

we all went to the Museum, & our first look at Pompeian
antiquities, bronzes, statues, mural paintings, &c. &c. There
are some very fine statues here of the famous Farnese
collection, & others discovered at Herculaneum, many
of which you know by statues, photographs & engravings.
A most lovely fragment of a Psyche, a superb Antiochus,
& a very fine Cicero - As for bronzes they rarely please me
I like something with more character, the more physio-
cal beauty of outline is not rare. - The fragments of wall-
paintings & mosaics from Pompeii & Herculaneum are
many, very graceful & beautiful. Many things put me
in mind of Egypt, how it seemed to have been a model
for ideas of things, but one must acknowledge the Greeks
& Romans made wonderful advances in beauty be-
yond the literal & stiff Egyptian forms. But as for
faces I think the highest Egyptian type more intellec-
tual & spiritual than Greek or Roman. For noses,
eyes, &c. it is curious to see the forms of the museum
at Brulak repeated again & again! - We went again
the next day to the Museum, as it was raining, & had a long
time there, seeing the paintings especially. The originals
of the Zingales & the images of St. Catherine, by Raphael,
are there - very sweet & lovely. A superb portrait by
Titian, a Raphael portrait of Madonna, & some fine old
Pompian, & some striking pictures by Titian, called Spagno-

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Naples April 8th. '69


My dear Sir,

Dr. Gray kindly filled up the interval
in my journal between Alexandria & Naples, &
landed us safely here on the morn. of Tuesday
March 8th. Sicily seems more beautiful as I
look back on it, & contrast it with Italy, than I
thought at the time, & besides, I was too poorly to
enjoy it. The truth is sea-sickness upsets me so
utterly & gets me so entirely wrong, it takes quite a
time to get to feeling right again. And that un-
fortunate voyage on the Mediterranean took off
all the little flesh I had gained in Egypt, & as
yet all the strength too. But I am, I hope, picking
up again now, though my journal, is pretty much
a record of what the others are doing while I stay
quiet. I do not expect to keep as full a journal
now. In the first place we are going over ground
about which books of travel have been written again
& again, there is nothing new to describe. Then of pic-
tures, mere enumeration is tedious, & to describe is
helpless. Churches except as shewing that your own
impression is but vague, & scenery is very hard to
make other people see, unless one has that some-

dearful special gift as in Dr. Antonin, which I am reading again with new pleasure - Then we shall every day be busy doing something, & in evenings discussing plans; & I cannot sit up late or use every spare moment as others do - I have made up a great deal of time resting, body & mind, & to hurry tries me more than anything. I, be prepared, for great irregularity & very meagre accounts -

As for the present it is an unfortunate change to come from Egypt & Italy - The sky is dull without colour, the hills cold & dark, the water dead & chilly - Everything looks so cold, & so without light! - You see my eye is spoiled, for I asked Katherine & Lizzie if it looked so to them, & they cry, "no! The sky is blue, the light so beautiful!" - But though the beautiful Egyptian blue was always a pleasure, I did not know how lovely & blue, how warm & rich everything was, until I emerged from my state-room, having last looked at sky in Alexandria, & see it again in Messina Bay - And Sicily was softer, warmer, greener, richer than here - I suppose it will be more lovely here a few weeks later - But it is fairly going back to winter again, & we need warm clothing. I have had a fire every day - And then rain & damp come with a new sensation of chill - How I do like dryness!


Tuesday Dr. Gray began exploring the town, went to the Botanic garden, & Wednesday took me there, where we saw the very polite & courteous professor in his house, & just walked through the garden. Mr. Ceati gave me some yellow ranunculuses as large as yellow roses, & such superb great purple & red anemones as he says this spring is very late & there has been so cold a winter. I saw large snails as big as poppies - Then we drove back through the widest street, not very grand, & such pieces narrow & crooked, no side-walks, & open stalls for fruit & vegetables, as one sees in Alexandria - Took a turn in the open mall in front of the Chiaja, the grand & stylish quarter, then back to the comfort of a fire from the fire, cold wind - Dr. Gray went to the railroad station & met the girls from Rome, the train came at 6.40, but they did not reach the hotel until after 9! Very pleasant was it then to see Lizzie & dear face, & Katherine's resolute air, & tongue went just - They seem to make admirable travellers, Katherine especially, with her quiet determination, doing every thing & making no mistakes - I wish I were half as brave as they are in finding my way about, & speaking French or Italian - But I expect to grow wiser than ever, more shy & timid & irresolute, with so many people to take care of me! Thursday morn'g. they did some errands, the Schuyler arrived from Sorrento, & in the eve.

