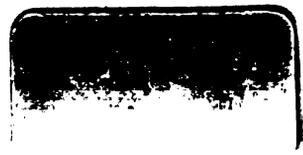
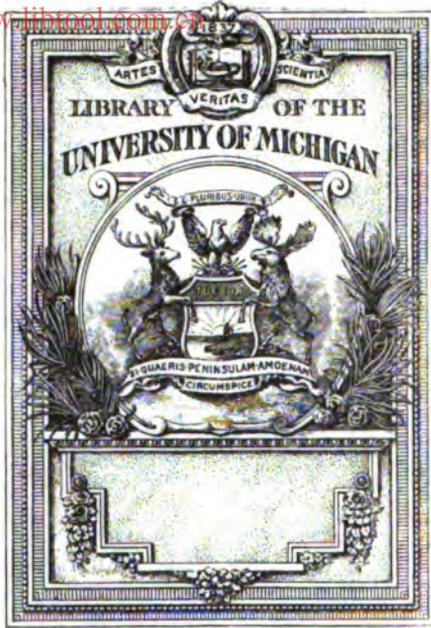


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ROME

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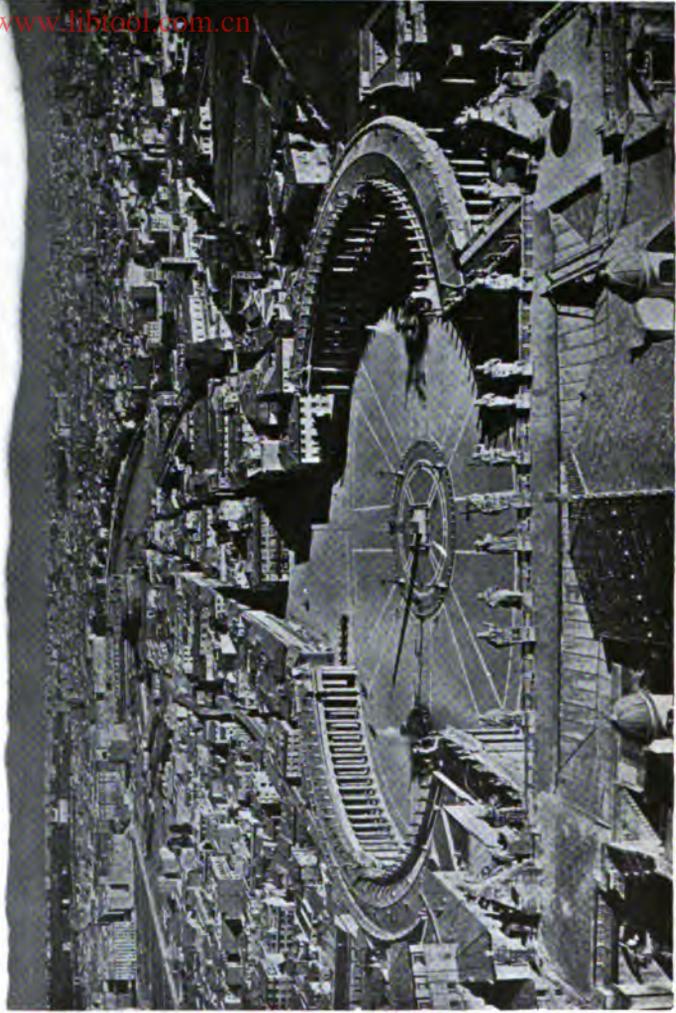
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ROME

As Described by
Great Writers

Edited by
ESTHER SINGLETON

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



New York
Dodd, Mead and Company
1906

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PREFACE

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THIS book is planned on the same model as *London, Venice, Paris, etc.*, in the same series, the purpose of which is to give the traveller, or stay-at-home reader, a general and comprehensive view of the great cities of the world; and to this end I have endeavoured to apportion the same amount of space to the topography, history, architecture, and manners and customs.

Frederic Harrison aptly says :

“Rome, as a city, is a visible embodiment, type, or summary of human history, and, in these days of special interests or tastes, the traveller at Rome too often forgets this world-wide range and complexity. To the scholar, the vast world of Christian Rome is usually as utter a blank as to the Catholic pilgrim is the story of Republic and Empire. To the artist, both are an ancient tale of little meaning, though the words are strong. He who loves ‘curios’ is blind too often to the sunsets on the Campagna. And he who copies inscriptions is deaf to the music of the people in the Piazza Navona, or the evening Angelus rung out from a hundred steeples. All nations, all professions, all creeds jostle each other in Rome, as they did in the age of Horace and Juvenal; and they pass by on the other side with mutual contempt for each other’s interests and pursuits. But to the historical mind all have their interest,

PREFACE

almost an equal interest, and their combination and contrasts form the most instructive lesson which Europe can present."

The extracts gathered here, therefore, illustrate these varied phases of one of the most interesting cities in the world,—a city of three thousand years of continuous life!

Space limitations are my excuse for not paying more attention to the environs of Rome; the Appian Way, the Campagna, the Tiber and the Villa d' Este do not pretend to exhaust the interest of the region around the Seven Hills.

E. S.

New York, September, 1906.

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ROME

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

FOR twenty centuries Rome has been the storehouse of all that was beautiful; and surely in no other spot in the world does so much beauty survive.

She has created nothing, save perhaps a certain spirit of grandeur, a co-ordination of beautiful things; but the most magnificent moments of the earth clung to her so fondly, and displayed such energy during their sojourn, that on no other point of the globe have they left so many imperishable traces. Treading her soil, we tread the mutilated footprint of the goddess who reveals herself no longer to men. Nature gave her the wonderful site, established her fitly for the races that passed beside on the peaks of history to let fall their jewels into the noblest cup ever opened beneath the sky. She was not unworthy to receive those marvels; she was already their equal. Beneath her limpid azure, the gloomy, obscure plants of the north still mate with southern foliage, inhaling their brightness and gladness. To the purest of her trees—the cypress that lifts its head like an ardent and sombre prayer, the stone-pine, into which the forest has whispered its gravest and sweetest thought, the massive evergreen oak, that adopts so willingly the graceful form of an archway—to these the tradition of ages has

given a pride, a conscious solemnity, that they possess nowhere else in the world. None can forget them who once has seen them, and understood; or fail to recognize them from among kindred trees of a less sacred soil. They were the ornaments, they were the witnesses, of incomparable things. They are one with the scattered aqueducts, the discrowned mausoleums, the broken arches; one with the columns, heroic in their ruin, that array the deserted Campagna. They have assumed the style of the eternal marbles, which they surround with respect and silence. Like these marbles, they also have two or three clear but mysterious lines to tell of the sorrow confessed by a plain that bears, without flinching, the wreck of its glory. They are, and know they are, Roman.

A circle of mountains, their sonorous names augustly familiar, their heads often charged with snow as dazzling as the memories which they evoke, create around the city that never can perish a precise and glorious horizon, which divides her from the world, but does not isolate from the sky. And in these desolate precincts, in the midst of the lifeless places, where the flagstones, the steps, the porticos, multiply silence and absence; at all the cross-roads where some wounded statue is keeping guard in the void; among the basins, the capitals, the nymphs and the tritons, water is flowing, docile and luminous, obedient still to the orders received two thousand years ago; decking the immaculate solitude with its mobile fragrance, its garlands of dew and trophies of crystal, azure plumes and crowns of pearl. It

is as though Time among all the monuments that had hoped to brave it, respected only the fragile hours of what evaporates and flows away.

Beauty, though always a borrowed beauty, has dwelt so long within these walls that go from the Janiculum to the Esquiline, it has so persistently taken root there, that the very spot, the air one breathes, the sky that covers it, the curves that define it, have acquired a prodigious power of appropriation and ennoblement. Rome, like a pyre, purifies all that the errors and caprices of men, their ignorance and extravagance, have been incessantly forcing upon her since her ruin. So far it has been impossible to disfigure her. One might almost believe that for any work to be carried out here, or to live, it first must cast off its original ugliness, it must cease to be vulgar. Whatever does not conform to the style of the Seven Hills is slowly effaced and rejected; it crumbles beneath the influence of the watchful genius that has fixed the æsthetic principles of the city on the horizons, the rocks, and the marble of the heights. Thus, for instance, the art of the Middle Ages and the Primitives must have been more active here than in any other city, since this was the heart of the Christian universe; and yet they have left but few distinctive traces, these even appearing, as it were, hidden and ashamed; enough, and no more, for the history of the world, of which this was the centre, not to be left incomplete. But when we turn to those artists whose spirit was naturally in harmony with that which presides over the destinies of the

Eternal City—Giulio Romano, the Carracci, and above all, Raphael and Michael Angelo—we find in their work here a plenitude of power, a conviction, a kind of instinctive satisfaction, that they manifest in no other place. One feels they are not to create, but only to choose from among the unrevealed forms that thronged imperiously to them, from every side, clamouring to be born; to these the masters gave substance. A mistake was impossible; they did not paint, in the proper sense of the word, but merely uncovered the veiled images which haunted the saloons and arcades of the palaces. And so intimate, so indispensable, is the relation between their art, and the environment that gives it life, that when their works are exiled to the museums or churches of other cities they seem out of proportion, unduly vigorous and unduly decorative, with an arbitrary conception of life. It is for this reason that copies or photographs of the ceiling of the Sistine appear disconcerting, and almost incomprehensible. But to the traveller who does not enter the Vatican till he too has drunk in the mighty will-power that emanates from the thousand fragments of the temples and the public places—to him Michael Angelo's overpowering effort becomes magnificent, and natural. The prodigious vault, on which a people of giants hurtle together in a grave and harmonious orgy of enthusiasm and muscles, turns into an arch of the very sky, and reflects all the scenes of energy, all the burning virtues, the memories of which still are restless beneath the ruins of this passionate soil. So, too, as he stands before the *Conflagration of*

the Borgo, he will not feel as he would were he beholding the admirable fresco on the walls of the National Gallery or the Louvre; he will not say to himself, as Taine does, for instance, that these superb nude bodies are but vaguely concerned with the thing that is happening, that the flames which arise from the building in no wise disturb them, and that their one preoccupation is to pose as good models, and bring into value the curve of a hip or the anatomy of a thigh. No; the visitor who has submissively heeded the injunctions of all that surrounds him will require no telling that here, in these halls of the Vatican, as beneath the vault of the Sistine, he is contemplating the tardy but normal and logical development of an art that might have been that of Rome. He will realize that, different as the impression may be that these two great efforts produce, he discovers the formula there that the too positive genius of the Quirites had lacked the good fortune or the opportunity to disengage. For Rome, notwithstanding all her endeavours, could not, of her own initiative, give to the universe the essential image that she had promised. It was to the spoils of Greece that she owed her beauty; and her chief merit had been that she understood the beauty of Greek Art, and eagerly amassed its treasures. Her endeavours to add to it resulted only in deformity; she was unable to adapt its expression to her personal life. Her paintings and sculptures responded only by a kind of heresy, a vague approximateness, to the realities of her existence; and such feeble originality as her architecture possessed was due

solely to its colossal proportions. One might almost imagine that old Buonarrotti and the superb colourist of Urbino had but unearthed, after all the catastrophes, all the long silences and the seeming deaths of Rome, the latent, uninterrupted tradition that had unceasingly been in travail underground, and now emerged at last to culminate in their work, and declare to the world what the Empire had been powerless to say. For these men are more distinctively Roman, more truly representative perhaps, of the unconscious and secret desire of that Latin earth that was the Rome of the Cæsars. That Rome had failed in its image. She had remained artificially Hellenic; and Greece could not provide this infinitely vaster race, differing so widely from her with the forms demanded by its ornamental consciousness. Greece could be only a sure and magnificent starting-point; but her delicate, precise statues and paintings, so nicely, almost minutely, proportioned, were out of place in that Forum, surcharged with immense monuments, as among the monstrous Thermæ and violent circuses, or under the sumptuous arches of the superposed basilicas. What if those frescoes of Michael Angelo were the answer to the call of the empty arches, that had waited a thousand years; what if they were the almost organic consequence of those imperial columns and marbles? And may we not ask ourselves, too, whether the ceiling, the pendentives and lunettes of the Farnesina and the *Conflagration of the Borgo* do not illustrate, better by far than the sculptures of Phidias or Praxiteles, better also than the best paintings of Pompeii or

Herculaneum, the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, Virgil's *Æneid*, or the poems of Horace?

But all this, perhaps, is merely illusion, and due to the prestige of that appropriative power we have mentioned above. That power is such that whatever might, at the first glance, seem wholly opposed to the idea that reigns within these walls, not only does not contradict this idea, but serves to define and declare it. Even Bernini—rhetorical, exuberant, ubiquitous Bernini—as irreconcilable as it is possible to be with the primitive gravity and taciturnity of Rome, even he, so detestable elsewhere, seems here to be adopted, justified, by the genius of the city; and serves to explain and illustrate certain somewhat redundant and declamatory sides of Roman greatness.

Moreover, a city that possesses the *Venus of the Capitol* and of the Vatican, the *Sleeping Ariadne*, the *Meleager*, and the *Torso of Hercules*, the countless marvels of museums as numerous almost as her palaces (think only of the treasures in a single one of these museums, the newest of all, the *Nazionale*!), a city whose every street, almost every house, conceals some fragment of marble or bronze which, did some new town contain it, would send pilgrims flocking; a city that can offer the *Pantheon of Agrippa*, certain columns in the *Forum*—in a word, so many treasures that baffled memory cannot keep pace with untiring admiration; a city that has among its wonders those cypress-girdled lawns of the *Villa Borghese*, those fountains, those eternal gardens; a city, indeed, which is the refuge of all that was best

in the past of the only people who cultivated beauty as others cultivated corn, the olive or the vine; such a city opposes a resistance to vulgarity that, inactive though it be, is yet invincible, and she can tolerate all things without defilement. The immortal presence of an assembly of gods, so perfect that no mutilation can alter the rhythm of body or pose, protects her against the errors herself may commit, and prevents the new generations of men from having more empire upon her than time and the barbarians had on those very gods. And these lead us back to the little cities of Hellas which discovered one day, and fixed forever, the laws of human beauty. The beauty of earth, except for some spots that our sordid industries have ravaged, has altered but little since the days of Augustus and Pericles. The sea is infinite still, still inviolate. The forest, the plain, the harvest, the villages, rivers and streams, the mountains, the dawn and the evening, stars and the sky, vary as these all may according to climate and latitude, offer us still the same spectacles of grandeur and tenderness, the same soft, profound harmonies, the same fairy-like scenes of changing complexity, that they showed to the Athenian citizens and the people of Rome. Nature remains more or less as it was; and besides, we have grown more sensitive, and to-day can admire more freely. But when we turn to the beauty special to man, the beauty that is his own immediate aim, we find that, owing perhaps to our too great wealth or excessive application, to the scattering of our efforts, lack of concentration, or to the want of a certain

goal and an incontestable starting-point, we appear to have lost almost all that the ancients had been able to establish and make their own. In all that regards purely human æsthetics, in what concerns our body, our gestures, our clothes, the objects we live with, our houses and gardens, our monuments, even our landscapes, we are groping so timidly, we display such confusion and inexperience, that one might truly believe our occupation of this planet to date from yesterday, and that we are still at the very beginning of the period of adaptation. For the work of our hands there exists no longer a common measure, an accepted rule or conviction. Our painters, our architects, our sculptors, our men of letters—and we in our homes, our cities—seek in a thousand different contradictory directions for the sure, the undeniable beauty that the ancients possessed so fully. Should one of us by any chance create, join together, or discover a few lines, a harmony of form or colour, that should incontestably prove that the mysterious, decisive point had been attained, it would be regarded as the merest hazard, as an isolated and precious phenomenon, and neither the author nor any one else would be able to repeat it.

And yet, for a few happy years, man had mastered the laws of the beauty that is essentially and specifically human; and so great was his certitude that even to-day it still compels our conviction. In the beauty of his own body the Greek instinctively found the fixed standard that the Egyptians, the Assyrians, Persians, and all the anterior civ-

ilizations, had sought in vain among animals and flowers, rocks and mountains, monsters and chimæras; and the architecture of his temples and palaces, the style of his houses, the proportion and ornament of the things that he used in his daily life, were all derived from the beauty of this nude and perfect body. This people, among whom nudity with its natural consequence, the irreproachable harmony of limbs and muscles, was almost a religious and civic obligation, has taught us that the beauty of the human body is as diverse in its perfection, as spiritual, as mysterious, as the beauty of stars or sea. Every other ideal has misled, and must always mislead, the endeavours and efforts of man. In all the arts, intelligent races came the nearer to the true beauty in proportion as they came nearer to the habit of nudity; departing from this, they departed also from beauty. The beauty proper to Rome—in other words, the little original beauty she added to the spoils of Greece—was due to the last remains of this custom. For in Rome, as Taine tells us, “they also assembled to swim, to be rubbed, to perspire, to wrestle and run; or at least, to watch the runners and wrestlers. For Rome, in this respect, is only an enlarged Athens; the same ways of life obtain, the same habits, the same instincts and pleasures; the only difference lies in the proportion and the moment. The city has swollen till it numbers masters by the hundred thousand and slaves by the million; but, from Xenophon to Marcus Aurelius, the gymnastic and rhetorical training has not altered; they have still the tastes of athletes and

orators, and it is in this direction that one must work to please them; they are worshippers of the nude, they are connoisseurs of style, of conversation and ornament. We can no longer understand this pagan life of the body, that was so curious, and yet so idle; the climate has remained as it was, but man changed when he put on clothes and turned Christian."

It might more justly be said, perhaps, that Rome, at the period of which Taine speaks, was an intermittent and incomplete Athens. What was habitual there, and in some measure organic, becomes here only artificial and exceptional. They still cultivate and admire the human body, but it is almost always concealed by the toga; and the wearing of the toga blurs the pure, clear lines which a multitude of nude and living statues imposed upon the columns and pediments of the temples. The monuments grow larger and larger, lose their form, and little by little their human harmony. The golden standard is shrouded, and the veil shall be lifted only by a few artists of the Renaissance, which was the moment when positive beauty shed its last beams.

ANCIENT ROME

ISAAC TAYLOR

ROME, the capital of the modern kingdom of Italy, stands on the Tiber, about fifteen miles from the mouth. Roman legend ascribed the foundation of the city to Romulus, at a date corresponding to 753 B. C. But recent explorations have proved that the site was inhabited in the neolithic and early bronze period. The existence of a town with a considerable population at a time long before the date ascribed by tradition to the foundation of the city has been established by the discovery in 1874 of a cemetery on the Esquiline, near the railway station, which contained pottery of the type usually assigned to the ninth or tenth century B. C. In the time of the kings (753-510 B. C.) the city occupied seven hills, whose summits rise from 80 to 120 feet above the river and the intervening valleys. These hills are believed to have been formed by subaerial erosion of beds of soft tufa previously erupted by submarine volcanoes. Of these seven hills, five—the Palatine, the Capitoline, the Aventine, the Caelian, and the Esquiline—being more or less isolated, were termed *Montes*; and two, the Quirinal and Viminal, being mere spurs jutting out from the tableland to the east, were called *Colles*. The Esquiline, however, is properly rather a *Collis* than a *Mons*, being connected with the

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tableland by a narrow neck. The Palatine and the Capitoline, being the most defensible sites, were doubtless the first to be occupied, and this accords with the Roman legend, which makes the Palatine the site of the primitive city founded by Romulus, the Capitoline being occupied by a rival Sabine settlement which, under Tatius, the Sabine king, soon extended to the Quirinal, a contiguous spur of the tableland, separated only by a narrow valley from the Capitoline. We are also told that the Aventine, which after the Palatine and the Capitoline was plainly the most desirable site, was occupied by a colony of Latins in the time of Ancus Martius, the fourth king. Under Servius Tullius, the sixth king, the Esquiline, together with the Viminal, which is a mere spur of the Esquiline, is said to have been added to the city. These legends conform to the probabilities of the case.

The settlement on the Palatine attributed to Romulus was fortified at a very early period, possibly about the date assigned to the foundation of the city. Remains of this earliest wall have been discovered in the course of recent excavations. The steep slopes were scarped, and a retaining wall, consisting of large stones fitted together without mortar, was built up from the base of the slope, rendering the hill almost impregnable. The Palatine was thus made into a sort of artificial platform, rising some 100 feet above the surrounding valleys, and was called the "square city" (*Roma quadrata*). In the time of the later, or Etruscan kings, at least five of the settlements on the

seven hills had been surrounded by separate defences. These fortified hills, with the marshy hollows between them, were then enclosed by a huge rampart or agger of earth, faced with an exterior wall of unmortared masonry, which is still in one place fifty feet in height, with an inner retaining wall of similar construction. Outside the rampart was an enormous fosse, which from recent excavations appears to have been in some places thirty feet in depth and one hundred feet in breadth, from which the materials for the agger were obtained. In the construction of this rampart, the older walls, which ran along the crests of the Palatine and Capitoline hills, were utilized, as is indicated by the fact that the agger can only be traced where it crossed the intervening valleys, or where it protected the spurs where they joined the tableland. The agger, begun probably by Tarquinius Priscus, has received the name of Servius Tullius, by whom probably the portion which included the Quirinal and the Esquiline was completed. A considerable fragment of this part of the agger may be conveniently examined in the goods yard of the railway station. An excellent cross section is exposed on the northern crest of the Quirinal in the via di S. Nicola di Tolentino, and a further extension may be traced in the gardens of the Barberini and Colonna palaces. A very perfect fragment may also be seen in the valley below the southern slope of the Aventine.

