

entrance of the harbor, forming a beacon which is visible far and wide. I don't know as I may say that

"The scene is more beautiful far to my eye."

"Man of day in her pride had arrayed it," but it is much softer. The evening gun has just been fired from one of the batteries near the sea, the signal I suppose for closing the harbor, and the echo shot back by the hills on either side, was prolonged and repeated fainter and fainter for nearly a minute.

I have had a much better opportunity to see this place than I expected, which I owe chiefly to a piece of shabby good luck in the captain of the Steam-boat in which I am a passenger. We learned on the way that the boat would as it enabled me to spend the Sabbath more quietly, and avoid the necessity of journeying on that day, which at first seemed inevitable, as if I waited two days longer at Marseilles for the next boat. That stated on Sunday, ~~Emmerson has~~ We were by the arrangement to be fed on our passage as well as lodged at pairs. But on arriving and for all this, of course we have would not be allowed to descend on board, but that we must take care of ourselves until the boat started again. I suppose the same trick will be played on a steam at Lephon, where however we shall not remain long at all. I feel the less disposed to grumble, because I find that Steam-boat cooking is, in every respect, the same as the (Marseilles) as at the North River, and am glad to get something a little nicer, even at my own cost. The boat is a very good one and the journey much easier and journey. The wind blew violently when we left Marseilles, and it was quite necessary to get upon one's sea-legs, as the sailors say. I made a hearty breakfast (11 o'clock) yet I must say that the rest was quite glad to spend the greater part of my time in a recumbent position. I have fortunately supplied myself with reading matter of my favorite sort at Edinburgh Review, one of which I have despatched on horse back contains a really interesting article, the measure of reading to you last summer, attributed as you know to Lord Brougham. The article in defence

of the unfortunate consort of George the Fourth, and which gave such an unmerciful looking to that depraved man, a very unfavorable but I fear true portrait of his father and mother, as well as a masterly sketch of the character of some of the most conspicuous men in public life in that day. The article in continuation is very interesting, though it does not possess the high interest of its predecessor. I will send you the number. In deed I hope, before very many months that it may reach you the article myself, which would be best of all.

The coast at Marseilles and all of ~~that day~~ that I saw yesterday may be described in few words. — Bare jagged, sterile rocky mountains, scarcely high enough to be picturesque, especially destitute of vegetation, barely supporting here and there a few stunted olive-trees. The town of Marseilles and had a distant view. We sailed between the main land and the islands of Hyeres, so remarkable for their fine climate and healthfulness, but they did not look very inviting to me.

When I rose this morning the scenery had become colder and more interesting. The sea when the first light came down to the sea, and we have since sailed along a coast so closely skirted by the mountains etc. — the chain which passing into Italy forms the Apennines — that there is scarcely room to construe a road between. The higher peaks the whole way were covered with snow, in line contrast with the grey and black cliffs below and the dark blue sea in which seems to have their base; for the Mediterranean has the deep azure tint of mid-ocean quite up to the shore. There are many pretty villages also which either seem hung on the mountain's side or rise out of the water. In one place I counted twelve in a single bay, by no means a wide one. We passed Paris the town where the hope lived while Napoleon was master of Italy. Where the hills are more fertile, and vines, olives, and oranges are cultivated wherever they can find room or soil enough to plant them.

On getting ashore about two o'clock I immediately secured a valot de place, which was quite necessary to save me time, and immediately set out to see the sights. The town is wholly built of marble, which with the profusion of palaces and fine buildings give it a

Very magnificent appearance. But they have continued in many cases to give it a gew-gaw tawdry appearance by ~~finishing~~ painting the walls of many of the finest houses on the outside, in frescoes, or alogues, &c. and the architecture being that of the middle ages is more where classical, and altogether the town has a very oriental aspect, according to my notions: the church-steeple and domes are either like minarets or else built in the balloon style which you observe in prints of Constantinople and other Mussulman countries. The houses also have fountains within them, the hall in the basement story being most prettily and taste fully decorated in this way, which seems all the more oriental.

