I am arrested, and always by the devout, religious, and inspired painters of the olden time, of whom Raphael was the consummate flower.

Above, and far beyond the group at table, through arches, we see a landscape, with the trees and rocks and hills that drive Ruskin mad; but I think they

are always in keeping with the figures in Raphaelite and pre-Raphaelite pictures, and I like them. They give distance and scope, without overwhelming the main design, and therefore have an artistic propriety.

The Egyptian Museum is in the same building, and I wished to see a war-chariot that was there. There were mummies, in and out of mummy-cases, innumerable carved objects in precious stones, frogs as big only as a pea, and large and small scaribæi of various substances—gods, altars, shrines, bas-reliefs, stele drawings on stucco, and one curious portrait of a handsome, unamiable lady, with hair dressed in the fashion of to-day. It has taken three or more thousand years for this style to come round again. In what a large orbit moves Fashion! The war-chariot is made of wood—a very light kind of wood, with as little framework and weight as possible. The seat (or stand, rather) is woven of reeds and straw. It must have flown like the wind, with fleet horses. Two very large, airy wheels were on each side; and it was a Scythian chariot, after all, and I believe I expected to see an Egyptian one. But if the chariots of Pharaoh were like this, they certainly could not withstand the waves. Why should our carriages be so ponderous? It is, at least, a pity to load our horses with such unnecessary weight. Remote antiquity might teach us a great deal, though we brag so perpetually of our improvements. I laid my hand upon the woven

stand, wondering whose brave feet had held their place upon it in the thick of battle, three, or perhaps four, thousand years ago. Just now I had been in the Holy Land, and now I was in Egypt; for in Egypt this chariot was found.

When I was about leaving the building, I offered the custode a fee, but, with a polite bow, he protested that I was "senza obligazione," and I was really obliged to put my silver back into my purse, with speechless surprise. It is the first time in Europe that I have known a custode to refuse the money dropping into his hand, though attendants do not always demand it.

On my way home I stopped at the Baptistery, and looked at Ghiberti's other door, which is also beautiful, and represents the Life of Christ. There is perfect grace, and delicate, forcible expression in the faces and forms; and I think it would be considered a masterpiece, if the eastern gate were not so peerless. The third one is the Life of St. John the Baptist, by Pisano. Inside, I looked at a wooden statue of Mary Magdalen, meagre, forlorn, and sad, with abundant hair enveloping her nude and wasted figure. I had come in, because, while gazing at Pisano's door, I felt a great drop of water fall on my nose, and instantly down poured a flood, and the thunder rolled; so I fled into the sanctuary, and sat down. I could have stayed there contentedly for a long time, but I had not my watch, and was afraid I should be too late for dinner; so I summoned a

carriage and drove home. For more than two hours it continued to rain, thunder, and lighten; then it cleared lustrously, and R. and I walked out of the Porta Romana up the spacious avenue of the Grand Duke's villa, about a mile long, close by the city. It is a broad carriage-road, with nice foot-walks beneath the shade-trees on each side, open and free to all, in true Tuscan princely style. * * * At the gate of the Villa were two marble statues—one, Jupiter hurling thunderbolts with the utmost furor,—a strange figure to place at the entrance of the ducal residence, though significant and appropriate, considering how the Florentine rulers behave. The other is Atlas, I suppose, with the heavens on his shoulders. A lovely lawn is within, surrounded with rose-trees still in bloom, though it be now late for roses: and beyond stretches out the palace,—marble statues standing in niches in front. Even into this strangers are admitted; but it was too late then for us. The view is extensive and rich from the end of the avenue, which gently, yet constantly, ascends all the way from the first gate.

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Santa Maria Novella.

July 3d.—This morning we set forth for Santa Maria Novella, Michel Angelo's Bride. It was the church where Boccaccio's ladies met at the time of the plague, and agreed to go away together. I

wished particularly to see the famous Madonna of Cimabue, which was so superior to previous paintings of her, that it was borne through the streets in triumphal procession, before being deposited in its present chapel. The façade of this church, one of the few that is finished, is encrusted with black and white marbles in mosaic. On the right extends an arcade, and in each arch is a tomb, with the escutcheon of the person buried sculptured or modelled in stucco above. At right angles, on the left, is still another arcade, and on this side we entered a cloister—the green cloister, so called because the frescoes which cover the walls are green and brown in tint—a sort of chiar'oscuro. They are curious pictures of events in the Old Testament, by Uccello and Dello, with a good deal of force and the utmost *naïveté*. Beneath these designs are innumerable sepulchral tablets. We walked along till we came to an open door, which we entered, and found services going on in a large, lofty room, covered with frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Memmi. It was the Chapter-house. On the east side is the triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas. He sits in the centre, holding an open book, which he turns to the beholders to read. At his feet crouch three promoters of heresy. On each hand, in a regular line, sit saints, apostles, virtues, and angels. In two even rows beneath are fourteen figures—popes, philosophers, saints, orators, and personified abstractions, in rows; many beautiful noble faces and forms.

This was by Gaddi, and all the others are by Memmi. Opposite St. Thomas Aquinas is a vast composition called the Church Militant and Triumphant, containing a great many portraits—of Cimabue, di Lapo, Petrarch and Laura, and Boccaccio, as well as Popes and Kings. On the north side is the Crucifixion, Christ bearing the Cross, and his Descent into Hell. The famous Walter di Brienne is the Roman centurion. Opposite are scenes from St. Domenic's life, as this is a Domenican church, with a convent attached. There are windows, beautiful mullioned windows, and a great door, which would effectually light the frescoes, but they were provokingly covered with dark curtains, so that it was difficult to see them well. Glorious with color and form must have been those walls in their first ages; for they are now more than five hundred years old. The groined roof meets in a point above, with four separate subjects in each compartment. From the Chapter-house we returned to the Green Cloisters, and were going down a corridor that seemed full of paintings and tombs and sculptures, when a custode accosted us, and asked if we wished to see the Church. We followed him with his key, and he led us directly to the sacristy, a lofty, Gothic apartment, with the groinings of the roof richly ornamented; a superb window of stained glass, and mahogany presses all round, as well as one in the centre of the room. An artist was painting, and the custode introduced us to the originals of his copies. They

were three reliquaries by Fra Angelico, little Gothic frames, with pictures in the centres, at the foot and tops and sides; and between the central pictures and the outside were shut recesses, containing labelled relics. I saw small bones, hair, and undistinguishable bits, but I do not know their histories. Here I found the Madonna of the Star, a celebrated work of Fra Angelico—Mary, standing, in a blue robe, holding the infant, with a star blazing over her brow. All the faces were finished like miniatures, and the drapery was brilliant with primal colors, making carcanets of jewels, as Fra Angelico always does; and his ruby and sapphire robes and opaline faces were set on a gold background.

After carefully examining these wonderful gems, we went into the church, a dilapidated old place, shorn of much glory, but with a sumptuous window of painted glass—a rose-window over the principal entrance, and a triple mullioned one over the choir. A short flight of stairs leads into the Strozzi Chapel, covered all over with frescoes, by Orgagna. On one side is Heaven, and on the other is Hell. The last has been injured and mended; but Heaven is still glorious. The Almighty is enthroned highest, Jesus and the Virgin Mary are in the next rank, just beneath two beautiful angels; and around and below countless throngs of the ascended Just, their faces glowing and beaming with happiness and peace—thousands upon thousands. What a work for one head and one hand! but what enjoyment Orgagna

must have experienced in lifting up those myriad holy brows and ecstatic eyes to the smile of the Eternal Father, and the welcome of Christ and the Virgin!

Opposite is the Prince of Evil—no princely state has he, however; but he is a hideous monster, up to his middle in a caldron, in which the damned are boiling, and he eating them, as they are cooked to his taste. This is the central group. Around are separate punishments for each sin, which would not be pleasant to describe. Behind the altar is the Last Judgment, surmounted by a painted window. In the Judgment the artist has amused himself with putting many lordly personages who did not please him, among the cursed; and, out of a sepulchre, a grinning fiend is pulling a poor soul, to torment it in unseemly haste, not even waiting for it to come forth. Doubtless this soul is a portrait; for painters, as well as poets, put their enemies, or those whom they believed wicked, into the Inferno without scruple. On the other side is also a sepulchre, and from that a lovely angel is gently assisting one of the "Blessed of my Father" to ascend. Wonderful is the contrast between these opposing groups.

The choir is the work of Ghirlandaio (Domenico). One side is the Life of St. John the Baptist, and the other the Life of the Virgin, in a great many compartments. Various portraits are introduced—in one group are several of the di Medici—in another, artists, and among them Ghirlandaio himself. There is the portrait also of a great beauty of that time,

Ginevra de Benci. These frescoes are very splendid. What prodigies of genius were the masters of those days—what patience, invention, and industry! The group of women round the new-born Virgin is graceful and lovely, and one is robed in cloth of gold. All the dresses are magnificent with gold and color, and I perceive how splendid must have been this choir, with the grace and state and dignity of the figures—the true faces and the living movement—lighted with prismatic hues from the large triple Gothic window of painted glass—before the gold was dimmed or the tints faded; since, even now, it is so much more than I can apprehend at one seeing. Above, in four pointed arches of the vault, sit four Evangelists, presiding over their pictured gospels,—grand old men, prefiguring Michel Angelo's prophets; for Ghirlandaio was his master. I have not seen in anything of Ghirlandaio, however, the tremendous muscular developments which Michel Angelo delighted to render. That was "his own music," and I cannot like it overmuch, because I do not understand anatomy, and prefer the human form rounded with "softer solids."

In the Gaddi Chapel, on the left, is the storied Crucifix of Brunelleschi, which he carved in wood, after seeing Donatello's, in Santa Croce. Brunelleschi told Donatello that he had cut a peasant and not a Christ, and when he had finished his own, Donatello was so astonished that he exclaimed with generous admiration, "To thee it is granted to make

the Christs, and to me the peasants." I could not see the face distinctly enough on account of the dim shade of the chapel; but all I could see of the figure was fine; and, at any rate, the magnanimity of Donatello has consecrated it. At last we visited the Rucellai Chapel, where the celebrated Cimabue Madonna is placed. It has the colossal face which Cimabue and his compeers so often drew, on a rather less colossal figure, while the infant and the angels are of the natural size. But the Virgin's face is very much softer and more beautiful than any other of Cimabue, without the hard outlines of that age—a noble, sweet, and tender countenance, slightly bent on a throat disproportionately slender—with a hood almost covering the forehead. The fingers of the hands are endless and inflexible; but the baby they hold is one of the princely, divine infants, full of grace and majesty, and the six angels around, in their gold settings, are heavenly jewels of rarest beauty. In its first freshness of dazzling gold and color, it must have cast an added glory upon the day as it passed through the streets of Florence—the Holy Child blessing all men with His uplifted little hand, and the Madonna winning the worship of the thronging crowds by her queenly state and benignity of aspect. The angels are absorbed in the beatific vision of the Mother and Son. This picture is hung between two narrow windows in an unaccountably stupid manner; for the light, glaring into the eyes, prevents one from seeing well any part of it. It is

disloyal to Cimabue to hang his picture so, besides being exasperating to any true lover of art. I begin thoroughly to approve of the custom of Princes and Popes, of which I have heretofore complained—of taking masterpieces from churches and placing them in galleries; for in churches they are often lost, and in galleries they are found. As Mr. Allston once so wisely said, "What is the use of a picture if we cannot see it?"

The Martyrdom of St. Catharine covers the right-hand wall. I looked at it with great interest, because some figures in it are said to be by Michel Angelo. St. Catharine stands, raising her hands to a descending angel, who seems to bring down the retribution of heaven; for the executioners are falling about in terror or faintness, and in these writhing forms I recognized Michel Angelo.

Another chapel is painted by Filippo Lippi, with traditional miracles on the sides, and the evangelists on the ceiling. St. Philip is driving away a horrible dragon from the Temple of Mars on one side; on the other, Drusiana is rising from the dead. These frescoes were black and dismal, and had not the free grandeur of the Orgagnas and Ghirlandaios; but yet they were very expressive.

Over the door, leading to the campanile, is a Coronation of the Virgin, with glorified saints, by Buffalmacco, each head set in its solid golden plate —such sincerity and good faith in every line and shadow that the attraction and effect are irresistible.

Sometimes I feel as if academies and rules of proportion were nuisances, because they so often take the place of all that is truly valuable in a picture. It is like leaving the color out of the rose, and the perfume out of the violet—and, indeed, the soul out of the body. The inspiration of the old masters was from within, a sacred, revered flame; and with it they painted love and prayer and praise and sorrow with inevitable power, however strange and hard their lines and shapes; and finally grace and beauty of form were added thereunto more and more, till Raphael, with his radiant finger, put the seal on all endeavor. Was anything more possible? Can any one transcend him?

The Gothic nave is lofty and spacious, and along the aisles are small chapels in arches, once filled with frescoes, but now mostly in ruin. A marble pulpit, richly carved in bas-relief, is built against one of the columns of the nave, and over the great door, beneath the rose-window, is a crucifix by Giotto. The most entire dismantling is of the high altar. There is nothing at all left in it but dust and defacement, and the church looks desolate and forlorn, though it is one of the grandest in size and proportion, and contains so many treasures.

In the green cloister was a man sitting in a stall selling rosaries. He offered me "The Tears of St. Job," each tear crystallized into a bead, with a little cross, and I bought them out of love for that patient man, and in memory of Santa Maria Novella.

Uffizzi Gallery.

We then wandered to the Uffizzi. I looked long at the Holy Family by Michel Angelo, and now I am convinced that Mr. Ware is distraught on that point of the Madonna. It is painfully uncomely, and expresses nothing of what he so extravagantly descants. It is a Madonna of his own fancy that he writes about.

Luini's beautiful Herodias's Daughter is very much in Leonardo da Vinci's style. When shall I have seen all the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Tribune, I wonder?

In another room I met the cold, disagreeable, handsome Alfieri, whose hard blue eyes are terrible from lack of all human kindliness of sentiment. Rousseau is much more genial, though by no means attractive; and Madame de Sevigné is lovely, by Mignard. So we went on till we came to Sasso Ferrato's Madonna of the blue hood. It is most tender and sweet, yet cannot be called the Adolorata. There is no sword in her heart, but only a pensive thought. Her exquisite mouth has never quivered with unutterable woe, and her shaded eyes have still the capacity to weep—not like Perugino's Mary's, drained of tears.

We were so fortunate as to find the Hall of Bronzes open, and we saw at last John of Bologna's original Mercury. It certainly is the Mercury of Mercurys. Such an airy flight was never before or since repre-

sented in bronze, marble, or whatever substance. He is thrown upon the air completely, and is airier for the bronze. A plaster cast carries a heaviness with it, besides that casts do not often give a true idea of the original. Sometimes they do. Michel Angelo's Lorenzo di Medici, and his Day and Night, and the noble Minerva Medica are really shadowed forth by the Crystal Palace casts: but *they* are the finest in the world. Ah, this Mercury! He is a winged Thought—fit messenger of the gods. The little Zephyr, who puffs beneath his imponderable foot, has no more work to do than if he were blowing a bubble. He will be gone quite out of sight in an instant—so exquisitely poised, with pointed finger, and head thrown back, and form turned, like a lovely, slender, voluted shell.

Benvenuto Cellini's first wax-model of Perseus was beneath a glass shade. The statue is far better, and the model is only a statuette. There is also a bronze model. His superb helmet and shield, made for Francis I., we saw, covered all over with the most delicate arabesques, and medallions with small figures,—the helmet surmounted with a dragon chiselled with finest finish, in all its scales and horrors. It was deeply interesting, too, to see the bronze bas-relief which Ghiberti executed for a specimen of his capacity to make the gates of the Baptistery. It is the sacrifice of Abraham. There is also an exceedingly beautiful small statue of David, by Donatello. He has killed Goliath, and stands

musing. On his head is a shepherd's graceful bonnet, with a rather broad brim, and a wreath round the crown; and he has such a simple, stripling air, so without triumph at his great exploit—he stands so musically, so gently, that he pronounces himself the sweet Psalmist of Israel, rather than the conqueror of a giant. There is force in his delicacy, but it is the force of genius, and not of physique. I have seen nothing of Donatello that captivated me entirely before.

In the inner hall of very ancient bronzes are rare Etruscan treasures; and among them a Chimera of great antiquity, still perfect, except its tail, which is modern and a serpent. The principal head is that of a lion; and a goat's head shoots up quite unseasonably from behind the lion's.

A statue of a youth found at Pesaro is fine, and curious, from the puzzle it has proved to be to the wise. No one can decide whether it be Bacchus, Apollo, Mercury, or what. It is now called "The Idol." A robed figure, found in the vale of the Sanguinetto, on the shores of Thrasymene, has all the interest attached to that spot, besides being an admirable work. I saw there the very niellos from which the art of engraving originated, and they looked like delicate etchings on silver—slightly shaded outlines. In the same case were two enormous rings, with the largest rubies that I think were ever put in rings. They must have been for the thumb. In the British Regalia there is one as large,

but not in a ring. There were a great many heads of Roman standards, the most memorable of which was the eagle of the twenty-fourth legion. We had not seen half, when we were hurried out, because the hour for shutting the gallery had arrived unawares. But before we left the western side, we went to see Michel Angelo's Bacchus and Faun.