For 800 years, till the reign of the Emperor Aurelian, the Servian agger formed the only defence of the city.

The wall which bears the name of Aurelian is to a great extent identical with the present walls. It enclosed the suburbs which had grown up beyond the Caelian, the Esquiline, and the Quirinal, and included two additional hills, the Pincian, and part of the Janiculum, as well as the low-lying ground near the Tiber called the Campus Martius, which now forms the most densely populated part of the modern city. The Aurelian Wall, as it is called, was begun by Aurelian in 271 A. D., and completed by the Emperor Probus in 280. It was restored and partially rebuilt by Honorius, and repaired by Belisarius. It is twelve miles in circuit. The Leonine Wall, enclosing the Vatican Hill and the remainder of the Janiculum, was built by Leo IV. in 848. In 1527, some additional space on the Vatican was enclosed, and bastions to strengthen the weak parts of the old wall were added. At the present time, populous suburbs have arisen to the east and north beyond the walls, while to the south extensive spaces within the wall are uninhabited. In 1888, no less than 1,465 acres, chiefly on the Caelian and the Aventine, were occupied by vineyards, fields, and gardens, while public gardens and squares occupied 106 acres.

To the period of the Kings belongs the Cloaca Maxima, a huge arched sewer of Etruscan masonry, which drained the marshy hollow between the Capitoline, Palatine and Esquiline hills. A portion of this valley became the Forum Romanum, at once the market and the place of political meeting for the Roman, Sabine, and Latin tribes,

who occupied the surrounding hills. The Cloaca Maxima, though ~~the oldest and best~~ known of the sewers, is rivalled in magnitude by two other ancient sewers which enter the Tiber nearly at the same point. The so-called Mamertine Prison at the foot of the Capitol, now consecrated as the subterranean church of S. Pietro in Carcere, was a deep vaulted well from which, and from the Tiber, the water supply must have been obtained during the regal period. When Rome was supplied with water by aqueducts from the Alban hills and the Apennines, this well, perhaps the most ancient structure in Rome, was converted into a dungeon, in which State prisoners, among them Jugurtha and the Catiline conspirators, were confined. That St. Peter, by whose name the well is known, was ever confined here is a mere legend, of no authority or probability.

In the great aqueducts we have the most notable remains of the Republican period. The oldest was the Acqua Appia, constructed by Appius Claudius Cæcus in 312 B. C., which brought water from springs upwards of seven miles distant from the city. The Anio Vestus, forty-three miles long, was commenced in 273 B. C., and brought water from the river Anio. The Acqua Marcia, sixty-two miles in length, was constructed in 144 B. C., and brought water from the Alban hills at a level sufficiently high to supply the Capitol. The Acqua Julia, the Acqua Claudia, and the Anio Novus, constructions even more gigantic, date from the imperial age. Altogether there were fourteen of these aqueducts with an aggregate length of 351 miles. These vast struc-

tures, striding on their huge arches across the Campagna, and still bringing copious supplies of water from the Apennines and the Alban hills, are among the most striking features of modern Rome. A portion of one of these aqueducts was utilized in the construction of the Aurelian Wall, the arches being simply built up with masonry. The remains of the enormous arches by which the water of the Acqua Claudia was brought across the deep valley between the Caelian and the Palatine also exhibit the vast scale of these erections.

In the time of the Republic the centre of the public life of the city was the Forum Romanum, an oblong space, containing about two-and-a-half acres, surrounded by shops (*tavernae*). It was traversed by the Via Sacra, a winding road, along which triumphal processions passed to the Capitol. The great blocks of lava with which this road was paved still, for the most part, remain *in situ*. The Temple of Vesta and the House of the Vestal Virgins stood on one side of the Forum beneath the Palatine, and on the other side was the Regia, or House of the Pontifex Maximus. Close by were the *rostra*, the beaks of Carthaginian ships, between which was the platform from which orators harangued the people. Farther to the northeast was the Senate House, whose walls are preserved in those of the church of S. Adriano; the neighbouring church of SS. Luca e Martina being constructed out of the offices of the Senate House. Beyond the Senate House stood the Treasury and the Tabularium. In course of time, the open space

of the Forum became surrounded and occupied with stately public edifices, of which the most conspicuous remains are the eight columns of the Temple of Saturn, built in 491 B. C., the Colonnade of the Twelve Great Gods (*deorum consentium*), the Temples of Concord, of Castor and Pollux, built in 496 B. C., of Vesta, of Julius Cæsar, of Vespasian, and of Faustina. We see also the foundations of the Triumphal Arch of Augustus, the vast ruins of the Basilica Julia, the base of the column of Phocas, and the milestone from which all Roman roads were measured. To the north of the Forum stands the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus, to the south of the Arch of Titus. So much of the open space of the Forum became occupied by great public monuments and edifices that in the time of the emperors additional fora were required. These were erected on the eastern side of the Forum Romanum. Of the Forum Julium only three arches of the outer wall remain. Of the Forum of Augustus a portion of the enclosing wall, a massive archway, and three columns of the Temple of Mars Ultor, which stood within the Forum, now cleared of rubbish, are among the most imposing and accessible remains of the architecture of the early empire. Of the Forum of Nerva two columns may be seen in the Via della Croce Bianca. Of the Forum Pacis, built by Vespasian, nothing remains except one massive fragment of a wall. The most magnificent of the imperial fora was the Forum of Trajan, which was reckoned one of the wonders of the world. Within its walls stood the Basilica

Ulpia, which has been partly excavated, so as to expose the bases of many of the columns.

Beyond it stands the great Column of Trajan, 124 feet in height, with spiral bas-reliefs representing scenes from Trojan's campaigns against the Dacians, forming the most instructive historical monument in Rome. We are shown the march of a Roman army, the construction of bridges, assaults on forts, and all the varied incidents of a campaign, constituting a pictorial record containing some 2,500 figures of men and horses, which may compare with the Bayeux tapestry, or the pictorial narratives of Egyptian campaigns which are represented on the walls of Theban temples. In the same style, but of inferior art, is the column of Marcus Aurelius in the Piazza Colonna on the Corso, usually called the Antonine Column. It bears reliefs representing scenes in the wars with the Marcomanni.

On the western side of the Forum Romanum rises the Palatine Hill, its summit covered with the substructures of the Palaces of the Emperors, the Houses of Augustus, of Tiberius, of Livia, of Caligula, of Domitian, and of Hadrian. Most magnificent of all is the Septizonium or Palace of Septimius Severus, rising in seven stages of massive masonry, which form a southern extension of the Palatine Hill. Besides these imperial palaces, the Palatine included a magnificent Stadium the most perfect in existence, imperial reception-halls, several temples, with gardens, baths, barracks for soldiers, and a basilica or hall of justice, in which St. Paul must have pleaded before the emperor. The Golden

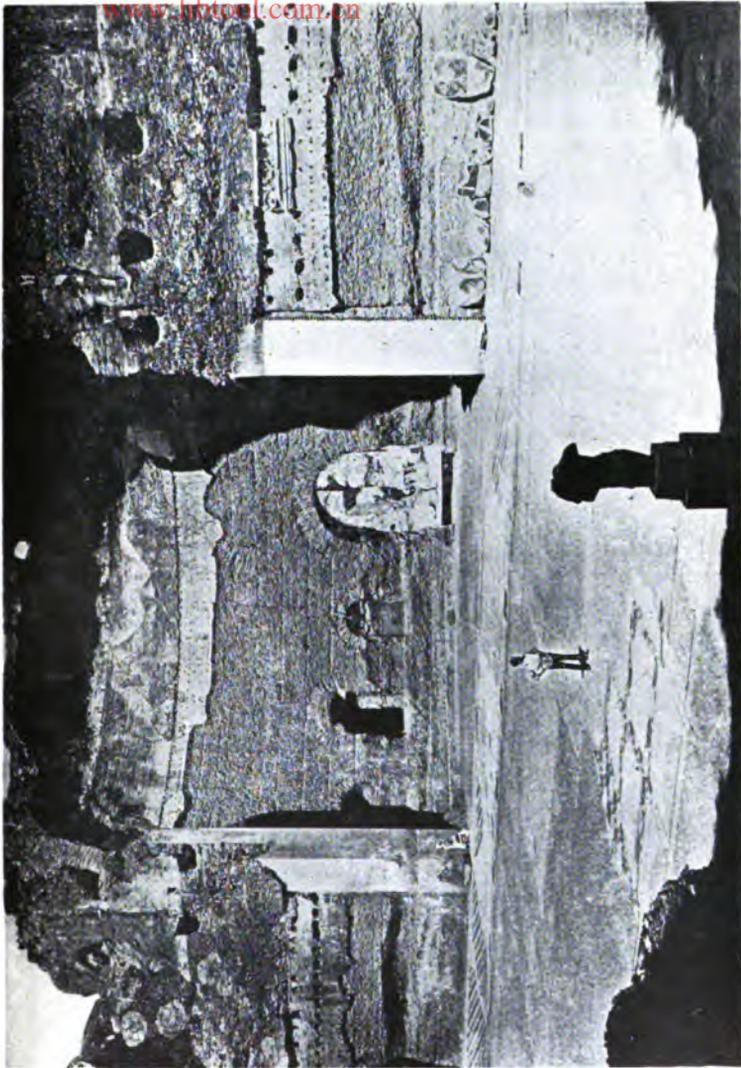
House of Nero, built on the opposite side of the Forum, and occupying the greater portion of the Oppian Hill, was demolished to make room for the Colosseum and the Baths of Titus, so that practically nothing is left save some substructures, the cisterns known as the Sette Sale, and the base of the colossal statue of Nero, which stood in front of the Golden House. Of the numerous temples in Rome, of which there are said to have been three hundred, the names, and in many cases the sites, of 153 are known. The foundations of the great Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus may be traced in the gardens of the Caffarelli Palace, now the German embassy. Of the temples which remain, the preservation is due in several cases to their having been converted into churches. The columns in front of the church of S. Lorenzo in Miranda, which faces the Forum, formed part of the Temple of Antonius and Faustina. Ten columns of the Temple of Ceres are built into the walls of S. Maria in Cosmedin. S. Maria del Sole is a round temple formerly called the Temple of Vesta, but now believed to be the Temple of Hercules Victor. Another temple, supposed to be the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, is now the church of S. Maria Egiziaca. The church of SS. Cosmo e Damiano is the Temple of Sacra Urbs, erected by the Emperor Maxentius. The cella of the Temple of Venus and Rome, built by Hadrian, is preserved in the church of SS. Sergio e Bacco, was the Temple of Concord, that the church of S. Stefano Rotondo was the Temple of Mater Matuta, and that of S. Nicola was the Temple of Piety ;

while Santa Maria sopra Minerva stands on the ruin of a Temple of Minerva, S. Maria Liberatrice probably occupies the site of a Temple of Vesta, and the round church of S. Teodoro was a temple of unknown attribution. In 27 B. C., Agrippa built a vast dome in front of the Thermæ which he erected in the Campus Martius. It is called by Pliny and other writers the Pantheon, and may have served as a sort of entrance-hall to the Thermæ. In 608 it was consecrated as the church of S. Maria ad Martyres, and now goes by the name of S. Maria Rotonda. Of all the buildings of ancient Rome, none is more perfectly preserved. The diameter of the dome, which is lighted only by a central aperture in the roof, is larger than the dome of St. Peter's; the walls nineteen feet in thickness, have deep niches which were filled with statues of deities; and the floor is of Phrygian and Numidian marbles, with porphyry and granite slabs.

The Thermæ of Agrippa, of which the Pantheon is the only portion that remains, were the earliest of the eleven great public baths which formed so characteristic a feature of imperial Rome. The Thermæ of Trajan, and the adjacent Thermæ of Titus, built on the site of the Golden House of Nero, occupied almost the whole of the Oppian Hill, but of these baths little is left save the foundations.

On the slope of the Quirinal stood the Thermæ of Constantine. In the Piazza del Quirinale stand two colossal horses from the thermæ which occupied the site. In the formation of the steps which lead down from the piazza,

and of the Via Nazionale, substructures belonging to these thermæ were discovered, and portions of their massive walls may be seen in the gardens of the Colonna and Rospigliosi palaces. At the other end of Rome, on the low ground south of the Caelian, are the ruins of the Thermæ Antoninianæ, usually called the Baths of Caracalla, by whom they were begun in 212 A. D., and completed by Alexander Severus. They were built to accommodate 1,000 bathers, and, after serving for centuries as a quarry, are still the vastest, and in their desolation perhaps the most impressive, of all the ruins in Rome. The lofty walls are still standing, and, as the halls have been cleared of rubbish, the arrangements of Roman thermæ can here best be studied. We see the Calidarium, the Tepidarium, and a Frigidarium, with an Exedra and a Stadium, or race course. The outer wall encloses a space of nearly twenty-seven acres, of which the baths themselves occupy more than six acres. Even more magnificent were the Thermæ of Diocletian, on the summit of the Quirinal, designed to accommodate 3,600 bathers. The semicircular curve which forms such a conspicuous feature in the Piazza delle Terme was the exedra of these baths. One of the smaller circular halls forms the church of S. Bernardo, while a portion of one of the great vaulted central halls, with its columns of Egyptian granite, serving probably as the Tepidarium, was converted by Michael Angelo into the magnificent church of S. Maria degli Angeli. Another hall is used as a prison, another as fencing-school, others now serve as barracks, stables, coach-



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BATHS OF CARACALLA

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houses, and warehouses for timber, while the cloisters of a Carthusian convent built out of the ruins are now converted into a museum.

A large marshy plain, which now forms the most densely populated part of Rome, lay outside the Servian Walls, extending from the foot of the Capitoline and Quirinal hills to the Tiber. This being used for military exercises, was called the Campus Martius. Towards the close of the republican era this suburban plain began to be utilized for the erection of places of public recreation, such as baths, theatres, and race courses. These were connected by the Porticos, a net-work of colonnades forming covered walks, serving as a protection alike from the sunshine and the rain, along which the citizens could stroll to the various places of recreation and amusement. The Campus Martius was traversed by the Flaminian Way, approximately represented by the modern street called the Corso, which was bordered on either side by the stately tombs of Roman nobles, and spanned by the triumphal arch of Claudius and by that of Marcus Aurelius, demolished in 1662. On these fields were built the Baths of Agrippa and the Baths of Nero. Here was erected the Theatre of Balbus and the vast Theatre of Pompey, said to have contained seats for 40,000 spectators. Some of its substructures may be seen behind the church of S. Andrea della Valle. Somewhat nearer to the Capitol was the Theatre of Marcellus, of which a considerable portion still stands, forming one of the most characteristic ex-

amples of Roman architecture of the best period. This theatre was begun by Julius Cæsar, and finished in the year 11 B. C. by Augustus, who named it after his nephew, Marcellus, the son of Octavia. In the Eleventh Century, like the Colosseum and the Mausoleum of Hadrian, it was turned into a fortress by the turbulent Roman nobles of the Orsini family. The interior is now occupied by the Palazzo Orsini-Savelli, while the outer arches are used as rag-shops and smithies. In the same characteristic Roman style as the Theatre of Marcellus but of more debased type, is the great Flavian Amphitheatre, built for gladiatorial exhibitions and for the combat of wild beasts, which goes by the name of the Colosseum. Commenced by Vespasian, it was dedicated by Titus, 80 A. D., and finished by Domitian. It is built in the form of an ellipse, the longer diameter measuring 613 feet and the shorter 510 feet. It rises to a height of 100 feet, covering five acres of ground. In the Middle Ages, it was used as a fortress and afterwards as a quarry ; but, though so large a portion has been demolished, it constitutes perhaps the most imposing monument of Roman magnificence which is left. The earlier amphitheatres were mostly of wood, and have perished. The Piazza di Monte Citorio on the Corso is believed to occupy the site of the Amphitheatre of Slatilius Taurus, erected in 31 B. C., the foundations having been found eighty-eight feet below the present surface of the street. At the side of the church of S. Croce in Gerusalemme are considerable remains of the Amphitheatrum Castreuse, which was

utilized in the construction of the Aurelian Wall, from which its projects, forming a sort of semicircular bastion. Below was the Circus of Elagabalus, from which came the Egyptian obelisk now in the Pincian Gardens. The oldest circus was the Circus Maximus, in the valley between the Palatine and the Aventine. It is supposed to date from the regal period, but was enlarged by Julius Cæsar. It was about three furlongs in length and one in breadth, nearly the size and shape of Eaton Square, and is said to have been capable of seating 250,000 spectators. The site is now occupied by the Jewish cemetery and the gas-works. The arrangements of a Roman Circus can best be studied in the well-preserved circus on the Appian Way, near the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, built in 311 A. D., which usually bears the name of the Emperor Maxentius, but is more correctly assigned to his son Romulus. It is 350 yards long and 86 broad. The metæ, the spina, the carceres, and the seats for the emperor and the spectators may still be traced. An Egyptian obelisk from this circus now adorns the Piazza Navona. Of the circus of Flaminius, built in 220 B. C. on the Campus Martius immediately below the northern slope of the Capitoline Hill, no vestiges remain. The same is the case with the Circus of Nero on the Vatican, which occupied the hollow between S. Peter's Church and the Sacristy through which the visitor now drives to the Vatican Museum. While the circus was designed for chariot-races, the stadium was used for foot-races. Of these there were several, but the Imperial Sta-

dium on the Palatine, between the house of Augustus and the buildings of Septimius Severus is the only one which remains in a tolerable state of preservation. The Stadium of Domitian on the Campus Martius is believed to be represented by the present Piazza Navona, recently renamed the Circo Agonale. Both of these stadia are about the size and shape of St. George's Square, Pimlico, or the site of the Houses of Parliament. The roads leading out of Rome beyond the Servian Walls were bordered by tombs, many of which, on the erection of the Aurelian Wall, were included within the city. On the Appian Way are the tombs of the Scipios, the inscriptions on which, forming the earliest contemporary records of Roman history, are among the treasures of the Vatican. Farther on four ancient columbaria have been excavated. Outside the Aurelian Wall is the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, wife of the triumvir Crassus, which in the Thirteenth Century was converted into a fortress by the Gaetani family. It is a cylindrical block of masonry, sixty-five feet in diameter, resembling the keep of a feudal castle. Another remarkable tomb is the Pyramid of Caius Cestius in the Via Ostiensis. The most magnificent of Roman tombs was the Mausoleum of Hadrian, now the castle of S. Angelo. It was a cylindrical tower of masonry, 240 feet in diameter and 165 feet in height, surmounted by a colossal statue of the emperor. When the Goths besieged Rome, the tomb was converted into a fortress by Belisarius. It afterwards became the castle of the popes, and citadel of Rome, and in 1527 was defended

against the French by Benvenuto Cellini. Of similar construction and hardly inferior in magnitude was the Mausoleum of Augustus, which stood behind the great church of S. Carlo al Corso. In the Middle Ages it formed the castle of the Colonna family, and is now occupied as the Teatro Corea. Two obelisks of Egyptian granite faced the entrance, one of which now stands in the Piazza of S. Maria Maggiore, and the other fronts the Palace of the Quirinal. In all there are eleven Egyptian obelisks which ornament the gardens and piazzas of Rome. Two stand near the Pantheon close to the sites of the Temples of Isis and Serapis, before which they were originally erected. Another, now in the Piazza del Popolo, was brought from Heliopolis by Augustus, and placed in the Circus Maximus. That in the Piazza di Monte Citorio was also brought to Rome by Augustus. That in the Piazza of S. John Lateran, 104 feet in height, is the largest in existence. It was erected at Thebes by Thothmes III., and removed by Constantine to the Circus Maximus. The obelisk in the Piazza di S. Pietro was brought from Heliopolis by Caligula, and placed in the Circus of Nero, near its present site. On the Pincian is an obelisk of Hadrian; and there is another in the gardens of the Villa Mattei. Of the triumphal arches those of Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Marcus Aurelius, and Trajan have disappeared. The Arch of Septimius Severus, which spanned the Sacred Way just as it began to climb the Capitol, remains in a fair state of preservation. At the other end of the Forum, also spanning the Sacred

Way, is the Arch of Titus, with the well-known reliefs representing the spoils from the Temple at Jerusalem. A little farther south, where the Sacred Way joins the Appian Road, stands the Arch of Constantine, fronting the Colosseum and the three huge arches of the Constantine Basilica. The so-called Arch of Drusus crosses the Appian Way where it passes through the Aurelian Wall. The Arch of Dolabella, built in 10 A. D., is almost hidden in the brickwork of the Aqueduct of Nero, called the *Acqua Claudia*; and the Arch of Gallienus on the Esquiline, erected in 202 A. D., is in the degraded style of the time.

Of the twelve bridges over the Tiber, three are survivals of the eight or nine ancient bridges. The oldest is the *Pons Fabricius*, built in 62 B. C., by L. Fabricius, leading from the city to the island in the Tiber. The *Pons Cestius*, believed to have been built by the Emperor Gratian, leads from the island to the right bank of the river. The *Pons Ælius*, now called the *Ponte S. Angelo*, was built by Hadrian in 135 A. D., in front of his Mausoleum, and now serves as the approach to St. Peter's and the Vatican. The *Ponte Rotto*, or broken bridge, was part of the *Pons Æmilius*, built in 181 B. C. Two picturesque arches remained till the recent "improvements." It is now replaced by a suspension bridge. The *Ponte Sisto* was built by Pope Sixtus IV. to replace the *Pons Aurelius*.