I saw first the famous saloon in the Palazzo Doria, which is the most gorgeous thing you can ^{all gold, marble, lapis-lazuli & mirrors,} imagine; the Villa di Negro, with its sweet gardens that overlook the city, the bay, the surrounding country, and are laid out with great taste, ornamented with statues, busts, grottoes &c. of which I can give no description. Next the Villa Palavicini, which is just out of the city, and is most beautifully situated: the grottoes and fountains are perfect! I never imagined any thing so superb with them. It was now so close upon the dinner hour that I was unable to visit several palaces I would have wished to see, the Palazzo Durazzo particularly. I went however to the Royal Palace, which formerly belonged to the Durazzo family, and looked through it completely. It contains many fine paintings & statues, but the best ones, which the guide-books mention as there have been removed to Turin where the court resides, and their places are supplied by copies. I saw the house which was given to Andrea D'Orta by the little republic he had raised to such power. I stumbled upon it by accident, observing the inscription over the door. "Senat. Cons. Andrea de Orta patria liberati munus publicum."

Close by is the little church St. Matteo, which was built by him, and where he is buried. ~~with~~ many others of the family, and his distinguished companions in the expedition against Venice, when he set about bridling the steed of St. Mark.

I saw the other most remarkable churches, and strolled about the streets until eight or nine o'clock, looking at whatever struck my fancy. The dress of the women of the better sort in the streets, of the ladies even, is very pretty. Instead of bonnets they wear a long piece of thin white muslin, or lawn according to the quality of the weaver, which is thrown over the head and hangs loosely over the body, reaching almost to the feet. And as they wear their hair a la Madonne, it gives them the appearance of the draped statues I often see.

Here you reach the land of beggars. In France, quite to my surprise you see as few almost as in New York; excepting Normandy, where they abound and follow the diligence most pertinaciously. Here they assault you continually. Figures of the Madonna begin to multiply. Scarcely a house but has one, of wood, plaster, marble, or rags, according to the wealth or the poverty of the inhabitants. They are crowned with wreaths, with tinsel ornaments; ~~figures of~~ flaming hearts are appended; even the pictures in the churches have the figures which represent the Virgin or the infant Saviour, or the Saints with tinsel crowns or rays of glory fixed to their heads. But I should never have done were I to relate all the forms of superstition I observe here. I must not forget to mention that all the churches here have a sign hanging over the principal door "Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana". And the larger ones "Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana". Plenary Indulgence every day!! These are kept somewhat in the back ground in France, but in Italy (and Piedmont is but the beginning) the beast pushes with his horns.

Monday Evening, 5 o'clock, Francesco Trino in the Harbor of Leghorn.

Ever dear Friend,

Being on shore at Genoa without my writing-desk I was obliged to continue my letter upon such paper as I could procure; so I will go on with the same for a while. I know you like thin paper, tho' I can't say I do. I must tell you of the pretty view I had Saturday night. My room I think I mentioned looked directly into the bay, and also gave me a fine view of the Western part of the town, the mountains of that side of the bay, and peeping over them, the sharp crests of