In the afternoon we visited churches—first San Spirito, close by us. The interior is grand, with its rows of columns and lofty, arched aisles, extending round the high altar. The high altar and choir are contained within a superb balustrade of precious marbles and bronze, surmounted by six angels in marble, St. John, and the Madonna. The altar is inlaid with pietre dure, in flowers and birds and arabesques, and the baldacchino is also ornamented with mosaics. The church is the best work of Brunelleschi. Entirely round the aisles are chapels, and many good pictures in them, and near the entrance is a copy of Michel Angelo's Pietà of St. Peter's, and one also of his St. John of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva. I became acquainted there with a new old painter, Piero di Losimo—new to me, of course, I mean; and I saw a Madonna and Saints, by Filippo Lippi—the child Jesus reaching down to touch a cross which little John holds in his hands—all very noble and lovely; also a Madonna and four Saints by Giotto, the saints beautiful—the whole picture worthy of study. An Annunciation, by Botticelli, differs from all the paintings of his I have

known. The faces of the angel and Mary are round and soft, instead of thin and meagre and hard, and what is called the motive of the picture is, as usual, sincere and solemn. He allows himself here a little beauty of form, instead of regarding the expression of devoutness merely.

A Madonna and Saints, by Perugino, fascinated me by the face of Mary—very like the adoring mother in the Pitti Palace—a face he could not repeat too often, for it is of the noblest type. While we were walking about, the priests and monks of the order of St. Augustine, who have a convent attached, came in a procession from the sacristy, and knelt down in their sweeping black robes upon the marble pavement, in two lines, one behind the other, and chanted aloud their Ave Maria. It was a wonderful picture. We afterward went into the cloisters, in the centre of which was an enchanting lawn, with shrubbery and fragrant flowers, in profound quiet, and wide, arched loggie around, in which to walk and muse, and only the sky above for prospect. What a chance and persuasion to be holy have these men in outward appliances ; yet how signally it often fails, and what a comment it is upon man's arrangements, when he presumes to improve upon God's plans! What looks so wondrous, wondrous fair, His providence teaches us to fear. The wondrous fair that can alone be trusted meets neither the eye nor the ear nor the touch. He has removed it from all possibility of harm or change. Angels only are fit

to live as monks pretend to live, and hence all the sin and woe. The relations of husband, wife, father, mother, brother, and sister must be filled by human beings, because Infinite wisdom designed the family as best for man. It is singular that in monasteries and all communities strictly of men, one always has a sense of a great want—an emptiness, and an absence of thorough order and nicety. They never seem clean; the beauty of holiness and cleanliness, which is next to godliness, are lacking. I have a shuddering perception of this whenever I am within their precincts, though I cannot tell why or how.

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Santa Annunziata.

July 6th.—This morning we went to the Santa Annunziata. It stands in a large piazza, adorned by a noble equestrian statue of Ferdinand I., who is gazing up at a palace with a most earnest expression—and both palace and statue are set to music by Mr. Browning.* It is the old Riccardi Palace, and what is now called the Riccardi in the Via Larga was then the Medici Palace, where the Grand Duke Ferdinand lived and had his Feast, at which the "one word" passed, heard only by the bridegroom; from which came all her misery. There are two fountains in the piazza, and the church extends along the whole of one side of it.

* "The Statue and the Bust."

Another side is filled with the Foundling Hospital, which has an arched loggia, and in the lunettes beneath are frescoes. There is also an arched loggia to the building on the third side, giving the square a very stately aspect. Entering the door of the Santa Annunziata, we were in an open court, surrounded by cloisters, in which were frescoes on the walls, by Pontormo, Andrea del Sarto, and Rossi. They are considered very precious, evidently, for they are enclosed in plate-glass, to keep them from the weather. Pontormo's I liked best. He is grander than Andrea del Sarto ever is, and was his pupil. The interior of the church is magnificent, the roof exceedingly rich, and the gold upon it is in the utmost sheen and splendor. There are no remarkable altar-paintings, except two good ones by Perugino, especially an Assumption, with lovely angels. In the chapel of John of Bologna are six bronze bas-reliefs, by him, and a bronze crucifix, which are all admirable.

The high altar is of solid silver, with a great many reliefs, and a silver tabernacle surmounts it. The chapel of the Annunziata is as gorgeous as it can be made. It holds the miraculous picture painted by the angels, as the people truly believe. Eight thousand pounds have just been spent for a new crown for this angelic portrait; but it is so sacred that it is kept veiled, excepting on one or two particular occasions in the year, and we could not see it today. This shrine is erected in a corner of the nave,

and climbs up into a Gothic point, with a multitude of angels, and wreaths, and ornaments. As many as fifty very large, ever-burning lamps hung from the roof above it, all of silver, and silver vases of silver lilies stand on the silver altar. The people were kneeling within and around it in passionate adoration. One man stood so long kissing the shrine and pressing his brow upon it, that he seemed fastened by some spell. Forlorn and wretched creatures looked up at the veiled painting as they would into heaven itself. There was no sham nor lukewarm prayer-mumbling in all the throng. Alongside the chapel is an oratory, very rich with pietra-dura mosaics, emblems of the Virgin—roses, lilies, stars—and the floor is of marbles. Little stalls and tabernacles of beautiful forms surround it, and in some of them stand vases of jasper and precious stones. It is a wonderful oratory, and sanctified by devout homage, I am sure. From one of the transepts we found our way into the cloisters, in which the lunettes are all painted in fresco with events in the lives of the seven founders; and between each are portraits of distinguished members of this order, which was that of St. Augustine. One of the frescoes in the cloisters is the Madonna of the Sack, by Andrea del Sarto, quite famous; but I was very much disappointed in it. Mary sits upon the ground, with the infant in her lap. Her face is round and full, without any divine expression. Joseph is seated on a sack, with a book. It has a certain free and

flowing style; but even before being injured by time, I do not see how it could ever have been a great picture. I cannot discover Andrea del Sarto's merits.

Coming home, we went to the Palace of the Conte Cavaliere Giuleo da Montanto, to inquire about his villa, which we think of taking; and then we returned through the open court of the Strozzi Palace, surrounded by stone columns and loggie. It looks eternal, like the others.

This evening messengers came from the Count, to say we could have his villa.

July 7th.—This morning I went with J—— to the Museum, and the rest of us to the Pitti Palace. By and by Mr. H. and R. joined J—— and me. J—— and I were faithfully looking at everything, and dying of fatigue. We had been through all the precious stones, marbles, quartzes, and granites. We had seen the great Carbuncle, and no diamonds, because they were all put up on the highest shelves; but sparkling garnets, mild, refreshing emeralds, gorgeous amethysts, and endless varieties of opals and chaledonies and onyxes. Then we saw specimens of all the fishes in the seas—then of all the insects, many of which were once living jewels—then of every kind of butterfly that had burst out of a chrysalis. Then we saw wax models of rare exotics and fruits, and a collection of stuffed birds; and the richest, most blazing, fiery splendors of gems, I found on throats of humming-birds. One had an amethystine

breast, which I never saw before—others were of bright gold, going through all shades of orange to deep dahlia crimson—passing through fire to get to crimson—all gradations of blue, from turquoise to deep sapphire and midnight blue—and changes of shining emerald. There was a bird-of-paradise of rare beauty; and the parrots in a corner looked like a fierce autumnal sunset; and for the first time I saw here birds entirely of bright azure (not cobalt, like our bluebirds). Then we had another show of beauty and of color in the shells. There were two real pearls still upon the oyster where they grew, more beautiful than any in the British Museum, and lovely opally nautili, besides specimens of every other that has been created. We had stuffed animals also, and their skeletons, and wax models of interiors of animals, very curious and very horrid. * * * *

This extensive museum adjoins the grounds of the Pitti Palace, and is a part of the amusements of the Grand Duke, which he hospitably shares with the people; for every man, woman, and child in Florence can go in freely from ten to three o'clock every day. His Grand Grace does not allow of any chairs through the whole suite of rooms, and all who enter must go into each room in regular order; and not retrace their steps, though they may remain hours on the way. Being utterly weary, however, I sat down upon some stairs, where no sentinel was watching, as I could at the worst but be told to get up and move on. I was not disturbed.

Boboli Gardens,—San Marco,—etc.

July 8th.—This was a day when the Boboli Gardens are open, and I took R. there to stay as long as she liked. She fetched her jump-rope, and her doll Daisy in her little chair, and her fan. (It is but a few steps from Casa del Bello.) She also took some bread for the swans, and I took a book. When we arrived at the Lake of Swans, they were in high displeasure, striking out their snowy wings, and actually groaning with unmelodious noise. They were hungry, and scolding at a man who was going upon the island, demanding food of him. He threw them some green leaves, which they devoured, and then they turned their magnificent state toward R., who was leaning on the balustrade. They ate her bread with satisfaction and dignity, and then sailed off, in full trim, and we proceeded to a lovely lawn, where were many wild-flowers; and after exhausting that, we found still another, where R. jumped rope, after tying up her bouquets with grass. Doll Daisy sat radiant in her arm-chair, holding her little mamma's fan and nosegays. We had all the rustling, blossoming, fragrant garden of Eden to ourselves, and seemed alone on a new earth, after we left the lake. At last R. found a dead butterfly, which she wished to give to J—— immediately, and so we came home. In the afternoon we drove out to Bellosguardo, to see Miss Blagden and tell her about

our taking the Count Montanto's villa, and she went with us to see it. It has forty rooms.

July 9th.—We celebrated our great day by going to San Marco, the home of Fra Angelico, where his finest pictures are kept. The church itself is not handsome, outside or inside. In one of the chapels there is a very ancient mosaic of the Virgin, with extended arms, and saints around her. The face and figure strangely reminded me of Mrs. Siddons. Over the door is the famous crucifix by Giotto, which established Iris fame above Cimabue; but it was difficult to see it in the dim light, it was so "high up-hung," though I greatly desired to examine it minutely. As far as I could discover, the expression of the head of Christ was very beautiful. In the chapel of the Salviati are many bronzes, and among them a St. John Baptist and some bas-reliefs by John of Bologna. St. John is a powerful figure, in the act of blessing. The reliefs are placed too high to be seen—how unaccountably foolish! I could only discern admirable figures, but no faces.

The chapel of the Holy Sacrament is inlaid with marbles, and contains paintings by Pocetti and a new tomb to a Prince Poniatowski; but except some grand and expressive frescoes of saints, there was nothing to interest us. The sacristan then took us to the cloisters and Chapter-house, where were a few of Fra Angelico's works. In the Chapter-house is a very large Crucifixion by him, with a predella

of saints, but it was not equal to many other of his frescoes; and I was told, to my chagrin, that the very best of all no *ladies* could see! not even the illuminated missal. A French woman was copying his great Crucifixion; but I was so immensely disappointed and really heart-smitten to find I could not get at the inner treasures, that I hardly looked at that, or at any of Pocetti's frescoes. I was glad to walk up and down the cloisters, exactly where Fra Angelico himself had paced, while meditating angels, virgins, and saints, and living his holy life. He must have consecrated the stones.

In the church, near the entrance, was a wooden image of Christ, sitting with bound hands, and the crown of thorns upon his head, from which blood was trickling over his figure. An expression of the utmost pain is in both face and form. A great many candles were burning around this distressing object, and a crowd of people were kneeling before it; and the whole chapel was filled with offerings from the devout—silver and gold hearts without number, chains and all kinds of trinkets; and watches (!) were hung round the neck and arms. It was the most extraordinary, repulsive, and even grotesque spectacle. Opposite, behind glass, was a painted wooden group of the Nativity. The Virgin was dressed in white silk, starred with gold, and a blue cardinal, edged with gold lace: round her neck were several strings of oriental pearls, and in her bodice a heap of jewels and rosaries—on her

fingers a dozen rings, and emerald and gold bracelets on her arms. The baby lay on cloth of gold, and every appurtenance was in this gaudy style—so unlike the manger and the unadorned young mother. But these people hear of Mary only as "Queen of angels" and "Mother of God," and as they do not read the Bible, they know nothing of her humble circumstances.

Finally, we went to the Uffizzi, and in the Tribune I saw, for the first time, a picture by Rubens of Hercules between Pleasure and Wisdom. The figure of Pleasure is as big as a hogshead, and as fat as his Bacchus. It is truly laughable in itself; and as it is Venus, the contrast between it and the Venus di Medici, near by, makes it preposterous. One a delicate dream of beauty, and the other a large portion of the earth's substance. Rubens must sometimes have taken beer-barrels for models, and touched them off with arms and heads and legs. But the picture is so admirable that one feels exasperated. Titian's Venus is another conception. The Madonna of Perugino is noble and affecting; and the child on her knee of the loveliest grace, while St. John the Baptist is grand and pensive. The expression of the whole picture is sad with mighty prophecy and prefigurement of sorrow and trial. Wonderful, wonderful is Perugino in manifesting this divine seriousness, and calm, grave acceptance of the Cross. At the other side stands St. Sebastian, pierced with arrows for the sake of

the lovely and holy babe, who is turning to St. John. Again I looked earnestly at Michel Angelo's Holy Family, and Mary remains to me entirely without beauty, power, or charm of any kind.

The perfection of the form of the Venus di Medici impresses me more and more, and the face loses its first effect. From one point it is still sweet and dignified, but from others it is simple and simpering, I fear. It was evidently of secondary interest to Cleomenes to elaborate the face; or perhaps the face is not his.

July 12th.—To-day I went to see a villa three miles from Florence, highly recommended for situation and convenience and elegance; but I found it had been misrepresented, though it had orange and lemon trees, a vineyard, and delicious flowers. It was altogether inferior to Montanto, and I concluded I did not like it. I brought home a bouquet to Mr. H., which taught him all that odors could about Paradise; and while we were feeling rich with this nosegay, the bell rang, and a large gipsy-hat-shaped basket was presented, filled with fragrant and glorious flowers from the Villa Tassinari, with Miss Howorth's card. There were long branches of noisette rosebuds, half-bloomed; every shade of double carnations, each one an Arabia of sweetness; heliotrope in profusion, bringing the delicate, yet heavy richness of the tropics; rose and scarlet geraniums; spikes of the trumpet bignonia; a white blossom of

the texture of the magnolia, with a scent bewildering in delightsomeness; oleanders, now in perfection; and many others, whose names I do not know, —all of them reposing upon a substruction of verbena, the odoriferous, which has such a spirit in its sweetness. Must not the Villa Tassinari be Eden itself?

Academy of Fine Arts, and other places.

July 13th.—We went to the Academy of Arts this morning. We wished to see the Peruginos again. Mr. H. thought that, in the Pietà, the face of Mary has more depth of expression than in the Deposition of the Pitti. It certainly seems to express all; but this face appears to be of Mary after the first hours have passed, and she no longer gazes in agony to find if it be indeed true that he is dead—as in the larger picture. She here knows it but too well. The sword is deep in her soul, and there is no anguish of inquiry. It is all still and hopeless—an old and settled misery. They have all been sitting and standing here a long time, and no more ask, "Can it be?" *It is*, and they must bear it as they best can. There is hardly a face in art to be seen like this one of Mary. I think I said of the Magdalen, when I saw it first, that she was not beautiful. But she is beautiful. I felt the other day so deeply the overpowering sentiment of her face, that I really quite disregarded her features. They are very noble, and her hair is rich and golden. Vast and passion-

ate is her sorrow; but how different from the intimate sorrow of the Mother! I am tempted almost to say that no one equals Perugino, when I think of these two pictures, added to many others of his which I have now seen. In this hall of the Academy is a Descent from the Cross, and on the left, a group of Marys support the Madonna, who is fainting. And now I am ready to exclaim, that never before was painted such a form and face as the Virgin's here, while every face and form around her are pre-eminently lovely and powerful in expression. But the fainting Mother! She has seen the drooping head of her Son, as Joseph gently deposes it, and the sickness of death has come over her. She is drooping too, and will fall directly. A mortal paleness this instant spreads over her, and one perceives the failing of her too agonized consciousness, and the heavy, heavy weight of her form collapsing, and drawing down the encircling arms of her friends. It is a group that might make any artist immortal, if he had done no more. The upper part of this Descent from the Cross is painted by Lippi. It seems to me that the adoring Mary in the Pitti, folding her hands over the infant; happy then, yet with a prophecy in her heart of something unspeakable in the future of her baby—is the same Mary who is fainting in the Descent, and upon recovering, gazes with such searching, tearful dismay in the Deposition—and finally, sits with the beloved form extended upon her knees, in this Pietà, completely

bereaved. It is the same person—the same noble, grand, tender conception, which, I believe, has never been equalled by any painter in the world. Raphael is inimitable in happy Madonnas, lovely, pure, sacred young virgins; but Perugino, the old master, has alone portrayed the pathos, grandeur, and religion of beauty in the Adolorata. Raphael was not inclined to paint this subject, either because his gay, unclouded nature naturally avoided themes so sad, or because he saw that Perugino had accomplished all that was to be desired in this kind. I cannot now remember any sad picture by Raphael.

We looked at Gentile da Fabriano's wonderful Epiphany, in which there is not one ordinary face in all the gorgeous group; and at Lippo Lippi's Coronation of the Virgin, crowned by the Eternal Father, with its exquisite predella, containing the annunciation of the death of the Madonna, a miracle of genius again; and I should not wonder if it were by Perugino, as he and Lippo Lippi did sometimes paint in the same composition together. I scribbled a miserable little sketch of it in my note-book. The tender reserve of Gabriel, the majestic sweetness of Mary as she takes the torch! Whence could come the inspiration of these men, if not straight from heaven, where they sought it! They must have prayed before they drew a stroke, and then a host of angels guided their pencils. Could any one but an angel have painted his brother Gabriel in this predella?

Now-a-days the angels seem to be farther off, driven away by profane artists.

July 14th.—In the afternoon I drove with U. and R. and Ada to Bellosguardo to meet the young Count and his steward at the Villa Montanto, to make arrangements. The Count was resolved to speak English, and we had rather a confused interview, because he did not speak it very well; but I made him understand that we would go to the Villa on the first of August.