ROME AS IT IS TO-DAY

GEORGE PIGNATORRE

WHEN Hawthorne penned his fanciful and fascinating tale *The Marble Faun*, Rome was still the "poor old city" he terms the once splendid metropolis of the ancient world; she was truly a maze of narrow, unclean lanes, a congeries of evil-smelling, squalid dwellings, interspersed with gloomy, mediæval palaces in sad disrepair. In short, Rome was an ill-drained, ill-lit, unsavoury old town, teeming with beggars, models and thieves, and, to cap all, the acknowledged headquarters of the malignant malarial fever. Hawthorne had probably nowise overdrawn the picture of Papal Rome at the time of his visit, as he certainly has not darkened those salient traits of the Roman character which are faithfully reproduced among the contemporary generation.

Even in those passages of his weird tale in which he may be suspected reasonably of unwitting exaggeration, as in his graphic and poetical description of Borghese Park, "where fever walks arm-in-arm with you, and death awaits you at the end of the dim vista" (a passage which has always been quoted for its exquisite beauty) we may rest satisfied that the truth was only exaggerated, not belibelled, albeit happily the claims of these glowing pictures of word

painting on the reader's attention rest henceforth on their literary merit alone. The splendid city of yore has changed since into the fine well-built capital of a United Italy. Its population has doubled within the last forty years; with the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome through the breach of *Porta Pia* on the memorable 20th of September, 1870, a new era commenced for Rome and Italy. Whole quarters have sprung into existence; the site of the vast Ludovisi gardens, the Cœlian, Viminal and Esquiline Hills, have been covered with buildings; wide streets, spacious squares, broad pavements have replaced in the new town the crooked alleys, small courts, and narrow, cobbled streets of old Rome; these exist still, though their area has been diminished, but are only or mainly visited by a few rabid anti-quaries. Even the famous Triton Street is threatened with destruction by modern improvement, which its slushy centre and constricted slabby pavements have rendered urgently necessary, despite its picturesqueness, which is only rivalled by its slimy mud in wet weather. Its narrowness strangles traffic, and is a grievous obstacle to the free circulation of the endless train of carts, carriages, omnibuses, and now tramway-cars, which thread their way up or down or across this congested channel of communication between the upper and lower portions of the city.

Good hotels, boarding-houses, and furnished apartments of all sizes and suitable to all purses afford that comfortable accommodation which was lacking or overdear in Hawthorne's time. Artists are now boarded and lodged like

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ordinary mortals; they no longer dwell in marble halls or in the equivalent, surrounded by mediæval dust and dirt like Miriam, or in a lofty tower like Hilda. The foreign visitor is no longer menaced with fever, the malaria (thanks to greater cleanliness, better drainage, more space, and higher ground occupied by the new quarters) has practically vanished. The occasional cases of malarial or marsh fever which do occur are of a sporadic nature, and are generally imported from the Maremma or salt-marshes of other districts; and even the few imported outbreaks are limited mostly to the low-lying riverain parts of Rome, where a fouler atmosphere and deficient sanitary arrangements favour the fever-fiend.

The best evidence of the present healthy conditions of the Italian capital lies in the official returns of the register, which show that the death-rate in Rome was lower than that of many other foreign and Italian cities even in 1895. The figures were then as follows: London, twenty-one; Rome, twenty-two; Paris, twenty-three; Berlin, twenty-four; Vienna, twenty-seven; and Naples, thirty-five (its supply of excellent spring-water notwithstanding). The death-rate had fallen in Rome since then to eighteen per thousand in 1902. Nor are the changes in other respects less momentous. During the first half of the Nineteenth Century, and in a measure up to the seventies, when Hare wrote his admirable *Walks in Rome*, a great portion of Romagna, especially the deserted Campagna, had an evil repute which was certainly not wholly undeserved; nor

were matters better within the city itself, which lived in a most congenial atmosphere and thrived accordingly. The streets after dark were very insecure for all respectable persons, whether foreign or native; the police were powerless or unwilling to protect. It is only of very recent years that any improvement is observable in the maintenance of public order; it is only since the collapse of papal autocracy that real efforts have been made to check the display of lawlessness in the capital, to ensure the safety of the citizens and of foreigners against the night-hawks within and the brigands without.

The withdrawal of the French garrison from Rome in 1870 put an end forever to the existence of one of the most debasing and despotic theocracies that has ever enslaved the minds and bodies of a people. But let us not mistake; no sudden upheaval of a people, however spontaneous—as no single ruler, however great—can sweep away at once the baneful results of over fifteen centuries of almost continuous misrule and tyranny. The seeds of vice and crime planted and fostered by long ages of misgovernment were too deeply embedded to be easily torn up; and they are very apparent in the brutal, crafty Roman of to-day, whose sanguinary instincts will break out on the slightest provocation, and whose surliness is only matched by his cunning and superstition. Thirty years even of the most enlightened rule could hardly have raised perceptibly the moral standard of a people so long debased; and the present Italian Government, though a vast improvement on the late

régime, and doubtless full of good intentions, is still very far from being perfect.

Nevertheless, the Roman, albeit intrinsically nearly the same as he was thirty or forty years ago, has been compelled to conform, outwardly at least, and particularly with regard to organized brigandage and nightly assassination, to the altered conditions of the times. The extension of railways, the organization of the carbineer force throughout Italy, and the ever-waxing number of foreigners who make Rome their headquarters during their tour in Italy, or make the city their winter residence, are some of the causes which have contributed to this transformation, which is very marked in the additional security guaranteed to foreign visitors and residents; for, dependent as so many in Rome are for their livelihood on the attractions the city now offers to strangers, every effort is made to maintain order and security, and not without success. Hence an Englishman may stroll about at any hour of the twenty-four with perhaps only the same risks he incurs in roaming about the London streets; he is certainly as safe as he would be at home, and owing to his nationality and to the coin he puts into circulation, and, to be fair, also to a certain amount of self-respect which induces Italians to wish to stand well with strangers, he will be specially protected by the authorities, and any bodily injury to his person inflicted by violence will be promptly avenged. The Roman ruffian knows this, and refrains with commendable prudence and self-restraint from using his knife on an outlander against

whom, moreover, he bears no grudge, and whom possibly some of his less truculent but equally dishonest *compari* may have already robbed politely as cicerones or as pick-pockets.

But if Hawthorne and other worthies of the same period are no authorities on the actual conditions of public health and public security of up-to-date Rome, their estimate of Italian character is often remarkably correct. Thus Hawthorne, like Dickens, has made some very pregnant remarks which are true to the letter at this very day; and no one has excelled Hawthorne in his rich word-pictures of Rome, no one has depicted more vividly those beauties of art and nature which have combined for centuries to draw to the Eternal City all cultured minds. For these two reasons, if for no other, Hawthorne remains a text-book on Rome, and should be read by all desirous of understanding certain national traits and of fully appreciating the varied attractions of the national capital. Nor need those who now visit Italy, and especially Rome, be deterred from prolonging their stay beyond the usual winter season, which closes towards the end of April, by the fear of excessive heat, which is very bearable even to northerners up to the end of June, and is never continuously or for any length of time oppressive; sultry nights and mosquitoes are almost unknown in Rome, and the evenings are invariably cool.

Perhaps the greatest surviving nuisance in Rome is the miserable chicanery and haggling which meet you at every step, the extortionate demands of porters and drivers who

are the prosaic modern representatives of the bravos and desperadoes of yore. Cabmen are especially obnoxious, and the only practical course to take when the driver insists on an overfare is either to make him drive you to the nearest police-station, or, if he refuse, to take his number and apply for redress at the proper quarter—which will be promptly given. This is the most prudent course, by which you avoid standing several volleys of abuse without being able to reply in a style befitting the occasion, and which is always the most advisable when ladies are concerned. Unfortunately in most cases, travellers prefer to submit to extortion, and thus the system goes on unchecked ; but, apart from this petty cheating and double-dealing, there is, I repeat, nothing to fear from malefactors or malaria. To quote an instance in point illustrative of the greater respect paid to the persons of foreigners. Some three years ago a Scotsman named Hamilton was assaulted in a most dastardly manner by a man to whom he had declined to sell ice at a certain price, and who for this sole reason gashed the Scotsman's cheek with a razor with the view of disfiguring or marking Mr. Hamilton for life—a favourite mode of vengeance corresponding to the vitriol-throwing in France. Though even this savage and cowardly aggression on an unsuspecting man might have been leniently viewed by a sympathetic jury as an act of revenge for a grievous wrong, and doubtless the assailant bore a deep grudge against Mr. Hamilton, on whom he had merely wreaked his vengeance in the customary way ; still, grudge or no

grudge, he was made to feel that such misdeeds are punished as they deserve when committed on Britons. Notwithstanding sympathetic jurymen who durst not give way to their feeling, or indulgent judges, he was convicted and condemned, to the great surprise of his friends, to four years' imprisonment with hard labour, instead of as many months to which he might have been sentenced had he gashed a national face with his national razor.

Organized ruffianism having disappeared and endemic malaria having followed suit, there is no valid reason against a foreigner making a prolonged stay at all seasons of the year, or selecting that particular season which he may happen to prefer from motives of health or taste. Rome presents such a variety of attractions suitable to all pursuits and to all characters that every season has its charm and every point of view a particular interest. In the first place, Rome is no more ancient, half-buried town of tombs or palaces like Thebes, or even better known Athens; it is not a mere mediæval city like Florence, Pisa, Venice, or Perugia; it is not either and solely a bright new capital like Berlin or Melbourne. It is a blending of all three characteristics. Rome is at once a renowned city of antiquity whose remains fill us with wonder for their size and magnificence; a wonderful mediæval town, with its frowning, gloomy old palaces, its wynds and battlements, together with the broad streets and squares of the new town. To crown all, Rome enjoys the blessing of a climate which has few rivals even in the sunny South. Its winters are clear,

windless, and mild ; its summers less oppressive and less enervating than those of most other Italian towns ; the mornings, evenings, and nights never sultry, and often very cool and pleasant, and above all, exempt from that universal mosquito-pest which prevails for so many months in Sicily and Naples down to December. The fall of the year and early spring up to the beginning of June are the most delightful seasons, and foreigners are beginning to realize the fact. The cloudless, deep-blue skies and windless sunny days are only matched in my experience by some of the warm winter days you may occasionally enjoy in Attica or in the Ionian Islands. Our American cousins, with their customary acuteness, having arrived sooner at the right conclusion, come over in shoals at all seasons of the year, many preferring a relatively cool, mosquitoless, and almost flyless summer ; for, strange as the fact may appear, both these interesting insects, whether they were included, as is asserted by some, in the excommunication specially launched against the more practical if less malevolent locusts, or whether they have all become professionals as malarial mosquitos or flies, the fact remains that they seem to enjoy the Pontine Marshes and the suburbia better than the city itself.

The spring and autumn, though the two best seasons for visitors, are not equally so. The former is superior on account of its greater brightness and longer days. That those extremes of heat and cold observable in other cities not only of foreign countries but of Italy itself are absent

from Rome will appear from the following figures showing the average range of the thermometer in some of the chief Italian towns. In Rome the winter temperature is $46-58^{\circ}$, in summer $74-58^{\circ}$; in Turin the winter temperature is $33-6^{\circ}$, in summer $71-24^{\circ}$; in Milan the winter temperature is $35-42^{\circ}$, in summer $71-96^{\circ}$; in Venice the winter temperature is $39-38^{\circ}$, in summer $74-12^{\circ}$.

In conclusion, I wish to state that although merely expressing my private opinion on the actual conditions of public security in Italy, I have also repeated it in an official form during my tenure of office, and these opinions are to be found under the heading of "Public Security" in my yearly reports from 1891 to 1900, and are quoted and accepted in the Blue Book as the most likely hypothesis. The character I have given is simply typical of the ordinary and more salient traits of the modern Italian, and only differs in degree in its aptitude for good or evil. Moreover, notwithstanding the greater civility, good-nature, and orderliness of the Messinese as compared with the Roman, these undoubtedly good qualities do not affect materially the public security of the provinces, which is maintained by the same causes as are operative in Rome, thus rendering wanton outrage and personal aggression of very rare occurrence.

THE RISE OF MODERN ROME

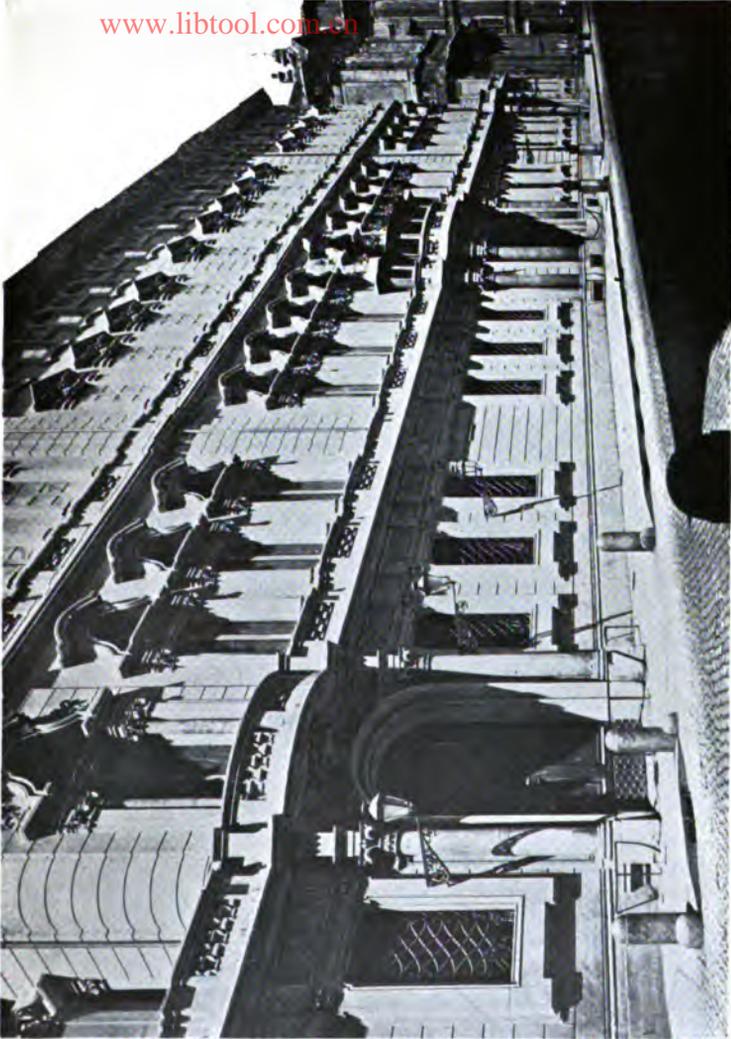
DR. REINHOLD SCHOENER

AS early as the close of the Sixteenth Century, the great city began to assume something of the aspect it bears at the present day. Sixtus V., a man of energy and common sense, though he had little respect for antique art, did not hesitate to give Fontana a free hand in the demolition of masterpieces of the past, and even contemplated, it is said, the conversion of the Colosseum into a factory and hospice for the poor. The most important new thoroughfares made in Rome in the time of the Renaissance were the Via Alessandrina of the Borgo, the Via Giulia, the Corso, the Via Leonina, now the Via Ripetta with those known as the Pia, Paolina, Gregoriana and Sistina, the Via dei Banchi and the Via dei Coronari. At the close of the century the Piazza del Popolo was still an irregular square and in its centre were two troughs, one in which the women did their washing, the other for cattle and horses to drink from.

The various changes in the government of Rome brought no real reprieve to the ruins of antiquity. The pedestal for the statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol was made of a block of marble from an architrave of Trajan's Forum; the stone for the Porta Santa and the pavement in S. Mari dell' Anima came from the same quarry; and much of the

granite used in the church of S. Andrea della Valle from the pillars of the Porticus of Pompey. The stone of the Monument to the Dukes of Melfi in S. Maria del Popolo came from the cornice of the Thermæ of Agrippa, the escutcheon of Pius IV. above the Porta Pia was cut from a colossal capital found beneath the Palazzo della Valle. The lion in the vestibule of the Villa Medici is hewn in marble from the Temple of Jupiter; the travertine blocks of the Acqua Virgo near the Collegio Romano supplied the whole of the materials for the little Church of S. Antonius erected on the site of the ancient S. Ignazio; the doors of the Porta del Popolo were made of blocks of stone from a neighbouring tomb on the Via Flaminia; the green marble columns of the central loggia of the Palazzo Farnese were taken from the ancient Thermæ of the Aquæ Albulæ; the breccia columns of the high altar of S. Rocco came from the Palace of Cæsar on the Palatine; the façade of S. Niccolo de' Lorenzi was built of travertine from the stadium of Domitian; the two columns set up by Alexander VII. at the entrance to the Pantheon came from the Thermæ of Alexander Severus, whilst the plinths on which they stand are from the Arcus Pietatis. For repairing the Obelisks on the Campus Martius the antique granite columns of Antoninus were turned to account; the Cortile of the Church of S. Teodoro was paved with porphyry found in the Emporium on the Aventine, which also supplied the serpentine and tufa used in building the Ripetta harbour. In his restoration of the Arch of Constantine Clement XI. used pieces of the cornice

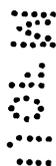
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PALAZZO DORIA

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of an ancient basilica ; the Piazza del Campidoglio on the Capitol was paved with blocks of travertine from the Pantheon, and the Forum of Veii supplied the beautiful Ionic columns of the hall of the Palazzo delle Colonne, whilst the Cappella Falconieri in S. Giovanni de' Fiorentini was adorned with marble from the Temple of Veii. The southern tower of the wall of the town on the left bank of the Tiber was originally built of alabaster blocks from the neighbouring emporium, but the tower was later taken down that its materials might be used in the decoration of the Altar in the Raphael Chapel in the Pantheon, where the great painter was buried.

Instances of similar sacrilege might be multiplied, but enough has been said to explain alike the paucity of antique remains in Rome and the beauty of the material of so many of its modern buildings.

Very few ruins dating from the century under notice remain in Rome itself, but we know that it was chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon and the Church of S. Maria Sopra Minerva that foreigners congregated. The Albergo dell' Orso which is still in existence was the resort of distinguished prelates and nobles, when they visited the Capitol on business of their own, not as guests of the Pope.

The greatest master of the Decadence was undoubtedly Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, whose chief architectural work was the Colonnades of Saint Peter, which in their airy lightness and simplicity contrast most favourably with anything else from his hand. He was also celebrated as a sculptor,

but in his plastic work his faults were even more evident than in his architectural designs. His Saint Theresa in the Church of S. Maria della Vittoria is a notable instance of the want of repose in his work, whilst the Baldacchino above the High Altar of Saint Peter's, illustrates the extent to which he carried meaningless decoration. He designed the Palazzo di Montecitorio and the angels on the Ponte S. Angelo, the Fontane del Tritone on the Piazza Barberini and the Central Fountain in the Piazza Navona with the four river gods representing the Danube, Ganges, Nile and Rio de la Plata.

During the pontificate of Paul V. an architect who achieved some little celebrity—Flaminio Ponzio—built a Chapel in S. Maria Maggiore for the Borghese family, which was intended to rival in beauty of decoration the famous Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, but the contrast between the two is as marked as that between the Renaissance and the Decadence as a whole. A little later Giovanni Fontana aided by Maderno, erected the fine Fontana Paolina, and at about the same time Onorio Longhi began the National Church of the Lombards, S. Carlo al Corso, the heavy tasteless façade of which was not added until the end of the century.

It was between 1660 and 1700 that the greater number of the palaces which transformed Papal Rome into a modern city were built, such as the Palazzi Borghese, Barberini, Altieri, Colonna, Doria, Bolognetti (Torlonia), Sciarra, Mattei d'Aste (Rinuccini, Bonaparte), Albani,

Pamphili, Chigi, Corsini, Madame, Salviati, di Spagna and Rospighosi, for all of which antique materials were used, the building of the last-named on the site of the Thermæ of Constantine completing the destruction of that unique relic of the past.

Simultaneously with the many new palaces rose numerous churches, notably the vast S. Carlo ai Catinari (so named after the numerous makers of catini or earthenware dishes living in its neighbourhood), after the designs of Rosati, the dome of which is one of the loftiest in Rome; given to it until after the so-called victory of the White Hill; S. Agnese, designed by the pupil of Bernini, Francesco Borromini, who also built the Convent once belonging to the Oratorians but now used as a law-court adjoining the Chiesa Nuova; the central Nave of the restored Lateran Basilica, in the supporting pillars of which he skilfully enclosed the ancient columns; one of the façades of the Palazzo Barberini and of the propaganda, or official residence of the Cardinals.