to give you a full description, so as to convey any sort of idea to you, and so I will not bore you ^{more} with bare lists which must be just as devoid of interest as the index to a book. The boat is about to start, moreover and I must conclude, I will not altogether omit to notice the Baptistry, a kind of Græco-Arabico-Gothic octagonal building, very striking in appearance, with a fine dome, and the exterior garnished with pillars and pilasters stolen like those of the Cathedral from various sources. But within it is still more remarkable; it is fitted up very like an ancient temple: eight vast columns of granite and several marble pilasters support the dome. The font is beautifully ornamented with mosaics; it has a large basin in the centre for the immersion of adults, and several deep pits for the immersion of children, just large enough to admit an usher in the vertical position. This would show that Mass at least in the twelfth century baptism by immersion was still the common if not the universal form of administering the rite. But the most beautiful thing of all is the pulpit, the work of Nicolas of Pisa who executed some exquisite bas-reliefs for the Cathedral; but this is considered far the best of his works. It is supported by five beautiful columns of marble rising on the backs of lions; the sides are covered with the boldest and most tastefully executed bas-reliefs in Parian marble and oriental alabaster; you see figures five or six deep. The first piece represents the birth of Our Saviour, the others different scenes from his life on earth. After the fifth, the last judgement. I then ascended the Leaning-tower, which has been associated in my mind with the seven wonders of the world, ever since I ~~can~~ remember. How often have I read descriptions of it, and longed to see it. The prints you have seen give you a very good idea of it: I saw one among other prints of Pisa which is very like, but ornament, where the bells are hung, seven in number; a spiral stair-case between the outer and inner walls affords an easy ascent. It is 8 stories, about 190 feet in height and declines thirteen feet from the perpendicular. I assure you that even the beautiful view did not tempt me to remain long. I felt awfully afraid it would fall, and confess that I breathed much freer when I reached Terra-firma. It has stood in the same condition for five or six hundred years, but it will fall some day,

and I should have no fancy to live in the houses beneath. 3
But the view is very fine. Pisa is situated close under the hills 21
which limit the valley of the Arno on the north, and just where
this broad valley terminates in the vast and fertile plain that lies
along the shore. You see on the north the mountains of Lucca
and the snowy Apennines, and on the south as far as Leghorn
All this plain is in the highest state of cultivation, as in deed all
Tuscany is said to be, and the people seem generally prosperous and
comfortable. Between Pisa and the sea lies the farm of the
Grand Duke, where Camels were introduced many years since; they
have multiplied largely and are employed as beasts of burthen. In
the forests the Cork-tree is said to abound. I saw one in the
Botanic Garden.

The Campo Santo is an ancient burial
ground, a vast rectangle formed of Gothic arcades, arranged like
the cloisters of a convent. The print represents it very well.
An archbishop who was contemporary with Richard Coeur De
Lion and accompanied him in the Crusade brought from
Mount Calvary a large quantity of earth which was deposited
here and this structure was built during his life time or very
soon after. The tombs, sarcophagi, frescoes, and sculpture which
fill the whole place, which is very interesting and deserves a more
particular notice.

I stepped from this place into the Cabriolet
and in less than two hours was again in Leghorn, a busy
and dirty commercial town but having nothing to interest
a traveller. Here I saw convicts, chained two and two,
employed in sweeping the streets. The vine in Tuscany is
not kept close to the ground as in France, but is trained in
arbors and festoons along the borders of ~~fields~~ ~~and far~~
wheat-fields, and when their leaves appear, must add very
much to the beauty of the country. One may could sit
under the shade of his vine, which would be out of the
question in France. But the boat is leaving the
harbor. On the right we can dimly discern the
Northern extremity of Corsica. Elba we shall pass in the
night, and some time in the course of the morning be
landed at Civita Vecchia.

I have made the acquaintance of an English clergyman of warm piety, who is in ill health
who has been obliged to reside for several years in Nice in the winter
and at Interlachen in Switzerland in the summer, at both of
which places he preaches regularly. He has travelled in Greece
Turkey & Asia Minor, and passed much time with our
Missionaries there, of whom he speaks in the warmest terms.
His name is Hartley. We shall go on in company to Rome.

Rome! 1st May, 1839. Wednesday Evening.

And I am indeed in Rome. This is enough to replace me for long and tedious journey, and even for transient separation from friends, and when I leave this place I feel as though my feet were set homeward. I feel it is something to be in Rome —

"The City that so long
Reigned absolute, the Mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the Prophets saw
And trembled; that from nothing, from the East,
The lowliest village (What but Rome and there
A seed-roofed cataract by a river's side!)
Grew into every thing."

Whence, as though
Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld
All things that stroke, enable; from the depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her groves, her temples — all things that inspire
Wonder, delight! Who would not say the forms
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
Floated hitherto abide eternally,
Within these silent chambers where they dwell
In happy intercourse? — And I am there!

