

I rested in the App. while the others explored churches, and the next morn'g. we all went to the Academy to see the pictures of the Bolognese school, the famous Caracci & their scholars. It is not a school I admire very much, they deal in grand attitudes & are too crowded. But there were some I liked of A. Caracci, some fine domenicchini's, & some very good Guido's. A grandly solemn & majestic Pietà, (Madonna with the dead Christ) & Crucifixion, & a Daughter of the Innocents, with a most touching group in front of the dead, lovely child & the mother's knees. Contrasting with the frantic agony of those striving to save their little ones. — In Guido's earlier manner, when his colours were richer & his pictures more vigorous. — It was a little curious to see, especially from examples in this gallery, how most of the greatest pictures in the world took their idea from some inferior one, & one master repeats another's idea. — As Shakspeare borrowed the plots of almost all his plays —

We left Bologna at 2 1/2 for Padua. — He had bade good bye in the train the day before to Mrs. Bennet on his way to Paris, & we left Bologna in the same train with Mrs. Price & her daughters on her way to Dresden. She was at the same hotel. — The ride to Padua was through a rich plain luxuriant with crops of great variety, & what was odd, the river was higher than the land! You ascend to cross them, & their banks slope

Bellagio - May 20th - '69

My dear Luc,

I should begin with our arrival at Pisa, where as soon as we had engaged our rooms, we took carriages & drove to the Cathedral, which again like Florence has Campanile, or bell tower, & Baptistry in separate buildings. — They are of white marble & most beautiful in style & proportion. You have seen the beautiful models in Alabaster, & so can imagine better the elaborate tracery & sculpture of the Cathedral, its carvings, niches & statues, &c., on the front, than this poor, little photograph gives the idea of. — The Baptistry is directly in front, a paved causeway between, & is as you know, a model of beauty, & the interior harmonizes with the outside, with fine columns, & marble inlaid pavement, a circular font covered with fine mosaic, divided into a large tank in the middle & four smaller circular ones in the corners, for the old Ambrosian Creed, which held in the North Italy, practiced baptism by immersion. — There was a very beautifully carved, marble pulpit, supported on 34 columns & rising on crouching lions & leopards, high as life of scenes in the life of the Saviour. — The Camposanto is close by. — Outside only a high, unbroken

wall; entering the gate, you are in these beautiful cloisters, enclosing an oblong grass-plot, where they say the caskets was brought by the crusaders from the Holy Land that those buried there might rest in sacred soil - The cloisters themselves are open towards the inside into beautiful, Gothic tracery; very wide, & the pavement all flat pavements - Against the wall are monuments of every kind, large & small, odd & beautiful, old Roman bases & sarcophagi appropriated to Christian memorials, & elaborate monuments, of life-size figures, of today - There were some beautiful inscriptions to Italian patriots - The walls higher up were covered with frescoes of my early painters - Scenes from the Old Testament, Job, Adam, Jacob, &c. the building of the tower of Babel, &c. & but then the triumphs of death, a very curious subject, curiously treated - The joys & pleasures of life, & the judgment afterwards - Some were excellently preserved, some only to be puzzled out with difficulty, some quite gone - We stayed a long while, & could hardly bear to turn away from the soft, sunnied light on the green grass & beautiful tracery of Gothic arches & the, it was lovely! They gave us each a rose-bud from bushes growing in the green square; & we crossed to the Cathedral, walking round to the rear over the turf surrounding it, where many people were enjoying the top air, babies playing on the grass & women sitting - chatting - One saw a stout Italian woman with a