July 15th.—This morning we went to the Bargello, the old palace of the Podestà, hoping to get in to see its treasures, especially Giotto's Dante. We mounted its fine old staircase in the court, and, with a grate between us, talked with an officer, who said we could not go in without the custode, who was then to be found at the Riccardi Palace. All round the walls of the building were the arms of the various persons who had held the power, cut in stone, otherwise we were none the richer for our attempt. So we got admittance into the Church of La Badia, opposite the Bargello. The ceiling is of richly carved woods, and it is in the form of a Greek cross. There are two marble monuments by Mino da Fiesole, and a good china bas-relief of the Virgin by Luca della Robbia, and Filippo Lippi's best easel picture of the Madonna with angels, appearing to St. Bernard. A beautiful light campanile belongs to La Badia,

which is always a graceful feature of the views of the city.

At the Uffizzi, we found the bronze room open, and looked again at the Mercury of John of Bologna, and Benvenuto Cellini's colossal head of Cosmo I. The wings on the cap and feet of Mercury are superfluous, for he is absolute Wing. In the cabinet of ancient bronzes we looked at the small Etruscan groups which were mended by Benvenuto Cellini in the presence of Cosmo I., who was so fond of seeing him put on little legs, arms, and feet, that he hindered the progress of Perseus, by constantly demanding that he should work upon them at the Palace.

In the cabinet of gems, two crystal cups, with gold covers, were his,—the crystal exquisitely cut, and the covers enamelled, and adorned with gems. One would think he must have had the finger-tips of a fairy. How astonishing that the man who could model a demigod in his fair proportions, tossing him through the foundry in a thunder-gust, should also so compose his hand and eye as to fashion tiny figures for ladies' rings, brooches for Popes and Princes, in designs as delicate and fine as frost-work, with arabesques of spider-thread tenuity.

In the afternoon I took a drive with Miss Blagden and U., and we went to the great silk establishment of Lombardi, in the Piazza Maria Antonia, which seemed a fine palace, and not a house of merchandise. Upon entering, what was my surprise to find ourselves in a room hung round with the original

drawings of Raphael, Michel Angelo, Murillo, and other masters! We bought silk, and then the grand Lombardi invited us up-stairs, "to see," he said, "his littlè Raphael." Here were three fine drawing-rooms, adorned with oil-paintings, and among them, under a golden canopy, a Virgin and Child by Raphael—a simple, pure, lovely picture, in his first style. This was a wonder, to be sure! Where could he have obtained them all, and how! He asked us for "*our revered names*," and begged us to call at any time to enjoy his treasures. It is plain enough, I suppose, that he has money, and that for money, enough of it, one can purchase even a Raphael. Princes are often rich only in masterpieces of genius, while merchants are rich in the gold that princes need, and so the exchange is made. Happy is Lombardi to know so well what money is good for. He has made a shrine for his precious "little Raphael"—a tabernacle, perhaps of pure gold, which shows his appreciation of it. After this most unexpected delight, we drove to the Cascine, where all the beauty and fashion of Florence were abroad, walking and sitting in various splendid equipages, listening to a glorious band of music. It was a scene one dreams of, but seldom sees.

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Pitti Palace.

July 19th.—We went to-day to the Pitti Palace. I find that there are two portraits of Ippolito di

Medici, one by Titian and one by Pontormo. Titian's is superb. He is in a Hungarian dress, buttoned up to the throat, which is very becoming, when a handsome head and face are shut off in that way. He stands with a wonderful dignity and grace, and his features and style of head are of fascinating beauty, though I am sure he is not a good man. He looks dark and treacherous, with a princely state, worthy of a higher character. The Madonna della Seggiola is a sumptuous flower of rainbow colors, all softened and blended. The child is grand, with his wonderful gray eyes looking into the future, pure and limpid as the twilight sky. And his mouth is the richest blossom of innocence, peace, and charity that ever bloomed from the palette. This is in Raphael's third style, and the Madonna of the Grand Duke is in his second style, with reserved mouth and lily lids, half closed, like curved petals over the soul of her beauty. She has an air of having nothing more to do with the world, and so she does not look out upon it; henceforth pondering over her own heart. The soft, prophetic splendor of the Seggiola infant's eyes is not seen in this babe's. These are harder; but the head is noble.

While we were occupied with the pictures, the military band struck up in the Piazza before the Palace, as usual at that hour, and glorified the common day, and added life to the painted forms and faces. We came down and went into the magnifi-

cent cortile of the Palace, which Luca Pitti said might hold within it the Palazzo Strozzi; and walked round it, listening to the music.

In the afternoon, J—— and I went to the Carmine, where the frescoes of Massaccio and Lippi fill one chapel. Michel Angelo and Raphael considered them worth studying and copying. St. Paul visiting St. Peter in prison, on a pilaster, resembles Raphael's St. Paul preaching at Athens, though Massaccio's stands with his back to the on-looker. Nero, commanding the death of St. Paul, is a perfect Nero, an epitome of all the marbles of him. The grandeur, force, expression, and fire of these faded old frescoes are marvellous, while the outlines are hard. The drawing, also, is superb. The light was not good, and J—— was impatient, and could not conceive what I wished to stay in such a dismal place for. So I deferred my study of them, and we crossed the Arno by the Santa Trinità bridge, and went into the Church of the Santa Trinità to see Ghirlandaio's frescoes. But a priest came to tell me that the morning was the only good time for them, and I found I could distinguish nothing; so I looked at a singular wooden statue of Mary Magdalen, near the entrance. She is nude; but clothed in the torrents of hair, which flow round and envelop her figure like a mantle, excepting her wasted arms and feet. The face is profoundly woful, hollow, and worn; with large, cavernous eyes of piteous appeal, and a mouth of great humility and contrition. Yet

the features are perfectly beautiful, though so wasted. I could fancy the countenance, and build it up from these wrecks—fresh, round, happy, and brilliant. Now it is a shadow. It was a bold thought of the sculptor to venture such a statue, but it was evidently executed when an inward religious sentiment inspired artists, with no regard to outward comeliness. J—— was very naturally astonished that I could look a moment at anything so ugly, he said; for what could he, in the early morning of life and experience, have within him, to interpret such a face and figure? I should have lamented, if he had been attracted or impressed with it. One must at least live and love and fail to reach the ideal, to understand such a conception. J—— understood better the glorious sunset over the Apennines, which was changing the Arno into jasper and chalcedony, and sending isles of the blest of purest gold, to float over the blue sea of space above; while San Miniato, toward the east, with its grove of solemn cypresses, became soft in a veil of rose-purple, which floated down over the palaces at the base of the transfigured hill, upon which the church stands. During one precious half-hour before the great alchymist disappears, there is no end of the splendors his parting glance throws over every object. He has gone, and in a moment the mountains are no longer "the Delectable," the isles of the blest are blots of ink, the domes and palaces dull stones and not jewels, and all is gray, except a deep radiance

just above the bed of state. That remains, and often sends out rays of pale color that lose themselves in the purple black abysses, through which the stars, one by one, and suddenly in innumerable hosts, gleam out upon their watch.

July 22d.—To-day I took the children with Ada to see the plate at the Pitti Palace, because we heard that some of it was designed and cut by Benvenuto Cellini and John of Bologna. We saw an entire service of gold, and another of silver, with plates, knives, forks, and spoons, and dishes enough for a dukedom, and épergnes of lovely design, chased and jewelled. But all these were merely costly. There were, however, a few exquisite goblets and vases and cups enamelled and gemmed by Benvenuto Cellini, and a great many salvers covered with figures by John of Bologna, as well as a large niello by him, and crucifixes in gold, silver, bronze, ivory, and precious stones, by both. For gorgeousness, merely, there was a shrine three feet high, made entirely of gold, pearl, and precious stones, with little figures of coralline and jasper and amethyst; but we were hurried by the guard, and my memory of it all is only a confused sort of glory.

We went into the gardens after leaving the palace, to look at four unfinished statues by Michel Angelo, now in a grotto with other old marbles and busts. These unfinished works of Michel Angelo give me a more vivid sense of his mighty power,

than even his finished statues. In them we see him struggling with the stone, and wrenching from it the forms imprisoned within. Byron sings of "his chisel, driven into the marble chaos, bidding Moses stop the waves in stone," and so we seem to see it plunging and delving in these Pitti blocks. It is more like Milton's description of creation than anything else.

July 23d.—To-day Louisa and Annie Powers accompanied us to the Guadagni and Corsini galleries. That of the Guadagni is very small. There are many portraits by Sustermans, and one lovely Madonna by Raphael in his second style; pure, sacred, serene, without the deep richness of his third manner. But the gallery is particularly famous for its two very large landscapes by Salvator Rosa, to which a separate cabinet is assigned. There are groups of small figures in them, and the scene is a great wilderness with mighty trees. I had not time to become at all acquainted with them, for the young people did not feel interested; and so we proceeded to the Corsini, on the Lung' Arno. It is the richest private collection in Florence. We found the saloons covered with carpets—an unprecedented circumstance in galleries. There were beautiful pictures, and quite a crowd of "Sweet Charles's" (as Mr. H. calls Carlo Dolce), and I do not like his works, with one or two exceptions. His famous Poesie I do not fancy at all. Everything feminine is too sweet, except the Madonna in the Grand

Duke's chamber in the Pitti, but some of his saints are fine, though too metallic. It was worth while to come here, if only to see Raphael's cartoon in pencil of his portrait of Julius II. It has all the immense power of will and thought of the oil-painting, and so far verifies Mr. Powers' assertion, that color is not needful to expression. This drawing is of the size of life, and finished with the utmost nicety and truth. It is a wonder and a beauty and a lesson to observe how the greatest masters carefully and faithfully and patiently elaborated their work, never disdaining an exhaustive perfection in each item. What a vast labor is here, and not a line is omitted or hurried! It would seem as if Raphael had an eternity to work in, for he was never in haste; yet what an enormous amount he accomplished—dying too in early manhood! Michel Angelo, to be sure, did not show patience always, though he has left careful drawings. His genius seemed an Atè, lashing him with her brand often. Yet there sit the sublime prophets and sibyls in infinite calm; and the lovely form of Eve is the ideal of woman, delicate and new from the hand of the Creator, as if she peacefully dawned upon his mind, as he sat musing on primal beauty. There was a small copy of his Last Judgment, in brilliant color, as it originally blazed on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, before some of the figures were draped by order of the pseudo-modest Pope, who insisted upon the resurrection of jackets and breeches. The hues of this

copy are a revelation to me of the dazzling splendor of all those Sistine frescoes, in their first freshness. How stupid and short-sighted to smoke and spoil such divine productions with candles and incense-vapors, instead of reverently learning from them how to worship! Their deepest significance seems to have been lost upon the age that produced them. Through the mist and smutch of centuries we grope for them, almost in vain. I shall like to see what is to supply their place.

As I think now of a picture of the Resurrection, by Perugino, in the Vatican, and recall the perfectly beautiful and noble face of Raphael in early youth, as one of the sleeping soldiers, I perceive that Perugino must have taken him for a model for the noblest of his Madonnas—that of the Pitti Palace. I see the strong resemblance in the contour—the exquisite bow-like mouth, the moony eyelids, and the serene, smooth brow, so compact with mind. I wonder if any one ever noticed this.

In one of the saloons we saw a vase of marvellous beauty of design and execution—bronze, about two feet high. I exclaimed that it must be by Benvenuto Cellini, and the custode said it was so. It represents, in bas-relief, the triumph of Bacchus.

Ada tried to draw it on the spot, but in the midst the custode told her she must not do it, for it was forbidden. I suppose the Prince Corsini is afraid that some artist will attempt to imitate it, and then he would not have the only one in the world. But

why should he? He cannot prevent my remembering it, however, so distinctly that I can sketch it here at home. The figures are of enchanting grace—and the baby Bacchus on the panther and the whole procession as perfect as possible.

After tea we took a walk to the Ducal Villa, going out of the Porta Romana, and making a great circuit, so that we entered the city again by the Porta San Miniato. The avenue of cypresses and other trees leading to the Villa itself was very pleasant, as R. and I experienced the other day, with the beautiful hills on each side. U. undertook to be our guide, but misled us between endless stone walls, from one opening of which, where a church stood, we caught a glimpse of the Val d'Arno, and then were again swallowed up, till we arrived unexpectedly at the gate of San Miniato. The moon rose during our walk, and wrapped us in silver-fire—which odd combination of words alone can convey an idea of the glowing splendor of Italian moonlight. Upon entering the city, we crossed the Ponte Vecchio, so as to see the Arno flooded with light. Upon any one of the bridges over the Arno, at sunset, moonrise, or starlight, all poetry and visible art combine to make the scene wondrous, besides that nature lends a hand in the river, the mountains, and the cypress-crowned heights, immediately around Florence.

I wish I could seize something elusive and unsatisfactory in the divine loveliness of this Italy, so as to express what I always feel when I look upon

it. There is a dream-like quality in my enjoyment, and I cannot bring it home to a sober certainty. It is like the ghost of a very precious reality. It is something that *has been*, even while it is *now* that I have a sense of it. Italy is a land of monuments; and those who builded them have long passed away. A mighty silence succeeds them. Even the people in the streets of to-day seem like puppets galvanized into motion, and the real, living, grand beings are no more. There is a pause in all rare achievement. The cunning hand, the unerring eye, are nowhere to be met with, though marvellous works attest their former existence. It would not be surprising, but far less strange than the present state of things, if all the masters in Art, in State, and in Science, who stand clothed in white marble in the Court of the Uffizzi, were to descend from their pedestals and walk the streets of their beloved Florence. They would be more fitting and proper to the place than those persons whom we meet to-day. The latter are, as it were, empty chrysalids—deserted shells. Something has scared away souls—and only automatons remain. Perhaps the Medici were the cause of this death and void—the Medici, and then this present race of Grand Dukes. When a prince takes the form of a monkey, he ought to be deposed. The land seems catching its breath. It is not dead, but oppressed and suffocated. I cannot put my feeling into words, and I may as well not try to do so.

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Or San Michele.

July 28th.—To-day we went again to Or San Michele, and very exactly scrutinized the wonderful Tabernacle by Orgagna. It was built to contain a miracle-working picture of the Virgin. Or San Michele is one of the glories of Florence. It was once an open loggia,—large arches, supported on pillars, a sort of mart. In one corner hung this picture, which was of such repute and efficacy, that there was a perpetual throng about it. Then Orgagna raised for it this magnificent shrine; and finally the loggia was closed up, and became a church, and windows were put in of the richest painted glass, and the pillars were covered with frescoes, lately again brought to light. The various Guilds of the city have a hall over the church, and the building is lofty and noble; and outside, around it, are arched stalls, containing masterpieces of sculpture. Above the niches are medallions by Luca della Robbia, and, at this moment, all these niches and medallions are undergoing a thorough cleansing and repairing, in gorgeous style. Six are already finished, and each is different from the others in its mosaic of marbles, precious stones, and gold. One of them is of lapis-lazuli, with golden stars—like a midnight starry sky.

The tabernacle is of white marble, and bas-reliefs are sculptured over it. Some of them have back-

grounds of lapis-lazuli, upon which the figures are well defined, and there are borders to the separate groups of inlaid pietre dure and gold. It is Gothic in form, and every pinnacle flames with the fire of genius, held fast by cunning workmanship; and statuettes throng about it, angels, saints, virtues, prophets, all rising to one central point, upon which stands the archangel Michael, *the power of God*, embodied, fit apex to such a shrine. The subjects of the reliefs are the never-wearying incidents in the life of the Madonna and of Christ, and behind is a very large sculpture of the death of the Virgin, with her Assumption above. This death and the Assumption are among the most beautiful of the Catholic legends, and give the noblest field for the display of art. The dying holy mother—the grave and stately apostles—the angels in waiting for the passing spirit—the reverent, sad silence—and then the sudden burst of joy—the rush of wings and flutter of robes, the glorified, enraptured ascended one—the trumpets, viols, dulcimers, and harps, weaving the air into an involved web of melodious ecstasy—the Eternal Father opening the heavens to look down, and the Dove, with outspread wings—or Christ in his own form, ready with the crown for Mary's brow—what more could mortal artist wish for the inspiration of his genius and for its expression?

I wish now that all the masterpieces of the past could be thoroughly restored in the way in which the Florentines are now restoring the exterior of

Or San Michele. For now it is worth while, because, probably, no more barbarians will come to ravage Italy, and no more mad and stupid fanaticism will demolish works of art. Everything in architecture might be completely renovated in all old countries, though the divine frescoes and paintings must gradually vanish. But if we could only retain the Temples and Cathedrals, and renew their ruined portions while enough remains sound to indicate what they once were, what a glory it would be! The Campanile must never crumble away, and the Duomo must never lose one of its bits of inlay, and presently it must show a façade worthy of its heaped up grandeur in all other parts. Is there anything significant in the singular fact that scarcely one of the churches puts on a fair face? I sometimes wish I could clear away all modern Rome, and set out again the temples and palaces of the ancient city. But we cannot hold on to those marvellous productions, and I doubt not there is a good reason why not. I should like to see what is to follow that will be better than they. A better comprehension of Religion and Life may develop a hidden power of art; though, really, if I would see more divine faces than those of Perugino and Raphael, I think I must ascend to another world, and not look into the future of this.

Toward sunset we drove out to the Villa Montanto, to take the inventory and keys. We found everything in order, all the muslin curtains in the

bedrooms snowy and fresh, and an inhabitable air in the house. Without, the grounds and prospect were in princely state and beauty.

Bellosguardo.—Villa Montanto.