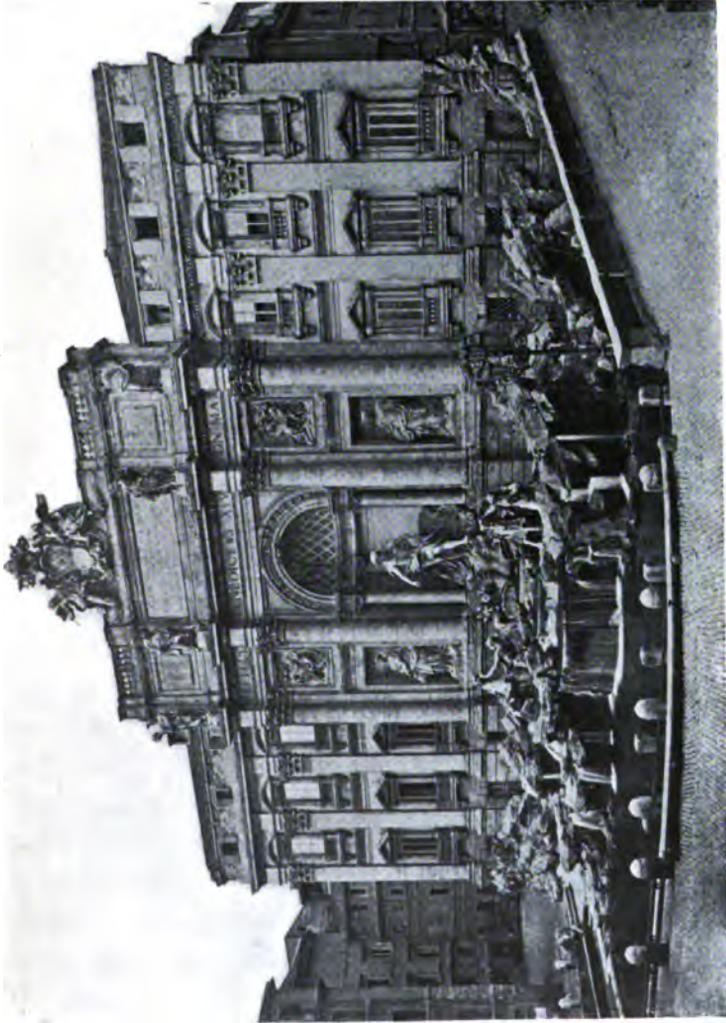
Pietro da Cortona, the celebrated painter and decorator of Florence—also worked a good deal in Rome and designed the beautiful façade of S. Maria della Pace, whilst the less well-known Rainaldi, a native of Rome, was the architect of the Palazzi Altieri, Papazzurri, and Colonna, and Carlo Maderno of the greater part of that complex group of buildings known as the Palazzo Mattei.

In 1650, the Church of Martino ai Monti (near the Thermæ of Trajan), founded in the Ninth Century was

successfully restored, whilst Bernini began the building of the Palazzo di Montecitorio on the ruins of the Amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus, for the Ludovisi family, and also the beautiful Casino of the Villa Pamphili.

The building activity of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries was not sustained in the Eighteenth, and few indeed are the churches or residences dating from it, which are worthy to rank as works of Art. The Scala di Spagna, also called the Scala della Trinita, built after the designs of Specchi and De Sanctis is, however, a notable exception, as is also the principal façade of the restored Lateran Basilica, considered the best work of Alessandro Galileis, from one of the balconies of which the Pope formerly gave his benediction to the people on Ascension Day. The same architect designed the beautiful and richly decorated Cappella Corsini of the Lateran using in it four antique porphyry columns which he embodied in his own work with considerable skill. Other noteworthy alterations in celebrated buildings were the addition of a new façade by Fuga to the Church of S. Maria Maggiore and the conversion of the Choir into its present form by Altieri. Less successful were the alterations made in 1749 in the beautiful S. Maria degli Angeli of Michael Angelo by the breaking up of the vast central space with transepts by Vanvitelli.

To atone for these various tamperings with the designs of the master spirits of the Renaissance, Rome owes to the Eighteenth Century the beautiful Fontana di Trevi erected



FONTAIN OF TREVI

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THE RISE OF MODERN ROME 15

in 1735 by Clement XII after the designs of Nicola Salvi, and led by the Acqua Vergine which since supplied the Palazzo di Apostoli. It takes its name from the three openings provided for the archway of the water by Sixtus V. nearly two centuries before the fountain itself was built.

Cardinal Alessandro Albani, the friend and patron of Winckelmann, built the beautiful Villa near the present Piazza Spagna to house his fine collection of antiquities, etc., and laid out the picturesque gardens surrounding an extensive view of the Campagna and the Sabine Hills. The Villa passed not very long ago into the possession of the Turinona-Borghese family, its new master having paid no less than £100,000 for it and the art treasures it contains.

The most interesting buildings erected in the Eighteenth Century which bear mention here, were the Palazzo Borghese, Braccio and Villa Borghese. The first of the Borghese buildings named after Cardinal Borghese was built the site of an earlier building mentioned in 1522. The second was built in 1672 for Duke Braccio, nephew of Pope IV, and the third in 1682 for Clement XII.

The first part of the present century was marked chiefy by the collection of antiquities and a programme of art in progress all that was left of the Empire Rome had seen which were for the creation of new places of interest. In connection with this work the names of Winckelmann, Piazzi, Baron Stieglitz, Canova, Canova and Thorvaldsen have to be mentioned and such were a few

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in 1735 by Clement XII. after the designs of Nicola Salvi, and fed by the Acqua Vergine which once supplied the Thermæ of Agrippa. It takes its name from the three openings provided for the outflow of the water by Nicholas V. nearly two centuries before the fountain itself was built.

Cardinal Alessandro Albani, the friend and patron of Winckelmann, built the beautiful villa near the modern Porta Salaria to house his fine collection of sculptures, etc., and laid out the picturesque gardens commanding an extensive view of the Campagna and the Sabine Hills. This Villa passed not very long ago into the possession of the Torlonia Borghese family, its new owner having paid no less than £125,000 for it and the art treasures it contains.

The only other important buildings erected in the Eighteenth Century which need mention here, were the Palazzi Gabrielli, Braschi, and della Consulta; the first on the Monte Giordano named after Gabrielli Giordano rises from the site of an earlier building mentioned by Dante; the second was built by Morelli for Duke Braschi, nephew of Pius VI., and the third by Fuga for Clement XII.

The first half of the present century was occupied rather in the collection of antiquities and a praiseworthy effort to preserve all that was still left of Imperial Rome, to leave much time for the erection of new palaces or churches. In connection with this work, the names of Winckelmann, Piranesi, Raphael Mengs, Camuccini, Canova and Thorwaldsen deserve special mention, and much credit is also

due to the French, who, during the occupation lasting from 1809-1814, successfully carried out many important excavations. Between 1811 and 1814, much of the Forum Romanum was laid bare and the various museums founded for the reception of the art-treasures brought to light grew in importance and also in educational value. Of these the Museo Chiaramonti and the Braccio Nuova of the Vatican were among the most important.

Other noteworthy events of the first part of the Nineteenth Century, were the laying out of the suburbs on the Pincio after the plan of Valadier, the destruction by fire of the noble Basilica of S. Paolo fuori le mura and the foundation in 1829 of the Archæological Institute on the Capitol.

A fresh impetus was given to building activity in Rome by Pius IX., but unfortunately he was too fond of spoiling the simplicity of the early churches by the addition of gaudy decoration more suitable to the reception rooms of palaces than to the sacred survivals of the past. In the restoration of San Lorenzo fuori le mura, between 1864 and 1867, for instance, the old frescoes of the entrance portico were painted over, whilst new mural paintings were added inside the beautiful old church.

S. Prassede, S. Maria in Trastevere, S. Maria sopra Minerva, S. Niccola in Carcere were also restored during the same pontificate, not altogether wisely but too well. To make up, however, for much that the lover of early Christian Rome cannot fail to regret, attention was now directed, notably through the initiative of Giambattista De

Rossi and other archæologists, chiefly German, to the priceless relics of Christian Art in the Catacombs, the thorough examination of which may justly be said to have marked our epoch in church history and to have been the germ of the many beautiful publications on the subject of Christian Art, which have enriched the literature of our own day.

It was in 1861 that the first railway in Rome was opened and the great Central Station on the Piazza delle Terme rose up to usher in the modern era of progress which bids fair to witness the welding into one of the past and present, and the rising up of the Phoenix of the truly Eternal City to begin once again a new life under totally new auspices.

It was in that year 1861, that Napoleon III. bought for 250,000 francs, from the ex-king of Naples, Francesco II., the so-called Orti-Farnese, or Farnese Gardens on the Palatine and inaugurated a systematic excavation of the site of Cæsar's mighty Palace under the able guidance of Pietro Rosa, a work continued by Victor Emmanuel, when the far-famed site was bought back by the Italian Government for 650,000 francs.

Between 1850 and 1853 the whole of the Via Appia, justly called the Queen of Streets, was excavated as far as the eleventh mile-stone. The researches of Lunghi Canina, who had much to do with this important work, confirmed the results arrived at by Fea, Valadier, Becker, Platner and Bunsen, and his publications were in their turn supple-

mented by those of Mommsen, Dutert, Jordan, Richter, Reber, Lanciani, Hülsen and others too numerous to name.

Canina also supplemented the further excavations on the Forum, which had been begun by Carlo Fea in 1803, and which resulted between that date and 1840 in the laying bare of the Arch of Severus, the Column of Phocas, the Clivus Capitolinus with its temples, and part of the Basilica Julia.

After the transference of the Seat of Government to Rome in 1870, the various excavations already begun were carried on with fresh energy and method, and in spite of the ever increasing demand for new streets and houses, the Municipal Authorities—to their honour be it said—did not, in spite of all the charges brought against them, lose sight of the fact that their responsibilities as heirs of the great traditions of the past were no less onerous than were those as guardians of the health and prosperity of the teeming population of the present. Six new bridges were thrown across the Tiber—the Ponte Margherita, Ponte di Ripetta, Ponte Umberto, Ponte Vittorio Emmanuele, Ponte Garibaldi, and Ponte Palatino; that the Ponte S. Angelo was restored and lengthened, whilst the Ponte Sisto was widened. Under Victor Emmanuel the Via Nazionale, connecting the new suburbs on the east with the Corso, became the chief artery of the city.

Several old convents are now converted into Government offices whilst a few handsome new buildings were erected such as the residences of the Ministers of War and Finance,

both in the Via Venti Settembre; the Barracks of the Carabinieri on the Prati di Castello; the Banca d' Italia, and the Galleria d' Arte Moderna, both on the Via Nazionale. Of the quite modern churches S. Gioacchino, S. Antonio di Padova and the Sacro Cuore di Gesu are perhaps the best. In addition to these are two Protestant places of worship—the English Church in the Via del Babuino and the American in the Via Nazionale. In spite of the many edicts against the religious communities of Rome and the suspension of many monasteries, the vitality of the various Catholic brotherhoods was far too great for them to suffer permanent eclipse and many new buildings connected with them have risen up, amongst which the finest are the Jesuit Collegio Massimo, on the Piazza delle Terme, the Franciscan Monastery in the Via Merulana and the Benedictine Abbey of S. Anselmo in the Aventine.

The streets old and new have also been enriched with the statues of various great men of the past and present, including that of Cola di Rienzi on the Capitol; those of the Brothers Cairoli on the Pincio; Pietro Metastasio on the Piazza S. Silvestro; that of Giordani Bruno on the Campo de Fiori; of Terenzio Mamiani on the Piazza Sforza-Cesarini and of Camillo Cavour on the Piazza named after him. The memory of Guiseppe Garibaldi is kept green in the chief city of the land for which he did so much, by a colossal equestrian statue on the summit of the Janiculum, which was unveiled on September 20th, 1895, just twenty-five years after the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Rome.

In honour of that monarch himself a vast marble monument is erected on the Pincio, designed by Count Guiseppe Sacconi.

Many quaint and narrow streets of the ancient city have disappeared, their place having been taken by broad thoroughfares leading down to the numerous bridges. This has been notably the case with the unsavoury quarter formerly inhabited by the Jews, to which the name of the Ghetto has been given. The vast new districts, many of them miniature towns in themselves, have now all but completely filled in the once lonely and deserted Trastiburtine meadows, as well as the site of the world famous Villa Ludovisi between S. Maria Maggiore and the Lateran, the Thermæ of Diocletian and the eastern wall of the town, stretching away beyond the Porta Pia, Porta Salaria, Porta S. Lorenzo to Monte Testaccio and Trastevere.

As for the houses, whether public or private, the churches, the monuments, etc., which date from later than 1870, there is scarcely one which can be truly said to add anything to the beauty of the city they rather encumber than adorn. Add to this the fact that such mediæval structures as the convents and cloisters of many thrilling memories, which were respected and venerated as long as the Pope retained his power in Rome, have now been converted into barracks or turned to account for other secular purposes, and little more need be said to prove how tragic and pathetic to the lover of Old Rome has, in many instances, been the transition from the old to the new.

ROMAN LIFE AND CHARACTER

F. MARION CRAWFORD

ROME may be regarded by the foreigner from two very opposite points of view, namely, as a place to visit and as a place to live in. The tourist who comes to see what he can in a given time is one kind of person, the individual who for reasons of his own elects to reside for any period in the capitol of Italy is quite another. The one comes, sees and conquers a certain number of sights, rejoicing in the versatility of his own comprehension, and paying for the use of the kaleidoscope at a fixed rate, so to speak; the other comes, pitches his tent, and in the course of time is incorporated into the life of the city, himself an object of curiosity to foreigners. The tourist deserves credit for his laudable attempt to enlarge his views, but it is hard for him, if not impossible, to understand even the rudiments of the Roman social and political situation. Rome is one of the best abused cities in Europe. It is impossible to mention it without eliciting the two standard remarks which everybody has ready: "It is fatally unhealthy, and it has been ruined by the modernizing improvements it is now undergoing." The ruin referred to is of an artistic kind, and any judgment passed upon it must necessarily be subject to individual taste; but the popular pre-

vailing opinion concerning the health of the city is a palpable libel.

Rome has always stood among the great cities which have the lowest death rates. Roman fever is a sort of red rag wherewith it is possible to bait the foreign bull to the verge of distraction; the very name is misunderstood, for what is commonly called by foreigners the "Roman fever" is the typhoid, which it is generally allowed may be contracted elsewhere; whereas the "*perniciosa*," which the Romans themselves dread, and which sometimes kills its victims in a couple of hours, is a malady that hardly ever attacks any but natives. It is neither contagious, nor infectious, but purely sporadic. It is an easy matter to be well in Rome. Eat and drink well—the Romans eat more meat than any people in Italy—live anywhere except in a house built against a hill and wear flannels, or at all events carry an overcoat upon your arm if you are likely to be out after sunset. Avoid violent exertion on the one hand and laziness on the other; in other words, try to live as Romans live, and you will assuredly enjoy good health in Rome; but avoid Rome in August, September and the beginning of October. Rome is a very desirable place of residence for persons with a fixed income and few ties. There is a wide choice open to every one as regards expenditure and society; above all, Rome is a city where it is possible to live in absolute independence, in seclusion, if need be, without annoyance. An Englishman may live in Rome for years and not be called

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to speak to any one of his own nationality, an advantage which cannot be over-estimated by a race of men who systematically avoid each other when away from home. Take a furnished lodging west of the Corso, or else far up in the new quarter towards St. John Lateran, where the houses are newer and cleaner, but less healthy, hire a couple of North Italian servants, and do not nail your visiting card upon your door, and I will venture to say that you could not be more completely isolated if you were Robinson Crusoe on a South Sea island, or boycotted on an Irish farm. Stay in town until July or August if you do not mind the heat, and keep away until October or November, and unless you rashly expose yourself to the chilly damp at sunset or overheat yourself in the insane idea that violent exercise is necessary for your health, or starve yourself in order to look like a bilious Italian poet, you will never be ill.

But, if you take a house in the new quarter, satisfy yourself about the drainage. The old part of the city is rendered healthy by the immense quantity of pure water and by the ventilation of the streets and sewers produced by the very rapid current of the Tiber; the new quarters are less plentifully supplied with water, and are far removed from the river. The native Roman prefers the portion of the city included in the irregular figure of which the northern extremity is at the Piazza del Popolo, the southern at the Capitol, while the western side follows the river from about the island of St. Bartholomew to the Passeggiato di Ripetta.

The tourist in Rome necessarily occupies himself far more with things than with people. He comes to Rome primed with a certain amount of classical learning or information hastily acquired from the guide-book. Armed at all points with preconceived ideas as to the history and topography of the city, the relative interest and beauty of the points he promises himself to visit, the unity of Italy, the relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican, and the greatness of the late General Garibaldi, he passes a few weeks very pleasantly in verifying the accuracy of the opinions he had formed before coming to Rome, and comfortably rejoices in the certain knowledge that his own religious and political persuasions, whatever they may be, have been strengthened and consolidated by what he has seen and learned of Church and State. If he escapes the fever, he will ever afterwards speak of his month of Rome in glowing terms; if not, he will never cease to anathematize the country, the climate and the people.

Of the people themselves, however, he will have seen almost nothing, having been brought into daily contact only with a class of persons who get their living from him and his kind. If he has made any acquaintances during his short stay, they have probably been formed among people of his own nationality, or, at all events, among non-Italians. It is next to impossible for him to have obtained access to the intimacy of Roman family life. The Roman is hospitable, but tenacious of his privacy. He loves his shirt-sleeves like other Italians. He is fond of appearances,

but does not think it necessary that they should be perpetually maintained provided he avoids being seen by a stranger when he has laid them aside. In France, in Germany, in England, in most of the great cities of Europe, a stranger will find many families of excellent social position, who, for a consideration, will receive him amongst themselves at once as a lodger and as an acquaintance, but there is none of this in Rome. The foreigner who lives in lodgings catches occasional glimpses of an untidy landlady, and has ample opportunities for acquainting himself with the strongest words in the Italian language. His landlord's family use them all in every variety and quality of altercation, from morning till night, on the landing, in the kitchen, and in the "cortile." But there his experience of Italian family life begins and ends.

As for the expense of living in Rome, it may be fairly said that the question of rent is the one of most importance. A bachelor who lives in a couple of rooms would have no difficulty in being extremely comfortable upon £200 during nine months of the year. The rent of rooms varies from about £3 to £10 monthly, but excellent lodgings can always be had for £5. The permanent resident, however, should always take an unfurnished apartment; a very large suite of rooms, comprising the second floor of a palace or other extensive building, with attics, can generally be had for from 5,000 to 8,000 francs yearly, at from three to five years' lease (£200 to £320). The cost of furniture will always be found to be covered by difference of rent

after four years. Generally, I should say that a family of four or five persons can live for nine months of the year in Rome in great comfort for £1,000, and in considerable luxury for £2,000. As regards servants the North Italians are cleaner, more exact, and less talkative than the southern people; but the southerners are more faithful, more gentle, and far more willing. There are dishonest servants here as elsewhere, and as the foreigner is especially defenseless, he is more likely to hire them, and consequently abuses the whole race as liars and thieves, which they are not. I need hardly say more about the expense or manner of living. Italian cookery is not generally to the taste of Englishmen, but there are plenty of good cooks in Rome. Eating is after all a matter of taste. I have heard Greeks bitterly lamenting over the *Kartoffel Knodel*, the *suppenfleisch*, and the *compotes* of Bavaria, and I have seen Russians putting caviare and sweet pastry into a *consommé à la Reine* at Voisin's. Sir William Thompson has seen aldermen in London swallowing the common conger-eel of commerce in the full and satisfactory belief that they were eating turtle soup. How then can any philosopher find it in his heart to inveigh against the macaroni, the roast kid and the wild boar of Rome? The foreigner is not obliged to go and eat stewed porcupine at the Falcone, nor to devour artichokes fried in oil with garlic at the inn of Abramone, the Jew of the Ghetto.

What is much more important to the foreigner is a knowledge of the elements which compose the Roman

world. Broadly speaking, these are three in number, comprising three distinct species of humanity: the Roman, the Italian and the foreigner. Prior to 1870, the Italian (as the Roman himself calls him) was an unknown component; there was a Roman society and a foreign society, and the two had many points of contact. The dominating foreign element was French, and the relations between the latter and the Romans was very close, if not always very sincere. The French have ceased to play an important part in Roman politics, and their place is taken, and more also, by the Italians.

It must be borne in mind that, if we except Greece, Italy is the most democratic kingdom in Europe. The powers of the King are less than those of the Queen of England, far less, of course, than those wielded by the President of a great Republic like France or the United States. The suffrage is now greatly extended, and the representatives are frequently men risen from the lowest orders.

In Rome, the Roman is patriarchal in his mode of life. The Italian is extremely modern in his habits and the foreigner is nomadic. Patriarchal conservatism grows at innovation, and modern advanced civilization laughs heartily at the Fifteenth Century habits that come to his notice. As for the resident stranger, he may choose between the two, according to circumstances or to his tastes. The white party are incomparably more amusing, more gay, and more ready to receive strangers into their circles; the blacks are unquestionably more serious, more

in earnest, and far more interesting, as representing a class of men and women now quickly disappearing from the face of the earth, a thoroughly old, blue-blooded, prejudiced nobility, ready to die for their religion, their blood and their prejudices. Of course, the consequences of so broad a distinction are carried into the diplomatic body, for there are missions to the Vatican as well as to the Quirinal, and it is one of the most amusing points in Roman society to watch the relations between foreign ministers and secretaries, often intimate friends and even relations, who are supposed to be officially unaware of each other's existence.