I distinctly recollect the time, when a
very small boy in the course of a long ride with a relative,
the story of Remulus and Remus was first related to me,
and how it struck my wondering fancy. And I recollect
most perfectly my first lesson in Virgil, and how, com-
mencing with "Arma virumque cano," I slowly waded
into the mysteries of Latin poetry and the story of the ~~city~~
Little did I think in those days that I should ever stand
within the walls of lofty Rome.

or climb the Palatine, and stand within
those very walls "where Virgil read aloud his tale divine."
My enthusiasm has never by degrees, for I arrived here
this morning, after a delay at that pestilential station
places Castel Vecchia, where an Austrian soldier stationed
there told us he was sent as to a kind of earthly purgatory
to do penance for his sins, after being subjected to three
numbless jolting ejaculations by which the pride of the Pope is
replenished from the pockets of us poor Protestants, after
tedious delays on the road, and a most uncomfortable ride

for the whole night, which altogether is enough to ²⁴ put one in a bad humor with every thing, - after all this you may be sure I found myself in such a prosaic, care-for-nothing mood that it was a long time before I could feel at the interest which the eternal city is calculated to inspire. A fog in the morning prevented us from a good view on our approach; the streets of the modern town through which we passed were mostly devoid of interest, and we saw nothing but the dome of St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo. However we got established at the Hotel d'Allemagne, and took breakfast. Mr. Hartley, being worn out by the journey, took to his room for the day, and I was left to myself. This perfectly ignorant of the localities here I was determined not to be deprived of the satisfaction of discovering the most interesting places for myself. My guide-book (Madame Hawke) describes objects somewhat particularly, but gives no information as to where they are to be found. I hate the chatter of a Cicero, and felt confident that I should stumble upon something worth seeing. So I climbed the hill just before me, by a magnificent flight of marble steps, where the Egyptian obelisk stands which the inscription says was found in the Circus of Sallust. I saw an imposing building at the end of a long arcade, on the summit of a rise which I afterwards learned was the Esquiline Hill. On reaching it and examining the interior I found by the guide book that it was the Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore. These basilicas, retaining the name of ancient structures, are a larger kind of churches, which were mostly established upon the foundations of ancient temples, or they were these temples themselves turned into churches. This I find is one of the largest after St. Peter's, and the interior is very rich and splendid, filled with the sculptured tombs of popes and cardinals, with ~~gorgeous~~ gorgeous chapels, and beautiful frescoes and mosaics. The forty Ionic columns which support the nave are all antique; they are of fine white marble, except four which are granite. After satisfying my curiosity here, and noticing the Egyptian obelisk brought to Rome by the Emperor Claudius, which now ornaments the court on one side of the church, and the Corinthian column of Parian marble (taken from the Temple of Peace) which stands opposite the other front, I looked about to find some of the ancient town, but the view was obstructed by buildings. However I guessed at the proper direction, and after wandering through narrow and dirty streets for some time I caught a distant glimpse of a

portion of the Coliseum, and a few steps brought me into the midst of the ruins of ancient Rome. Though the Amphitheatre at Nimes is in more perfect preservation and wholly built of huge stones while this is partly brick, yet this is far more imposing, and quite surpassed my expectations. It produced a wonderful effect upon my mind, which increases the more you look at it. In company with Mr. Bartley, I made a second visit to it this evening, just at dusk, and we sat for a long time in the centre of the arena enjoying the wonderful scene in the highest degree.

"Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line;
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands!"

We saw it too at the night time, when

the arched gloom
Of an Italian night, whose deep skies assume
Glow that have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory.