August 6th, 1858.—We came to this delightful Villa on the 1st of August. * * * * * *

This evening there has been a superb sunset. At the northwest, over the mountains was a wonderful cloud, shaped exactly like a wing, of downy gold and purple and crimson tints, and of gigantic size, as one might fancy an archangel's to be. A truly feathery fleeciness pervaded the mighty pinion. As the twilight deepened, storm-clouds accumulated about the mountain, and presently vivid lightning flashed beneath the wing, which still, however, brooded in immovable calm over all the tumult, like the Spirit of God over chaos. In contrast to the rage and confusion of the elements in that quarter—toward the southeast, opposite, was a broad, golden Peace, which, by degrees, seemed to concentrate and bloom into a large star, a flower of light (as I have heretofore called stars)—and it gleamed, undisturbed and unflickering, like the eye of a seraph; and was not that his wing on the other side?

August 7th.—The dawn was broken by a violent wind, which sounded like the ocean in fiercest anger.

We seemed not on the crest of a gentle Val d'Arno, but on the shores of the northern seas. Upon looking out, I found it did not rain, and the atmosphere became quiet enough after breakfast for U. to go to her drawing lesson in Florence with Miss Bracken.

A Magician's Treasures.

August 11th.—To-day Miss Blagden took us to see Mr. Kirkup, the antiquary, artist, and magician. He lives directly upon the Arno, in an old palace of the Knights Templar. He is of the age of the Wandering Jew, with snowy, silken hair and drifting beard ; a delicate, elegant figure, handsome features, and fair, taper hands. He lives with only a tiny daughter, a little dark-eyed fairy, just fit to be a daughter of a magician. She was dressed in white muslin, and so delighted to see visitors that she kept up a continual musical laughter, varied with shrill shouts, as she played about us with her kitten. The kitten was very pretty and in wonderful harmony with the scene—a kind of familiar spirit of Mr. Kirkup. There were two large apartments, filled with pictures, books, and curiosities, embroidered with the dust of a century. The gentleman had known Byron and many notable persons, of course, and on his walls are portraits of famous people, and sketches innumerable. He is rich in old manuscripts and missals, illuminated. A manu-

script of the Divina Commedia he showed Mr. H. with great pride, and I peeped at it too. It was on fine vellum, delicately written in black-letter by some learned monk, and brilliantly painted with pure colors, in that perfect way which it seems hopeless to try to imitate now-a-days. The unerring finish of these miniatures gives an idea of preternatural powers, and though the drawing is sometimes incorrect, it does not matter, for it is a part of the character of illuminations to have the quaint figures of not exact anatomy, just as stained glass becomes impertinent and vulgar, if one finds careful academic rules followed. These things are triumphs of color, not of form. A cathedral window must look like a jewelled ephod, at the first glance—a bewildering blaze of splendor. By and by, with earnest looking, the various tints unfold themselves into blessed faces and shapes of rudest lines, or rather of no lines, but bright blurs and passionate daubs of ruby, sapphire, and gold. What seemed a gem becomes an impossible foot or hand. An ecstasy or a sadness or a devoutness is somehow conveyed into the expression of the features, and the drapery is designed for color to lavish itself upon. When we hear of the angels being arrayed in light, we probably fancy a silver, white light. But it is no doubt light broken into the seven different hues rather, and these stained windows and missal paintings shadow those raiments. Somewhere in England I saw a painted window by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it was an en-

tire failure, for he had designed a regular picture of some scene. Who wishes to have a cathedral lighted by an elaborated, correct, academical composition? We do not feel patient to observe a set purpose, because then *form* intrudes, and we must have prisms, and, in the oldest colored glass, the forms are sharp-sided, like prisms. Dear me! how I have wandered from Mr. Kirkup! He was very curious in relics of Dante, and he was one of those two persons who discovered the beautiful young Dante in the chapel of the Bargello, beneath the plaster, painted by Giotto, and he showed us his original tracing from it. The eye is wanting, for the workman found a nail driven through it, and instead of filing it down, or gently driving it in, he ruthlessly pulled it out, and the eye with it. But it is a delicately fine profile view of his face, with an aquiline nose, a mouth of pure curves and infinite melancholy, and clear, arched brow—stately, proud, but sweet also, then. The lips look ready to curl in scorn, however, and it is a wonderfully haughty face. Mr. Kirkup has also the very cast taken of his face after death. The long, heavy bitterness of exile has drawn down the curves of his mouth in the plaster head. The cheeks are furrowed with pain and indignation. The *angelico riso* of the divine Beatrice has not been able to smooth out of his countenance the stern anguish of his heart at the very last even. Perhaps he did not love quite enough and hated too much, and so his fate mastered him, and not he his

fate. It seems as if nations made a point of putting all their greatest men to despair—completely desolating the earth for them; and then, when fame can be nothing to them, when they can no longer suffer, or feel joy or favor, worldly wrong or neglect, at the safe distance of a century or two, behold how thickly fall the honors! How the heavens are fretted with pinnacles raised to their memories, and over their *remains;* their *remains* indeed! How cathedrals are crowded with their monuments! how cities fight for their bones! how Genius pays to cut out their glory in marble, or emblazon it upon canvas, or fresco it on walls! It would seem as if the illustrious were obliged to compromise the matter, and that the account stood in this way:

For a given quantity of posthumous homage I must submit to pay,

One starved, houseless body—
One broken, desolate heart—
A life wretched from calumny—
An indefinite amount of utter neglect—
A total want of appreciation—
Imprisonment in cells and madhouses—
Subjection to the Torture, and
Dreary, prolonged, exile!

How costly, then, is earthly renown! Often just when every heart and purse are open, the kind angel of death removes the sufferer "beyond the utmost scope and vision of calamity." There is doubtless a meaning in this, and it is best for

the victim, though not for those who wrong him, certainly.

We saw a portrait of Trelawny in his eastern dress—a handsome man, but not trust-inspiring; and a youthful head of Leigh Hunt, and many pictures and portraits which I should like to have known about. But Mr. Kirkup is excessively deaf, and I could not shout at him, nor request any one else to scream for me. There was a bust of Machiavelli, a horrid head and face, though it is now said he has been much traduced. But his own head traduces him worst of all.

The magician had also a mystical, magical contrivance, with a lady inside, not then in working-order, reminding me of the conjurations of the wizard Cornelius. Mr. Kirkup is also a magnetizer, and his little Imogen is a medium, so that he converses through her with dead emperors, and discovers how they have been poisoned and otherwise ill-treated while on earth.

August 13th.—To-day I went to Florence alone, quite easily, so as to go to Santa Trinità, while the light was good for Ghirlandaio's frescoes. Our villa is but fifteen minutes from the city gate. I had a very nice chance; for the morning sun poured through a window of the clerestory, directly into the chapel. But the frescoes are excessively defaced. The Death of St. Francis is better preserved than the rest. I saw the youth, in the group behind the

child raised from the dead, who was called "Il Bello" on account of his eminent beauty. In the upper compartment there are other portraits, which I could not well see, so high up as they are.

There is passionate grief and also grave sorrow in the many figures round the dying saint. Some kneel to kiss the hands, and one the feet, and a group of solemn priests stand at the head, folded in their mantles, grand in sentiment and expression. There is never a superfluous line in the old masterpieces. It is all a matter of conscience, and a perfect unity of purpose commands the conception. Here it is the mystery of death. The ineffable peace that pervades the face and form of St. Francis is drawing all emotions into itself. A truly awful majesty wraps the group at the head of the bier. So, in the composition of the child brought to life by the saint appearing in the heavens, there is wonder, reverence, and faith in all who are present. The little child rises upon its death-bed with devout, folded hands. After looking at the scene a few minutes, a powerful influence comes from it which Ghirlandaio left there. There is hope and joy in the upturned faces, but they have become so dim now, that there is an inconsolable feeling caused by the conviction that they will soon be invisible! How can it be borne! And on the left of the chapel, the damp has nearly obliterated everything.

I looked again at the Magdalen in wood, of which I have written before, the truly repentant Magdalen,

and it was more affecting to me than at the first seeing even. The sincere sorrow of the eyes penetrates the heart, and I stood a long time drawn to it.

Afterward, at the Uffizzi, I got so very tired that I can recall no impressions, except from a small copy in crayon which a young artist was making from the large Nativity, by Gherardo della Notte. His work had the finish of the finest engraving, and far more richness. He was evidently making a model for photography or engraving. The needle-point of his crayon effected touches as delicate as those of a graving instrument, and the light and shade were consummate. The darkness had the depth of an abyss in it, and the dazzle of light from the Holy Child was truly spiritual, far finer in effect than that of the original picture. The young man was thin and pale, as if he were himself four-fifths soul. I dare say his eyes were like great deep nights, but I did not see them. Oh, if he would only rescue the fading frescoes for mankind with his pencil!

To rest, I went to the Church of Santo Spirito, so beautiful with its majestic colonnades and ruby lights forever burning at the superb altar of Florentine mosaic; and I sat there in peace and quiet for an hour. Meanwhile the priests came in, as once before when I was there, and chanted their evening service, but I could not see them from my seat. There were several persons, saying their prayers, with their rosaries, in the nave, and acolytes were crossing in the distance, with lamps and salvers and

copes, but with no sound. All was still, except the voices of the chanters, rising and falling like waves in a summer sea. If there were always heart and truth in these monks and prelates, real, religious worship, how deep would be our emotions during these imposing functions! But I am always sensible of hollowness and emptiness in every ceremony I see; and especially with the ennui and inward disgust of the priests themselves, who seem very anxious to get through the endlessly repeated task, so as to go and eat and drink and be merry. Yet there are doubtless many among them truly devout. The appearance of the clergy in Florence is almost invariably repulsive and gross, and they are said to be peculiarly depraved. They are mostly fat, with flabby cheeks, chins, and throats, of very earthly aspect. There is nothing to compare them to but hogs, and they merely need to stoop upon their hands to be perfect likenesses of swine, so that the encounter of one of them in the street gives one a faint sensation. It is shocking that such men are in holy garb, set apart for the constant worship of God, and, under cover of superior sanctity, becoming the most corrupt of human beings. Such blasphemy of the Holy Spirit seems to blot out the sun, and poison the air; but I think there must be good persons enough among them to bear witness—or how could these monasteries uphold themselves? "A lie cannot stand," says our great philosopher.

The stately architecture of Brunelleschi, the rich

gloom and repose, the saints and angels in marble and picture, all lacked something to me to-day. I could not define what, but I came away dissatisfied, and walked home quite miserable about priests and the Catholic services. I slowly mounted Bellosguardo, and my first relief was the sudden voice and appearance of lovely Miss Bracken, who came hastening after me, as I entered the lofty gate of our Villa Montanto. By this time I could not talk to Annette, being at the acme of my fatigue and headache; but it was pleasant to see her while others were talking to her.

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Drawings of Great Masters.

September 2d.—To-day we have been to Florence to see the original drawings of the great masters, at the Uffizzi. These have an immeasurable interest for me. Among Perugino's, I saw the first sketches of his grand Deposition in the Pitti Gallery. The only face in the painting which I do not entirely like is that of Christ; but in the drawing it is beautiful. Joseph of Arimathea is not comparable to the painted one, and the Madonna and St. John are alike in both. There was a divine pen-and-ink drawing of St. Catharine, and a few delicate and careful sketches by Fra Angelico. Among Raphael's, were first ideas of a group in his fresco of Heliodorus, and the release of Peter from prison, both

finished pictures in the Stanze of the Vatican. Also the Madonna of the Grand Duke, a different plan of face to the oil-painting, but the same in every other respect—the Staffa Madonna also, and a few others, but none of them highly elaborated, like many I saw in Oxford, England, and in the Louvre, Paris. There were sketches of his sister, who was the original type of many of his Virgin Marys. Of Michel Angelo were some carefully-finished heads, and the whole figure of Fortune, delicately wrought: also parts of the Last Judgment—one incredible demon. Three rooms were hung with these precious relics. About two thousand are put up at one time, but there are twenty thousand in all. Some of them are so highly perfected that they look like engravings, and some are monochromes, touched with white chalk, wonderfully expressive and effective. I felt as if I were in the private studios of these great men, and a confidante of their secret thoughts, while looking at their sketches, made only for themselves. It is also encouraging to less potent seigniors and signoras, to perceive that when an idea seized so consummate a master as Raphael, the form and face did not come to his pencil perfect, at the first effort, but was scrawled off in unaccepted lines often, like attempts of meaner mortals. In this kind of misery one loves such illustrious company, and it is no lack of charity to love it. After a certain time, I can look at pencil and pen-and-ink drawings not a moment longer, and I think two hours

ended my power in this direction. Then I went to see the dying Alexander. In all the heads called Alexander I see a similarity, and I think I know the face of the very hero now. This is colossal, and a grand expression of despair—the head thrown back, with rolled eyes, appealing to the gods. I always look at what they call the authentic head of Plato, in the Hall of Inscriptions. I gaze till I can see nothing, and close my eyes and then gaze again. It is so wonderful that I really see Plato, that I can never be satisfied with looking. I think a drawing of him that I once made from an engraving is this same head. There is refinement, refinement of the highest civilization and delicacy, and an imaginative intellect in every line, but not exactly the certainty of a keen understanding in the mouth. This want of strength, however, may be owing to the cause I heretofore suggested.

Bacchus, ever fair and young, stands in the centre of the same room, the loveliest, gladdest, gentlest smile of all-bounteous Nature that was ever embodied. The grace, the onward movement, the sweetness, the waving lines, like sunny fields of corn swept over by a southwestern breeze, radiant with promise of plenty—the light step of the feet—the loving ease with which the beautiful figure rests upon the faun Ampelos, in a charming nonchalance and repose (characteristic of the Olympian family always, when properly rendered)—the benignity of the brow, and delicacy of the features, render this

THE Bacchus. Mr. Gibson's, at Rome, is so inferior, that it is not at all worth while for him to have done it. For, though Mr. Gibson's is a perfect form, it is evidently not a portrait of the god, like this. The sculptor of this caught a glimpse of the genial Power as he passed in the purple sunshine of the Attic plains, and crystallized him forever in stone, in which he pauses, and yet ever seems to move on, with an immortality of gay, soft life. It is astonishing how the expression is sensuous as Nature, and yet entirely free from earthliness. Bacchus here suggests the idea of the Paradise in which man was first placed, before there had been any blight or decay or death, and when the atmosphere was so pure that angels alighted for social converse, and "the voice of God walked in the cool of the garden." He is indeed the divine Dionysus, coming from the plains of far Asia, where he has been civilizing the nations; for he is not guilty of the misused grape. The Apollo, the Minerva, the Mercury, the Venus, and now the Bacchus of the Greek Olympus and the Juno, I have seen already; and I have seen grand Joves, but not yet a Jove that commands my mind. I do not suppose, however, that one could ever be satisfied with a Jupiter. I wish I had seen that of Phidias. When the command was given to make no graven image of the Lord God, it might have been "thou canst not" instead of "thou shalt not."

On our return toward the Porta Romana, we went into the Museum of Natural History to see the

Tribune of Galileo, a sort of temple erected to Galileo by the present Grand Duke Leopold—Galileo's heart being long ago thoroughly broken. In the centre of a circular apse stands his colossal statue, and around him in niches are busts of his pupils, and glass cases of his instruments; and one of his fingers, pointing upward, is preserved in a crystal vase. Another of his fingers is in the Laurentine Library. How little he dreamed, when he sat in prison, that even his fingers would become precious relics for posterity! But I wish he had kept firm, and not denied the truth he had discovered. That is an endless grief to me. The lunettes round the whole temple are painted in fresco, with incidents of his life, and the walls and floor are inlaid with precious marbles and precious gems, and the white marble pilasters are sculptured with his discoveries and inventions. The very telescopes are there with which he searched for and found stars. Galileo is not handsome, but has a tower of a head. Near the entrance, his Grand Grace has placed himself in marble, and several others of the ducal family keep him in countenance, and a very ugly countenance it is. He looks to have intellect, but a fearfully "*cabeza dura*," and he has an unpardonable under-jaw.

I retired to the Boboli Gardens to sit till toward sunset; and I had a peaceful and refreshing session in those royal shades. I found a secluded stone couch near the lake, where I could see the majestic and unamiable swans, who were again in anger, and

growling at all who went empty-handed to the brink of the water. Anger made them very superb—striking out with their whitest wings, and proudly rearing their heads in scorn. Their voices, however, broke the charm, just as the peacock's scream dims the rainbow splendors of his tail, so wonderfully exact is the poise of checks and balances in the Divine economy. The nightingale in his slaty gray coat needs no purple and gold to add to the effect of his melodious sorrow. Over the delicious dulcimer in his breast he wraps a twilight mantle, and no one asks for a coat of many colors from him. He warbles forth the one divine plaint, just as from the gloom of the Sistine rises the penetrating single voice of tuneful prayer for pity. His choral power is his beauty. And the skylark might say, "If you would have the fire of the ruby, the prismatic light of the diamond, the sunshine of the topaz, and the changing lustre of the opal, do not look at me; but shut your eyes, and I will pour from the cunning crucible of my throat such a gush of liquid gems as no alchymist ever melted in his crucible. You may look at the humming-bird, for he wears his jewels woven into a jacket. I transmute mine into raptures of thanksgiving and praise, which make the air illustrious and rich; but we both, in our several way, bear witness to the Father." And the skylark is dressed in brown.

In about an hour the clouds gathered over the hot sun, and I set forth for Montanto. I thought I

would come home a shorter way than my usual route, and so I went astray, and, being enclosed in high walls for a long distance, I could not see where I was, till suddenly, glancing through an opening, I found myself skurrying off to the Apennines, entirely wide from our villa. For three hours I wandered, wearily, wearily, and finally took the right turn. I have long been lying down in Ada's study, upon a sofa which commands a distant view from the casement, opening to the floor. The beautiful hills, crowned with castles and villas, wave along the horizon, and as I was looking, suddenly a great piece of rainbow dropped down among them. What a land! where rainbows are broken up, and tossed among the mountains and valleys, just for beauty. In such a vast expanse of view as we have here, there are many private little showers going on round the heights, while the sun is shining, and rainbows may often be found among them by the careful watcher.