To form a just idea of Roman society, it is necessary to understand the Roman character, and that is not an easy matter. It is not enough to know the mere names of the parties, their attitude towards each other and the political occurrences which have led to partisanship. This would explain much, perhaps, but it could not account for the tone of what one hears. The Roman is essentially a grumbler, a conservative, a *laudator temporis acti*; a lover of peace, not for its own sake, but because it gives so little trouble; an artist by his gifts and a loungeur by preference; ready to jest at other people's failures, and averse to attempting anything lest he should "compromise himself," as he calls it; possessing a keen wit, of which the main-spring is the belief that failure is ridiculous and must be laughed at; hating and even fearing a fight when he is calm, but reckless to madness if once roused; a good actor; a poor conspirator; patient from indifference and a

certain inertness; forgiving an enemy until seventy times seven, rather than take the trouble of seriously hating him, but withal, in extreme cases, a good hater and a good lover. The Roman is honest in a way of his own; that is to say, he will tell you the truth unless you press him too hard with importunate inquiries, or unless he thinks it would be very unpleasant to you to hear it. Tax him with an untruth in such cases, and he will shrug his shoulders a little and demand why you asked so many questions, or else he will say with a laugh that he did not wish "to disappoint you," and therefore told you a fib. But the same man would not be guilty of the smallest prevarication for his own advantage. There are, indeed, many Romans, some of them in high positions too, who would be incapable of any untruth whatever; but I am speaking of the great majority of the people, and I will venture to say that they are as honest as an equal number of men in any other country, where the average gentleman is scrupulous in telling his friend the precise number of birds he has shot, but will deceive his tailor to any extent in his power. The Roman is a conservative in all his ways; but he is so much given to grumbling that he is never quite satisfied. His conservatism extends to his household, to his native city, to his ideas upon education and social conditions, even to matters of religion; but from time immemorial it has been impossible to satisfy the Roman people in the matter of government. Under kings they hankered after a republic; with a republic they longed for a despot; weary of despots

they tried what was practically an aristocratic oligarchy; from thence to the ill-fated dictatorship of Rienzi; next they were under a religious autocracy, then again a republic of short duration; more Papal supremacy; now a democratic constitutional monarchy; and during fully half of our era they have played fast and loose with German Imperialism. Truly they have tried a goodly variety of governments, and have never been satisfied with any from the days of Tarquin to the rule of Humbert I. Even now there are dreams of a republic abroad, and many a Roman, hobnobbing with a friend over a glass of red Marino, will look at the wine and whisper the words: "*La vogliamo rossa!*" (We would have it red)—not the wine, though, for the feminine adjective agrees with "*repubblica*," understood.

I have said that the true Roman is conservative in his mode of life, even to being patriarchal. He is not apt to change his habits, his friends, or his favourite dishes. He likes to live in his own house, with his married brothers, his married children, and, by-and-by, his grandchildren, under his roof. He likes to employ the same servants for a lifetime and pension them when they are superannuated. They are trustworthy people who will not tattle with the servants of his lifelong enemy in the next street. He grumbles at everything, but changes nothing. Nothing is so good as it was in his youth, nothing so cheap, nothing so thorough. The aged prince has daily bickerings, quarrels and reconciliations with his aged steward, flavoured with

mutual recriminations that would be impossible anywhere else. Save for the matters discussed these wranglings differ in no wise from the regular disagreements and treaties of peace which follow each other with the utmost regularity in the home of old Aristide Rossi, the retired shoemaker, when Felice, the maid-of-all-work, brings in her daily account for oil, charcoal and bread.

In matters of religion, the Roman is decidedly devout. One need only go into one of the parish churches, such as Sant' Andrea della Valle or Sant' Agostino, to see that religion in Rome is a reality. Men go to early mass, and go gladly, in great numbers. Nevertheless, to the foreigner, the Roman seems to treat sacred things with a familiarity not altogether respectful. A Roman is as much at home in a church as in his own family, and to the superficial observer he appears to be lacking in reverence. He handles the chairs in a free-and-easy way, looks at everything and everybody, and converses in an undertone with his neighbour. He is critical of the way in which the services are performed, and expresses his approbation or censure without hesitating. But he has a great respect for religion, and brings up his children according to the Church, as he expresses it. Not to receive the sacraments of his faith at the important periods of his life would be intolerable to him. Not to be baptized, confirmed, married in church, confessed before dying, and buried in holy ground, seems to him like a violation of the laws of nature. And this is true, not only of the average individual, who goes to mass every Sun-

day, and is otherwise exact in the performance of prescribed duties.

Such, on the whole, is the character of the Roman, of the great majority of individuals whom the stranger meets in the street ; and with all his faults he is pleasant to deal with, and very civil to foreigners. True, his prices for *forstieri* are a trifle higher than for others, but he need not be blamed for that. Make the experiment of going to a great shop in Piccadilly or Regent Street in a gorgeous carriage, with footmen and powder—if you have such a conveyance at your disposal,—and buy some simple article. Note the price, and return the next day, quietly dressed and on foot, and ask for the same thing. You will pay thirty per cent. less for it. How, then, can you blame the Roman for charging according to accent as well as according to liveries ? He does a small business, and is not rich ; he would be poorer still if he could not pick up a little from the rich foreigners who visit him in the winter. And should not the foreigner be willing to pay something for the climate ? Surely.

SOCIAL LIFE

E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S.

NO matter how poor a fashionable Italian family may be, no outward sign of their lack of means will ever be observable. They may live in the meanest of apartments, poorly furnished and inadequately heated; they may even go without proper food, but they will always appear in expensive clothing, the head of the house will frequent the most fashionable *cafés*, and when milady shows herself in the park in the afternoon it is in her own carriage with two smartly liveried servants on the box. Foreigners frequently comment on the fact that women of the upper classes are never seen in the tramcars and seldom on foot. If a woman of position cannot afford a carriage, she will remain at home.

In illustration of this inherent love of luxury and display, I remember an incident told me by an American gentleman who took an apartment in Rome. In ascending to his flat, he frequently met a servant belonging to the establishment above him going up or down the stairs carrying the pair of carriage doors. Inquiry revealed the fact that three somewhat impecunious Italian families having apartments in the *Palazzo* shared a carriage between them, but each had its own doors emblazoned with the family coat of arms in order

to make their friends believe that they all possessed their own equipages.

To be convinced of the universal use of the carriage in Rome, one has only to visit the Pincian Gardens during the two hours preceding sunset, when they are crowded with the carriages of the Roman aristocracy. It is here that the Roman ladies follow the curious custom of paying and receiving visits in their carriages, the area of this famous park being so limited that the horses can seldom be driven faster than a walk. The scarlet liveries of the royal family are frequently to be seen on the Pincio during the season. The King usually drives a smart pair to a mail phaeton, the royal equipage being easily distinguished by the cloud of police agents on bicycles in which it is enveloped. The Italian's object in owning a carriage is not so much the convenience of getting about as the necessity for showing oneself in the park at the fashionable hour.

The Pincian Gardens on an afternoon in the height of the season present a scene of brilliance and interest unsurpassed in Europe. Four times in the week a military band plays in the white band stand under the palm trees. Under the blue Italian skies, in the radiance of a semi-tropical sun all classes of Roman society take an outing here in the afternoons, especially of a Sunday. Occasionally, a cardinal's closed barouche with black horses and servants in sombre liveries passes rapidly by; Capuchin monks in sandals, priests in cassocks and strange shovel hats, students



PINCIAN GARDENS

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from the foreign religious colleges and from the Propaganda, some in black and some in red gowns, in violet, in purple and in blue; bearded priests of the Greek Church, peasants from the Campagna and the Abruzzi, looking, in the quaint native garb, for all the world as if they had stepped from off the stage; Ambassadors of foreign powers driving in gorgeous carriages; Italian troops of all arms and in many uniforms, conspicuous among them the "*Bersaglieri reali*"—the famous rifle regiment that marches only at the double—their faces half hidden by the huge tufts of cocks' feathers that depend from their leather hats: all these and more make up a scene ever changing, never monotonous, calling to mind the words of Goethe, who said "that his visit to Rome was the most beautiful and interesting voyage of his youth."

The theatre in Italy is a thoroughly social institution. In the larger playhouses the majority of the boxes are the freehold property of private individuals, who, when there are performances, occupy them every evening and receive their friends in them as they would in their own homes, a visit to a lady in her box being considered equivalent to a formal call at her house. A curious sight is presented during the intermission by the men in the stalls standing up, turning round, and surveying the occupants of the boxes through their glasses. Gentlemen do not remove their hats until the rise of the curtain, replacing them immediately it falls. Italians have the unpleasant habit of giving a humming ac-

companionment to the opera singer, and even during the action of plays a low toned conversation is general among the audience.

The great fault of the Italian upper class is its dislike for work. Your Italian aristocrat is the best loafer in the world, for he thoroughly enjoys loafing, and never becomes *ennuyé*. A typical young man of fashion passes his time somewhat like this: He takes his coffee in bed, rises late, and spends what is left of the morning lounging about his club or in one of the fashionable chemist's shops, which are largely used as *rendez-vous* by people of rank. Just before luncheon he adjourns with a party of friends to a "*liquoristi*" for his "*bicchierino*," or appetizer, the hours from twelve to two being generally spent in the particular *café* affected by the set to which he belongs.

The afternoon is taken up with calls on ladies of his acquaintance, with perhaps a stroll or drive in the public park. Sunset finds him again at his accustomed table in the *café* for his "*granita*," or half frozen lemonade, which, with pastries of various sorts, takes the place of tea. Dinner is usually at six, the time between its conclusion and the theatre being put in at the club, which is usually crowded at that hour, while the evening is spent in the club box at the opera or the play. After the theatre there is another visit to a restaurant, and then high play at *écarté* or baccarat generally ensues until the small hours of the morning, for every Italian is a born gambler.

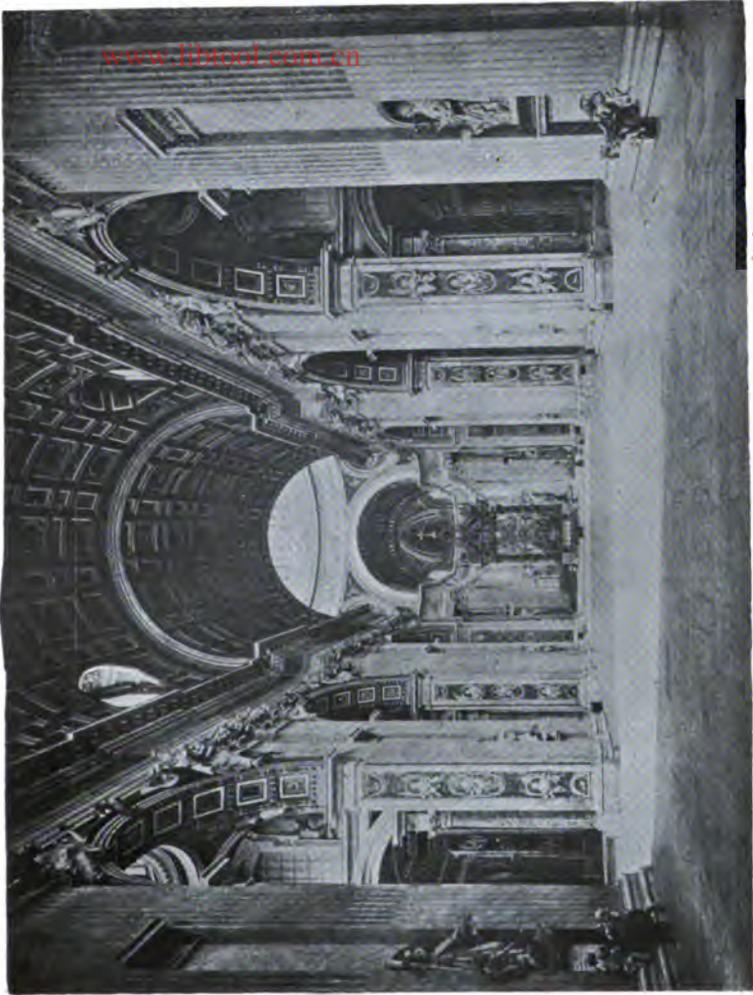
The Italian cares little for the comfort or beauty of his

home. A large part of his life is passed out of his house, on the streets, at the *café*, the club, or the theatre, and hence he has slight inclination to spend either time or money in making his home comfortable or pleasant.

CHARLES DICKENS

A SHORT ride brought us to Ronciglione ; a little town like a large pigstye, where we passed the night. Next morning at seven o'clock, we started for Rome.

As soon as we were out of the pigstye, we entered on the Campagna Romana ; an undulating flat (as you know), where few people can live ; and where, for miles and miles, there is nothing to relieve the terrible monotony and gloom. Of all kinds of country that could, by possibility, lie outside the gates of Rome, this is the aptest and fittest burial-ground for the Dead City. So sad, so quiet, so sullen ; so secret in its covering up of great masses of ruin, and hiding them ; so like the waste places into which the men possessed with devils used to go and howl, and rend themselves, in the old days of Jerusalem. We had to traverse thirty miles of this Campagna ; and for two-and-twenty we went on and on, seeing nothing but now and then a lonely house, or a villainous-looking shepherd : with matted hair all over his face, and himself wrapped to the chin in a frowsy brown mantle, tending his sheep. At the end of that distance, we stopped to refresh the horses, and to get some lunch, in a common malaria-shaken, despondent little public-house, whose every inch of wall and beam, inside,



ST. PETER'S (INTERIOR)

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was (according to custom) painted and decorated in a way so miserable that every room looked like the wrong side of another room, and, with its wretched imitation of drapery, and lop-sided little daubs of lyres, seemed to have been plundered from behind the scenes of some travelling circus.

When we were fairly going off again, we began, in a perfect fever, to strain our eyes for Rome; and when, after another mile or two, the Eternal City appeared, at length, in the distance; it looked like—I am half afraid to write the word—like LONDON!!! There it lay, under a thick cloud, with innumerable towers, and steeples, and roofs of houses, rising up into the sky, and high above them all, one Dome. I swear, that keenly as I felt the seeming absurdity of the comparison, it was so like London, at that distance, that if you could have shown it me, in a glass, I should have taken it for nothing else.

We entered the Eternal City, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, on the thirtieth of January, by the Porta del Popolo, and came immediately—it was a dark muddy day, and there had been heavy rain—on the skirts of the Carnival. We did not, then, know that we were only looking at the fag end of the masks, who were driving slowly round and round the Piazza, until they could find a promising opportunity for falling into the stream of carriages, and getting, in good time, into the thick of the festivity; and coming among them so abruptly, all travel-stained and weary, was not coming very well prepared to enjoy the scene.

We had crossed the Tiber by the Ponte Molle, two or three miles before. It had looked as yellow as it ought to look, and hurrying on between its worn-away and miry banks, had a promising aspect of desolation and ruin. The masquerade dresses on the fringe of the Carnival, did great violence to this promise. There were no great ruins, no solemn tokens of antiquity, to be seen;—they all lie on the other side of the city. There seemed to be long streets of commonplace shops and houses, such as are to be found in any European town; there were busy people, equipages, ordinary walkers to and fro; a multitude of chattering strangers. It was no more *my* Rome: the Rome of anybody's fancy, man or boy: degraded and fallen and lying asleep in the sun among a heap of ruins: than the Place de la Concorde in Paris is. A cloudy sky, a dull cold rain, and muddy streets, I was prepared for, but not for this: and I confess to having gone to bed, that night, in a very indifferent humour, and with a very considerably quenched enthusiasm.

Immediately on going out next day, we hurried off to St. Peter's. It looked immense in the distance, but distinctly and decidedly small, by comparison, on a near approach. The beauty of the Piazza, on which it stands, with its clusters of exquisite columns, and its gushing fountains—so fresh, so broad, and free, and beautiful—nothing can exaggerate. The first burst of the interior, in all its expansive majesty and glory: and, most of all, the looking up into the Dome: is a sensation never to be forgotten. But,

there were preparations for a Festa; the pillars of stately marble were swathed in some impertinent frippery of red and yellow; the altar, and entrance to the subterranean chapel: which is before it: in the centre of the church: were like a goldsmith's shop, or one of the opening scenes in a very lavish pantomime. And though I had as high a sense of the beauty of the building (I hope) as it is possible to entertain, I felt no very strong emotion. I have been infinitely more affected in many English cathedrals when the organ has been playing, and in many English country churches when the congregation have been singing. I had a much greater sense of mystery and wonder, in the Cathedral of San Marco at Venice.

When we came out of the church again (we stood nearly an hour staring up into the dome: and would not have "gone over" the Cathedral then, for any money), we said to the coachman, "Go to the Colosseum." In a quarter of an hour or so, he stopped at the gate, and we went in.

It is no fiction, but plain, sober, honest Truth, to say: so suggestive and distinct is it at this hour: that, for a moment—actually in passing in—they who will, may have the whole great pile before them, as it used to be, with thousands of eager faces staring down into the arena, and such a whirl of strife, and blood, and dust going on there, as no language can describe. Its solitude, its awful beauty, and its utter desolation, strike upon the stranger the next moment, like a softened sorrow; and never in his life, perhaps, will he be so moved and overcome by any sight, not

immediately connected with his own affections and afflictions.

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To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green; its corridors open to the day; the long grass growing in its porches; young trees of yesterday, springing up on its ragged parapets, and bearing fruit: chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds who build their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see its Pit of Fight filled up with earth, and the peaceful Cross planted in the centre; to climb into its upper halls, and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimus Severus, and Titus; the Roman Forum; the Palace of the Cæsars; the temples of the old religion, fallen down and gone; is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked wonderful old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight, conceivable. Never, in its bloodiest prime, can the sight of the gigantic Colosseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart, as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin. GOD be thanked: a ruin!

As it tops the other ruins: standing there, a mountain among graves: so do its ancient influences outlive all other remnants of the old mythology and old butchery of Rome, in the nature of the fierce and cruel Roman people. The Italian face changes as the visitor approaches the city; its beauty becomes devilish; and there is scarcely one coun-

tenance in a hundred, among the common people in the streets, ~~that would not be at home and happy in a renovated Colosseum to-morrow.~~

Here was Rome indeed at last ; and such a Rome as no one can imagine in its full and awful grandeur ! We wandered out upon the Appian Way, and then went on, through miles of ruined tombs and broken walls, with here and there a desolate and uninhabited house : past the Circus of Romulus, where the course of the chariots, the stations of the judges, competitors, and spectators, are yet as plainly to be seen as in old time : past the tomb of Cæcilia Metella : past all inclosure, hedge, or stake, wall or fence : away upon the open Campagna, where on that side of Rome, nothing is to be beheld but Ruin. Except where the distant Apennines bound the view upon the left, the whole wide prospect is one field of ruin. Broken aqueducts, left in the most picturesque and beautiful clusters of arches ; broken temples ; broken tombs. A desert of decay, sombre and desolate beyond all expression ; and with a history in every stone that strews the ground.

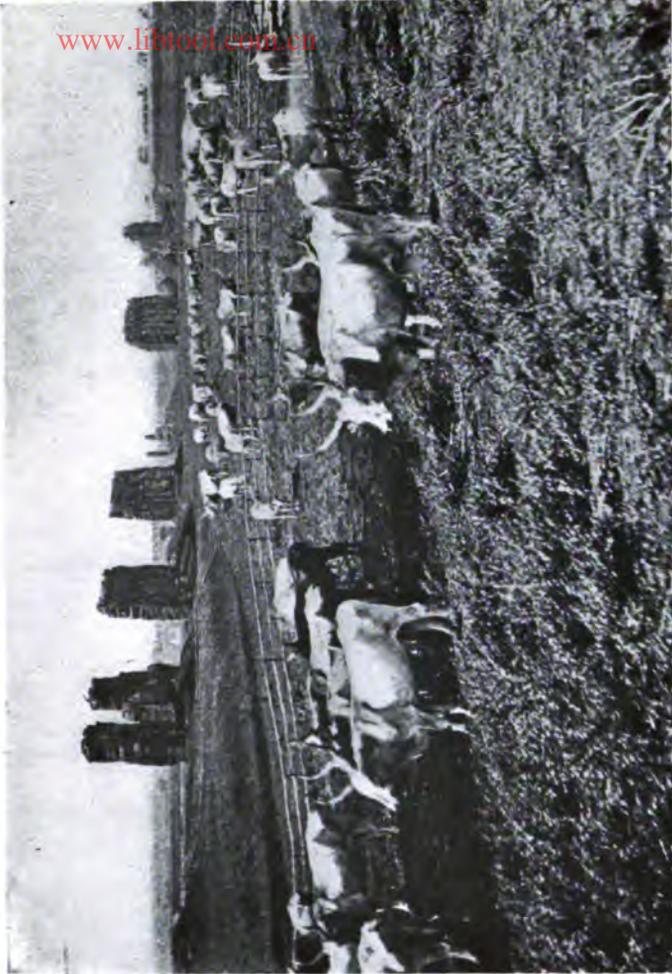
IN MAREMMA

OUIDA

EVERY road of the soil that she trod was full of Etruscan memories, but that she knew not.

Here had been Vulci and Toscania; here had been Tarquinii and its vast necropolis; here had been Cære and the Centum Cellæ; the melancholy Marta flowing through immense and silent meadows of the sea, the low sombre hills that rose and fell in monotonous sequence, and now revealed the belfries of Corneto, and now the blue waters by what had once been Gravisçæ, whilst on the eastward they rose higher and higher, and met the dark grey wall of the mighty Ciminian, half hidden in stormy clouds—all, all, had been Etruria Maritima, and beneath the mastic and the locust-tree, beneath the mat-grass of the moors, and the salt-rush of the marsh, there were cities and palaces, and ramparts, and labyrinths, and necropoles, with their buried treasures that never more would see the light of day.

But she knew nothing of this. She only saw a sad wild country that was unknown to her, vegetation that grew scantier and scantier at each step, green swamps that had a familiar look, and moorlands that looked endless, and had no living creature anywhere upon them save the meek and



CAMPAGNA

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melancholy buffalo and the wild mares and colts that here and there swept like a hurrying wind over the brown grasslands.

Rome, too, said nothing to her.