But to return to my exploration. As I emerged from the Coliseum I stood between the Palatine and the Esquiline Hills, the arch of Constantine just before me, the arch of Titus in view on the right hand, and just beyond the Roman Forum, all crowded with ruins, the very soil is mouldering brickwork & fragments of columns. Here I spent the greater part of the morning, silent and undisturbed, finding out by the description the ruins as they presented themselves. The arch of Titus is very beautiful and in better preservation than I thought. It was built upon a plan in honor of his Conquest over Jerusalem, and the bas relief representing the procession bearing the spoils of the temple very well preserved except a few portions; the table of the seven heads, the seven branched golden candlestick, the jubilee trumpet, spire doubtless from the originals are still quite perfect, but the tables of the law cannot now be distinguished. Beyond this I can scarcely give you even a bare enumeration of the ruins and interesting localities I examined. - the Ruins of the Temple of Peace raised by Vespasian after terminating the war with Judea; the Temple of Venus, of which there are several columns, and the bronze doors, now forming part of the church erected on its site it is supposed by Constantine; the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the inscription on the pediment still distinct,

the place where the Rostrum stood, the Curia Hostilia;
the Comitium, as now supposed, three beautiful Corin-
thian columns with the entablature, which have given rise to
much dispute; the Arch of Septimius Severus; the temple
of Jupiter towards of which three columns of the Portico
only stand, but these are beautiful indeed. Near the capital
of the columns the fluting still shows most distinctly and
satisfactorily the Tyrian purple color, (discovered also at Pom-
peii and also in Greece; so that, we cannot doubt that the
ancients had the bad taste to tinge the columns of their
temples in many cases with a bright red color. Close
by this is the temple of ~~Fortuna~~ Fortune, of which eight
Ionic columns of granite, composing the front of the Portico and
two side columns, with the entablature still stand. Exten-
ding my walk to the right and left I saw the ruins of the
Temple of Palladium, still half buried, and the Temple of
Vesta, turned into a church, the columns in good preservation; -
the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars &c &c. - Next I
ascended the Capitoline Hill which overlooks the Forum,
took a peep at the Tarpeian Rock (from which I could
jump now without much danger), saw the unrivalled Eque-
stran statue of Marcus Aurelius, the only ancient bronze
equestrian statue of the ancients in existence except those
of Loupau, - the one which Michael Angelo used so greatly
to admire. - no modern attempt can be at all compared
with it; the Colossal statues of Castor & Pollux, with their
horses, in marble, which look down the flight of steps
leading to the Campus Martius; the two beautiful trophies,
the Appian milestone no. 1. which marked the first mile
from Rome on the Appian way. Thence returning
towards my hotel I fell upon Trajan's Pillar, with
the ruins of an ancient Basilica which have been excavated
in the neighborhood; and also the imitation of Trajan's Pillar,
that of Antoninus which stands in another court not very
distant. The pope puts his name upon every thing here;
and the statue of St. Peter now stands on the pillar of
Trajan; that of Paul upon the pillar of Antoninus. - The
sculpture of Trajan's Pillar is magnificent. I passed also
the Fountain of Trevi, the finest I ever saw.
I dined at half past five, and finding Mr. Hartley considerably
recruited, I sat out with him, visited the ruins again by twilight,
as I informed you, & enjoyed them much. Thus my first day in Rome!

Rome May 2^d 1839.

A refreshing bath last night and a sound sleep renewed me perfectly ~~this morning~~ and I rose this morning with renewed vigor.

After breakfast Mr. Heattley and myself took a carriage, to save time in looking up some scattered antiquities. We drove first to the Pantheon, the preservation of which is wonderful, and after all I had been told, astonishing to me, so great is the contrast even with buildings of later date. It may to all appearance last for ages to come. It is interesting to see the structure which has served so long as a model, and besides it is more imposing, and speaks to you in a different manner from the ruins I saw yesterday: it bears the marks of age, is truly venerable, and at the same time is so perfect, so free from decay, so majestic, it seems indeed "spared and blest by time." It is fitted up as a Catholic Church, as are all the ruins that will possibly allow of it, from which there is one good result, they are taken care of. We visited next a church or two in the vicinity and saw some fine tombs, a statue by Michael Angelo, &c. — next next to the Mausoleum of Augustus, of which there is little left to see, then passing down along the Tiber, and between the Capitoline and the Palatine hills we obtained good views of the ruins on the latter, a confused mass, of which I was going to say I could give you no kind of idea. But I can refer you to a description as literal as it is terse