thing on her head - The Cathedral is in the round arch style, tiers on tiers, grand lofty columns, both from various Eastern places, for in old times Pisa was a grand port, & it was the custom of the times to deposit your enemies to beautify yourself - It was too dark to see pictures or examine details of statuary, but we could admire the solemn, fine effect, which was very impressive - A great bronze lamp, of light open work, which hangs from under the dome, is said to have first suggested the pendulum to Galileo - Opposite us, as we came out by the choir, was the Campanile, the famous leaning Tower of Pisa - I cannot say I think the leaning added to the beauty of its beautiful galleries - Dr. Gray, Lizzie & Katherine were up at luncheon the next morning & off to the top & see the view; & we started at 9 1/2 for Bologna - It was a queer rail-road ride from Pistoja to Bologna, for we crossed the Apennines, & it was very much underground, there being 45 tunnels, said the guide-book! I counted 33 at least got tired, & timed one, that was over 9 minutes! Neither pleasant to sight or sound or smell or feeling, for it was dark & noisy & sulphurous from coal smoke & chilly damp! But we had some fine glimpses of ravines & heights & galleries & mountain villages - glimpses only - Bologna is in a plain, & uninteresting - The streets are built the lower stories of the houses arcades, so they are mostly covered - Pleasant for rain, but not for heat, or glare, or chafers.

were all inhabited by the wealthy Signori, & Venice ran
over with riches, & it gives one quite a magnificent idea
of the people who built such houses & such churches &
the grand Quay! Sunday morn'g we went to the Doge's
Palace, on the same quay with our hotel, so we could
walk - I had not thought the details of the architecture
so beautiful! Especially the fine Gothic gateway entrance -
we went up the giant's staircase outside, & another grand
staircase inside to the great hall, where the Doge in
old times held grand meetings - A noble room, surrounded
with great pictures of Tintoretto's, portrait of the Doge
making a frieze, & the ceiling boldly marked out with
high pilled reliefs, making frames to pictures of Paul
Veronese, that broke one's neck to look at - Another
room, equally decorated, but not so large, opened out - One
great window opened on a narrow balcony looking on the sea
past view over the bay & up the grand Canal - Another flight
of stairs led us to a smaller, lower suite of rooms, those
of the Doge's private apartments, with some fine old man-
the fire places, great Canopies reaching quite to the ceiling -
Opposite was another suite of very handsome rooms, also
decorated with beautiful pictures, by Paul Veronese &
Tintoretto, on walls & ceiling - One room for the Council
of Ten, another for the Council of Venice, another the
Senate Chamber, the Doge's private Chapel, &c. &c. Connected

(2)
down instead of up! - We find generally each vice holds
such quaint, oddly contrived rooms at Pisa, quite an old-
fashioned one at Padua, but so near, & such obliging, attentive
people. - We passed our Sunday there, going in the morn'g.
Here the old Botanic garden, one of the oldest in existence.
Small, & the interior, oldest part surrounded by a high
wall, giving nice protection, other plants divided into families
with stone bordered beds, like flower pots - But nice screens
oblivious made for things needing shelter, by arbor vitæ hells.
Then we went to the mass in the old Church of San Antonio,
more like a mosque outside, with domes & slender campan-
ules, but grand Gothic inside, with painted glass, & carved,
choir stalls & screen, & rich chapels about, & a beautiful
cloister - The music was very grand of fine organs & brass
& stringed instruments, & many boys' & men's voices - I got
a little tired, so Dr. Gray, Katherine & I came away, & our
driver insisted on taking us to see the great Town hall in
the top of a large building, the largest roof unsupported,
it is said, in Europe - At one end was a great wooden hall,
a famous model, that our guide said would hold 10
people! - Then we stopped to get some lunch at what is
said to be the largest Café in Europe, but as it is in many
rooms we had a quiet corner to ourselves - Padua has still
a large University, & one sees students about every where - But
it is not so old & peculiar looking as I had fancied, partly!