September 10th.—To-day Ada and I went to Florence. We took refuge for a while in Santo Spirito, always so desirable to see, for the sake of resting. The stately pillared nave, and lofty side-aisles, carried all round the apse in a lovely bewilderment of arches and columns, and all in spherical order, are noble proofs of the poetical genius of the great Brunelleschi. The high altar is a glorious centre of the wheel of beauty. There was a Function going

on before one of the side chapels—the burial-service of a child. The coffin was covered with a white satin pall, embroidered with purple and gold. The officiating priests were in robes of white satin and gold, and the altar was alight with candles, besides those borne by young boys in white tunics. This scene in the aisle was a splendid picture in the soft gloom of the church; and when the organ burst forth in a kind of tender rapture, rolling pearly waves of harmony along the large spaces, and filling the dome with the foam and spray of interlacing measures, it seemed as if angels were welcoming the young child to heaven.

We walked round the Tribune to look at the pictures in the chapels, and saw a wonderful Perugino, which I had not discovered before. What a happiness! It seemed to be the Madonna appearing to St. Domenic, who sits reading at a table, and starts and lifts his hands in an ecstasy of worship at the vision. Mary stands with a great majesty and pensiveness, her head slightly bent, attended by a group of angels. It has been told me that there is deeper feeling in the Sienese school than is found in Perugino! I should like to see whether it be so.

September 11th.—This evening we went to a reception at the Villa Brichieri, to meet the British Minister, the Honorable Mr. Lyons, son of Lord Lyons, Admiral at the Crimea; and a Greek gen-

tleman and lady. The lady was a queenly woman, with glorious eyes and brow, and shining black hair, curling, from a coronet of braids, down her cheeks, like flexible paragon (a brilliant black pietra dura). Her husband was also very handsome—having the same eyes, like deepest night, with stars in the abysses. Oriental eyes they must be, for the like are not to be found in the Occident. I did not talk with them, but with the Honorable Mr. Lyons, who was very agreeable, and amiable, and genial. Mr. H. talked with the Greeks; but I believe he did not find them Pericles and Aspasia in intellect.

Fiesole.

September 14th.—To-day I drove to Fiesole with Ada and the children. Fiesole is the "Cradle of Florence," and the birthplace of Fra Angelico. We passed out of the Porta a Pinti, and drove on till we arrived at the Church and Convent of St. Domenic, into which we hastened to see a picture by the angelic Friar in the Choir. We were well rewarded, for we found it one of his divinest Madonnas; indeed, by far the most beautiful of any Madonna I have seen by him. She is enthroned, with the infant Christ, and Domenican saints stand on each side, and a wreath of angels surrounds her throne. The colors are much dimmed, perhaps by dust, but the attitude, expression, and loveliness remain. U. thought it the most celestial Madonna she had ever

seen by any artist. It has ineffable grace and dignity, and a gentle pensiveness that is irresistibly pathetic. A young monk unveiled the picture for us. He was very courteous, and had an air of unusual goodness and sincerity. He is one of those who bear witness. As a matter of course, I offered him a fee for his trouble, but he made a sad and decided gesture of refusal, that was very surprising and remarkable; for it was impossible to gainsay him, and I felt embarrassed that I had even thought of the gold that perishes, in the presence of the heavenly picture and the holy youth. I wish I knew his history.

We then climbed up to the mountain city, along perfect roads, smooth as marble, and winding as commodiously as possible. This admirable road from the Porta a Pinti was made by money accumulated from the sale of titles of nobility. The Fesulans have a Book of Gold, in which very foolish people get their names and bought titles inscribed for three or four hundred pounds each! and even Englishmen have purchased ghostly dukedoms and earldoms and baronetcies there! As neither revenue nor honor nor long descent can be bought too, it is an empty farce indeed. But the consequence of this human folly is a superb road. In a little more than an hour we drove into the piazza of Fiesole. Florence razed her mother city to the ground after she grew up, and why—I cannot tell; but all that now remains is this piazza and the Duomo, the Hall

of the Podestà, and a college. On a lofty eminence once stood the Acropolis; and on its site is a convent. It is a conical hill, a thousand feet above Florence, and exceedingly symmetrical, as we see it from the Villa Montanto.

We first visited the Duomo, a curious, rude old cathedral, with a crypt beneath, and a choir above the main church. The funniest old man in the world came to show us the wonders of his temple. I think he could never have been young, and that he never can die. Such a thoroughly embalmed old man (embalmed while alive), and one so sparkling with gleeful fire, and cheerful, crackling little flames, could nowhere else be seen. His small eyes shot sparks as from electric jars. He bustled and rustled about without a moment's rest, and he had no sooner attracted our eyes to one thing than he was off, calling "Venga," "Venga," "Venga," with the utmost vividness and rapidity of utterance, to something else. Now he darted to a work of Mino da Fiesole, which we would gladly have examined; but the moment we got to it he hurried us to a column of the Roman period; and then snatched us away to a font, once in the Temple of Bacchus, which I desired to investigate especially, but the grasshopper instantly hopped over to a fresco of Saint Romulus. It was the queerest annoyance and the most amusing that ever was, and he was himself the greatest curiosity and the ancientest thing in all the city. The best work of art I saw was a marble bust

by Mino, of Bishop Salutati. After trying to see the cathedral, for the little grig prevented any reposeful or satisfactory enjoyment of it, we descended a road behind it to find the well-preserved line of oldest Etruscan wall. Enormous blocks of stone of various sizes, but of parallelopiped form, compose the wall, and we climbed up and gathered some ivy from it for a memorial. On this north side of the city is the valley of the Mugnone, well cultivated. On the south spreads the lovely Val d'Arno, in which Florence reposes, and we look along the course of the river to the Gonfolina gorge. Beyond rise the hills and mountains. The day was transcendent, and we saw the view in the best light and atmosphere—

"The haughty day
Filled her blue urn with fire,"—

and the heights were wrapped in veils of transparent illusion, just to be a little magical and mystical, without being at all hidden, and the vines and fig-trees and pale olives and waving corn made the sumptuous plain laugh with plenty and gladness and peace, which yet, in Italy, is no gladness nor peace. The wonderful song that Byron sings of Greece, beginning,

"He that hath bent him o'er the dead,"

may be sung of Italy as well. An inward persuasion that the fairness we see is not genuine prosperity and joy, comes at every turn in this enchant-

ing country. There is no "sober certainty of bliss" here. How mysterious are these old civilizations, which culminate and vanish, leaving ruin, desolation, and emptiness, shells of dead beauty, all over the earth! It is said that England has now commenced her downward course; but I believe that England is only changing her course. Hitherto, it seems as if there had indeed been cause enough for decay and for bitter ashes in place of rich pulp; because sin has gnawed at the heart of each empire's glory, as a worm at the heart of the flower or the fruit. It is the lack of love, of St. Paul's charity, which is the difficulty. Cannot a nation be based on that and live forever? America might try it, but has made no sign yet. Italy, however, is not dead—only faint, and Italy alone is thoroughly civilized through and through, since immemorial ages. This I deeply feel, now that I am here; but something has soiled it. In its cities, especially, I have an irrepressible desire to *wash them clean*, and make them comfortable and fresh. I wish to have every stone scoured; but I am afraid it is the corruptions of the Roman Church which have defiled the land, and that water cannot purify it. It is suffering under an incubus.

Michel Angelo's Marbles.

September 16th.—We went to Florence this fine day, and visited San Lorenzo to see the marbles

of Michel Angelo. I spent nearly a whole hour in looking at Lorenzo di Medici. I cannot understand why the figures at his feet are called Morning and Evening. I saw, at Lombardi's, Michel Angelo's original sketch of the Morning, in which the face is more finished than in the marble, so that perhaps the unfinished state was not designed in either Day or Morning. Day has the effect of a dazzling sun rising, too bright to look at steadily; and I wonder whether this was the purpose of the sculptor. But no one will ever know, and it is very puzzling; for Evening and Night are entirely completed, yet one would suppose they would be more indistinct than Morning and Day, instead of less so. Michel Angelo will never speak, and the marble is forever dumb, and we may as well submit to the facts.

From this chapel we went to the Laurentian Library, which is over the cloisters. We were guided to a Vestibule, planned by Michel Angelo, in which a staircase leads up into the Library. It was much smaller than I expected, but yet big enough to hold the nine or ten thousand precious manuscripts deposited there. It is a long apartment, with a great many windows on each side, painted in bright arabesques. The ceiling is carved in oak, I think—as it is brown—though I should suppose it would be stone for safety, and the pavement is a mosaic of red, brown, and yellow terra-cotta. A broad aisle in the centre runs the whole length, between long, pew-like seats, with desks,

upon which the manuscripts are chained. In the aisle are tables at intervals, at many of which men were copying manuscripts. We were first shown the earliest manuscripts of the Pandects of Justinian, in clear, large characters. It was the very copy which had been held in such exceeding veneration by the Pisans, who burnt tapers before it as before the Host, when it was solemnly visited by the magistracy from time to time. We saw also, in the same case, the famous earliest manuscript of Virgil; and the Decameron, much interlined, with many notes on the margin; Cicero's epistles, copied by Petrarch; Aristotle, in a dozen folios; Horatius Flaccus, with an autograph of Petrarch, showing it to have been his property; an old Evangel from Trebizond, and beautiful colored contemporaneous portraits of Petrarch and Laura, as illuminations in the Canzoniere. Laura is beautiful, with a very stately head, and proud, refined expression, entirely satisfactory. Opening from the Library, is a Rotunda, surrounded by glass cases, in which are placed all the first books printed after the invention of printing—Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Horace, and all the other classics in all languages. Many of the manuscripts were richly illuminated; and we saw the first map by Ptolemy, with ultra-marine seas, of the Eastern Hemisphere, then the whole of the known world. This collection is the most valuable there is, except that of the Vatican. But we ought to have had some one with us who could command the exhi-

bition of all the chief treasures, for the custode did not show us even what is usually seen, and I hope we shall go again under better auspices.

In the evening, the Greek lady called with her little daughter and a Signore Villeri, and when I took the child's hand and said, "Tell me your name, that we may talk together," she replied, "Aspasia!" As we were sitting out in the moonlight, on the terrace that commands the Val d'Arno, in a kind of poetic dream, this name took me still more out of prosaic life. Were we on the Acropolis of Athens? The comet appeared in the northwest, in abysses of blue pearl, as I held little Aspasia's hand.

September 20th.—To-day was my last visit to the Uffizzi. I took my sketch-book to draw an outline of Plato; but my pencil had no point at all, and we had not a penknife, so I could do nothing. I looked so long at the head that I see it distinctly in my mind, and I hope to draw it from memory in future.

There were in the Gallery two Englishmen, one a tall red-faced squire and fox-hunter, I fancy, with a loud, lumbering voice, like a sledge-hammer, slightly modulated by a certain amount of civilization: the other a small, slender, delicately organized, polished, trim, regular-featured, conceited, cautious gentleman, with silver hair, resembling a shining little minnow in the wake of a porpoise. The porpoise was the introducer of the minnow to the wonders of art before them, and it was a rare spectacle to see how he

managed it. He plainly had no perception of art at all, but he was quite sure he had, and that he was an accomplished connoisseur, as he knew the names and reputations of the pictures. He desired a large audience, or more exactly, he felt that he deserved one, and looked about to observe who heard his remarks, as much as to say, "Listen all who can." To all his dogmatical assertions in heavy sledgy voice, the silver minnow responded in thin tones of assent, holding his perfectly brushed hat on his bent thumb, with consummate skill and nicety. Such a precise, immaculate little nonentity of a person! for there was no intellect in his face—he was only well arranged; but the small parlor of his mind was in exact order, and all its minute objects of *vertù* laid out to the best advantage. The two friends consulted together about going to the Pitti. The silver minnow said to the red porpoise, in his fine, wee voice, "It confuses one to see too many things at once." "It DOES SO," replied the other in heavy boulder-tones. They were then in the Tribune, and they were extremely diverting, yet there was so much for us to see that I could not spend any more time observing them.

September 27th.—I drove to Florence with Miss Blagden and Annette, and met the rest of us in the Duomo. Going in without intending to see the Cathedral, it had an effect of vastness and majesty. We all sat down near the high altar to enjoy the

painted windows of the transepts and Tribune, so superb as they are. The pietra serena of which the interior of the building is made, sets off the glory of the colors admirably. A church that has such lights need not be encrusted with varied marbles. In this last visit to it, I seemed to comprehend it better than ever before.

To-day we chose a Florentine mosaic brooch, a brilliant bird pecking at a cherry. The cherries are red and white chalcedonies, and the bird is made up of lapis-lazuli, malachite, sardonyx, and coralline. After this very pretty shopping we parted, and U. and I took a carriage and drove to San Miniato. It was toward sunset, and when we arrived at the summit, by the aid of a donkey fastened to our horses, I was enchanted with the view of Florence, which is better than any other. The Duomo, Campanile, and Tower of Palazzo Vecchio, and the delicate Badia, take a beautiful relation to one another, grouping themselves in stately wise. I saw the grand proportions of the Duomo to advantage for the first time, and I have not before confessed to myself that it is the grandest Dome in the world. The fair campanile rose like a spirit at its side—or as Miss Blagden so happily said, "like the lovely Una by the side of her Lions;" and the Palazzo Vecchio asserted its supremacy entirely. Far off the Arno gleamed between wooded banks, winding off to the mountains, which were now becoming amethystine in hue. The rows of straight, solemn, dark

cypresses, forming the avenue of San Agostino, made rich contrast to the Val d'Arno's bright level beauty, and the undulating hills on the horizon. So glorious was this picture, that we could not bear to go into the church, and lose its changes. The façade is covered with marbles, and it is very noble and lofty within, having three *pianos*, a crypt, a middle floor, and an upper Tribune or apse, like the old Duomo of Fiesole. In the apse is a pulpit, elaborately carved, and there is cinque-cento work all about the gallery. Ancient frescoes are fading and crumbling on the walls, and I discerned some grand old saints fast vanishing away, alas! alas! and alas! Workmen filled the nave, and it was in so great confusion, that we had no comfort in looking at anything, and so we returned to the prospect, and watched the pomp of the sunsetting, though not to the end; because we were obliged to come home to Bellosguardo before dusk.

IV.

RETURNING TO ROME.

SIENA.

On the 1st of October we left the Villa Montanto for Siena, and arrived at this Aquila Nera in about three hours by rail. We saw a square castle of the middle ages, and we passed Certaldo, the birthplace of Boccaccio, where he lived most of his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Story called immediately to see us, and drove us about the city, to the Cathedral, and to the picturesque Palazzo Pubblico, with its remarkable tower, which Mr. Story prefers to that of Florence. The piazza in which it stands is very large and hollow, like a scallop-shell, with a sculptured fountain in its midst. There were endless palaces of the Piccolomini, that family being the principal one of Siena. After our pleasant excursion, we found an apartment at Manini's, and established ourselves there in the afternoon.

On the 3d October we spent the day delightfully at Mr. Story's villa. We wandered through a vineyard, festooned with luscious grapes, and we gazed into a deep well, with trailing maiden-hair draping

the rough stones with its delicate beauty; and in the evening, as we sat looking down an avenue of dark cypresses to the clear sky beyond, the comet suddenly appeared, more distinctly and brilliantly than we had seen it before, even at Montanto. It shone in the deep sapphire depths of space with an awful splendor.

On the 4th we visited the Cathedral for awhile, and found it gorgeous inside, entirely inlaid with black, white, and red marbles, and filled with sculptures at every point. The pavement is of black, white, and purple marbles also, and ornamented with the finest designs in a sort of niello style—sibyls, prophets, saints, events of the Old Testament, and symbolical subjects, each subject enclosed in exquisite borders of great variety. Sometimes they were arabesques and leaves only—sometimes birds, griffins, horses, lions, sphynxes, and flowers. The stalls of the apse are delicately carved, and the backs of the tabernacles are inlaid with two shades of woods. At every turn, angels, apostles, and martyrs stand in marble or bronze in grand, graceful, and devout forms, peopling the spaces. A pulpit of incredible richness, by Nicolo da Pisa, is on one side of the Tribune. It is raised on eight slender columns, four of which rest upon white marble lions and lionesses, sporting with their cubs, and there is also a central column, supported by a group of figures, highly finished. The capitals of these pillars are wrought into foliage, among which

birds, in every lovely attitude, are pecking and turning. Trefoiled arches, enclosed in one Gothic arch, surmount the columns, and upon each capital stands a lovely figure, with angels looking over its shoulders, while other angels fill the rest of the space behind. Above is a cornice, delicately embossed, and over that, compartments of bas-reliefs, representing the life of Christ, separated from each other by stately figures of prophets; and above the whole is another rich cornice. The stairway is covered with arabesques, embossed on the marble, and every one of the balusters is of a different design from every other. It is gorgeous beyond description, and all patiently and faithfully worked out of the stone, without one careless touch.

[This ends my rapid survey of our first four days in Siena, when I could make no record in my journal, as events occurred.]