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown matted and massed together, hillocks heaped on what were chambers, arch crushed, column strewn in fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steeped in subterranean damp, where the owl peeped, deeming it midnight: Temples, baths, or halls? Pronounce who can! — — —

A longer drive brought us to the Protestant burying ground and the Pyramid, the tomb of Caius Cestius, in a sweet rural situation; the city hidden from your sight you see nothing around you but green fields and trees, and here and there ruined walls or arches, a most quiet and sequestered nook it is; — and every thing looks so different from Rome — the pyramid unlike all else here, and the tombs

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with the English inscriptions and English names. — I would have been pleased to spend the morning here; but we could not linger. We stopped next at the tomb of Scipio, the sarcophagus, so well known by prints, and the many tombs in which it has been copied is now in the collection at the Vatican. Next the baths of Caracalla, which are at considerable distance beyond the walls of the city, surrounded by green fields; the ruins are immense, and give a good idea of the architecture of the period. Finding that time would not allow us to extend our ride to the Catacombs, the refuge of early Christians in times of persecution, nor the tomb of Metella which possesses high poetical interest, we returned to the city by the Appian way, and talked of Paul, who eighteen hundred years ago entered this city by the same road, accompanied by the brethren who went out to meet him. We drove again by the Coliseum, under the arch of Constantine, and then under that of Titus, and dismissing the carriage walked up the Capitoline Hill to spend the remainder of the morning in the Museums and galleries there. There are two, the Palazzo Conservatori, and the Museo Capitolino. We entered the Court of the first, and saw the five antique statues that adorn it. The most remarkable are, the Statue of Rome Triumphant, with the Weeping Province beneath, represented by a young female figure with such an expression of sorrow. — The two Dacian kings, — the Statue of a Lion devouring a horse, weather-worn but highly beautiful, the bust and one hand of a bronze statue of Constantine of colossal size, — A similar bust of Domitian in Marble, The hands and feet of an immense statue of Apollo, A rostral column, taken from the Forum itself; and on the walls of the staircase are preserved six large bas-reliefs from the Triumphal Arch of Marcus Aurelius in the most perfect preservation, and of most beautiful sculpture. We passed over the rooms here containing sculpture, our object being to direct our attention to the things most remarkable and worthy of notice, and not to be distracted with the immense collections of comparatively insignificant things. And all the finest remains of antique sculpture is in the other Museum

There is one thing more however, which we still hope to see viz. the bronze wolf of such high antiquity, said to have been struck with lightning when Caesar fell. The masters of the picture galleries, which though not then ^{open} to the public, were promptly opened to us by the hint of a fee. The collection contains many pictures of the first Masters, and selecting the best and most celebrated we enjoyed them greatly. If I did not think it tedious to you I should like to mention a few which I greatly admired; but I spare you.

The Capitoline Collection of Antique Sculpture was still to be examined, of immense extent and ^{some} unrivalled interest, arranged in such a way that the ^{more} increase in interest one after the other quite to the last, which contains one of the choicest collections in the world, and among them is one of the three finest productions of the chisel known, and that one which of all others I was most desirous to see. The vast collection which it took us all the rest of the morning to examine cursorily, would take me a long time even to enumerate the most remarkable, so I must pass them over. It was a feast to us, and most instructive also. I have learned more of Greece and Rome in two days than all I knew previously. There are fifteen rooms in all, some of which are immense galleries crowded with busts, statues, sarcophagi and vases. Among the latter is a celebrated bacchanal vase, and also a large bronze vase found in the port of Antium, which according to the inscription belonged to Mithridates Eupator, King of Pontus; and this inscription is said to exhibit the most ancient Greek characters extant. In the same room is a mosaic representing four pigeons standing on a vase or bowl half filled with water. It was found in Adrian's villa, and is described by Pliny. You see many copies of it. It is the most beautiful ancient mosaic extant; indeed you would take it for a highly finished painting, and can hardly believe that such an exquisite work is composed of bits of stone. One apartment is nearly filled with busts of the Emperors and their relatives; and next to it is