train because it lies in a flat plain — But it is still sur-
rounded by a ^{full of water} marsh, or rather the town streets, houses &c.
run over the moat everywhere — The men, officially
Monday morn'g. for Venice — A flat country & soon the
marshy border of the sea & then a long, long bridge over
what we call flats at home — An hour & a half took us
to the station, & when we went out on the other side it was
a row of steps leading to a Canal, & gondolas waiting for
passenger's shuffage — It was a long row these wide canals
& narrow lanes of water & out into open sea, & jet to Hotel
Danieli, facing the water, or, I believe, the only broad quay
in Venice — We were fortunate in getting a front room
which had become a parlor for the party, & very charming
was the view, the broad water, just opposite an island quite
covered by Church & Convent, large steamers anchored
off, looking up a little way, the Custom House, beyond the
great Church S. Maria de Salute, peering all over, just at the
opening of the Grand Canal — The Quay under our win-
dow fringed with gondolas, & many with their rowers, &
men with little portable stands selling water & lemonade
so, all day the harsh cry, "Acqua!" Then sailors & walkers &
smugglers, little beggar boys, hand organs, a blind man with
his guitar ^{all day} ~~was~~ sang, & Punch ~~for~~ or three times with
his squeak & laugh, knocking his wife & a young lady & an
officer, & a police-man with a stick, & being knocked in

return, after long harangues on each side, which of course I
could not understand — The hotel was an old palace, some
rooms left high, others cut in halves for two stories, all sorts, there-
fore, of odd corners & queer passages, so that it required per-
tience to learn one's way — The others went out at once
to see St. Mark's, I waited meantime, & then later we took
a gondola together, & went up the Grand Canal & down
again — Venice is so like the photographs one is almost
too familiar with it, & the coloring very like *Quattro*
pictures. Not quite so warm as I expected, but we had
hazy skies while there — But a gondola is a very easy
way of getting about — The black "bearers" as Miss Sullivan called
them, are funereal certainly, with black cloth & two curved
wood all painted black, but the steel prow is very hand-
some & the motion of the gondolier very graceful — But
unfortunately for me, the *Guidacca*, as the open water
around us was called, was rather rough with fresh East
winds, & the roughness swept part way up the Grand Canal,
& it was more like a boat than I liked or quite suited
me — We generally preferred gondolas with accomps, for
the bearers rather interfered with one's view, though very
nice for rain — All are luxuriously comfortable with com-
pelled floor & leather, stuffed cushions, & very cheap — We
passed the various palaces, with great or aloof & so very dif-
ferent, stately lines must the Venice have been, when they

Doge's palace on one side, the very ornate drawing in the other, & where it reaches the water, the two columns from
lions or well in pictures, one surmounted by the winged lion, the other by St. Theodore & his crocodile — We took
our lunch at one of the Cafes, & then I went to rest & the others to look for photographs — The never failing occupa-
tion & the interlude & everything else — But they are
very beautiful & very tempting in Venice, & generally
very cheap — That E. as I looked from one end par-
tially at dinner I wondered what acquaintance Diggins
had found at the other end. — seeing Dr. Gray talking to
said to Charles how many more acquaintances he made
than I did; & after looking several times it was not un-
til dinner was nearly through I recognized Mrs. Anna
Brimmer, she has grown so stout she has raised a band.
He & Dr. Gray neither knew the other for some time —
The next morn. brought our English friend Trip Bullwind
she had met the Brimmers in France & Constantinople &
the Howlands in C. & Fennia & took us our latest news
from them — She was bright & pleasant as ever, & we went
right seeing together somewhat the next day — And then
the day after — Our first visit in the morn. was to St. Mark's.
del Saluto the first great church in the Grand Canal
built by the offerings in gratitude for deliverance from the
plague — Some fine heads on the ceiling of the Choir by Titian

with some of the Council room was a small grated
prison, & private passages leading to them from a
long, narrow, secret flight of stairs, going up to the attics
& down to the dungeons, down, down below the Canal,
& to the passage leading by the Bridge of Sighs, to the
dungeons opposite — We went up to the attic which
was formerly divided into cells, strongly planked &
nails driven thickly over them (that is judging by the
few still there,) but mostly destroyed by the French
in '93 — But they showed us one where Silvio Pellico
was confined in Austrian rule, & there was another
more open shifter, where seemed a place for judges,
& a pulley on the ceiling in front, which one could
easily imagine had been a sort of secret torture room,
& the Cup-boards shut in by glass doors, & each labelled
with its key, one could easily make a nice romance, as
having been where each unhappy prisoner's clothes had
been stored, when consigned to his cell — I must confess
we did not find Silvio Pellico's name among the signs
such such, handsomely painted on; but then we had not
time to examine carefully — Anyway the narrow cell
was dismal low, with its little grated window looking into
a passage, then which another grated window gave a glimpse
of out door, & its small, heavy door, closed outside with a
huge bolt, that turned a hasp into a lock below, & so could be

