

not went to church - The Priory went ashore with
the usual ceremonies, to St. Florence to visit Victor
Emmanuel; & it turned out a rainy day - I went in
the Apt. to St. Mark's again - The interior is very impressive
with arches & domes - These great arched vaults give one
quite the idea, as Dr. Fay said, of the famous Roman
Baths, Caracalla, Sisectionian etc., where only the deep arches
remain - The whole roof, domes & arches, is lined with mo-
saics, the walls of a richly variegated marble, now dim &
dusky, except where people's backs have worn it clean, & let
you see the fine veining & coloring - The mosaics are of
different ages, some very old & quaint, some from designs
of Titian & other great masters - And altars & shrines
& chapels are decorated with statues & marbles, & every
thing rich & rare. Behind the great altar are two beau-
tiful, alabaster, twisted columns, said to have been cut
from the Temple of Solomon - And fine bronze doors in
high relief - The pavement has to creak in bars, Venice
you know, is all built on piles, that one has to be wary of
one's steps - Altogether it is entirely different from anything
else I ever saw, & yet I like it very much - I have
not told about one church we stopped in to look at
one day - The church of the Jesuits - Imagine a church
walls & arches & columns, all imitations of a Gothic pattern
brown & white chintz, done in green & white marble! Ugly enough,

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Munich, June 6th '69 -

My dear Sue,

I left off with Thursday, May 20th.
Friday morn. we went quite across the Lido, & it seemed quite a little sea-voyage, & we a church
the Redemptore, where were three very lovely man-
domes of Bellini's, one of the older painters, whose first
pictures were wonderfully stiff & crude, & his later ones so-
ber, pure, & very sweet. Especially two dear little angels in
one of these pictures - Then quite again across the Lido
to the further end of Venice, to the church of
St. Sebastian - To our great disappointment it was under-
going repairs, (as indeed seemed half the churches in
Venice) & so we could not see what we especially came
to see, famous pictures of Paul Veronese of the man-
dom of St. Sebastian - I was especially sorry, as St. Sebastian
is one of my favorite saints, & the descriptions of one of
the pictures, where he lies propped by his family sen-
tinals, make it very fine - P. Veronese is
buried in this church, & it was filled with his pictures -
We saw some later, not the one we wanted. However, at
the Academy - The others are packed away for the pres-
ent. Then we went to the Manfrini Palace near by - The
Gallery is large, but nothing we cared to see, except an

tombment of Titian - Wonderful, as his pictures always
are, for a simple grandeur & tenderness of expression -
Mrs. Norton said of him in Rome, that he was the only
painter whose pictures never made you think of the paint-
er, only of the subject painted - And so it is - And the sub-
ject therefore always affects you with a wonderful sympathy
& depth of feeling - His portraits startle you they are so
life-like & real, it seems like meeting the person - And
royal personages they all seem to! - Very few other pictures
affect me as his do - When Charles, R. & I went for a last
visit to the Academy - You don't know how hard it is to
take a last look at some of these pictures! -

That aft. the Vicery of Egypt was so kind as to arrive
& anchor his very fine steamer opposite our windows,
for our amusement - There was a great fuss in the
harbor, boats hither & thither, gondolas and gondoliers
in green jackets, red sashes, & white breeches, the Station
colours, some all in white, one gondola with lovely blue
canopy, fitted up with velvet, & some ornamented with
gilding - The Station was vessels a little below us, all dressed
in their colours, guns fired, bands playing, troops drawn
up down the Quay to receive him; & in the top the
Piazza was illuminated, & the band played, & all
but ~~me~~ went to see hear - Next mornf. when he went
on shore, in the same blue gondola, the yards of his vessel
were strewn with men, & a row all round the deck,