its theatre was decorated with very fine marble statues, which are now in the Museum — The lava rolled in like very thick molasses, covering painted walls & pillars & slowly round things, now cleared out & showing brilliant colors as of yesterday — But it is harder to dig out & not so delicate a preserver as ashes — I sat in the carriage & amused myself with the passers by. The wonderful two wheeled, one-horse chairs, which carry perhaps 15! — Then a brown Span- cian drunk with capote & rope fiddle, a priest in long black gown & cloak & very broad-brimmed beaver-hat, the woman bare-headed or perhaps a handkerchief tied picturesque over, Middle girls of 8 or 10 dressed exactly like the old women — The wonderful harness of the east-horses — An immense saddle, a tall piece in front, with perhaps little brass rings or bells ringing round it; two raised peddles at the sides that support the forks, a crown behind, & a wheel above, all covered with brass, bright, shining, & stamped with figures!  There is one horse between the shafts, & another or a donkey, or perhaps one on each side, apparently tied on for ornament, until you see the whip. true is attached by a chain to the axle of the cart. But a proud white or & donkey, or horse, are no uncommon pair — The white ones are magnificent! —

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letter. A master who pleases me very much by the depth of expression. — A Mr. Sebastian almost dead, as he, long back, on the tree, then & now you can see something in the flesh, & the face is not handsome, but for one with the soul so lifted & heaven with patience of spirit that the suffering body is forgotten. — A sweet old ^(Garrigue?) woman, Matilda & Elizabeth, & I thought — Saturday came your letter, & Katherine wrote me one from Rome enclosing one from Daquart. — I kept quiet all day, having been very tired with the day before. The others went up to St. Elmo & to the Cathedral. Sunday I was not well, stayed in bed till late, while the others went to see a dance? living here, who is a great Anticulturist, & has a pretty place, & gave Dr. Fay, admission to see one of the most famous villas. — Monday we took a carriage to Pompeii. It was an amusing drive along the sea-board & quite a town all the way, with all the out-door scenes; for the Neapolitans live in the open air, & carry on all household & domestic operations. — You come quite unexpectedly in the gate leading to Pompeii, for the city was buried in ashes which had made a mound over it, & overgrown with trees & grass, & fertile fields, & you walk through a lane, & then are admitted through a gate directly into the old, faded street, the house walls on either side — The streets are narrow, with narrow raised side-walks, smoothly

paved with large stones, showing the rock more by
the cart-wheels, & every now & then raised stones for
crossings; for evidently there were heavy rains, which
swept down the narrow streets like torrents - The
streets were more perfect, longer & more preserved
than I had expected, & many things about the houses
wonderfully kept. But the plan of the houses was
not so perfect - The roofs are gone, the walls
more ruined, & it is very difficult to see how the
ancient house was continued. What parts were
roofed, & what were not, what opened outwards, &
what quite enclosed; for imagine a house with us,
the tops of the doorways gone, & see how hard the
inner side walls would be, & show what were rooms,
what closets, or passages, &c. - There were many steps
in the front of most houses, in some the marble
counters left, & jars for wine, oil, &c. - A bakery, with
the hand mill for grinding, the oven, great jars for
grain - Some houses had still a great deal of the beau-
tiful mosaic left on the floors, & fine pictures painted
on the walls - The best have been very wisely carried
to Thaples to the Museum, for the rain would soon
destroy them left uncovered - But seeing them there,
& in their places too, one feels how far advanced they
were in skill in art beyond our day - There is a place,

a freedom, a truth, so far beyond anything like
decorative wall painting with us! But more is to
be seen, & asked, & saw! And there is an uncon-
sciousness & simplicity in all these ancient finish-
ings, it seems to me, beyond any more modern school
of art - The colours too are so rich & harmonious &
well toned - A deep red is the favorite back-ground.
The mosaics ~~too~~ are wonderful some for size, some
for beauty of finish - There is a fine bath quite perfect,
roofed salt - The cold bath & hot bath, &c. &c. putting me
in mind of the Turkish bath now-a-days - Simpler,
very little left of them - I did not go over more than
half, I got tired & went back to the carriage, which
had come round to the Porta Marcia, & entered at
the gate of Diomed - The rest explored the whole. The
city is under government charge - You pay for entering,
& guides are ready to conduct you & explain things,
who are forbidden to receive fees - It is all very nice
& well managed - On our way back, Dr. Pray & the
girls went to see Necropolis - You go into a house
- go down steps into the ground, for Necropolis
was overwhelmed with lava, & there have been two
or three layers on it since, & the town of Resina lies
above it - The lava is therefore dug out, or only small
spots cleared - It was a finer town than Pompeii, &