closely locked in, & key carried off - A round hole in the door to put the food through - As we came down stairs & were wandering thro' the corridors, we met the Carthusians, whom we had seen up stairs, just emerging from the dungeons, & they insisted on our looking in to the nearest one - An utterly dark passage & down steps into the solid stone room, utterly dark, where they say Marino Faliero was confined - It gave me such a sense of utter hopelessness! - In the passage near the door was a block of wood, where they said ^{those who were} ~~there were~~ seated, & a hole near by led ~~to~~ over the water to a boat, where the men waited to take the body - The grandeur & the tyranny of Old Venice all together!

Then we went into the Piazza of St Mark, the Cathedral making one side, with its mosaic front & fanciful pinnacles, & great bronze horses above three gilt domes, an effect rich & eastern, peculiar to itself - The three other sides are surrounded with palace like buildings, all belonging once to the grand apartments for dignitaries, society, &c. and I believe is still - The lower part, shops, very like the Palais Royal in Paris, & gay & fascinating shops they were, beautiful photographs, this lovely Venetian glass of all shades & stripes & forms, the Venetian beads, & gold chains & gold work for which Venice is famous - Almost all were glass, jewellers or fancy shops, & one side almost all

cafes, for Venetians seem to breakfast & lunch at cafes - And in the Sq., tables & chairs are moved into ^{the} ~~the~~ square, & all the world sit & eat ices & listen to the band. And, except myself, I believe our party spent three hours if not five of the seven days we were in Venice - Opposite the front of St. Mark's stands the Campanile, a square tower, & lovely little bronze gates leading to it. Dr. Gray & the girls went up one day at sunset, & said the view was very grand; & along the square with in front of the Cathedral, great many old Venetian trophies, from which as it was stated when we were there, saved the green, red & white flag of Italy - At right angles with the Cathedral, & over an arch way leading from the square, is the clock tower, a great bell on the top, & ten huge bronze figures at the sides, that strike the hours on the bell with great hammer - Underneath is a gilt statue of the Virgin, & below on each side ten gilt doors that open when the hours strike, & the ^{of men} ~~men~~ pass in procession before the Virgin & bow - But unluckily me! It was only the ten first days we were there, for the show is only one fortnight in the year, at Whit Sunday! And after watching the bronze figures strike me day & then waiting in all patience for the procession, we were told we must wait until next year! - Opposite the clock tower in the Piazzetta, it is called, (the little piazza) leading down to the water, the

The fire was not quite 100 years ago - Behind the church, where they are digging for some alterations, they say they have come upon the skeletons of three executed in the Palace, & buried secretly here - Then Charles, E. K. & I went down the Grand Canal, walked over back the Rialto Bridge, & then to St. Roch's, a sort of hall for a confraternity, half Chapel, the lower hall with pictures too dark to see, on the stairs an Annunciation of Titian's, too high for my eyes, but the hall above with very beautiful & interesting wood carvings of the history of St. Roque, making the backs of choir seats - He gave up his fortune & devoted himself to nursing in plague hospitals - In a smaller room were pictures of Tintoretto, one very large one of the Crucifixion, representing the whole scene in the most vivid & realistic way - In another smaller room, apparently a private Council room, was a most wonderful picture, said to be by Titian - Nothing of his brilliant colouring, a half page more of Christ, with the crown of thorns & the wounds on hands & in side, perfectly marvellous for the intensity of expression, patience, suffering, & something above & beyond, indescribable! I can never believe Titian merely painted to make fine pictures - All his figures of the Saviour having something so much deeper & powerful they almost seem inspired -
Ever lovingly, Jane.