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the Apartment of the Philosophers, containing antique busts of the great & wise men. In the next room is the statue of Hercules in bronze gilt, which was taken from the tomb of Cecilia Metella, ^{and the one found in the Forum Boarium on which} the gilding still almost entire. In the next apartment is the famous Faun in rosso antico found in Adrian's Villa, a statue of a child playing with a dove, the prettiest thing imaginable, and very many others of great value and beauty. The most remarkable things in the last room the statue of Antinous! the Faun of Praxiteles!! a semi-colossal Juno! a colossal Pandora! a semi-colossal Apollo!! and lastly that most famous, and indeed most wonderful statue, called the Dying Gladiator, which you gaze at by the hour. It is very doubtful what ~~the person~~ the figure was intended for; it is thought that it must be a copy in marble of the statue of bronze by Otesilaus, mentioned in ancient writings, which represented a "wounded man dying who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him." I have not yet seen the Apollo Belvidere, the only rival to this, but I cannot imagine any thing to excel it. The famous stanzas of Byron must have been composed on the spot.

"I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand.— his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low.—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hailed the wretch who won
He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday, —

Vi-

We left this collection, and for me I wished to see nothing more to-day; but Mr. Hartley was anxious to visit St. Peter's, so after dinner, just at sunset, we walked out in that direction.

And "to the dome, the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell -"

Rome differs from every other place; nothing disappoints you here. At first view, however, impressed as you are by the majestic front and swelling dome yet you do not appreciate their vastness. But as you enter, it is stupendous! You are no longer deceived by its gigantic elegance.

Vastness which grows, - but grows to harmonize -
All musical in its immensities."

I satisfied my wondering curiosity with a general view, leaving all the details for another visit, which we propose to make to-morrow.

Saturday Morning, 4th May,

Another most interesting day, - there remains one most interesting collection to visit, and then having seen all the greatest works I have no heart for minor matters, and should leave Rome this evening were it not for the intervening Sabbath.

Yesterday morning we went first to the Vatican, the official Palace of the Pope, an immense pile of buildings. It is not so magnificent in its architecture or so richly furnished as many palaces, but in the extent and value of the collections it exceeds every thing. Here and in the Museums I visited on Thursday there is very much more antique statuary and sculpture of every kind than in all the world beside, as well as the famous pictures of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

We went first to the Christian Chapel, which is very plainly furnished; its chief interest consisting in the immense fresco paintings of Michael Angelo, one of which covers the whole ceiling, representing a variety of Scripture scenes, prophets, Adam & Eve, St. Peter &c. - The other is his picture of the last Judgement, and occupies the whole of the wall behind the altar. They are considered most wonderful productions. After passing through

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a number of rooms and halls of lesser consequence, although the frescoes which cover the walls would elsewhere be greatly prized, we reached the famous rooms painted by Raphael. The rooms are pretty large, and each picture occupies the whole of each wall, so you may judge of the extent of surface which is painted over. I regret that I could make but a single visit, one should see them again and again. The first room, the Hall of Constantine, contains a picture of Constantine addressing his troops at the moment when the Cross appears in the air; - the second is the battle fought against Maxentius; the third is the Baptism of Constantine, - the fourth represents his donation of the patrimony of the Church to the Pope. These last and the battle are particularly admired; they contain so many figures and groups that they require a long study. There are admirable engravings of them, but these particularly are so costly that I have refrained from purchasing them. The engravings of some of the other pictures were executed some years since, and most of them are poor, so that I would not have them. The paintings of the second room contain scenes from the Apocalypse, except the one over and around the window, which nearly cuts it in half, which represents St. Peter delivered from prison by an angel; and one painted in like manner around the opposite window which represents a Popish Miracle, an admirable picture, of which there is a very large and fine engraving that I would have bought were the subject more interesting. The third room contains the School of Athens, a celebrated picture of which you have seen engravings, but the prints give you little idea of it. It is reckoned the best of all. Opposite is the Allegorical picture representing Theology, in which all the old fathers and saints are introduced. What destroys our pleasure in viewing this and other pictures is the introduction of the Trinity, for the Pope and his agents does not hesitate to break express commandments, to say nothing of the abhorrence with which we naturally view such attempts. There is another allegorical picture called Insuperance, and a fourth and very fine one called Poetry, in which all the celebrated Poets are introduced. In the fourth room is the fine picture which happened, in the time of Pope Leo IV., a prodigiously fine picture, which has been poorly engraved. The three other pictures in this room are less celebrated, - one is the Coronation of Charlemagne.