& his band played & they sung some chant, alternately,
and the concert down the stream fired salutes, to
which the Station vessels responded - The same when
he came on board again - In the top was a grand fire - His
steamer was most prettily illuminated with red, green
& white colored lamps, little lines of light, & fine rockets
sent up from his bow - The Church on the island opposite
was illuminated in front, & the entrance of the grand
Canal, & along the Quay, the effect was very striking
Sometimes, when the Bengal lights were burned on the
bows of the fishing boats moored along the Quay - I
could not see the lights, only the deep glare bringing
out some things so vividly, & the passing gondolas
with steel gleaming prows - They had a band on a big
gondola, & the Vicery went off in procession, (huddled
& crowded, they said) up to the Keble & down again,
& the gondoliers in an illuminated boat, rowed out
& sang - The others with Trip Sullivan, all went off
in a gondola, & I sat in the midst of it - I looked on
majestically from my window, saw the morning light,
heard the distant strains - Otherwise Saturday
was a very quiet day for me, as I was not very well -
Dr. Gray went off in the early mornf. to Padua, & look
at some things in the Herb. there - And also managed
to see some very interesting frescoes of Giotto, which are
only seen three times a week - Sunday mornf. the

But I found later they had left after breakfast.
The next morn^g we saw a very old church ^{at Ambrosio} that ^{among other things} ~~was~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the 9th. Century, I believe - A curious old pulpit, ⁱⁿ they are lowering the pavement to its original level - It is curious in these old buildings how the ground rises around them, with the gradual accumulation - Then a small church belonging to a convent, & quite divided in half, the front for the people, the back for the monks, & each a church in itself - Both quite covered with frescoes of Leoni, who is a charming painter of Leonardo da Vinci's school. Then I went ^{back} for a quiet day, while Dr. Gray, Charles, Katherine & Miss Sullivan went off to visit the famous Certosa at Pavia, - A Benedictine Convent, with most sumptuous Church -

The next morn^g we were up early, & arranging to have our bags (our trunks were all sent on to Bergamo from Leoni) meet us at the station, we went to the Cathedral to hear the music & see the procession of Corpus Christi, one of the greatest days of the Catholic Church - They had been decorating the Cathedral with festoons between the pillars of crimson silk & velvet bordered with gold lace 6 in. wide, greatly to Clara's distress, as it injured the outside of the columns - But the whole effect was most gorgeous, all the silver was displayed on & about the

& yet frightfully expensive -

(2)
The next morn^g we were off in the rain for Milan, closed gondolas are very nice in the rain - We left at 10 & reached Milan at 5 - Found there one of the nicest hotels I was ever in, no fault, except the charge for anything extra - Our rooms looked out most pleasantly on the public gardens, & had the usual lovely Italian painted ceilings - They were a perpetual pleasure to me, so tasteful, so varied, so delicate. I think they might rival old Pompeii paintings. Even the rude little hotel at Terni, our bed-room ceiling was painted blue, & small stars, life size on every position, scattered at intervals over it - And I used to think I could take patterns of the Arabesques for Patrie they were so different from our ever repeated scrolls. While I rested the others went out dry place, for the rain stopped before we reached Milan, & came back enthusiastic over the interior of the Cathedral. I confess I was not so much impressed next day, as I had expected - It is very grand, very very large, perhaps too large, so that I did not take it in. Perhaps the colored glass windows made the effect too dark inside; it did not seem to concentrate on one spot as does St. Peter with the high altar & its canopy under the dome; the altar here was insignificant when

compared with the church, & I did not like the
statues for capitals to the pillars - Altogether it
did not come up to my ideas; but the fault must
have been in me, for all the others were delighted -
I liked the interior of the Italian churches very
much better than I expected - Milan is not Ita-
lian in effect, it is Gothic - The outside is wonder-
fully elaborate, ~~as some~~ ^{as some} structures, they say, when completed.
And the others who went up on the roof say the
finish was wonderful, hundreds of statues that
can never be seen from the street - And all in the
marble - St. Jay & I went down into the Chapel
where St. Charles Borromeo was buried, he was one
of the best of men, truly living up to his creed - And
in the Sacristy we were shown wonderful church
treasures, - magnificent church crosses & of great high
of silver, & gold & silver, pieces of gold & rock crystal,
an enamelled book cover of the 3rd or 4th century,
exquisite work of Benvenuto Cellini, Bishop's Crozier,
& missal, &c. Then great plates & huge pitchers, statues
life size of St. Charles & St. Ambrose, & 4 busts, &c. &c.
all of solid silver. - The ^{colored glass} ~~stained~~ church windows
are some of them very beautiful. - We went to the
Biblioteca or picture gallery, & saw there the picture of
Raphael's we so often see engraved, the marriage of the
Virgin, in his rather formal, early style - Abraham