October 5th.—We went to the Institute of the Fine Arts to-day. We saw pictures in tempera from 1200 to those in oils in 1500. Very quaint Madonnas and holy Infants, all evidently from some sacred type, perhaps Greek—with long noses, low foreheads, small eyes, and interminable fingers, and the babe always mature in expression. Presently, the Madonna began to be more comely, and the young child infantine and sweet. But all that went before were put out of mind by Sodoma's fresco of Christ bound to the column. It is of life-size, and a little

more than half-length. He looks toward the left, the head slightly inclined, with an introspective expression of the eyes. It is the first representation of Christ which I have seen that gives me any satisfaction. The figure is of the ideal proportions of manhood, and the face and head are of perfect and delicate beauty, while they are grand with strength and intellectual power. There is a weariness unto death in the large lids, half cast down in heavy reverie over wonderful, deep eyes, tender, deprecating, and infinitely pathetic in their eloquence. There is a love in them far beyond Torture and Time, a sweetness illumined by celestial fire—flaming through a mist as of tears—a profound, unquenchable, spiritual light, which is the Resurrection and the Life. The cords alone seem to keep him erect, so spent with agony and fatigue is the finely organized frame. The lips are parted, as if there were not physical power left to keep them closed. The mouth is ideally beautiful, and expressive of generous sensibility and of suffering, such as the imagination cannot compass. The face is flushed: the crown of thorns presses savagely, and over the divine brow heavy drops of blood drop upon the breast, shed with patient, immortal love. The line of the nose is of the most refined delicacy, while the nostrils dilate with a spirit and a pride so angelic, so superb, that one feels that he submits not through weakness, but through conquering might. From the noble head the long, brown hair flows down with

wonderful grace. Sodoma excels all the great masters in the painting of the eyes. These eyes are introspective, as I said, looking downward. But one feels that if the large lids were lifted, the glory of the eyes would dazzle and command. Christ has always been represented feebly—beautiful, without force or manliness. Sodoma finds that he is beautiful, yet most princely, most strong. And this unequalled conception of Christ is peeling off the wall, and is already very much injured!

In another room was a Gethsemane, which is generally disagreeably pictured. I had never yet seen one that I liked at all. But Sodoma has painted one at last. I did not have time to contemplate this so long as I had done the other; but I saw the deep, large eyes raised in prayer, and a sovereign beauty radiating from every line. I cannot recall it minutely now, however, but see better the Judith at this moment. Allori's Judith in the Pitti is superior to any I have before seen; but this infinitely transcends Allori's. This is not the splendid woman, the lover of Holofernes. It is a maiden, pure as a lily, and gentle and tender as a dove, with a deep soul, and a resolution, a will made immutable and irresistible by having united with God's will. She is one who, believing she sees what is right, does it, and having done so fearful a thing as this, begins to comprehend the worship of sorrow, and at this moment is lost in the sudden revelation opened to her by her action. She is nobly beautiful, pale

like a pearl, and her great dark eyes are veiled by the mighty shadow of thought, as with a transparent cloud,—sad thought,—and her mouth is also sad. She suddenly feels her soul to be very heavy, and yet, over all is a large tranquillity, as if God were with her. The pride of life is in the Judith of Allori, but Sodoma's Judith has the majesty of truth and guilelessness. It is a face of which one could never tire; and how different it is from his Eve! Eve is the richest blossom of young womanhood, dewy and rose-tinted, with a fresh creation thrilling in her veins, and the symphonies of the spheres tuning her pulses; the new sunshine shining in her hair, new auroras dawning in her eyes—lilies, moonlight, and pomegranates striving in her tissues for mastery, all just made, and in full potency. How she curves toward Adam, and beams with all the witchery of woman! She is not divine, but arch and earthly, before the stain of crime had mingled with earth to make it foul. She is made of Virgin earth, —dust transfused with the breath of God, and a boundless joy of existence animates her whole form. Her "bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne," in vast contrast to the heavy soul of Judith. Eve is the embodied smile of the unworn world, an ecstatic sense of life.

There was a Holy Family by Rubens, but I really could not look at it after Sodoma. The absence of spirituality in him contrasts painfully with these Italian masters. Rubens wore his two wives on his

eyes, and all his female figures and faces are his wives, sometimes modified and sometimes not, and all representations of his children are his own bouncing babies, not at all divine. Sodoma was after Perugino, and broke free from the hard line of the previous schools. His pencil is genial, soft, and blending, and no longer suggests parchment and cords.

October 6th.—This morning I went to the Baptistery to draw Ghiberti's lovely Angels of the Font. I had a pencil which proved to be like the lead children melt into nondescripts, and could not produce an eloquent line, but I got the groups and the attitudes. All the bas-reliefs of the font are by great artists. The gilding of the bronze is still quite bright. We went afterward into the Cathedral, and I sketched the right aisle, and the antique font (which was once a Roman candelabrum), and a portion of the gorgeous pulpit.

In the afternoon I saw at San Francesco's church the Deposition of Sodoma. I was very jealous lest I should like it better than that of Perugino, but I did not. Mary has quite fainted away, and her face has deep pathos beneath the shadow of death thrown over it. It is foreshortened, but perfectly drawn, so that the beauty of contour is not lessened. Her features are very delicate, and even the contraction and the pinching of her agony do not take from her beauty. Under the hood which partly veils her

brow her lids have closed on a sight which a mother cannot bear. I think all the power of the picture centres in her face. She lies on the ground, attended by another Mary and John. Joseph and Peter are taking down the body. Mary Magdalen, very fair, with light golden hair, stands at the foot of the cross, uttering a cry. Another Mary supports the feet. Two Roman soldiers, one with a halberd and one with the spear that pierced Christ's side, stand talking together in an indifferent way. He of the spear is particularly nonchalant, as if he were looking at a puppet-show. Over the Madonna kneels the figure of an elderly woman in black, who spreads out her hands in dismay at the fainting.

While I was engaged with this, the custode unveiled another picture by Beccafumi, of the Holy Fathers in Limbo, and Christ descending to them. I was immediately struck with the wonderful spiritual beauty of the figure, face, and action of Christ. His face seems composed of a transparent substance, through which his pity and tenderness beam. It is "the celestial body," of which St. Paul speaks. He bends to the upraised countenance of one of the Fathers, like a benignant, sympathizing friend. Thin blue drapery floats about him like slightly-condensed air, and he touches with his hand the shoulder of the old man. One feels the thrilling influence that penetrates the whole being of the saint, from those caressing fingers. Other spirits crowd around, gazing with hope and longing at the

divine visitant. The contours have the delicacy of Venetian glass, and there seems an inner light, which shows the perfect tracing of the lines, and above all, Pity and Love. Love itself is the light that illumines him. Here is something more wonderful than Titian's color. He paints the splendid material tissues, but Beccafumi paints the spiritual body. It is singular that we had come to Siena to see Christ made manifest; for the Christ of Raphael's Transfiguration is not equal to Sodoma's and Beccafumi's, as it seems to me. I wonder I have not heard more about the Sienese school; and how I rebelled against the idea of its being so great!

I saw in the Institute a figure by a very early master, like Michel Angelo's Judge in the Sistine fresco. Could he have appropriated it? Michel Angelo and Raphael took with royal hands whatever they pleased, from right and left, and then made their spoils entirely their own; and they were so rich, and their genius so plastic, that they could do this without invading their originality. As Mr. Story said, "It is only the weak who fear to be helped." It was from San Francesco that Sodoma's Christ bound to the column, was taken.

Palazzo Pubblico.

October 7th.—We went to the Palazzo Pubblico, this morning, to see frescoes and paintings in oil. A ceiling by Beccafumi, of Roman stones,

freshly brilliant, I did not fancy much, after having seen his Limbo. But a Madonna by Sodoma—dear me! I suspect it surpasses all others! I have not yet seen the Dresden Madonna, which doubtless is the divinest ever pictured, but all the innumerable rest of them must be ranked below this one in the old Public Palace of Siena. She is sitting just at the entrance of an open manger, with "the Wonderful," the "Prince of Peace," on her knees. Her expression is that of joy and amazement, her right hand lifted with an action of surprise. It is the noblest, loveliest face of earliest womanhood, with large, liquid eyes, every contour queenly yet girlish; not a shade of pensiveness—only pure delight and rapture at a heavenly miracle illumine her aspect. Her mouth of richest curves is tremulous with happy emotion; and the great eyes have a misty gleam, as with glorious tears. The Infant is sublime and sweet, and raises his little hand to bless. Mr. H. thought him particularly beautiful. In Mary's face is that indescribable look of *no* age, which the old masters, and Raphael also, give to their angels. It combines youth and painless experience, such as cycle beyond cycle in heaven could impart; and perhaps it is angelic wisdom. Sodoma has given this look to his Madonna, and if Mary symbolizes the Church, it is most appropriate. She is so unconscious, that the sword will pierce her heart before she knows that she is personally concerned in this Saviour of the world.

In another hall are three Saints, by this artist—Saint Ansano, Saint Ambrogio, and—I forget the name of the other. Saint Ansano is the divine one. He stands, with a radiant light breaking from his presence as from a Dawn. He is performing some benign act, and the "good-will to man" in his soul is what causes this effulgence. But he is not of the angelic type, for one sees that it has been through tribulation and anguish that he has become the saint he is. His day before has been stormy with thunder and rain, and this morrow of peace and glory is the result of a cleared atmosphere. In his eyes and cheeks and mouth are the genial warmth and flush of trial and conquest, and his hair glitters as if angels, whom we cannot see, were shining upon him. The other two saints are also fine; but I had time for only one, and cannot describe them. The old custode was impatient, and I nearly destroyed him, as it was, with my pertinacity of delay. He preferred to show us a casket which once contained the arm of John the Baptist, he said! An immense picture, called the Madonna of the Baldacchino, by Simone Memmi, he would not let us stay to see. One might spend weeks in this Palazzo alone, studying with unwearable satisfaction; and Siena is so full of priceless treasures, that I wish we could remain here a month, at least.

October 8th.—I went with Ada and the children to St. Agostino, to see Perugino's Crucifixion and

Sodoma's Nativity. Perugino's design is as regular as a mathematical figure: Christ upon the cross—an angel on each side, holding vases beneath the hands, to catch the precious blood that drops: at the foot of the cross two Marys, kneeling opposite one another. Behind one Mary stands the Madonna, and behind the other, St. John. A wonderful quiet is produced by this order. The sentiment of the scene is an awed silence, in the presence of the dread event. Even his mother does not faint, but looks down, pale and still. All are hushed by an emotion and apprehension too great for expression. It is different to any representation of the subject I have seen. The faces are all characteristic, and some are beautiful, and every part is carefully finished.

In the Piccolomini Chapel is an Epiphany, by Sodoma. Here again is the noblest beauty in Mary. She is so absorbed in gazing upon the infant, that she does not observe the old king kneeling to kiss his little foot, or the splendid young king who, with a royal step and gesture, is coming forward to offer a delicate vase of pearl. Ideal kingliness is in this figure. An African potentate, bearing a cup of purest gold, Joseph, angels, superb horses, camels, and attendants, fill up the scene. Sodoma is more like Raphael than any other painter, I think.

In the evening we walked out to a pleasant promenade, where were lawns and statues and avenues, and sat down to watch the comet descend for an

hour. We heard that it would be particularly magnificent to-night (8th); but it was not brighter than we had found it at Montanto and Marciana.

October 9th.—We went to San Francesco's church to see Sodoma's Deposition and Beccafumi's Limbo again, and to the Oratory of St. Bernardino for the frescoes of Sodoma and Beccafumi. In a Nativity by the latter, the infant Christ reminded me of Murillo's Good Shepherd, in its lovely grace and spiritual beauty. It stands beside Mary, with its hand in the attitude of blessing, and its face turned to its mother. The coloring is so pearly, that he seems already transfigured. A wonderful angel hovers near, pausing in the air, in a haze of golden glory. It does not float, but rests, with a dreamy, blissful expression. Mary stands also, and looks upon the child. She has a slender figure, and an oval, beautiful face. The Mary in the Visitation, by Sodoma, satisfies, like all his Madonnas.

This morning we saw Sodoma's Nativity, in San Spirito; an immense picture over the high altar. The Madonna is different from all his others; not so extremely young, and the motive of the face is unlike the rest. Here she is stately. There is a queenly carriage of the head, and she is conscious of her dignity. A most noble Joseph responds to her royal bearing, and angels and cherubs beam out on every side. One descends, as we look, pressing through the air like a radiant dove, and a shining

group stand round the infant, ready to serve him; and the shade, as well as the light, is filled with seraph faces. A dead lamb is dropped by a shepherd in the foreground, with a direct and pathetic significance. We had the church to ourselves; and an hour passed like a moment, when a nun came to tell us that the doors must be closed. So we proceeded to the Oratory of St. Bernardino, and then at last to the Library of the Cathedral, which is covered with Pinturicchio's greatest frescoes. In one is the authentic full-length portrait of Raphael: so now I have really seen him, painted by an eminent contemporary artist. Two eyes were not enough to see it—I needed all Argus's to gaze quickly and thoroughly. It is a princely figure of early youth, and the face is exceedingly beautiful. He is assisting at the obsequies of St. Catharine, and stands, holding a wax-candle. On his head is a black velvet cap, looped with gold, and light-golden hair flows from beneath it in rich curls to his shoulders. So the Uffizzi picture is untrue, with its dark hair and eyes, for these eyes are lustrous blue, and large, with a musing, absent expression, and the complexion is fair and blooming. So would look an ideal Prince Arthur or St. George. He is the very darling and beauty of the world, just as I should know he must be. A graceful cloak or mantle falls behind, and his right hand rests on his right hip in a dainty fashion, and the action of the limbs is gallant and noble. It has an individual character, as a faithful portrait

would have, and how Pinturicchio enjoyed painting him, any one may fancy. Pinturicchio himself stands near, and a youthful Leonardo da Vinci and Perugino. Probably Raphael was the painter of Pinturicchio. Perugino looks like a serious-minded rustic, and I knew him well before, for Raphael has put him into the great picture of the Resurrection in the Pinecotheca of the Vatican, where Perugino put Raphael, asleep as a soldier. How charming it must have been for them to paint one another! but particularly what glorious pastime for all the rest to seize with their brushes Raphael, that vision of beauty and grace! The colors of all these frescoes are still brilliant, and many of them represent events in the life of Eneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterward Pope Pio II., I think. In one scene, Raphael officiated as the page of the Doge, holding the Doge's cap, who kneels in sumptuous golden robes by his side, in prayer. It was pretty nice, methinks, to have Raphael for a model. Pinturicchio was a happy man. The ceiling of this library is covered with arabesques and cunning devices, in rich color and gold. Fifty huge missals lie on desks round the room. Their thick covers are mounted with brass (or gold), and within they were superbly illuminated by the monks of St. Domenic, four hundred years ago. The black-letter is traced on fine vellum in characters three-quarters of an inch tall, and they are enormous folios. The custode showed us two of them, and it would have taken weeks to go

through them all, for we could merely glance at two. At last I sat down to try to sketch Raphael; but the guard gave me no peace, and I only made an ineffectual scratch. It will, however, recall the original attitude and action to myself. The floor is inlaid with mosaic—crescent moons in polished tiles. It is a glorious apartment, worthy of the Cathedral.

October 10th.—We spent this Sunday morning at the Cathedral. The music was like the morning stars singing together, while the organ thundered in a grand undertone, and a soft flute-voiced human strain rose up, up into the dome, and through it, away to the heavens, reminding me of the Sistine Miserere. But it was not sad like that. It was triumphant with hallelujahs. Life seemed to animate all the statues; especially the wings of the angels waved as if for flight, while they held the vases of ever-burning lamps, in the choir. The saints raised their hands and eyes with new ardor, and the wilderness of arches lifted themselves every moment like swelling billows of harmony, softly rolling. The Cathedral itself soared and sang. Little R. kept asking me "What does it say?" and I replied, "It praises the Lord." The organ was not visible, and so the gorgeous temple seemed uttering itself through all its marble forms. We stayed till the service was over, and every one had gone, except the sacristan, and then the profound silence had also its own grandeur.

In the afternoon, we walked to the Lizza with

the children, to see the city from a promontory at the close of the avenue; and Ada and I sat down on a bank to sketch. I drew the church of St. Domenic and the Campo Tower, and the Cathedral roof and dome, and J——was very earnest to do the same, but lost his sketch-book.

October 11th.—To-day we went to St. Dominic to see Sodoma's frescoes.

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Radicofani.

October 13th.—We left Siena at six o'clock this morning, and we have travelled about forty-five miles to this lofty wilderness, two thousand seven hundred and more feet high, "where vegetation almost ceases," says the guide-book. It was cloudy when we started, and rained hard in a short time; but afterward cleared, and we had fine weather till the middle of the afternoon, when a pelting hail-storm came on, and clattered and poured furiously on our carriage roof for awhile. Finally a rainbow sprang over the sky before us, and the violet band was very distinct and beautiful, though it is usually faint; and now, at eight o'clock, the new moon is shining.

The first interesting place we passed was Buoneonvento, a town crowned by a great castle, famous as the castle in which Henry the Seventh of Germany was supposed to be poisoned with the Host,

by a monk: but I think it is incredible; since the Host is believed to be the real body of Christ by all good Catholics—and to poison the body of Christ for the purpose of poisoning a man, is altogether too monstrous a thing to be believed. The castle extends widely, like a small city. We then drove through a very little but walled town, called Torrenieri. It consisted of but one narrow street and two towers, and I conjecture that, originally, the towers were alone; but afterward, as usual, people who needed protection built their houses within the enclosure of their walls.

We passed on to San Querico, where we had *déjeûner à la fourchette,* and remained two hours. It had a Gothic church, a huge palace built by the Piccolomini, perfectly square, and without comeliness; and a tall castle of Roman work. We walked to the church, and found no interest inside, because repairs have spoiled it; but it is picturesque outside, and the two principal doors are very fine. One has columns composed of caryatids, figures of forcible expression, each standing on lions, which are quite grand. This door is ornamented with sculptures of birds, animals, flowers, and arabesques. The other door has clustered columns, tied with a ribbon of marble, as it were, in a knot, each one resting on tigers, sporting with kids. There are lovely string-courses of sculpture round this also. We were surrounded by beggars and gazers as we stood to sketch; but we had not time to get a complete drawing of any part.