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We then took a hasty survey of the Vatican Library, which is not so very large in books, but is almost unrivalled in Manuscripts, the numbers of which run up to 40,000. They are kept in presses, occupying each side of an extremely long gallery, — longer than the picture-gallery of the Louvre but not so magnificent. — The Saloon, also containing Manuscripts, and many very beautiful works of art, vases, bronzes &c. — is magnificent. The Librarian shows any of the Manuscripts upon application, but we had not time to look. We stopped again into St. Peter's. Mr. Hartley, being in poor health was fagged out and sat down to rest while I took a detailed survey of this wonderful place. After all you have heard about it, I found it exceeded my expectations, at least the first effect was more imposing than I anticipated, for I was prepared for finding the apparent size much less than the reality, on account of the perfect proportion throughout and the want of any thing ordinary to compare with it. I have much that I would say about it but must leave it for my next visit, and give you the whole together. When I left it I took a long stroll alone through the most populous part of the town, looking at Churches, obelisks, fountains &c. — found some ruins I had previously overlooked, stumbled by accident upon an old church which contained the fresco of the Sibyls by Raphael, said to be his finest work of that kind, and extending my walk I came again to the ruins in the neighbourhood of the Roman forum, examined those I had not especially noticed in my former visits, took another and perhaps a last view of those I had now become familiar with, returned here, dined, strolled out to the Piazza del Popolo, looked into a church, heard a portion of the Vesper service, beautiful chanting. — Saw the grounds of the Villa Borghese, just within the gate, very beautiful and highly ornamented. — Home, spent an hour with Mr. Hartley who is a most welcome and useful acquaintance, an ardent Christian, and evidently a very devoted minister.

After all this, and more than I can tell, you may well believe I was tired and ready for sleep.

Rome, Monday Evening, 6th May, 1839.

I regret that I lack the time, and still more the energy to give you some account of the thousand curious and strange things one meets with here, many of which tho' not forgotten, I cannot think of just at the present time, but should God grant me a safe return, there will be all the more to tell you. I have seen plenty of the worse than Pagan idolatry, and not a whit the less gross which prevails here, and while my memory is yet fresh and accurate as to particulars, I will record some well known examples. I have noticed, tho' there is no time this evening, that there is the place to see Popery in its true colours. Let those who doubt if this be that man of sin, — who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped, — let such spend a week at Rome, and see the working of the "mystery of iniquity," and be satisfied.

I am on the point of leaving. The price in the Malle-post to Florence is exorbitant (25 Dollars): a vetturino would scarcely be cheaper for a single person, and they will be five days or nearly, so I am to go back to Civita Vecchia, rascally as the place is, take the Steamboat to morning afternoon for Leghorn, and thence to Florence, where I shall expect to arrive by the time the next malle-post from here goes (Thursday morning) or perhaps a little sooner, and save at least 50 dollars. It is now eleven o'clock. The vetturino is to start at twelve, and I must pack up. Mr. Hatley has spent an hour with me, and after a little season spent in prayer we have said Good Bye. I think I may expect to have two hours at Civita Vecchia before the boat starts, and I will post up my account of what I have seen here as well as I can. My feet are now turned toward home, and my spirits rise with the thought. It is so long since I have heard from you, and I hardly dare hope for a letter at Florence.



Gray, Asa. 1839. "Gray, Asa Apr. 27, 1839 [to Torrey]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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