The name that alike the poet and the scholar, the devotee and the agnostic can never hear without emotion, to her had no meaning save as a place where her lover dwelt. In her childhood she had heard speak of Rome as of the city of the Holy Father, and had had vague fancies of it as of a great white throne set upon the everlasting hills, with walls of ivory and gates of gold, and all the angels as its ministers, and out it for ever a light like that of sunrise.

That had been her vision of it as a child.

Now she knew it was what men called a city: a place terrible to her as of meeting roofs and brawling crowds; a place where he lived, and living, forgot Maremma.

"Is it far, so very far to Rome?" she wondered, with a sinking heart and tired feet.

Saturnino had still chosen the inland instead of the seaward way; he still feared those watch-towers of the coast, the soldiery who were perpetually on vigil to seize the smugglers from the isles.

In lieu of descending to follow the Via Aurelia where it wound down a few miles off the coast, by Santa Marinella and Santa Severa and mediæval Palo, and the volcanic soil and the steep ravines by Cervetri, where the long avenues of cliff sepulchres are all that remain to show the site of Cære, and gaining so the mouth of Tiber to ascend the

stream in any boat that he might find by Fiumicino, he still struck across the country by cattle-tracks known alone to himself and wild men like him, and chose to leave the Maccarese morasses untrodden in his rear, and followed the course of the Aerone river, as far as the high cliffs up by forsaken Galera.

At this deserted rock-village he slept that night, the fifth night of his pilgrimage, and she, still unseen by him, climbed also in the twilight of the early autumn night, and there rested also as a hill-hare worn out with travel might have done.

Ere the light of daybreak had come over the green mountain of Rocca Romana in the east, he rose this night from his rough couch of stones, and broke his fast on dried goat's flesh and a draught from his flask of wine, and then began to descend the hills, using greater prudence and more wariness now that he neared Rome.

It was a fair morning, golden and light.

Over the Campagna away southward there were white mists that hovered longest where the Tiber rolled, but eastward on these rocks the woods were all alight with sunbeams, and the glancing streams ran sparkling through grasses, starred with dragon-flower and cyclamen, and shaded with heavy boughs of beech and chestnut.

Even in the strained, vague terror which filled her mind to the exclusion of any other emotion, a sense of the beauty of this morning smote her, and her eyes involuntarily dwelt upon the scene around her.

Before her some sixteen miles away, there was a dome that lifted itself from the circling mists and the green shadows of a great plain: a dome that looked blue as a hyacinth, ethereal as a shadow itself, against the clearness of the morning skies. The plain was the Roman Campagna, and the dome was the dome of San Pietro.

She did not know it, but dimly she divined it. Something of that ineffable thrill which comes to all who thus behold it moved her even in her ignorance.

"Yonder must be Rome," she thought, and knelt a moment on the grass, forgetting Saturnino.

The "Troy of Italy" lay behind them on its bare ground; but of this she knew nothing. Beyond that were the dark heights where the waters of Tivoli fall and the snow-line of the Sabine range; in front stretched the Campagna, broken here into narrow ravines, and with scattered groves of trees, whose golden leafage caught the sunshine of the early day as the morning broadened behind the frozen summit of the Leonessa, and over the once sacred oaks of Eleusinian Musino.

To her they were but such long heaving mountain lines, such hills, with barren sides and wooded summits, such downs and moors, with the yellow dragon's mouth, the amethyst-hued cyclamen, in their grass, as she had had always about her in autumn in Maremma. Even the tumuli and the tombs that often marked the way were familiar features in her home landscape. But that blue dome in the blue air afar off, that bell-flower which seemed

to hang downwards from the floating clouds, that was new, strange, marvellous ; that seemed to call her forward towards it ; that seemed to say to her "hasten, hasten, here is the city of God."

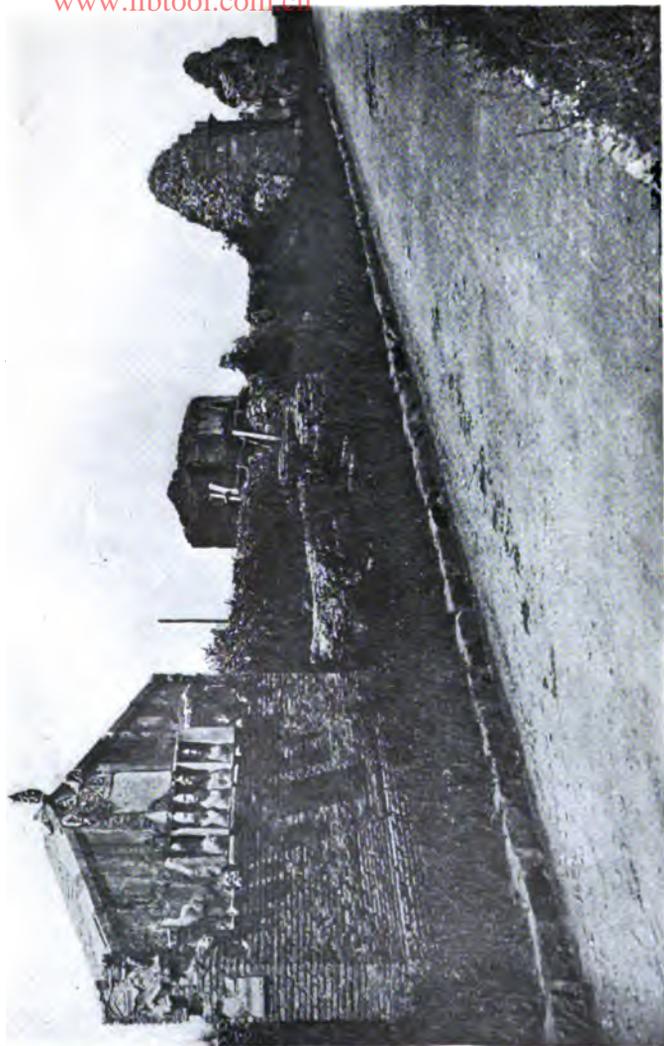
**THE APPIAN WAY AND TOMB OF
CAECILIA METELLA**

HUGH MACMILLAN

OF all the roads of ancient Rome the Via Appia was the oldest and most renowned. It was called by the Romans themselves the *regina viarum*, the "queen of roads." It was constructed by Appius Claudius the Blind, during the Samnite War, when he was Censor, three hundred and thirteen years before Christ, and led from Rome to Capua, being carried over the Pontine Marshes on an embankment. It was afterwards extended to Brindisi, the ancient seaport of Rome on the Adriatic, and became the great highway for travellers from Rome to Greece and all the eastern provinces of the Roman Empire. A curious link of connection may be traced between the modern Italian expression, when drinking to a person's health on leaving home "*far Brindisi*," and the distant termination of the Appian Way, suggestive, as of old, of farewell wishes for a prosperous journey and a speedy return to the parting guest. The way was paved throughout with broad hexagonal slabs of hard lava, exactly fitted to each other; and here and there along its course may still be seen important remains of it, which prove its excellent workmanship. This method of constructing roads was borrowed by the Romans from the Carthaginians, and

was tried for the first time on the Appian Way, all previous roads having been formed of sand and gravel. The greatest breadth of the road was about twenty-six feet between the curbstones; and on both sides were placed at intervals of forty feet, low columns, as seats for the travel-worn, and as helps in mounting on horseback. Distances of five thousand feet were marked by milestones, which were in the form of columnar shafts, elevated on pedestals with appropriate inscriptions. The physical wants of the traveller were provided for at inns judiciously disposed along the route; while his religious wants were gratified by frequent statues of Mercury, Apollo, Diana, Ceres, Hercules and other deities, who presided over highways and journeys, casting their sacred shadow over his path. Some of the stones of the pavement still show the ruts of the old chariot-wheels, and others are a good deal cracked and worn; but they are sound enough, probably to outlast the modern little cubes which have replaced them in some parts. A road formed in this most substantial manner for about two hundred miles, involving cuttings through rocks, filling up of hollows, bridging of ravines, and embanking of swamps, must have been an arduous and costly feat of engineering. Appius Claudius is said to have exhausted the Roman treasury in defraying the expenses of its construction. It was frequently repaired, owing to the heavy traffic upon it, by Julian, by Augustus, Vespasian, Domitian, Nerva, and very thoroughly by the Emperor Trajan. In some parts,

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THE APPIAN WAY



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where the soft ground had subsided, a second pavement was laid over the first; and in the Pontine Marshes we observe traces of no less than three pavements superimposed above each other to preserve the proper level.

For a considerable distance outside the Porta Capena, where it commenced, the Appian Way was lined on both sides with tombs belonging to patrician families. This was the case, indeed, with all the other roads of Rome that were converted into avenues of death owing to the strenuous law which prohibited all interments within the walls; but the Appian Way was specially distinguished for the number and magnificence of its tombs. The most illustrious names of ancient Rome were interred beside it. At first the sepulchres of the heroes of the early ages were the only ones; but under the Cæsars these were eclipsed by the funereal pomp of the freedmen, the parasites and sycophants of the emperors. At first the tombs were built of volcanic stone, the only building material found in the neighbourhood; but as Rome became mistress of the world, and gathered the marbles and precious stones of the conquered countries into its own bosom, and as wealth and luxury increased, the tombs were constructed altogether of, or cased on the outside with, these valuable materials. And this circumstance gives us a clue to the age of the different monuments.

The custom of bordering the main approaches of the city with sepulchral monuments was, in all likelihood, derived from the Etruscans, to whom the Romans owed

many of their institutions. These monuments were usually structures of great beauty and elegance. Some of them were fashioned as conical mounds, on the slopes of which trees and parterres of flowers were planted; others were built after the model of the graceful Grecian temples; others were huge circular masses of masonry; and others were simple sarcophagi with lids, resting on square elevated pedestals. Most of them were adorned with busts and statues of the departed, with altars, columns and carvings. What these tombs were in their prime it is difficult for us to picture; but even their remains at the present day produce the conviction that no grander mode of approach to a great city could have been devised.

It would seem to us altogether incongruous to line our public roads with tombs, and to transact the business and pursue the pleasures of the living among the dead. All our ideas of propriety would be shocked by seeing a circus for athletic games beside a cemetery. But the ancient Romans had no such feeling. They buried their dead, not in lonely spots and obscure churchyards as we do, but where the life of the city was gayest. One of the grandest of their sepulchral monuments was placed beside one of the most frequented of their circuses. The last objects which a Roman beheld when he left the city, and the first that greeted him on his coming back, were the tombs of his ancestors and friends; and their silent admonition did not deepen the sadness of farewell, or cast a shadow upon the joy of return. Many of the marble sarcophagi were orna-

mented with beautiful bas-reliefs of mythical incidents, utterly inconsistent, we should suppose, with the purpose for which they were designed. Nuptials, bacchanalian *fêtes*, games and dances are crowded upon their sculptured sides, in seeming mockery of the pitiable relics of humanity within. They treated death lightly and playfully, these Romans, and tried to hide his terror with a mask of smiles, and to cover his dart with a wreath of flowers.

Modern Rome is unlike all other European cities in this respect, that a short distance beyond its gates you plunge at once into a desert. There is no gradual subsidence of the busy life of the gay metropolis, through suburban houses, villages, and farms, into the quiet seclusion of the country. You pass abruptly from the seat of the most refined arts into the most primitive solitude where the pulse of life hardly beats. The desolation of the Campagna, that green motionless sea of silence, comes up to and almost washes the walls of the city. You know that you are in the immediate neighbourhood of a teeming population; but you might as well be a hundred miles away in the heart of the Apennines, for any sign of human culture or habitation that you perceive within the horizon. There is no traffic on the road; and only at rare intervals do you meet with a solitary peasant, looking like a satyr in shaggy goatskin breeches, and glaring wildly at you from his great black eyes as he crosses the waste. Far as the eye can see there is nothing but a melancholy plain, studded here and there with a ruin, and populous only with the visionary forms of

the past; and its tragic beauty prepares your mind for passing into the solemn shadow of the great Niobe of cities. But it was not thus in the brilliant days of the Empire. For fifteen miles beyond the walls the Appian Way stretched to the beautiful blue Alban hills, through a continuous suburb of the city, adorned with all the charms of nature and art, palatial villas and pleasure gardens, groves and vineyards, temples and far-extending aqueducts. These homes and fashionable haunts of the living were interspersed in strange association with the tombs of the dead. Through the gate a constant stream of human life passed in and out; and crowds of chariots and horsemen and wayfarers thronged the road from morning to night.

The Appian Way shared in the vicissitudes of the city. After the fall of the Western Empire, about the beginning of the Sixth Century, when it was finally repaired by Theodoric, it fell into desuetude. The people, owing to the unsettled state of the country, were afraid to move from home. A grievous apathy took possession of all classes; agriculture was neglected, and the drains being stopped up, the line of route was inundated, and the road, especially on the low levels, became quite impassable. For centuries it continued in this state, until it was overgrown with a marshy vegetation in the wet places, and covered with turf in the dry. About a hundred years ago Pope Pius VI. drained the Pontine Marshes, and restored other parts of the road, and made it available as the ordinary land-route from Rome to Naples. But it was

left to Pio Nono to uncover the road between Rome and Albano, which had previously been confounded with the Campagna, and was only indicated by the double line of ruined tombs. After three years of hard work, and an expenditure of £3,000, the part most interesting to the archæologist—namely, from the third to the eleventh milestone—was laid bare, its monuments identified as far as possible, and a wall of loose stones built on both sides, to protect it from the encroachments of the neighbouring landowners. And now the modern traveller can walk or ride or drive comfortably over the very pavement which Horace and Virgil, Augustus and Paul traversed, and gaze upon the ruins of the very objects that met their eyes.

Taking our departure from the site of the Porta Capena, we are reminded that it was at the Porta Capena that the survivor of the Horatii met his sister, who had been betrothed to one of the Curiatii, and who, when she saw her brother carrying the cloak of her dead lover, which she had wrought with her own hand, upbraided him in a passion of tears for his cruelty. Enraged at the sight of her grief, Horatius drew his sword and stabbed her to the heart, crying: "So perish the Roman maiden that shall weep for her country's enemy!" The tomb of the hapless maiden long stood on the spot. It was at the Porta Capena also that the senate and people of Rome gave to Cicero a splendid ovation on his return from banishment. Numerous historical buildings clustered round this gate—a

temple of Mars, of Hercules, of Honour and Virtue, and a fountain dedicated to Mercury, described by Ovid; but not a trace of these now remains.

On the left, at the back of the Cœlian Hill, is a valley covered with verdure, wonderfully quiet and rural-looking, though within the walls of a city. In this valley once stood the famous grove where Numa Pompilius had his mysterious interviews with the nymph Egeria. A spring still bubbles forth beside a cluster of farm-buildings, which is said to be the veritable Fountain of Egeria.

A little farther on to the right, a side path, called the Via Antonina, leads up to the stupendous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, a mile in circumference, and covering a space of 2,625,000 yards. The walls, arches, and domes of massive brickwork hanging up in the sky,—the fragments of sculpture and splendid mosaic pavements belonging to these baths,—produced a deeper impression upon my mind than even the ruins of the Colosseum. With the form and majesty of the Colosseum, owing to its compactness and unity, pictures and other representations have made us familiar from infancy, so that it excites no surprise when we actually visit it; but the Baths of Caracalla cannot be pictorially represented as a whole, on account of their vast variety and extent, and therefore we come to the spectacle wholly unprepared, and are at once startled into awe and astonishment. Notwithstanding the wholesale pillage of centuries, enough, in the way of chambers and baths, marble statues, pillars and works of art, still remains

in this mountainous mass of masonry to witness to the unparalleled luxury by which the strength of the Roman youth was enervated, and the foundations of the empire sapped. Shelley wrote on the summit of one of the arches his *Prometheus Unbound*; and certainly a fitter place in which to seek inspiration for such a theme could not be found.

Beyond the Baths, on the same side of the road, is the most interesting little church of the two saints Nereus and Achilles, Christian slaves who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian.

Beyond the church of Sts. Nereus and Achilles, on the opposite side, where the ground rises thirty or forty feet above the level of the road, there is a rude inscription above the door of a vineyard intimating that the tomb of the Scipios is here. This is by far the most interesting of all the monuments on the Appian Way. It was the mausoleum of a long line of the most illustrious names in Roman history,—patriots and heroes whose virtues and honours were hereditary. Originally the sepulchre stood above ground, and the entrance to it was by a solid arch of peperino, facing a cross-road leading from the Appian to the Latin Way; but the soil in the course of ages accumulated over it, and buried it out of sight. It was accidentally discovered in 1780, in consequence of a peasant digging in the vineyard to make a cellar, and breaking through a part of the vaulted roof of the tomb. Then was brought suddenly to light the celebrated sarcophagus of plain peperino stone, which contained the remains of the Roman consul Lucius

Scipio Barbatus, after having been undisturbed for nearly twenty-two centuries. Several other sarcophagi belonging to members of the family were found at the same time, along with two busts, one of which is supposed to be that of the poet Ennius, the friend and companion of Scipio Africanus, whose last request on his deathbed was that he might be buried by his side. Pliny remarks that the Scipios had the singular custom of burying instead of burning their dead; and this is confirmed by the discovery of these sarcophagi.

Within a short distance of the tomb of the Scipios are the most celebrated of all the Columbaria of Rome. Previous to the Fifth Century of Rome, the bodies of the dead were buried entire and deposited in sarcophagi; but after that period cremation became the universal custom. The ashes and calcined bones were preserved in *ollæ*, or little jars like common garden flower-pots, made of the same kind of coarse red earthenware, with a lid attached. These jars were deposited in rows of little niches sunk in the brick work all round the walls of the tomb, resembling the nests in a pigeon-house; hence the origin of the name. One tomb was thus capable of containing the remains of a large number of persons; no less than six thousand of the freedmen of Augustus being deposited in the Columbarium which bears their name. The entrance to these sepulchral chambers was from the top, descending by an internal stair; and the passages and walls were usually decorated with frescoes and arabesques, illustrating some mythical or his-

torical subject. The names of the dead were carved on marble tablets fixed above the pigeon-holes containing the ashes. Columbaria being only used for dependents and slaves, were generally erected near the tombs of their masters; and hence all along the Appian Way we see numerous traces of them side by side with the gigantic monuments of the patrician families.

Very near the modern gate of the city the road passes under the so-called Arch of Drusus. It consists of a single arch, whose keystone projects on each side about two feet and a half beyond the plane of the frontage; and is built of huge solid blocks of travertine, with cornices of white marble, and two composite columns of African marble on each side, much soiled and defaced, which are so inferior in style to the rest of the architecture that they are manifestly later additions. The whole monument is much worn and injured; but it is made exceedingly picturesque by a crown of verdure upon the thick mass of soil accumulated there by small increments blown up from the highway in the course of so many centuries. It was long supposed that Caracalla had barbarously taken advantage of the arch to carry across the highway at this point the aqueduct which supplied his baths with water. But the more recent authorities maintain that the arch itself, so far from being the monument of Drusus, was only one of the arches built by Caracalla in a more ornamental way than the rest, as was commonly done when an aqueduct crossed a public road.

Immediately beyond the Arch of Drusus is the Gate of

St. Sebastian, the Porta Appia of the Aurelian wall, protected on either side by two semi-circular towers, which from their great height and massiveness have a most imposing appearance. They are composed of the beautiful glowing brick of the ancient Roman structures, and rest upon a foundation of white marble blocks, evidently taken from the Temple of Mars, which once stood close by, and at which the armies entering Rome in triumph used to halt. A short distance outside the gate, the viaduct of the railway from Civita Vecchia spans the Appian Way, and brings the ancient "queen of roads" and the modern iron-way into strange contrast,—or rather, I should say, into fitting contact; for there is a resemblance between the great works of ancient and modern engineering skill in their mighty enterprise and boundless command of physical resources, which we do not find in the works of the intermediate ages.

Beyond the viaduct the road descends into a valley, at the bottom of which runs the classic Almo. It is little better than a ditch, with artificial banks overgrown with weeds, great glossy-leaved arums, and milky-veined thistles, and with a little dirty water in it from the drainings of the surrounding vineyards. And yet this disenchanting brook figures largely in ancient mythical story. Ovid sang of it, and Cicero's letters mention it honourably. The road beyond this rises from the valley of the Almo and passes over a kind of plateau. It is hemmed in on either side by high ugly walls, shaggy with a profusion of plants which affect

such situations. The wild mignonette hangs out its pale yellow spikes of blossoms, but without the fragrance for which its garden sister is so remarkable; and the common pellitory, a near ally of the nettle, which haunts all old ruins, clings in great masses to the crevices, its leaves and ignoble blossoms white with the dust of the road. Here and there a tall straggling plant of purple lithospermum has found a footing and flourishes aloft its dark violet tiara of blossoms; while bright tufts of wall-flower send up their tongues of flame from an old tomb peering above the wall, as if from a funeral pyre. The St. Mary thistle grows at the foot of the walls in knots of large, spreading, crinkled leaves, beautifully scalloped at the edges; the glazed surface reticulated with lacteal veins, retaining the milk that, according to the legend, flowed from the Virgin's breast, and, forming the Milky Way in mid-heaven, fell down to earth upon this wayside thistle. Huge columns of cactuses and monster aloes may be seen rising above the top of the walls, like relics of a geologic flora contemporaneous with the age of the extinct volcanoes around. But the most curious of all the plants that adorn the walls is a kind of ivy which instead of the usual dark-greenish or black berries, bears yellow ones. This species is rare, but here it occurs in profusion, and is as beautiful in foliage as it is singular in fruit. The walls themselves, apart from their floral adorning, are very remarkable, and deserving of the most careful and leisurely study. They are built up evidently of the remains of tombs;

and numerous fragments of marble sarcophagi, pillars, inscriptions, and rich sculpture are imbedded in them, suggestive of a whole volume of antiquarian lore, so that he who runs may read.