The Emperor (my sobriquet of our vetturino Costantino) ordered for us an abundant *déjeûner*, and we left the strange little town of San Querico just after noontide, with *seven* horses to our carriage, instead of the usual six (though sometimes we have but four), and came on to Radicofani. For hours we had seen, far off on the horizon, a bold and abrupt eminence, with a castellated summit, the castle having the exact outline of a double tooth, and the whole rock not unlike one, rising out of a plane of mountains. The tower is much below the lofty castle, which was once the residence of a robber-chieftain, and later was garrisoned with lawful soldiers, till it was jarred to ruin by the explosion of a powder-magazine near it, and has since lain in decay. It is the wildest, rudest culmination of the most desolate portion of the country, possible to conceive. There seems to have been a battle of giants; for the barren land is covered with great rocks and boulders tossed about, and a sort of dry stubble drearily fills the spaces. Round the base of the steep cliff upon which the castle stands, clings the stone town. The hotel is at a much lower level, and is a vast palatial building, formerly a hunting-palace of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Over great arches which make the ground-plan, is a wide loggia, also arched in its whole length. We ascended a broad staircase, leading from the court, into a vast saloon, and out of that we were guided along a broad, high corridor to our apartments. Large

couches and tables are placed against the walls on each side the corridor. When dinner was ready, we went down-stairs, through a lobby, on one side of which is the kitchen. A roaring fire of logs looked very warm and inviting there, for we were cold in this elevated situation. Dinner was served in a saloon frescoed with grapevines, owls perched on the trellises, and birds flying through them. It is the most rambling, ghostly, endless, fearful house I was ever in. The wind howling round, the immense distances in the rooms, which swallow up the candle-light, the fierce bandit-looking man who comes to ask us what we want, the old witches who arrange the beds, all combine to compose a residence that I could not live in without going mad or melancholy.

Immediately after our arrival, we went out to visit the city above. A perfectly straight road from the hotel climbs up to it. But when we were half-way, I saw a pelting shower hastening over the mountains, and I ran back to the hotel to escape drowning, while J—— and his father kept on their course. Finding the rain did not reach so far as Radicofani, I tried again, and got up into the town—alas! such a dirty, horrid place! I had wished very much to wash Siena, but it would have been useless to attempt to cleanse this. The streets were so narrow, I could almost stretch across them, and they were crowded with men, women, and children, and donkeys. A shabby little fellow accosted me, and

asked if I wished to see "una bellissima chiesa." I told him that all I wished was to find a gentleman and a boy who had come up a few moments before. Did he know where they were? He said he had seen them, and would lead me to them; for they were in the church. So I toiled along in the dusk, everybody making way for me in the most courteous, graceful manner, but taking their fill of gazing at the strange lady. The child took me to the church, and we lifted the door-curtain, and were lost in the gloom of the nave. I went about, prying into the dark for my people, simply believing the tale I had been told. It was the Ave Maria, and the floor was full of praying folk; and now and then a twinkle of a candle could be discerned in some chapel. What, after all, would these poor, ignorant people do without their open churches, where they can go and pray at stated hours in perfect faith—in the midst of all their squalor and hopelessness in regard of earthly weal? It seems to be the only thing they have to raise them an instant out of the mire. They could not comprehend an invisible Deity, perhaps, but they can worship the Virgin and the Crucifix, which they see before their eyes. They must have symbols.

It finally struck me that the little Radicofinian had told me a fib, so as to get me into the church and earn some crazie. I therefore rushed out again, and came home another way, instead of grazing through the intolerable streets, where I could with

great difficulty avoid contact with either donkeys or my fellow-creatures, neither of whom were agreeable to the senses, though the latter had beautiful eyes and perfect lines to their noses, as well as polite manners.

I came round the hill, down a road that winds into the straight ascent from the hotel. The boy kept at my side, and a little girl joined him, each begging for "qualchecosa" every minute. I had no small moneys, and told them so, and advised them to go home. They would not believe me, of course, for did they not find it easy to say what was not true? but finally I said I certainly should give them nothing to-night or to-morrow. Then the boy stopped, though the girl came all the way into the court, like an inevitable fate.

VITERBO.

October 14th.—We left Radicofani at six o'clock this morning, a golden morning, before sunrise. I must not omit, however, to record that last evening, at dinner, an old man came in and presented a printed paper to us, and a tray of medallions. They were made by the falling of the waters of the baths of San Felippo upon the moulds of medals or casts. These waters leave a precipitate which petrifies into fine impressions, semi-transparent, like alabaster, perhaps a little more opaque. The printed paper described and commended them. I bought two—

one of Pio Nono, and one of Venus. It is a perfect likeness of the Pope, who has a sweet, benign countenance.

We descended our mountain height through the gold of the dawn, the picture of the Robber's fastness making a grand outline on our left. The poor Abbot of Cluny, once imprisoned there by the renowned Ghina di Tacco, the lawless knight, must often have gazed down our road with longing eyes. It is very funny to know that the slender diet he was put upon by his captor restored his broken health so effectually that he had no need of the baths, to which he was proceeding to recruit, when he was stolen and conveyed aloft.

We soon entered the Papacy at Ponte Centino, where we had to present our passport and bribe the Dogana. For eighteen pauls we saved our luggage from invasion and bowled merrily on, with a flourish of whips, if not of trumpets; for we had six horses and a postilion, who was an artist in snapping his whip, as well as the Emperor. They sounded like a line of muskets popping off. As we approached Acquapendente the country lost its barren, desolate character, and woods and vegetation enriched the landscape. We passed a very deep and green vale, above which the town towers, in a fine situation; but we did not see any of the cascades which tumble into the vale at some seasons, and give the town its name. Alas, it is a very dirty city, though it has an abundance of water to wash itself with;

and once the Episcopal See was established there. But bishops do not necessarily make a city or a people clean, and priests and monks are sometimes causative of both spiritual and material defilement.

After leaving Acquapendente (it is a pity that the acqua does not pour through the streets, instead of off the precipices), we began to see caves in the tufa rocks. They were old Etruscan tombs, and sometimes the shepherds live in them, for they were long since rifled of their treasures and their dead.

We drove through San Lorenzo Nuovo, a brave, new place, built by the people who had to flee from the old San Lorenzo on account of the malaria. We soon came to the site of San Lorenzo Vecchio, and the ruins of a tower marks the spot where the Etruscan city stood. In the old wall that still surrounds it are very many sepulchres. We could look down into some of them, and I should have liked much to explore; but the air is deadly thereabouts, though it looks as lovely and innocent as possible. The richest groves and meadows spread out from the shores of the beautiful great lake of Bolsena; yet it is so pestilential, that no one dares to build a house for many miles, and though the shepherds tend their flocks in the pastures and on the banks, they never venture to sleep in the neighborhood. It seems so exquisitely fair and verdant that one would fancy it the first Eden; but not a dwelling is on the land, and not a boat is on the wide expanse of water. All is still and alone, dead-alive. In the lake are two

islands. On one, the Queen of the Goths was murdered by her cousin, Theodosius. Leo X. used to go to the other to fish, for the lake was famous for its fish, especially its eels, and is now, I suppose, unless the water is also poison as well as the land. What a singular, voiceless curse is this mysterious malaria! It waves its invisible sword, and cuts down all who approach within its reach. There is something appalling in its quiet, tyrannous sovereignty. We fancied that the herdsmen were sickly in their aspects as we passed them along the shores of the lake, which was gleaming like the silver shield of Abdiel, leader of the heavenly hosts.

We reached the town of Bolsena (Volsinii), piled up on the acclivity of a hill. There is an upper and lower town, and our hotel was in a still lower position than either, all by itself. As soon as we alighted, we walked off to see the towns. No words can ever describe the disgustfulness of the streets and of the people. I do not think they ever touch water. We, of the other side of the Atlantic, have not the remotest idea how dirty a person can be, who has not been washed for nearly three thousand years! This is the state of the Bolsenian, formerly the Volsinian. It is only in Europe that one can see a dirty face, and it is necessary to come to Europe to comprehend it. Description will not avail. Alas and alas! we picked our way through infinite—no—finite abominations in the city once so luxurious and rich as to possess more than two

thousand statues! We wished to find traces of Etruscan art, and Roman art (for the Romans lived here, after conquering the Etruscans); and we found columns and arches, but our eyes and noses could not withstand the sights and odors many minutes. We found it to be a fancy of the Bolsenians to fasten their black hogs by one leg to the walls, and each hog burrowed for himself a hole, wherein he delighted to wallow when he was not eating. His food was placed around him. Through the centre of streets a yard or two wide, flowed a stream of horror. At one great palace-door we stood and looked into the hall. Human beings swarmed about it like noisome insects. It was bare and grimy, merely a shelter, while probably masterpieces of art once adorned it, in the far-off times. If it had been possible to endure the atmosphere, I should have liked to go up the regal stairway, and see the style and arrangements of the saloons; but it could not be thought of. Nothing but an earthquake can destroy Etruscan work, and these stones are fixed for ages and ages; so that the only thing to be done is to burn them out with fire, that everything perishable might fall into ashes, and the walls become purified. But even the stones must be impregnated with evil, which could not be burnt out. It is a hopeless case; and besides, the stealthy demon of malaria is stealing up the heights; and soon the people will all fall victims to it, and then "the abomination of desolation" will possess Bolsena,

"But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owls also and the ravens shall dwell in it, and He shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness:—none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be a habitation of dragons, and a court for owls." "And the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer."

We climbed up innumerable steps to the castle, and its surrounding upper town. The castle is Roman, perhaps. It has square towers at each end, beautifully machicolated. After a painful exploration, we descended by the side of the hill, along an avenue of trees, to the arched gate of the lower town; for near this gate are very interesting ruins of an Etruscan temple to the goddess Norcia. There are capitals of columns and sepulchral monuments, forming quite a road from the gate outward. A double pillar, broken off, was very curious; for one half differed from the other. One half was square, and the other round; one plain, and the other richly carved in leaves. One bit of column was delicately cut with a grapevine. Perhaps an earthquake toppled over this exquisite temple. I wish the ground could all be dug over, around the site; for treasures may be hidden beneath the soil.

After lunch we went out to sketch. I was soon

beset with interested spectators—men, women, boys, girls, and babies in arms, all trying to look over my book. They were more nasty than I can by any means tell, with foulness inherited from the Romans probably, and at any rate very ancient. I could scarcely breathe such an atmosphere as they created, and armies of fleas attacked me besides. Yet, so potent is the human soul, that this beggarly crowd of Italians gave an impression of refinement and civilization, very old and settled civilization, by their manners and bearing. They were quiet and gentle and exceedingly courteous. They spoke in whispers, and were deeply interested in my work, from an innate love of art, woven into their members and being. Their glorious eyes (which were clean) shone with delight at every line I drew which they recognized as true. I sketched the castle and the town beneath it, and they called by mellifluous names each house and wall. I told them I liked their castle very much, and they repeated to each other with pride that I said so. How infinitely pathetic and wonderful that they should enjoy their old stones for their beauty, when they have them instead of bread and raiment—only stones! I talked with them about my great interest in the city, and they responded with intelligence. Whenever any one happened to obstruct my view, the rest commanded him to move from the signora's eye, and a vista was kept for me most jealously all the time. I showed them a few other sketches in my book, and at the Campo

Tower of Siena they exclaimed, " O bellissima! bellissima!" but always in subdued tones. Not one of them begged money. When I was obliged to leave off, because our hour of departure was come, they all stood aside in a crowd, four or five handsome boys on the outskirts, and as I cordially bade the beautiful, dirty creatures " addio," they smiled, and bowed, and waved their hands, like so many princes. Those who had little caps on their clustering hair raised them, and stood uncovered. It was wonderful.

And there was the Emperor Constantine leading little R. by the hand out of the gate of the lower town, her sunny goldness contrasting with his darkness in a most picturesque way; for the vetturino is a man mounted with blackest ebony, in hair, eyebrows, moustache, and eyes, besides a swarthy skin. He is not tall, but he has an air of ease, and a smile like stormy lightning, and behaves in all ways as an emperor should, besides having the name of one.

At half-past two we bade, I suppose, an eternal farewell to Volsinium or Volsinii, and stretched toward Rome many a rood with our carriage and six horses. After a pretty long post, the domed city of Montefiascone suddenly burst upon us, very imposing with its walls, towers, and duomo, high up upon a rock. We drove to the gate, and paused a few moments to look up its principal street; but we did not enter, because we were to spend the night at Viterbo. I must not omit to chronicle that we passed marvellous basaltic formations—columns of

perfect symmetry, and hexagonal as well as other 'gonals, which seemed to have been made by art, and then thrust into the earthy banks on the side of the road. Instead of standing up, they were lying horizontally, with their summits presented to us, like so many cannon placed for action. The loveliest cyclamens also grew on the waysides—white, embroidered with pink—and rose-pink convolvuli. We arrived at Viterbo after five, and, while dinner was in preparation, walked through the town. It is stately, compared to the small cities we have lately passed through. On the way to the Cathedral we saw Roman arches, a sculptured sarcophagus, beautiful fountains, campaniles, a busy market-place, and soiled, though comfortably flat pavements. It was so dusky in the Cathedral that we could hardly see anything. Its campanile has lovely mullioned windows, and there is the ruin of a grand archiepiscopal palace on the right.

At dinner we ordered some of the very famous Montefiascone wine, the Est, Est, Est. I do not know how to describe its etherial fire, unless I say it was like dissolved sweetened diamonds,—it had such a delicate, flashing, penetrating fierceness. It was ecstasy, keen, delicious, and flitting. It came in small flasks, for after the cork is drawn the tricksy spirit vanishes speedily—and the second glass has lost its piercing efficacy. The poor Bishop was certainly much tempted!

This morning we went to the Cathedral again.

There was a richly carved white marble vase for holy water, probably of Greek workmanship; and an historically interesting high altar; for it was at that altar that Prince Henry of England was murdered by Guy de Montfort, in stupid revenge for the murder of his father by the Prince's father. Then he dragged him by the hair of his head through the dust of the piazza,—the memorable piazza, in which Pope Adrian Fourth made Frederic Barbarossa hold the stirrup for him, while he mounted his horse, in revenge for the Emperor having made him ride with his face to his horse's tail. Such Christian forgiveness practised the Head of the Church, the Vicar of Him who said, "Forgive your enemies!" We sketched a little, and then went up into the Palace, and saw the vast hall, where the conclave of Cardinals sat for so long to elect a Pope, that the people finally took off the roof to hasten their decision. It is entirely empty now, not an atom of any man or furniture in it. A great door at one end led out to an open court, in which we found such a beautiful and stupendous vase (once a fountain), that we all sat down on the stone seats surrounding it, to take its likeness, little R. as well as the rest of us. It was circular in form, with superb lions' heads sculptured upon it. When the clear water was rising and falling within its enormous margin, what an enchantment to sit in its music, and look out of an open arch of the wall at the loveliest view! Afar, the pale blue mountains waved along the horizon.

Nearer, the city of Montefiascone crowned an eminence, topped by its dome and its towers. Nearer still were the picturesque walls of Viterbo, with tall turrets, wreathed with ivy; and a great part of the town was heaped up beneath us—one stately, domed and towered church, the Chiesa dell' Eternità, eminent among all other buildings. We drew a turret of the wall, but there was not time to do much, as we were to leave Viterbo at eleven.

The sarcophagus that we had seen on our way in the street, by a church-door, contains the body of the most beautiful woman of Italy (in her time), so beautiful, that there was a battle fought for her by the Viterbans and the Romans, and the Viterbans gained the victory; and this new Helen was shown to the conquered Romans, at their request, from a balcony, that they might have a parting gaze.

"And so another Helen fired another Troy."

Viterbo is the ancient Fanum Volumniæ, a place of assembly of the Etruscans; and, in continuation, the Roman conclaves have often met there to choose Popes. The columns of the nave of the Cathedral are doubtless the same that adorned the Temple of Hercules, which stood on that site, and the superb marble vase must have also belonged to it.

Sette Vene.

October 15th.—We arrived at this pleasant spot before five o'clock. It is smooth meadow-land of a

lovely green, golden green, and the afternoon was so clear and quiet that every thing looked glorified. At each side of a broad road, slender trees stand, almost as spiritual in their appearance as the trees which Raphael and Perugino paint behind their Madonnas. No doubt, Mr. Ruskin, they copied nature in those trees which so exasperate you.

The hotel is very rambling. There is but one interesting object in the spot that we knew about; and that is an old Roman bridge over the Treja, a sluggish stream. It should not, however, be called a stream, as it does not stir, but slumbers heavily in its mud. We went out to see it, while J—— and R. were off on the meadow with the Emperor. It was truly refreshing to stop at an inn not surrounded by a dirty town. All about there it looked as if it had been clean and nice since creation. We found the beautiful old one-arched bridge in a field, close by a new bridge, now erected in a more direct line with the highway. I made a sketch on the spot; for it is as picturesque and perfect as an old arched bridge can be; and there is a marvellous charm in all Roman work, partly from its being so well done, and partly from its being Roman. How astonishing it is that Rome should still rule the world—not by its Pope—*he* is a mere puppet; but by an impalpable, indescribable power of classical association, and an irresistible recognition of its sovereignty. Not all her monstrous sin and crime can displace the right royal pre-eminence of the

Queen of Nations. How long her Might seemed Right! No longer ruling peoples externally, how she still rules them through the imagination and intellect! Among all Byron's really inspired utterances about Italy, no one is more exactly true, than his calling Rome "the city of the soul." The yellow waters of the Tiber look as if the sins of Heliogabalus had dissolved in them, when he was thrown into it; and yet the Tiber is the imagination's dearest river, and flows through the mind as pure as a mountain torrent, lucid as air. What a world of delight one loses here, who has not classical memories! How precious to one is one's Virgil and Ovid and Cæsar, and Livy and Tacitus, and even Viri Romæ! and what must be the enjoyment of the profound scholar and archæologist, to whom every stone tells an immortal story! I wish no one would come to Rome before reading and studying all that poets and historians have sung and written about it, for then their profit and pleasure will be increased a thousand-fold.