magnificent in size, & very handsome - Then came the ballet, 'Bohemi' - The stage is enormous, & the spectacle was superb, an immense amount of pretty little ballet dancers, - the first, a sort of Chinese scene, very quaint & odd & pretty - But then the dresses grew so disagreeably short, & the chief movement seemed a display of legs - "I could not but think of Carlyle's description of a modern ballet, 'what in heaven's name, the beauty or grace, of a madly twirling pair of scissors in one point'" The dresses were gay pretty, well contrasted, & almost every scene different, but this outline is hideous.  And as for dancing, I must say there was no more grace of movement than in the Egyptian dancing-girls; very curious gymnastic performances, but for decency the Egyptians have the better side, I think - Certainly they are more covered, & a curious muscular movement of the stomach & back-bone, is certainly quite as graceful & modest as displaying the whole of a woman's legs in all sort of postural attitudes - I was glad to see the Recipolitanus missed a good deal of the display, & did not applaud the 1st dance until she performed a very wonderful gymnastic feat of coming on me first across the stage, all the rest of her apparently up in the air! -

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Tuesday morn. they were all off quite suddenly on an excursion to Portovenise - There are some beautiful ruined temples there, but it is in a country infected by brigands, & no people would go in a party with a sword. An excursion party was going, & Dr. Gray & the English joined - They suddenly decided to put Abruzzi into it, & were off at 11 instead of 1 - They were not got back until the next Ev. - Meantime Dr. Gray requested me to do certain sight-seeing by myself; I wanted to see some thing more of the Museum, & with a glittering heart & a falsely calm exterior, I ventured into the street, got into one of the little ^{Port} carriages, & said "Musei". Calmly handed the man when I got there, 50 centimes, (12 sh.) & walked in - I spent two hours satisfactorily, doing some early pictures of the school of Jordaens, & the every day utensils of ancient bronze, the vases or urns of Etruscan ware, as we call them, the Black Vase, & then was driven back, quite across the city, for the same sum! - When you see the enormous amount of bronze patches of all sizes, big & little, in the Museum, you think that the ancients never used pottery, & that all their house-hold utensils were kept until today! When you go into the pottery rooms, you think every man, woman & child had a jar of every size, & that to break a fragile thing is a discovery of these days!

Some of the ones are very beautiful: in shape, & also in the decorations upon them; & some are enormous, and are three feet high in this black & white ware - There is a beautiful vase ^{or large} in the statue gallery, of polished, red granite, three or four feet high & some four ft. in diameter! - But all the most beautiful things are in outline in a book Katherine has got, that you must look over when it gets home -

The next day I went to the Cathedral, a fine church, where are kept the relics of St. Januarius, & sundry pictures in his honor, a gorgeous chapel, & a silver-gilt bush-like shrine & lovely little Madonna by Domenichino in the crypt, where they have little marble bas-reliefs, used as decorations, of Neptune, Demeter, &c. Opening out is an older church, a part they show you with they say was of Constantine, but it was 3 or 400 years later - Some queer, old fresco, & the conventional Byzantine type of Madonna & our Saviour, & an old, old mosaic of Madonna & Child. Then come very queer little stone bas-reliefs of the history of Joseph, Sampson & some saint, in compact, meagre pinches up, & the most comical proportions, perspective, & ideas! - I was busy and with minding & sewing & reading & resting & sleep my time well filled, still glad and anxious to see them all again when they got back at 7 1/2 Wednesday.

It seemed to be necessary to take advantage of fine days & sun-shine, so the next morning they were off to avoid Securus - joined some of the Restum party, took an omnibus to Secunia, & then horses & drays past way up, the rest on foot - They had expected to be back by 5 or 6 but it was 1/2 to 1 & they had not come! So I walked in alone for the third time, & took a bite, & soon after they got back, highly delighted with their excursion - We had enjoyed the theatre, Mr. Nippen & brother, he was a graduate of '66(?) had been us several times, & they were to get tickets - Dr. Gray said he would go, as it was Opera! So the girls (Lillian stayed at home) scrambled to change their dresses, took some coffee & bread & butter, they said they had lunched heartily at 3, & we were off! To the wonder & admiration of the gentlemen who had been up Securus, & their wives who had stayed behind, Mr. & Mrs. Mason of Worcester, Mr. & Mrs. Tyler of Boston, & who all went too - ^{the opera} We had heard the Opera would be Parker of Seville, but it was Parascina, some pretty music & sweet quartettes, but no play or nothing to warm actors & actresses & enthusiasm. The prima-donna had a sweet voice & so the tenor, the orchestra & chorus very large - The theatre is

shore road to Pozzuoli; where we saw the temple
of Serapis. I confess, as a picture I once saw, & wonder-
ed the temple in green grass, the Mediterranean back-
ing up a little way off, I was disappointed. The shore
with a garden, surrounded by low brick houses for
mineral baths, & see those tall columns standing
in little brick tanks of water - But they are very cur-
ious, showing the rise & fall of the Mediterranean
shore, & serve to show the inhabitants that
their land is gradually sinking into the sea. Then up
a steep, dirty, narrow street to the great amphitheatre,
not quite so perfect as the ruins, or so large. A long oval,
& underneath still the cells, where the wild beasts
were kept, & where you might picture the martyrdom
of saints. St. Januarius' tomb there, or here playing
gladiators. Back again, the light growing more beau-
tiful towards sun-set, but still too hazy to please
me. But the outlines are very grand & fine.