On the same plateau is the entrance to the celebrated Catacombs of St. Calixtus. It is on the right hand side of the road, about a mile and a quarter from the present gate, and near where stood the second milestone on the ancient Appian Way. A marble tablet over the door of a vineyard shaded with cypresses points it out to the visitor. The rock out of which this and all the Roman Catacombs were hewn seems as if created specially for the purpose.

The Catacombs were specially excavated for Christian burial,—tombs beneath the tombs of the Appian Way. Unlike the pagans, who burned the bodies of their dead, and deposited, as we have seen, the ashes in cinerary urns which took up but little space, the Christians buried the bodies of their departed friends in rock-hewn sepulchres.

On the opposite side of the Appian Way, in a vineyard, is the Catacomb of Pretextatus, which is almost as extensive as that of St. Calixtus, and hardly less interesting.

About a quarter of a mile beyond the Catacombs you come to a descent, where there is a wide open space with a pillar in the centre, and behind it the natural rock of a peculiarly glowing red colour, overgrown with masses of ivy, wall-flower and hawthorn just coming into blossom. Below the road, on the right, is a kind of piazza, shaded by a grove of funereal cypresses; and here is the Church of

St. Sebastian, one of the seven great basilicas which pilgrims visited to obtain the remission of their sins. It was founded by Constantine, on the site of the house and garden of the pious widow, Lucina, who buried there the body of St. Sebastian after his martyrdom.

In the valley beneath St. Sebastian, on the left, is a large enclosure, covered with the greenest turf, and reminding one more, by its softness and compactness, of an English park than anything I had seen about Rome. Here are the magnificent ruins of what was long known as the Circus of Caracalla; but later investigations have proved that the circus was erected in honour of Romulus, the son of the Emperor Maxentius, in the year 311. It is the best preserved of all the ancient Roman circuses, and affords an excellent clue to the arrangements of such a place for chariot-races and the accommodation of the spectators. The external walls run on unbroken for about a quarter of a mile. In many places the vaults supporting the seats still remain. The Spina in the centre marking the course of the races, on either end of which stood the two Egyptian obelisks which now adorn the Piazza Navona and the Piazza del Popolo, though grass-grown, can easily be defined; and the towers flanking the extremities, where the judges sat, and the triumphal gate through which the victors passed, are almost entire. It would not be difficult with such aids to the imagination, to conjure up the splendid games that used to take place within that vast enclosure; the chariots of green, blue, white and red driving

furiously seven times round the course, the Emperor and all his nobles sitting in the places of honour, looking on with enthusiasm, and the victors coming in at the goal, and the shouts and exclamations of the excited multitude. On the elevated ground behind the circus is a fringe of olive-trees, with a line of feathery elms beyond; and rising over all, the purple background of the Sabine and Alban hills. It is a lonely enough spot now; and the gentle hand of spring clothes the naked walls with a perfect garden of wild flowers, and softens with the greenest and tenderest turf the spots trodden by the feet of so many thousands. In the immediate vicinity of the circus are extensive ruins, visible and prominent objects from the road, consisting of large fragments of walls and apses, dispersed among the vineyards and enclosures.

By far the best-known monument on the Appian Way is the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella. It is a conspicuous landmark in the wide waste, and catches the eye at a long distance from many points of view. It is as familiar a feature in paintings of the Campagna almost as the Claudian Aqueduct. This celebrity it owes to its immense size, its wonderful state of preservation, and above all to the genius of Lord Byron, who has made it the theme of some of the most elegant and touching stanzas in *Childe Harold*. Nothing can be finer than the appearance of this circular tower in the afternoon, when the red level light of sunset, striking full upon it, brings out the rich warm glow of its yellow travertine stones in striking relief against the monot-

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onous green of the Campagna. It is built on a portion of rising ground caused by a current of lava which descended from the Alban volcano during some pre-historic eruption, and stopped short here, forming the quarries on the left side of the road which supply most of the paving-stone of modern Rome. The Appian Way was here lowered several feet below the original level, in order to diminish the acclivity; and the mausoleum was consequently raised upon a substructure of unequal height corresponding with the inclination of the plane of ascent. It was originally cased with marble slabs, but these were stripped off during the Middle Ages for making lime; and Pope Clement XII. completed the devastation by removing large blocks which formed the basement in order to construct the picturesque Fountain of Trevi. A large portion of the Doric marble frieze, however, still remains, on which are sculptured bas-reliefs of rams' heads, festooned with garlands of flowers. Usually the bas-reliefs are supposed to represent bulls' heads; and the name of *Capo de Bove* (the "head of the ox"), by which the monument has long been known to the common people is said to be derived from these ornaments. But a careful examination will convince any one that they are in reality rams' heads; and the vulgar name of the tomb was obviously borrowed from the armorial bearings of the Gætani family, consisting of an ox's head, affixed prominently upon it when it served them as a fortress in the Thirteenth Century. Pope Boniface VIII., a member of this family, added the curious battlements at

the top, which seem so slight and airy in comparison with the severe solidity of the rest of the structure, and are but a poor substitute for the massive conical roof which originally covered the tomb. Nature has done her utmost for nigh two thousand years to bring back this monument to her own bosom, but she has been foiled in all her attempts,—the travertine blocks of its exterior, though fitted to each other without cement, being as smooth and even in their courses of masonry as when first constructed, and almost as free from weather-stains as if they had newly been taken from the quarry. Only on the broad summit, where mediæval Vandals broke down the noble pile and desecrated it by their own inferior workmanship, has nature been able to effect a lodgment; and in the breaches of this fortress, which is but a thing of yesterday as compared with the monument, and yet is far more ruinous, she has planted bushes, trees, and thick festoons of ivy, as if laying her quiet finger upon the angry passions of man, and obliterating the memory of his evil deeds by her own fair and smiling growth.

The sepulchral vault in the interior was not opened till the time of Paul III., about 1540, when a beautiful marble sarcophagus adorned with bas-reliefs of the chase, was found in it, which is supposed to be that which stands at the present day in the court of the Palazzo Farnese. This is likely to be true, for it is well-known that this Pope, who was a member of the Farnese family, unscrupulously despoiled ancient Rome of many of its finest works of art

in order to build and adorn his new palace. A golden urn containing ashes is said to have been discovered at the same time; but, if so, it has long since disappeared. On a marble panel below the frieze an inscription in bold letters informs us that this is the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, daughter of Quintus Metellus,—who obtained the sobriquet of *Creticus* for his conquest of Crete,—and wife of Crassus. She belonged to one of the most haughty aristocratic families of ancient Rome, whose members at successive intervals occupied the highest positions in the state, and several of whom were decreed triumphs by the Senate on account of their success in war. Her husband was surnamed *Dives* on account of his enormous wealth. He is said to have possessed a million and a half pounds sterling; and to have given an entertainment to the whole Roman people in a time of scarcity, besides distributing to each family a quantity of corn sufficient to last three months. Along with Julius Cæsar and Pompey, he formed the famous first Triumverate. While the richest, he seems notwithstanding the above-mentioned act of munificence, to have been one of the meanest of the Romans. More fortunate than her husband, whose evil manners live in brass,—less fortunate than her son, whose virtues have been handed down for the admiration of posterity,—Cæcilia Metella has left no record of her existence beyond her name. All else has been swallowed up by the oblivion of ages. Whether her husband raised this colossal trophy of the dust to commemorate his own pride of wealth, or his

devoted love for her, we know not. He achieved his object; but he has given to his wife only the mockery of immortality. The substance has gone beyond recall, and but the shadow, the mere empty name, remains. Beyond the tomb of Cæcilia Metella the Appian Way becomes more interesting and beautiful. The high walls which previously shut in the road on either side now disappear, and nothing separates it from the Campagna but a low dyke of loose stones. The traveller obtains an uninterrupted view of the immense melancholy plain, which stretches away to the horizon with hardly a single tree to relieve the desolation. Here and there on the waste surface are fragments of ruins which speak to the heart, by their very muteness, more suggestively than if their historical associations were fully known. The mystic light from a sky which over this place seems ever to brood with a sad smile more touching than tears, falls upon the endless arches of the Claudian Aqueduct that remind one, as Ruskin has finely said, of a funeral procession departing from a nation's grave. The afternoon sun paints them with ruby splendours, and gleams vividly upon the picturesque vegetation which a thousand springs have sown upon their crumbling sides. They lead the eye on to the Alban Hills, which form on the horizon a fitting frame to the great picture, tender-toned, with delicate pearly and purple shadows clothing every cliff and hollow, like "harmonies of music turned to shape."

THE TIBER

WILLIAM DAVIES

THE pilgrim of the Tiber who would trace it from its mouth to its source will first find himself at Ostia, on the sea-coast, fifteen miles from Rome. A desolate region lies around. The horizon line is unbroken save by some solitary tower, relic of ancient Rome or of the Middle Ages. Solitude and melancholy reign undisturbed over its forlorn canebrakes and watery morasses. The Tiber has here two mouths, forming a triangle with the sea, and enclosing the Isola Sacra of former days, now the pasturage of herds of semi-wild cattle. The upper or more northerly of these two streams is now the navigable one. It is a canal formed by the Emperor Trajan, in consequence of the silting up of the natural bed of the river, an extensive port being established at its mouth. The ancient seaport Ostia is now left far inland, three miles from the sea. It must have been a considerable town. Its ruins have been opened up of recent years: streets, shops, houses and temples having the pathetic interest which belongs to the works and lives of vanished generations, who have lived and laboured but to find oblivion. The most striking of these ruins is a temple, supposed to be that of Vulcan, which raises its bare brick walls, stripped of their marble covering, defying time

and the rude forces of the elements. Another conspicuous object is the mediæval fortress built by Sangallo for the war-like Pope Julius II. It comprises a good part of the modern hamlet, several miserable residences being included within its walls. Not far from here is the gloomy region of Castel Fusano, on the borders of a pine forest stretching to the sea. This spot is sometimes made the *rendez-vous* for parties of pleasure from Rome. Such parties, however, must take their merriment with them, for they will not find it there. There is a solid and lonely house of the Chigi family, with towered corners, rarely inhabited. Miasma lurks at its angles and hangs about its scowling front. The neighbourhood is beautiful, but its beauty is of a large and solemn kind, as is the beauty of the children of death.

A holiday steamer will take the traveller from the seaside hamlet Fiumicino along the upper branch of the river to Rome. There is little to arrest the attention on the upward journey, excepting some broken sepulchres in the banks, and the everlasting beauty of the Campagna, which, with its tender lines and expansive undulations leads the eye to the distant mountains by which it is bounded. Presently we are in sight of Rome. Shortly before entering its walls, the remarkable Church of St. Paul is passed, whose columned marbles and classic proportions recall all we are told of the magnificent temples of antiquity. But not assuredly in external architectural features does its beauty lie.

The first object presented to us on entering Rome is Monte Testaccio, a considerable mound formed of the

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broken pottery of ancient times, in the neighbourhood of which there was probably a manufactory. Near here is the Protestant cemetery, in which repose many who came hither to seek a little rest and found the eternal one. The traveller will find in the shade of lofty cypresses and near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, two graves which will always be held sacred by Englishmen—those of Keats and Shelley. As we arrive at the quay, the modern port of Rome, the Aventine is seen to rise on the other side, with its churches and gardens. This is the most considerable of the historical “Seven Hills” left to the modern city. Every day fresh alterations are made. Soon in the process of change and levelling the “Seven Hills” will be a tradition and nothing be left of them but the name.

Just beneath the Aventine are the remains of the old Sublician bridge, which Horatius Cocles is said to have defended so valiantly, and in its neighbourhood the ancient and modern marble-wharf of Rome. A little higher up we come to the small round temple, one of the most completely preserved left to us, called the Temple of Vesta. This, however, has long been known to be a misnomer, the site of the Temple of Vesta having been discovered, as was anticipated, in the recent excavations about the Forum.

The next step brings us beneath the broken bridge, on the site of the ancient Pons Æmilius, to the island of the Tiber, held sacred in ancient days because it was surrounded by the river, which here parts into two streams, which are shortly re-united. A singular cause of its origin is given in

a legend which says that a certain portion of ground higher up the stream was dedicated to the god Mars—the district still retains the name *Campo Marzio*—which was seized upon as personal property by the last of the tyrant kings, Tarquinius, and sown with corn. On his banishment it was not thought right to make use of the produce of the consecrated ground, so it was cast into the river, and afterwards, accumulating amid-stream, it formed the nucleus of the island. The sacred serpent, subsequently brought from Epidaurus, according to the Delphian oracle, here taking refuge, the island was by means of masonry, remains of which still exist, converted into the form of a ship, was consecrated to the divinity Apollo, and became the site of the Temple of Æsculapius, to which the sick resorted for cure. The fine Church of S. Bartolomeo now occupies what was probably once the site of this temple. A modern hospital in the neighbourhood commemorates its ancient uses. From this point upwards the old houses with loggia and balcony, the fragments of ancient ruin, the hanging gardens with their golden oranges glowing through the dark green leaves, and the quaint jetties, are all being fast removed to make way for a terraced embankment, which is ultimately to go through the whole city. Perhaps the Romans are only reasonable when they ask why their city of living men and women should be left as the archæological museum of Europe; but to a stranger coming here in a studious and thoughtful spirit, a feeling of pain and regret at the devastation produced by modern changes will be just as

natural. Leaving the island, we pass on the right the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter. Crowded and dirty as is this part of the city, it is said to be the most healthy in Rome. Certainly it is of most unwholesome aspect, but picturesque withal in a high degree. It is strange that behind its squalor and filth it should hold treasures of costly stuffs and other articles of value. It abutts on to the gloomy walls of the Theatre of Marcellus, whose ancient porticos are the workshops of artisans and the stores of vendors of smoke-be-grimed wares. Its cavernous arches are often reproduced on the canvases of painters. A picturesque vista, too, gives us the portico of Octavia and the old fish-market. From here, after passing the Ponte Sisto and the palace of the Farnesina, the treasure-house of the well-known frescoes of Raphael, we come upon a fine view of the heights upon which are built the Church and the Monastery of S. Onofrio, in which Tasso spent his latter years and where he died. In this part of the river the remains of the ancient Pons Triumphalis are seen at low water, just before we arrive at the Ponte S. Angelo, in face of the mighty mausoleum of the Emperor Trajan, the history of which is that of Rome itself. Perhaps those interested in artistic lore will first recall to mind on seeing it the account, given by himself, of the braggart Cellini, once confined within its walls, and the graphic narrative of his escape from it. From here the dome of St. Peter's, with its majestic curves, is seen at its best. Madame de Staël says that St. Peter's is the only work of art which ever impressed her with the same sense of

grandeur as the works of nature, a sentiment which many will re-echo.

Leaving here and skirting the Prati di Castella, now being fast covered with buildings, we reach the wharf of the Ripetta, formed of stones taken from the Colosseum, and the ugly modern bridge, which it is to be hoped will ere long be rebuilt; and so we pass out of the limits of the city, near the Porta del Popolo. Then it is worth while to turn for a few moments to take a farewell glance at the noble range of the Vatican and St. Peter's, as they stand out in grey relief against the sunset sky. The vast dome seems to be buoyed up in the air, as if it belonged more to heaven than to the earth, as the last rays of day surround it with a corona of glory. The gloomy mansion near the bridge, under the heights of Monte Mario, is the Villa Madama, built by Giulio Romano for Cardinal Giulio de' Medici. The view from the hill above it is very fine, and has been celebrated by Martial in one of his most charming descriptions. At Ponte Molle, the ancient Pons Milvius, we fairly enter upon the Campagna, and every step in this neighbourhood is rich with memories of the past. This bridge, built upon the old foundations, has a place in history, as the spot on which the ambassadors of the Allobroges, concerned in the Cataline conspiracy, were arrested by the order of Cicero. From this bridge the depraved Emperor Maxentius fell into the river after the battle of Saxa Rubra, and perished. As we arrive at the mineral springs known as the Acqua Cetosa,

an expansive panorama lies before us. Yonder low range of rocky cliffs to the left are the Saxa Rubra, in which was probably the tomb of the family of Ovid, the Latin poet. The cave is still to be seen, but the paintings and other indications in it have perished. Beyond these, and some distance away, is what remains of old Veii, once the formidable rival of Rome. This plain was the scene of many a terrible sight. Yonder elevated table-land was the site of the ancient Antemnæ, from which the Roman warriors robbed their first wives. It is identified from its situation, being exactly where the Arno, flowing from "watery Tivoli," falls into the Tiber. Farther yet in the same direction the farm-stead, Castel Giubileo, on a bluff overlooking the river, indicates the position of the city of Fidenæ.

We now abandon altogether the Campagna, its untilled pastures giving place to well-cared for fields and plantations. From the river-plain a range of low hills slopes upwards, many of them crowned with highly picturesque little towns and villages, whose grey walls are dominated by a tall campanile, or sometimes a quaint tower or two, relics of the feudal ages, and then we reach the hamlet of Borghetto, whose only feature of importance, in addition to the few houses of which it is composed, is an old mediæval castle, or rather the broken fragments of one, forming a picturesque object from the plain. Near here is the Ponte Felice, which occupies the site of an ancient bridge, built by the Emperor Augustus, connecting

Umbria with Etruria. Here the river ceases to be navigable, and our course henceforward must be prosecuted, for the most part, on foot or on horseback, where no road follows the track, as is the case in many parts. Our resting-place lies at Cività Castellana, connected with the Tiber by a small tributary called the Treja. Rarely visited by foreigners, this picturesque town keeps a modest seclusion. Its principal feature is a sturdy old fortress, built by Sangallo for Pope Alexander VI.

Passing the village of Otricoli, the ancient Otriculum, and the junction of the Nar with the Tiber, we arrive at Orte. The traveller by rail through Central Italy will remember to have seen this picturesquely-situated town in the distance occupying the crest of a lofty elevation. He would not be disappointed were he to visit it. The approach to it is striking. As the road winds upwards the houses are seen rising from the rocks, as though they formed a part of them,—old, weather-stained, frowning gloomily from their elevation on the world beneath. One must go back to the old Etruscan time for its origin. Even yet it retains some of the Etruscan character in its architecture. Its life is its own. One wonders what it has to do with the outside world, for no modern use or invention appears to have touched it. Nor is this its only charm. The river as seen from the town is marvellously beautiful. It goes winding through the plain beneath like a silver serpent.

The morning hour is the hour for travel in an Italian

summer. As we wind down the hill the night mists still linger in the hollow. Following the course of the river, broken mediæval towers stand up here and there on the rocks from the old belligerent days, their name and history forgotten. Still more beautiful beneath the fastnesses of Bassano, the river winds by groves of poplar, where shepherds in patriarchal fashion watch their flocks, leaning upon staves, or the peasant maiden sits spinning in the shade. So through a lovely wood, soothed by the songs of many nightingales, after passing a lazy little town called San Michele, we reach the wonderful town of Bagnorea. This strange place is situated on the edge of an enormous gorge, or rather basin, from the centre of which rises a vast cone, connected with the mainland, so to speak, by several walls or pathways of a harder material, which has remained when the more friable substance has fallen away. Upon the table-like summit of this cone an old, old city stands, now almost abandoned for its more convenient rival on the brink of the crater; for undoubtedly it was once the crater of an enormous volcano. This isolated town is called Cività Bagnorea.

From Bagnorea to Orvieto is a distance of about ten miles. The country between is of an almost ideal type of the rural kind. The oxen are yoked in pairs and regard each other with so much affection that it is with difficulty they are separated. Wheels are unknown or unused, the produce of the fields being drawn on sledges over the roughest of roads. Just before Orvieto we pass a quaint

little mediæval town or village called Porano. It is surrounded with strong walls, and is entered by a gateway flanked with towers, which has, no doubt, had its uses in the quarrelsome Middle Ages. Then the valley of the Paglia is reached: the Paglia, a tributary of the Tiber, which it joins a little lower down; the ruins of an old abbey are passed; and crossing the river, we begin to ascend the height on which is built Orvieto—

"Remote and high,
Which from the ancient Romans had its name,
Who thither went because the air is pure,"

as Fazio degli Uberti says in his *Dittamondo*.

The course of the Tiber from Orvieto to Todi, a distance of rather more than twenty miles following the stream, may be said to be almost undiscovered land, as far as the visits of strangers are concerned. Truly it passes through a strange, wild country, where no sound is heard save the dull complaint of the river or the voice of some wild animal or bird. In one place a little village, Corbaro, glares from the rocks, apparently inaccessible to man, as if it were the sombre abode of some powerful enchanter. Thick brushwood entangles the path, for road there is none. Then, when the stream plunges into a black gorge, impenetrable to any footstep, one ascends up, up, to the summit of the hills, and turning to look back, a vision of beauty is seen far below,—the river wending its way through a varied landscape for many a mile. Descending once more, Todi presently becomes visible, as it were on the top of a lofty

mountain, beautiful as seen through the shimmering foliage of a summer afternoon. Crossing a serviceable modern bridge, the ascent of an hour brings one to this little town.