sending away Hagar, by Guercino, but not many very
interesting pictures - At the Ambrosian Library
we saw an adoration of the Magi by Titian,
small, & a superb white horse pawing the ground
in front, a Crucifixion by Guido, & a very early
copy in oils of Leonardo da Vinci's last supper -
The original we saw next morning in the empty
room, the old convent refectory, the convent now
serving as Cavalry barracks - It is very much in-
jured, & falling off in bits all the time, ^{owing to the material he painted on} - The promp-
ing & varied expressions of the heads are very
fine, & the oil copy gives an excellent idea of it -
But I did not like the head of Christ, neither
what was left of the faces, nor the oil painting,
nor the original ^{colored} drawing for it in the Bira.
I confess to being disappointed in most things I
have seen of Leonardo da Vinci's, - only ^{not in} the portrait
of himself in ~~the~~ presence - There were some beautiful
drawings of his however, in the library - It was a
raining day, & so, fortunate we had galleries so to
buy ourselves in - Miss Sullivan arrived in the eve,
& we had found the Cavendish at the Hotel. The
Longfellow's had spent the night, as St. Jay learned
^{early in the morn.} while shaking my cloak out of the window by being
Mr. J. Appleton came out on a little balcony below us,
& their conversation amused & edified that side the hour.

see trees growing apparently in the water, where they said
were gardens, & our carriage road had evidently been
washed away in some places recently. In one place
we had to make a circuit & cross a wooden bridge. The
stone bridge had been carried away three weeks before,
& there were two ruins, & half the house at one end left,
the other was washed away! - Lucini where we dined,
was the birth-place of Lucini, a scholar of Lida Lucini, & a
charming painter; there were some of his frescoes in a
church in Lugano, ^{which} the others went to see next morning.
Before the boat sailed - We got into a real country hotel,
for the great house was full. Had to get about through
balconies round the central court yard. - And we passed
the night in Switzerland! For Lake Lugano lies within Swiss
territory. - The sail, I think more beautiful than the day
before. The lake is narrower, the mts seem higher, & it
is such a lovely colour, the water, & so were hills & sky, &
glittering clouds, making lovely shadows! - At Bellagio we
took a carriage again, went thro. the ceremony of shaking
our keys in the Custom House, & had a two hours ride to
Menaggio on Lake Como, eating our lunch merrily in
the carriage, tracing Chervin & the little beffing children,
& admiring the lovely pictures every new town presented.
At Menaggio we took a boat & rowed leisurely across
to Bellagio, opposite, on Lake Como. - Como is generally

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altar, the silver statues & massive candlesticks. I counted
50 wax candles burning on the altar alone. Besides a row
of lamps in front, & the candles held by attendants
fringed about. The arch-bishop was on his throne in
his mitre & 8 bishops about him in full dress. The music
was very beautiful from the huge organ, high
up, their great painted doors thrown open, only not
quite volume enough for the immense church. - The
choir was crowded with priests & attendants, & the
church well filled with nicely dressed people & pious
women, family groups, where all men there to the baby,
(there was no one to leave it with at home evidently);
& when the procession was complete, the effect was
most impressive. - First came men dressed in white
robes & scarlet capes, carrying a banner & candles; then
the crosses belonging to the Cathedral & other churches
in Milan, carried by priests & attendants, & each pre-
ceded by some church dignitary in splendid mantle;
the smallest cross was three feet high, the largest
6 feet or more, of silver, silver-plate, silver & gold, rock
crystal & silver, & set with precious stones, & with each
cross these magnificent massive candlesticks, say 3
or 4 ft. high, & large in proportion of beautiful design &
workmanship. There were 30 of these crosses! After
them came a choir of men & boys, chanting, without