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+ other pictures by Jordano & Tintoretto - And a magnificent altar front, shown us in a separate room, & only displayed on grand occasions, of gold & precious stones, lapis lazuli (dark blue) & malachite, & agate, & amethysts around curious miniature pictures, & a border of beautiful great turquoise - Then we went to the church of the Frari, where were some magnificent funeral monuments. A large erection to Titian, with a statue of him, & sundry symbolical figures, & bas-reliefs of his greatest pictures; another almost as large to Canova, adopting a design of his own; then one in the most taste I ever saw, of renaissance design, with statues of reproach much larger than life in black marble, white for clothes, & holes of penance in the knees, shof. the black through! They were stooping, & on their shoulders great cushions carried, supporting a great pediment of a monument & some dog! Many other great monuments also, of various designs against the walls - But there was one treasure there, a Madonna by Titian with a large group of the Pesaro family below - Then we went to the Academy, where were many beautiful pictures, again one of Paul Veronese of the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, & another of the supper in the house of Levi - But his pictures are more for fine groups of elegantly dressed people, than any illustration of the subject - But of all to stay in my memory as a joy forever, was Titian's Assump-

tion of the Virgin, & the Presentation of the Virgin as a child
in the Temple. The last is an enormous picture, 40 fig-
ures in it! And you see it shining on you, as you come up
a long gallery of pictures, just the stately group of ^{beautiful} women at
the foot of the temple steps, all you can see through the
wide door way. Then you enter, & see the noble men com-
ing behind, the telling groups, then the steps, & in the
midst, the little, lovely, precious child, holding up de-
votely her little, blue robe, & going up to meet the high priest
(who bends from the top towards ^{her}) with such a childish
simplicity, sweetness & unconsciousness, & yet the child-
like confidence! — I cannot think of the picture with-
out smiling with pleasure. — The front figures are life size.
The Assumption is most superb & grand. — The madonna,
so solemn & swift, borne up almost before your eye,
folden light all about her, & surrounded by a wreath of
such exquisite cherubs & angels, the loveliest creatures
ever painted, & the disciples solemn, startled, gazing
up earnestly below! — The whole is like a solemn strain
of grand, concerted music —

The next morn. we were off quite to the other side the
town, through narrow Canals, where the front door floated
rectly in the water, sometimes two gondolas can scarcely
pass. — Where larger boats were supplying water from great
tubs, for all the drinking water in Venice is brought in boats.
Sometimes the tubs held wine, men were dipping out in

great buckets & carrying in for the family supply. (Poor
vinegar, I think, most of this is ordinary.) These side
canals are not the cleanest, or always sweet smelling.
Yet you come often on a fine palace front, or there, the
wooden ports in front & facing the gondolas & painted
in stripes, the colours of the family — One of the charms
is the variety of pretty pictures & nice bits one sees quite
unexpectedly — Bridges cross now & then, a narrow st.
leads between houses, trees pass over a bridge, walked gar-
den, flowers shine from a balcony — The little crabs crawl
on the sea-weed along the bases, the tide runs & falls about
2 feet; — & then everything is so still! A soft splash of the
oar, & the cry of the rowers, until you come as we did
near the Rialto, the square, where was marketing of all
kinds going on, & shops running over the Rialto bridge,
where Katherine & I got tumbled down in the Car. No
horse or mule or donkey or carriage is ever seen in Venice!
But our first visit was to San Paolo & Giovanni, "the
Westminster Abbey of Venice," where most of the Doges
buried, & filled with fine monuments, some very beau-
tiful, gothic front(?) against the wall — The church was
undergoing repairs, so it was seeing under disadvantages,
& in a quite curious chapel at the side, we saw the re-
mains of wonderfully beautiful bas-reliefs in marble of
the Trinity, &c. destroyed by the same fire which burnt
up one of Titian's masterpieces, the Martyrdom of Peter Martyr.



Gray, Jane Loring. 1869. "Gray, Jane May 30, 1869 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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