But I have wandered away from my bridge. It was not very safe to stand over the still water toward sunset in this malaria region, and so I did not finish the sketch, but returned to the hotel. The Emperor was making a picture of himself, lying on a low parapet, with his dark face and ebony trimmings relieved against a clear, gold sunset, while his dog capered over him; and R. stood watching the group and the fun. He lifted his

dark-green little cap from his black locks as we approached.

We took the children into the hotel, out of the dangerous twilight; and now I must note down our drive to-day.

It was after eleven before we left Viterbo, not very pleasantly; for the waiter wished for higher fees than we paid him, though we had given him as much as had contented every other waiter on our route. But perhaps because he was a waiter in "The Imperial Hotel of the Black Eagle," he thought he ought to have more than a servant in an inn in a smaller city than Viterbo. As he was the most inattentive and discourteous of all the waiters who had served us, I would not give way to his importunity; and it made the Emperor very sad to go off under such a cloud. He lost his spirits entirely, and did not snap his whip, nor coo to his horses, nor talk to R. and J——, both of whom were on the box with him, while Mr. H. and I were in the *coupé* behind them. He was relieved when I told him that the waiter was surly and careless; though it took a great many miles to disperse the depression of his mind; and it was really pleasant when he commenced his extraordinary sounds again. For the Italian vetturino not only coos to his steeds, but grunts and groans to them: yet not either of those; but a sound one would make if a nail were thrust suddenly into one—a sort of "ugh," as if he were sympathizing with their efforts to tug along. The Emperor is

very generous—open-handed,—which was one cause of his distress that the Signora should seem otherwise. He gives to the beggars, and pays large fees to our postilions, and shows a great nature in every way. For his sake I wished I had paid more pauls; but on no other account, for it was not just. It was good to see his care of the children. He wrapped R. in shawls, and put his own thick mantle behind for her and J—— to lean against, and amused them with his discourse to his horses, and with the extraordinary musketry of his enormous whip. He gracefully accepted little R.'s offering of two grapes in a cup made of a big chestnut-shell. He comprehended instantly the piquante fun of the thing, and his face flashed with the stormy lightning of the smile (aforementioned), and his manner was as finished as a cavalier's. He also received from me some cigars, which he would not smoke on the box, till he had asked whether it would be offensive to the Signora. When he alighted to walk up the steep hills, he often took down R. at her request, and trudged along with her, holding her little white hand in his huge brown one; while she was as meek as a lamb, quite adoring him. When he had recovered his spirits this morning, he resumed his intercourse with the children, and his cordial deep-voiced "Si, Signora," "Si, Signore," were reviving to hear again—with the accompaniment of a beam from his lustrous eyes.

He put J—— on one of the leaders of our horse-

power, when the postilion was off, to please him with riding for a few minutes, pretending to drive full speed, and taking the real postilion on the box, for a change. In every way he was genial and also creative, carrying a sense of power with him; a much higher order of person than our rustic old Gaetano, also good and kind, however. I dare say the Emperor thought us rather scrimping to the waiter of the Imperial Hotel, and therefore he felt that unease which a generous person always feels when he thinks there is any meanness around him. But after my remark about the Viterban, he settled his thoughts and feelings, and comforted himself, as he saw no other sign of close bargaining.

Now we came in sight of a small and lovely lake, the Lago di Vico, and a mangificent panorama spread out before us. The lovely lake, almost surrounded by dense, rich woods, but at our height (3,000 feet above sea-level) quite revealed in its pale, gleaming beauty, lay below us, very near. Far beyond, stretched in every direction a vast plain, commingling all soft tints of green, melting into bluish tones near the mountain ranges: on the horizon, the entire chain of the Apennines, the Alban hills, and the remotest Volcian line. The vast plain was the ever-memorable Campagna, wearing an air of innocence and peace, yet holding beneath its emerald turf the mysterious talons of death for those who were beguiled to its charms. "Lone Soracte's height," *precisely* like a mighty

"wind-swept wave," rose immediately from the level land, "pausing in its curl," as if suddenly turned to stone. It is only on this road from Florence that Byron's perfect truthfulness of figure can be appreciated; for it was the route he followed. So immense is the Campagna, and the distances and our elevation also, that Soracte did not appear very high as we looked down upon it. It was not till we approached nearer to it that the remoter mountains no longer overtopped it. But in all relations or in any relation it is a grand object, rushing up in a curve from the wide plain. I have a pencil-sketch, but the turquoise sky, the emerald turf with its tourmaline changes, and the golden air taking amethystine tints on the remoter hills—these I cannot sketch. And the vastness, the poetry, the history, the fascination cannot be sketched. They cannot be put into the nib of a diamond-pointed pen, nor into the finest camel's-hair pencil. These all persons must come and see and feel.

The azure lake holds down in its depths the city of Succinium, swallowed up by a convulsion of nature long ago, like so many other Italian cities, and the water takes the place of the former crater of a volcano. Ancient writers say that, on a clear day, one can see the domes and towers of the city at the bottom of the lake. Why not? If I were the Pope I would drain off the water and find my city. It might reveal even antediluvian secrets and treasures. How short-sighted and dull are Popes, to put

into their tiaras the millions that might be spent in draining seas away from drowned kingdoms!

But I was not thinking of Popes, as "I drank the beauty of that spectacle" this morning; for though Rome can sometimes be seen from that point of view, yet I did not then see it, and I suppose the purple mists blurred it out of the landscape.

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We passed through the old town of Ronciglione, placed on a rock, clustering round a castle as usual, with a rich dell on one side. As we drove along we saw ruined palaces, and many relics of grandeur, but all dilapidated and begrimed. An Etruscan city once stood there, and there were sepulchral chambers in the sides of the ravine. With what a carefulness men buried their dead in the ancient times! What efforts to countervene the Eternal word that we must return to dust, and what tender love for the deserted body! Now it is too much the reverse here. In Rome there is something frightful in the way the dead are disposed of, unless it be a dead prince or millionaire.

Between Ronciglione and Monterosso I thought R. had better go inside the carriage, and, looking in, we found that Ada and U. were not there. Mr. H. and J—— hastened back to search for them, for it was impossible to turn round a carriage and horses that reached nearly from one post to another. R. and I drove slowly on to Monterosso, and drew up there

in its one narrow street to wait. In half an hour they came to us.

At Monterosso the air was black with flies, which tumbled about my hands and face in heaps. A really clean man stood at the door of a café, by the side of a comfortable-looking prelate, in fine broadcloth. Otherwise I could see nothing clean there. But at the end of the vista of the street opened out the campagna and the mountains. There certainly are disadvantages in building eternities of stone houses, which cannot decay, so that the grime of Eons remains. If they were wood they would now and then be burnt; but, as it is, there is nothing for them but to be swallowed up like Succinium. How easy it is to see the cause of depopulating plagues in these foul old towns, so pressed into a mass, and cleanliness and godliness having centuries ago taken flight together, leaving not even their idea behind! Every one of them needs a Hercules to its Augean stables. It would take a demigod's nose, at least, to endure such odors as vilify their atmospheres, and a hand powerful enough to turn the Mediterranean in upon them. Faugh! for Monterosso; and faugh-er for Bolsena, where the people had nothing clean but their eyes. I wish I could cease to speak on this subject.

Here, at Sette Vene, however, it is very nice, because there are no houses except the hotel, and no people to be seen. This night is of a clearness that no person can conceive who lives anywhere else than

in Italy or Syria. The stars do not shine pretty brightly: they pierce the pellucid air with diamond rays in a glow of splendor wonderful to behold. Jupiter is like a wheel of prisms, each spoke a living beam, restlessly burning, and each one of a different hue, but changing one into the other in a lovely confusion of crimson, violet, and gold, as if it were a bonfire of jewels, blazing with a beautiful fierceness. Jupiter bears the palm; but there is every degree of glory from that to lesser dignities. The half-moon also shines without the thinnest veil over the dazzle of her radiance. And this is the atmosphere of the fatal Campagna.

V.

ROME.

October 18th.

We left Sette Vene on the 16th, and soon arrived on the nearest rim of an enormous crater of an extinct volcano, several miles in diameter. In the centre is the small town of Baccano, so called from a temple to Bacchus once standing there. We passed through it, and when we mounted the farther edge, then at last we saw Rome afar off, its towers, pinnacles, and the Dome—which, however, at such a distance was not so proudly pre-eminent as it became on nearer approach. I felt a keen delight at seeing again the city of cities. It was a singular sense of going home that I had, a sense, too, that everything was there, in the dream-city, as it looked in the pale mist that half veiled it and its lovely sea of mountains beyond and around. On my mind it had risen in stupendous grandeur before I left Florence, looming up far over all other places inhabited by man. I can now understand the irresistible attraction it has to those who return a second time, and how it must become a sort of necessity of the

soul to live here—either to remain or constantly to return.

All have been out to walk excepting myself, and all testify to the surprising stateliness and majesty of the temples, palaces, and piazzas, so that now they seem first really to see Rome. I have yet to experience this. Now I go back. We bade the Emperor bring his horses to a pause on the outer rim of the crater, so that those of us within the carriage might alight and see the whole circle of mountains, and the broad expanse of Campagna at one glance. Costantino took off his cap and said, "Roma!" for he is a Roman, and probably felt exultant at seeing it again. J—— gave a shout, and then we all gazed in silence for some time. I thought I saw the tower which marks the site of Corioli, which brought to mind that heroic story of Coriolanus as Shakspeare renders it. I tried to find the place of Veii, and of other renowned old cities, all wiped off the plain by the terrible and desolating hand of Rome, who grasped every body and thing, and drew into itself what it wanted of them, and pitilessly destroyed all the rest *utterly*. Its power of appropriation, doubtless, exceeded that of any other known state. It builded with the world's best architects, adorned itself with the world's masterpieces in the arts, and fought with the world's strongest and bravest. Wherever it would go, it constructed such roads that time has no effect upon them, with the skilfullest heads and hands that the conquered world could furnish.

Genius, Beauty, Efficiency—wherever the Imperial Eagle could see them—were pounced upon and swooped up into the possession and service of this absorbing domination. I well remember, as a youthful student, how the Roman legions, with which I always sided and fought, seemed to me the sole rightful victors, so fascinating to the imagination is success. I then devoutly believed that a Roman was a cunning composition of perfect honor, bravery, and virtue (not virtue in a Latin meaning, but Christian). I thought a Roman never ate, or rather I did not think of his eating. I supposed he lived on glory, a kind of whip syllabub which I now know could never make sinews. The Conscript Fathers stood with me for all majesty, patriotism, and wisdom. A sort of diffused Julius Cæsar perpetually dictated to the known world. Roman matrons were ideal womanhood, "without suspect." My eyes were holden, so that I could not see the sin or the shame; or a prism was over them, through which the Empire flashed with the seven colors with which light paints rainbows. I review history now, and perceive the truth better, and the six thousand crucified men of Crassus, whom it pleased him to put in agony all at the same moment, would forever throw into black eclipse my flashing Empire, were no other of its countless crimes to be brought into the account. Yet history might never have destroyed my fancies, if I had not come to Rome. Here I both feel how it all was, and, strange

to say, I am also magnetized with the power that hovers invisibly in this air, like the spirit of the eagle that never stooped in the hand of the Roman standard-bearer. What, then, is this Rome that *will* hold sway over mankind, whether or no, in past and present time? I have an idea, but it is folded up in a veil, and I cannot take this moment to answer my question.

So we paused, and gazed from the edge of the Crater, in profound silence, upon the silvery vision of sovereign Rome, reposing alone in the midst of the vast desolation it has made; and, in return for slain millions, receiving, for poetically just guerdon, the fatal breath of this malaria, which, it is said, will eventually make the city itself uninhabitable. I thought of this; but yet I exulted, with all my heart, that I was again looking upon it, and again hastening to it.

The Emperor broke my spell by suddenly asking if he might drive on, and, with a salvo of small artillery from his whip, we rushed forward, J—— declaring that "the horses knew they were going to Rome, and pricked up their ears and struck out accordingly." We were, indeed, all so glad that I think the very carriage must have sympathized, to say nothing of the generous steeds. We saw solitary towers in the plains, and short, stout columns that seemed eternal memorials of some events, of such a girth, that, with their rounded tops, I am sure Time may try at them in vain, till Time shall be

no longer. If fire can dissolve stone, earth's central heart might liquefy them, were they swallowed up by an earthquake. Otherwise, they stand forever. We passed the traditional tomb of Nero, whose piteous, wretched death always makes me feel unhappy when it is brought to mind, and even makes me wish to forgive and solace him. What a hell he suffered in those moments! He certainly atoned for all his sins, while he listened to the tramp of those horses, at the same time in mortal, cowardly fear of his own sword.

Seven miles from Rome, at a sudden turn, St. Peter's burst upon us with perfect distinctness, very grand, and brought me back from classic Rome and its horrors and enchantments for awhile. Many lesser domes and campaniles came to view, but no Coliseum and Claudian arches on this side. We crossed the Ponte Molle, very memorable for the battle between Constantine and Maxentius, fought upon and near it, when it was the Miloian bridge. Hereabouts in the Tiber, still lies imbedded the seven-branched golden candlestick brought by Titus from Jerusalem—a likeness of which we see sculptured on his triumphal arch. Then we proceeded along the Flaminian Way, into the Porta del Popolo, and paused half an hour at the Dogano, during which time I joyfully greeted the oldest obelisk in the world, which Moses looked upon in Egypt; now standing in the centre of the piazza, with its fountain and four lions, uttering continual *jets d'eau.*

Thence we drove to our apartments in the Piazza Poli.

I must not close my notes of travel without expressing how perpetual wonder and admiration were excited in me by the superb roads over which we drove in both routes. Not a roughness or break in the smooth marmoreal surfaces from one end to the other. Not one single jar in all the miles we have voyaged, excepting the jar on the paved Cassian Way, inevitable over actual stones, how smooth soever they may be. We went to not one intolerable inn even in the smallest town; and I can conceive of no more delectable mode of exploration than this vettura plan.

We hire a private carriage built for such uses. The body of it is like a private coach, with seats inside for four persons. Ours was larger, nicer, and easier than usual. In front is a comfortable *coupé* for two, open to all the prospect, but capable of being entirely closed from rain or wind by a skilfully-contrived glass folded window, that can be let down when desired. Still in front of the *coupé* is the vetturino's box, which is large enough for two persons; and the stout Emperor, J——, and R., all sat together on it sometimes. At the summit of this large building is a mighty receptacle for bags and all "piccola roba," and behind it safe and ample harborage for trunks and clumsy luggage; and beneath is a suspended tray or large basket for dogs, or other pet beasties, to rest in—or for any "roba"

that can take dust and shaking. Over all the luggage are canopies of india-rubber and leather against wet, and inside the carriage are bands or straps of leather net-work, for shawls and umbrellas, and books and knick-knacks for constant use, affixed to the roof, and pockets at the sides. Plenty of room also in the *coupé* and under the vetturino's box for carpets and sacks. Fancy all this, drawn along by six and sometimes seven horses stretching out before, often with two oxen in addition for steep hills! Then we make a written contract with the vetturino, that he shall order our meals and apartments of suitable quality at all the inns; and, besides being our commissary of provisions and rooms, we make him our purser—all this for a certain amount agreed upon. Thus we have no care, no bills, no bargaining, and no imposition. The vetturino is our coachman, our major-domo, and our steward, and strives to do well for the sake of the *buon' mano* at the end, which varies with his behavior. It is the most complete system, especially with men so remarkable as ours were, and all goes merry from morn to dewy eve. The only payment we make is to the table-waiters, and the Viterban was the only one who gave us any annoyance. I cannot conceive of a more charming way of travelling, especially when one can have an emperor like our Costantino, or a good old Gaffer like Gaetano for master of ceremonies. We write in the contract what places, and for how long, we wish to stop at, and thus have everything fixed

our own way. Those persons who care for very dainty and peculiar dishes prefer to order their own meals; but they have much trouble, and are obliged to spend precious time discoursing with innkeepers, besides being obliged to pay thrice as much as the vetturino pays for sufficient and excellent food, quite satisfactory to lovers of art and landscape, rather than of Apician feasts.

October 20th.—This morning to the Palazzo Corsini, whose gallery we did not once visit last winter. We went into Saint Andrea delle Palle, on the way to see Domenichino's frescoes. The church stands on the site of the Curia of Pompey, where Cæsar fell.

At the four corners of the dome are the four Evangelists, reminding one of Michel Angelo's prophets. There is wonderful fire and tone in their expression, and lovely little cherubs surround them. In one compartment are several of these baby-forms playing with a lion as with a pet-dog or a kitten. That prophecy of Christian love and peace has not yet been fulfilled; but the genius of Domenichino presents it hourly here for consideration and imitation. It is amazing how slow we are, though the divinest forms, in marble and color, forever speak to the eye, in all degrees of beauty and truth; and incredible it is that where these most abound, there seems not to be more of the spirit and practice of good than in less favored lands. In Italy, architec-

ture, sculpture, painting, music, all do their utmost. Thousands of Gothic pinnacles and arches point to heaven. On every church-wall Christ dies for us—is mocked and scourged, and bears his Cross, and also rises in glory. To his written words we do not listen, and to his pictured life and ideas men are blind, though they blaze in splendor on every side.

P. S.—My journal was suddenly interrupted by illness—even in the midst of a sentence, and was never resumed; which will account for the abruptness of the close.