I found poor Charles suffering greatly, & yesterday
kept him to nurse him & rest. He was very feverish,
& his head bad, & I was anxious about him. But
last night he slept well, today has appetite, & seems
very much better. We expect to go to Rome on Wednes-
day, perhaps he will stay a few days longer of his recovery.
The others have gone today by steamboat to Capri -
Love to all, yours &c. & as well as me - For True -

I hate to have young girls & boys grow up to admire
the familiar with such displays! And a little
more study of grace & modesty might make
the whole thing so pretty! - Well! well! As I often
say, we are still so barbaric in taste, & half civilized
& dancing is one thing, & muscular feats another.
The poor little girls too, looked so weary & soon thro
the opera-glass, with their painted eyebrows &
cheeks & lips - He never but become entitled to
"You like this & call it handsome?" said Dr. Fay. I
must confess I laughed a little to myself to think of
his being so caught, & I can't say he was edified or
delighted.

Friday Katherine & I went to a second visit
to the museum & some shopping. I went again on Thurs-
day - In the A.P., Dr. Fay, Lizzie & I went in a carriage
to see some famous villas, Rocca Matilde, very grand
& queer, winding paths up & down by a box room cell, &
cathedral cave, a painted by and threatens far from
the distance; but some charming flowers in the trim
border, & a delightful summer country house, the
suite of rooms directly overlooking the water, blue &
clear over rocks & sea-weeds below, then up between high
stone walls, such a dark way of riding in the sun
tough only occasionally fine views, to Villa Floridiana

laid out more in English style - Extensive grounds &
some fine coniferæ - Then on below St. Peter's, to the
grand old convent of St. Martin, truly a palace, & the
church the most magnificent I ever saw, with in-
laid marble ^{or Florentine marbles} on floor, walls & columns, lapis lazuli,
agate, amethysts, on altar rails superbly carved in
white marble, half figures, whole statues, cherubs,
saints, angels & martyrs, ^{in red marble statues} & every other space filled
with pictures, some very fine. Behind the high al-
tar, with silver angels large as life, & silver gilt
screen, a nativity by Guido, in the sacristy, basins
by beautiful inlaid seats & ^{good} ~~reliefs~~, & some richly
carved, there is a master piece of Spagnoletto's,
"after the descent from the cross," which makes
you want to creep with Mary kissing the Christ's
feet. Then Dr. Gray & I went to Mr. Ricci's fine
only, I was tired, & came back drunk, & some-
what the pleasure of opening my door to Charles
Knock, for I was getting anxious about him. Poor
fellow, he had had a rough passage to Brindisi,
& then a very bad journey to Naples, the r.r. worked
away by packet, & so hard diligence, & without
food, & taken cold, he was suffering so much from
rheumatism, he could only go to bed in misery -
I was sorry to leave him Saturday, but there seemed

nothing to do for him, & he had arranged to go to Brindisi
one of the few excursions I could make - So we
were all off into the sea. Small & Dr. Hale in an open
minibus, passed thro' the port of ^{Pozzuoli} ~~offshore~~, a long
tunnel cut thro' the soft rock, & lighted with
gas, on to Pozzuoli, ^{through} country fields & some-
times ocean views, & where we looked down on
the round Lake Lucrino & Avernus; down a narrow,
steeped way, the same old stones over which Paul
travelled on his way to Rome, then turning sharply
through another immense tunnel, of the time
of Agrippa, & where two horses were lighted along
by torches, to the shore of the lake itself - A very
mild descent into Hades, it looked! Then by the
Lucrine Lake & Baiae, where we saw a temple.
They said, truly a damned bath, where was an echo,
& some women danced the tarantella for us, on
to an ostia of the humblest kind, where we added
a dish of macaroni to the lunch in our bags &
paid separately for knives & fork & plates. And so
round cliffs on the shore, sold, in small fragments
of ancient villas, to the piscina of Nero, but perhaps
only an old cistern, an immense building under
ground, supported on arches & pilasters, with
which the descent is steep - Back by the



Gray, Jane Loring. 1869. "Gray, Jane Apr. 8, 1869 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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