instrumental accompaniment, then the Archbishop, without his mitre, bearing the cross under a canopy carried by 6 gentlemen - The procession was so long it was going down the aisle, & the nave, & up another, at the same time, & the Cathedral is one of the largest churches in the world, so you may imagine its length. But I can give no idea of its solemn & magnificent effect, the hundreds of candles, the singing, the stillness, the splendour, all solemn & grand, & set off by the magnificent building, the gorgeous decorations, the burning incense, & the reverent crowd -

We were at the station in good time, & had a pleasant ride through the smiling country with rich crops, to Arona, on the lower end of Lago Maggiore, where we took steamboat for Stresa - A huge statue in bronze, of St. Charles Borromeo, towers over a hill at the S. end of the lake, that one sees many miles away on the water. The sail few more beautiful picturesque at the time, gentle hills changed to broken, picturesque ^{then} mountains, & bare hills with drifts of snow showed between, & when we reached our hotel & were fairly established in our rooms looking out on the lovely view, it was delightful! Seat & enjoyed it from the window, when after battle d'hôte, the rest took about 10 o'clock Bella in full view, with terraces & trees, very strows. It is a wonderful piece of ingenuity, the terraces supported by

& artificially warmed by hot water pipes beneath, all sorts of rare & beautiful things are made to grow. They came back with wonderful stores of oranges & lemons trees in fruit, castles & albes, a camphor tree with trunk as large as a main body, etc, here at the foot of every slope almost - The island is more level to the south, & there is quite a grove of our white pines, & about every where, such masses of ivy - The Palace, a great structure, just at the water's edge, on the northern end, & a few houses & an inn crowded at the edge towards Arona - I saw it next morning when we took steamboat again at 11, & went round the three islands & up the lake, touching at the little towns crowded in on the shore, & viewing the pretty villas, some homelike, some fantastic, & some princely. The green, green mountains rising up abruptly in most places, & constantly little streams rushing down, & foaming & broken they made white streaks in the distance, & looked exactly like milk! Sometimes lovely forges opened out, & churches were perched on a hill side, or a house had nestled into a hollow - We reached Arona at 1, had a beef-steak, & then took a carriage & started at 2 1/4, crossing a country, all hills & valleys, rushing streams & quiet villages, rich with crops & trees, we reached Lugano on Lake Lugano at 6 - The streams were real rivers, & there had been an enormous quantity of rain lately, & the lakes are several feet higher than usual - We could

the north of the lake - He reached Bergamo at sunset
• Dr. Jay has interposed here a sheet to help me out -
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They came back in buses at Verona for me take a carriage off with them to the other end. The town & see a very old & interesting church of St. John, an early bishop of Verona, whose statue sits *sede pueri* & prelat at the end of the nave by the choir, all in colour, & looking as if he had said "stewed puerus!" Being an Italian, he is of a dark, deep brown colour - The front of the church each side the door has very wide, quaint carvings in stone of bible scenes, & the bronze doors very grotesque ones, said to be of the 14th century! But the disposition & effect of the interior is very fine, beautiful, polished columns of this warm coloured veronese marble, some twisted, & some knotted, & a peculiar arrangement of choir, much higher than the nave. Many very old frescoes, mostly effaced, & beautifully carved stalls. And such a superb, great (though shallow) vase of red granite, a Roman relic, in which it is said, St. John baptized his converts. The crypt was very interesting, with an early Italian sarcophagus, & such lovely cloisters, so quiet & so beautiful, but defaced by the Austrians, who in their long stay used them to stable their cavalry, so the old gravestones are broken & worn by horses pawing! - Verona is very old, & full of bits of architecture, & a nice old bridge, with queer battlements for arrow shooting.

thought the most beautiful of the lakes, but ^{it is hard} to choose where all are so lovely. It is wider, & more grand, snow mountains in the distance, & the hills on the water's edge more abrupt & picturesque. And anything can be lovelier than the hotel as it is placed, with little shaded quay in front, & green terraces at the side, & the mill rising behind, & the beautiful view of picturesque hills in front & to the south, towards the south the white tops of the Splenchan sometimes condescending & show itself, & a rim of rough, snow-sprinkled rock to make back ground everywhere, & the changing light & shadows, & most lovely days, I don't know! I was entirely fascinated by the Italian Lakes — The met our pleasant friend Miss Sullivan, just arrived direct from Milan & Como, & they all went to visit the Villa you see up above on the hill, & were all excited with the beauty of the grounds. And after dinner went, except Charles & ^{me}, to row on the lake. I don't like a boat well eno. to get in one unless necessary — Charles & I sat on the Quay, until the top air grew chill. Sunday I kept quiet all day, contented myself with looking from the windows — The sea walked, & went to service, & boated etc. — Monday morn. Dr. Gray, Katherine & Higgie were up before ^{at 3 o'clk.} 4. Took the steam boat at 4 1/4, went down to Como & up again to see that end of the lake — Then back at 10, reporting them

below highly pleased. Saw the Cathedral town of Como,
breakfasted there, & had our end of sun-rid effects —
After an early dinner Dr. J. L. K. & I took a row-boat
down the other arm of the Lake & Lecco, & there take
R.R. to Bergamo on our way to Verona — Phas had not at
all approved the early rising, & said he could not come
to Lake Como & not see Como, so he took the aft. steamer
two hours later down the other leg, & joined us next
day at noon at Brescia — Our boatmen began as soon
as we were started, to say that it was doubtful if we
should be in time at Lecco — Unfortunately we were 1/2
an hour late in starting, & there had been a fresh wind
up that side the lake all the morn'g. — But it seemed
to have quieted down, & we thought we got on very well.
The boat was wide, pointed at each end, so wide in the
middle, that the seat running across ^{partly} down each side,
(cushioned & carpeted) ^{formed} for a little table for books
& bags between us. Miss Sullivan went with us down that
arm of the Lake, & the last of us, & to come back in the
boat to Bellagio — We admired the colour of the water, &
the blue sky & flating clouds, giving so many effects of light
& shadow, the lovely villa Giulia above town on the shore, so
close we could see the walls of mould-venomed snow,
& opposite a rough, snow-streaked mt. we had had in sight
these three days, & now proving solitary, almost, to the
water's edge — There was a little nave, but not more, &

thought, than the days before, & the wind seemed
quite gone — But when we were half way down, the
head-boatman (he had 3) said that they could not get
us to Lecco in time & we had best land & take a car-
riage — He were half-willing to run the risk for our
selves, but did not like the idea of Miss Sullivan
going back so late alone, so we drew to shore in a quiet
little town, where the lake boys seemed to think was
something wonderful & Katherine, Dr. Gray one of the
men started a fine carriage horses — I suppose he
was told for two there were only 4 horses in the town,
& now four one of the others engaged! But they prom-
ised us the 2 on condition we would take the Lady to
Lecco who had engaged the 1. Meantime the Lady made
a row, & a sort of country diligence coming along, he took
place in that, bidding good bye to Miss Sullivan, & most
heartily wishing we were to keep in her good company,
& very sorry to part — For she is the most agreeable of
travelling companions. — We have heard from her since
that a strong wind storm came up, & she had a
very rough, uncomfortable row back to Bellagio, so it was
fortunate it was not longer! — Meantime, we quietly
trotted down one of these wonderfully good roads, so
hard & firm, & soon, it is the end of the road over the
Splanchan, & reaching Lecco in time, took the train,
having only a little shower, which we thought had passed to



Gray, Jane Loring. 1869. "Gray, Jane June 6, 1869 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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