The distance between Todi and Perugia, twenty-seven miles, is not marked with anything of remarkable interest. The river flows through a flat country, well cultivated and pleasant to look upon. Indeed, this is one of the most fertile parts of Italy, with orchards and vineyards, olive groves and rich pastures. Only Diruta is passed of memorable fame in the production of fine majolica, and we soon begin the ascent to the pleasant little capital of Umbria, Perugia, which Fazio degli Uberti describes as "*allegro e bello*," because, as he says, it is situated on a hill. Nor will the stranger disagree. Particularly in the summer months will the inhabitant of the larger city of Rome or of Florence find its cool breezes refreshing, and the prospect which lies below him charming. It commands views of the whole valley of Foligno, extending almost forty miles from its foot—little villages sparkling here and there, or glimmering on the distant range at the other side of the valley; quiet homesteads embosomed in trees; tiny campaniles starting up at intervals; groves of trees, spreading fields, winding roads—spread out like a map before the eye; and, through it all, flowing in shade and sunshine, creeping out and in amongst the foliage, the farms and villages, the Tiber, wandering away "at its own sweet will" towards the city of the Colosseum and of St. Peter's.

Happy will that traveller be who, in the blossom of early morning, pursuing his northerly journey, descends the hill of Perugia on the other side of the range, and sees opening before him the expansive prospect there revealed; so aërial, so fine, so tender, it looks as if a breath would blow it away. Here and there the river lies in still pools reflecting the blue sky in patches of amethyst. Yonder is a tall tower, and beyond a frail bridge looking as if suspended in air. Now the sun begins to send shafts of light through the thin mist which beautifies without hiding the view. An old castle takes the first touch of sunshine; then farm and homestead and each jutting peak and promontory sparkle in the ray; and the world is once more alive.

At Fratta, now called Umbertidi, we need only stop for a mid-day meal on our way to the larger and more important Città di Castello. Towards the town the stream is much diminished. In the summer-time it is inconsiderable, but when the wintry snows melt upon the mountains and the clouds are big with seasonable rain, it becomes augmented into a torrent, and sometimes carries havoc and destruction in its course.

After leaving Città di Castello, the river waters a fertile plain skirted by a range of hills, some of them surmounted by quaint little towns, or the fortresses of former days.

At the foot of the Apennines, where our goal lies, is a bright and homely little town called Pieve di San Stefano, running along the side of the river in the midst of a country rich in corn and grain. This is the last of our pilgrimage.

Beyond it only a few scattered cottages lie in the way to the heart of the Apennines.

Ascending the bed of the river we reach a most picturesque point. In a deep and gloomy gorge, called Val Savignone, the river twists, and almost encircles a table rock on which are built a few black-looking houses and a grotesque old mill. Lashed by wintry torrents, remote from fields and woods and the airy abodes of men, one wonders what must be the nature of the inhabitants. Then we skirt *La Balza della Donna*—the Woman's Rock—a local name which commemorates the legend of a woman who threw herself over its steep and precipitous sides from disappointed love. And so, finally, we arrive at La Balza, where a few rude houses limit the domain of man. We have now reached almost the summit of the Apennines. Craggy points rise around us, the highest of which above our heads, is called Monte Fumajolo; it is said that from some of them Rimini may be discerned on a clear day. On the other side of the watershed, not very far from here, the Arno takes its rise. In our course upstream from Ostia and Sangallo's castle—proceeding by the very highway of history; among the vestiges of the grandest and the most imposing of the civilizations of antiquity; by storied cities and places of romance, and ruins once centres of art and life and war—we have traversed a distance of upwards of two hundred and fifty miles. Now we are near our journey's end. Leaving the last vestiges of human residence, we enter a beech-forest of profound shade, with

ancestral trees in the reclining attitudes of age on every side, always following the course of a garrulous brook, which falls sparkling over broken ledges of rock. Soon it splits up into a number of branches. We trace, under faithful guidance, the longest of these. It creeps in hollows, it gurgles under bushes, it sparkles in the sun, and hides itself in shadow; and still, where it goes, we follow—follow. Presently we emerge into an open space. The trees form an amphitheatre around. Surely here, if anywhere on earth, should be a temple to the river-god! Surrounded by delicate flowers, fringed with the fine embroidery of the woods and fields, a little fountain of crystalline water gushes from the sod,—and this is called the Tiber in Rome. .

THE VATICAN AND ITS GARDEN

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

THE hollow of the Janiculum between St. Onofrio and the Monte Mario is believed to have been the site of Etruscan divination

“ Fauni vatesque caneant. ”
—*Ennius*.

Hence the name, which is now only used in regard to the Papal Palace and the Basilica of St. Peter, but which was once applied to the whole district between the foot of the hill and the Tiber near St. Angelo

“ . . . Ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.”

—*Horace, Od. i. 20.*

Tacitus speaks of the unwholesome air of this quarter. In this district was the Circus of Caligula, adjoining the gardens of his mother Agrippina, decorated by the obelisk which now stands in front of St. Peter's, near which many believe that St. Peter suffered martyrdom.

Here Seneca describes that while Caligula was walking by torchlight he amused himself by the slaughter of a number of distinguished persons—senators and Roman ladies. Afterwards it became the Circus of Nero, who from his adjoining gardens used to watch the martyrdom of the

Christians—mentioned by Suetonius as “ a race given up to a new and evil superstition ”—and who used their living bodies, covered with pitch and set on fire, as torches for his nocturnal promenades.

The first residence of the Popes at the Vatican was erected by St. Symmachus (A. D. 498-514), near the forecourt of the old St. Peter's, and here Charlemagne is believed to have resided on the occasion of his several visits to Rome during the reigns of Adrian I. (772-795) and Leo III. (795-816). During the Twelfth Century this ancient palace having fallen into decay, it was rebuilt in the Thirteenth by Innocent III. It was greatly enlarged by Nicholas III. (1277-81); but the Lateran continued to be the Papal residence, and the Vatican palace was only used on state occasions, and for the reception of any foreign sovereigns visiting Rome. After the return of the Popes from Avignon, the Lateran palace had fallen into decay, and for the sake of the greater security afforded by the vicinity of St. Angelo, it was determined to make the Pontifical residence at the Vatican, and the first Conclave was held there in 1378. In order to increase its security, John XXIII. constructed the covered passage to St. Angelo in 1410. Nicholas V. (1447-1455) had the idea of making it the most magnificent palace in the world, and of uniting it in all the government offices and dwellings of the Cardinals. He wished to make it for Christendom that which the *Mil-larium Aureum* in the Forum was to the Roman Empire, the centre whence all the messengers of the spiritual empire

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should go forth bearing words of life, truth and peace. Unfortunately Nicholas died before he could carry out his designs. The building which he commenced was finished by Alexander VI., and still exists under the Tor di Borgia. In the reign of this Pope, his son Cesare murdered Alphonso, Duke of Bisceglia, husband of his sister Lucrezia in the Vatican (August 18, 1500). To Paul II. was due the Court of St. Damasus. In 1473, Sixtus IV. built the Sistine Chapel, and in 1490 "the Belvedere" was erected as a separate garden-house by Innocent VIII. from designs of Antonio da Pollajuolo. Julius II., with the aid of Bramante, united this villa to the palace by means of one vast courtyard, and erected the Loggie around the Court of St. Damasus; he also laid the foundation of the Vatican Museum in the gardens of the Belvedere. The Loggie were completed by Leo X.; the Sala Regia and the Paoline Chapel were built by Paul III. Sixtus V. divided the great court of Bramante into two by the erection of the library, and began the present residence of the Popes, which was finished by Clement VIII. (1592-1605). Urban VIII. built the Scala Regia; Clement XIV. and Pius VI., the Museo-Pio-Clementino (for which the latter pulled down the chapel of Innocent VIII., full of precious frescoes by Mantegna); Pius VII., the Braccio Nuovo; Leo XII., the picture-gallery; Gregory XVI., the Etruscan Museum, and Pius IX., the handsome staircase leading to the court of Bramante.

The length of the Vatican Palace is 1,151 English feet;

its breadth, 767. It has eight grand staircases, twenty courts and is said to contain 11,000 chambers of different sizes.

The principal entrance to the Vatican is at the end of the right colonnade of St. Peter's. Hence a door on the right opens upon the staircase leading to the Cortile di St. Damasus, and is the nearest way to all the collections, and the one by which visitors were admitted until the fall of the Papal government. The fountain of the Cortile, designed by Algardi in 1649, is fed by the Acqua Damasiana, due to Pope Damasus in the Fourth Century.

Following the great corridor, and passing on the left the entrance to the portico of St. Peter's, we reach the Scala Regia, a magnificent work of Bernini, watched by the picturesque Swiss guard of the Pope. Hence we enter the Scala Regia, built in the reign of Paul III. by Antonio di Sangallo, and used as a hall of audience for ambassadors. It is decorated with frescoes illustrative of the history of the Popes.

On the right is the entrance of the Paoline Chapel (Cappella Paolina), also built (1540) by Antonio di Sangallo for Paul III. Its decorations are chiefly the work of Sabbatini and F. Zuccherò, but it contains two frescoes by Michael Angelo.

On the left of the approach from the Scala Regia is the Sixtine Chapel (Cappella Sistina), built by Baccio Pintelli in 1473 for Sixtus IV.

The lower part of the walls of this wonderful chapel was

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formerly hung on festivals with the tapestries executed from the cartoons of Raphael; the upper portion is decorated in fresco by the great Florentine masters of the Fifteenth Century.

On the pillars between the windows are the figures of twenty-eight Popes, by Sandro Botticelli.

The avenue of pictures is a preparation for the surprising grandeur of the ceiling.

The pictures from the Old Testament beginning from the altar, are :—1. The Separation of Light and Darkness ; 2. The Creation of the Sun and Moon ; 3. The Creation of Trees and Plants ; 4. The Creation of Adam ; 5. The Creation of Eve ; 6. The Fall and Expulsion from Paradise ; 7. The Sacrifice of Noah ; 8. The Deluge ; 9. The Intoxication of Noah.

The lower portion of the ceiling is divided into triangles, occupied by the Prophets and Sibyls in solemn contemplation accompanied by angels and genii. Beginning from the left of the entrance their order is :—1. Joel ; 2. Sibylla Erythræa ; 3. Ezekiel ; 4. Sibylla Persica ; 5. Jonah ; 6. Sibylla Libyca ; 7. Daniel ; 8. Sibylla Cumæa ; 9. Isaiah ; 10. Sibylla Delphica.

In the recesses between the Prophets and Sibyls are a series of lovely family groups representing the Genealogy of the Virgin, and expressive of calm expectation of the future. The four corners of the ceiling contain groups illustrative of the power of the Lord displayed in the especial deliverance of His chosen people.

Only 3,000 ducats were paid to Michael Angelo for all his great work on the ceiling of the Sixtine; less than a common decorator obtains in the present century.

It was when Michael Angelo was already in his sixtieth year that Clement VII. formed the idea of effacing the three pictures of Perugino at the end of the chapel and employing him to paint the vast fresco of *The Last Judgment* in their place. It occupied the artist for seven years, and was finished in 1541, when Paul III. was on the throne. During this time Michael Angelo frequently read and re-read the wonderful sermons of Savonarola to refresh his mind, and that he might drink in the inspiration of their own religious awe and Dantesque imagination.

The small portion of the Vatican inhabited by the Pope is never seen except by those who are admitted to a special audience.

The windows of the Egyptian Museum look upon the inner Garden of the Vatican, which may be reached by a door at the end of the long gallery of the Museo Chiaramonti, before ascending to the Torso. The garden which is thus entered, called Giardino della Pigna, is in fact merely the second great quadrangle of the Vatican, planted, under Pius IX., with its shrubs and flowers, now a desolate wilderness—its lovely garden having been destroyed by the present Vatican authorities to make way for a monumental column to the Council of 1870. Several interesting relics are preserved here. In the centre is the Pedestal of the Column of Antoninus Pius, found in 1709, on the Monte

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Citorio. The column was a simple memorial pillar of granite, erected by the two adopted sons of the Emperor, Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus. It was broken up to mend the obelisk of Psammeticus I. at the Monte Citorio. Among the reliefs of the pedestal is one of a winged genius guiding Antoninus and Faustina to Olympus. The modern pillar and statue are erections of Leo XIII. In front of the great semi-circular niche of Bramante, at the end of the court-garden, is the famous *Pigna*, a gigantic fir-cone, which is said once to have crowned the summit of the Mausoleum of Hadrian. Thence it was first removed to the front of the old Basilica of St. Peter's, where it was used for a fountain. In the fresco of the old St. Peter's at St. Martino al Monte the *Pigna* is introduced; but it is there placed in the centre of the nave, a position it never occupied. It bears the name of the bronze founder who cast it—"P. Cincivs, P. L. Calvivs. fecit." Dante saw it at St. Peter's, and compares it to a giant's head (it is eleven feet high) which he saw through the mist in the last circle of hell.

"La faccia mi pareva longa e grossa
Come la pina di S. Pietro in Roma."

—*Inf.* XXXI. 58.

On either side of the *Pigna* are two lovely bronze peacocks which are said to have stood on either side of the entrance of Hadrian's Mausoleum.

A flight of steps leads from this court to the narrow Terrace of the Navicella, in front of the palace, so called

from a bronze ship with which its fountain is decorated. The visitor should beware of the tricksome waterworks upon this terrace.

Beyond the courtyard is the entrance to the larger garden, which may be reached in a carriage by the courts at the back of St. Peter's. Admittance is difficult to obtain, as the garden is constantly used by the Pope. Pius IX. used to ride here upon his white mule. It is a most delightful retreat for the hot days of May and June, and before that time its woods are carpeted with wild violets and anemones. No one who has not visited them can form any idea of the beauty of these ancient groves, interspersed with fountains and statues, but otherwise left to nature, and forming a fragment of sylvan scenery quite unassociated with the English idea of a garden.

The Sixteenth Century was the golden age for the Vatican. Then the splendid court of Leo X. was the centre of artistic and literary life, and the witty and pleasure-loving Pope made these gardens the scene of his banquets and concerts; and, in a circle to which ladies were admitted, as in a secular court, listened to the recitations of the poets who sprang up under his protection, beneath the shadow of their woods.

THE VATICAN

EMILE ZOLA

IN order to calm himself a little, Pierre walked slowly through the Piazza of St. Peter's. At this hour of night, it was an immense stretch of darkness and solitude. At first it seemed as if he were lost in a sea of shadows. But, by degrees, his eyes grew accustomed to the dim space which was lighted only by four candelabra with seven branches at the four corners of the obelisk, and by lamps at long intervals to the right and left along the length of the buildings that lead towards the Basilica. Beneath the double entrance of the colonnade other lamps burned with their yellow light, in the midst of the colossal forest composed of four rows of pillars, causing their shafts to stand out strangely. On the Piazza the pale obelisk was the only visible object, rising like an apparition. The façade of St. Peter's also dimly rose up like a dream—silent and dead—in an extraordinary grandeur of sleep, immobility and silence. He could only divine the gigantic bluish roundness of the dome against the sky. He could hear the plashing of the fountains from the depths of the darkness, and at length was able to distinguish the delicate phantoms of the ever rising jets that fell in rain. And above the immense Piazza was spread the immense moonless sky, of deep velvety blue where the stars seemed

to have the size and brilliancy of carbuncles,—Charles's Wain, with its golden wheels and golden shaft upside down over the roof of the Vatican, and splendid Orion, bedizened with three stars on his belt, yonder over Rome in the direction of the Via Giulia.

Pierre raised his eyes to the Vatican. But he saw nothing but a confused heap of façades, where only two little glimmering lights were seen on the floor of the Pope's apartments. In the Court of San Damaso solely was there an interior light,—the wall of the back and that of the left blazed white with the reflections of their large conservatory-like panes. And never the slightest stir, nor noise, not even the trembling of a shadow. Two persons now crossed the enormous Piazza, and there came a third, who disappeared in his turn; then there remained nothing but the sound of rhythmic steps in the far distance. It was an absolute desert, no strollers, no passers-by, not even the shadow of a prowler under the colonnade in that forest of pillars as lonely as the wild primeval forests. What a solemn desert, what silent, haughty desolation! Never had he experienced such vast and black slumber—such sovereign nobility of death!

At ten minutes to nine, Pierre was determined and advanced towards the bronze door. Only one of the wings was open, on the right hand side, in a thick darkness engulfed by the night. He remembered the instructions that Monsignor Nani had given him,—to ask for Signor Squadra at each door without saying a word; each door

would then open to him and he would only have to follow his guide. When he had crossed the threshold and found himself before the motionless and sleepy Swiss Guard, he simply pronounced the pass-word,

“Signor Squadra.”

And as the Swiss guard never moved and did not bar the way, he passed and immediately turned to the right, into the great vestibule of the Scala Pia, the enormous stone stairway leading into the Court of San Damaso. And not a soul was to be seen, nothing but the muffled echo of his steps, nothing save the sleepy glow of the gas lamps, the flames of which were softened by the globes.

Above, whilst crossing the courtyard, he remembered having seen the *loggia* of Raphael, with its portico and white pavement beneath the burning sun. But he did not perceive the five or six carriages awaiting, with their rigid horses and stiff coachmen on the boxes. It was a solitude, a vast square, bare and pale with a sepulchral sleep under the dismal light of lamps, the white flickerings of which were reflected on the window-panes of the walls. And somewhat disturbed, shivering from the loneliness and silence, he stopped and advanced towards the right and towards the little flight of steps shadowed by an awning, these few steps leading to the stairway of private apartments.

Here stood a superb soldier in full uniform.

“Signor Squadra.”

By means of a simple gesture, and without a word, the soldier indicated the stairway. Pierre walked up. The

stairway was very wide, with a large handrail of white marble, low steps and walls of yellow stucco. In the globes of ground glass, the flames were turned down low as if for the sake of rigid economy. Nothing could be more mournfully solemn than the majestic nakedness of this spot, so cold and pallid beneath the clearly burning night-lights. At each landing a Swiss guard stood, halberd in hand; and, in the heavy sleep that enveloped the palace, nothing could be heard save the regular footsteps of these men coming and going, doubtless so that they should not succumb to the enervating influence.

In the enveloping shadows and the chilling silence, the stairway seemed interminable. Each stage was cut in sections,—here one, here one, here one. When he finally reached the landing of the second flight, it seemed as if he had been ascending for a hundred years. Before the glass door of the Sala Clementina, the right wing of which only was open, a last Swiss Guard waited.

“Signor Squadra.”

The Guard moved back and allowed the young priest to enter.

This immense Sala Clementina seemed without boundaries at this hour, in the twilight dimness of the lamps. The very rich decoration in which sculpture, paintings and gildings were all engulfed, seemed but a tawny, shadowy impression, like the walls seen in a dream where the reflections of jewels and precious stones slumber. And, moreover, there was not a single piece of furniture in it, nothing

but an endless pavement, a limitless solitude losing itself in the dusky depths.

At last, at the other end of the hall near a door, Pierre seemed to perceive some figures on a bench. These were three Swiss Guards asleep.

“Signor Squadra.”

Slowly one of the Guards got up and disappeared. And Pierre understood that he should wait. He dared not budge, annoyed by the sound of his footsteps on the tiles. He contented himself by looking around him, evoking the crowds that had peopled this hall. To-day this was the hall accessible to all and that all could enter, simply a guard-hall, always filled with a tumult of steps coming and going without number. But what a heavy death, when night invaded it, and how full of desperation and how weary of the many things and beings that had passed through it!

Finally, the Guard returned, and behind him appeared on the threshold of the neighbouring room, a man of about forty years, dressed entirely in black and who suggested a cross between the servant of a great house and a beadle. He had a handsome face, correct and clean-shaven, with a rather strong nose, and large clear eyes with a fixed glance.

“Signor Squadra,” said Pierre for the last time.

The man bowed, intimating that he was Signor Squadra. Then with another bow, he invited the priest to follow him. And, one behind the other, without the least haste, they began the interminable walk through the halls.

Pierre, familiar with the ceremonial, of which he had so

frequently talked with Narcisse, recognized, as he passed through them, the various halls, recalling the use of each, and peopling them with the personages who had the right of entrance. Each dignitary can only go beyond a certain door, according to his rank ; therefore the persons who are to be received by the Pope pass from one to another, from servants to the Noble Guards, then to the honourary *Camerieri* and then to the *Camerieri segreti* until they reach the Holy Father. But after eight o'clock, the halls empty and only a few lamps are left on the consoles ; they are merely a suite of deserted and half dark rooms, dull with the august drowsiness into which the entire palace falls.

First comes the servants' hall—the *bussolanti*, simple ushers dressed in red velvet embroidered with the Pope's arms, who conduct visitors to the door of the ante-chamber of honour. At this late hour, only one of them was on duty seated on a bench in such a dark corner that his purple tunic appeared black. He raised his head in this darkness where all the brilliant pomp of day was extinguished. Then he crossed the Hall of the Soldiers, where the rule was that the secretaries of the cardinals and other high personages should await the return of their masters ; and this perfectly empty, not a single one of those handsome blue uniforms with the white cross-belts, not one of those fine cassocks that mingle here during the brilliant hours of reception. Empty also the following and much smaller hall, reserved for the Palatine Guards, that militia recruited among the Roman middle class, who wear a black tunic

and gold epaulettes and a shako surmounted by a red plume. He turned to the right, into another series of halls, the first of which, the Hall of Tapestry, was empty, a superb waiting-room with its high painted ceiling, and its admirable Gobelin tapestry after Audran, representing Jesus performing the miracle at the Marriage of Cana. Empty also the Hall of the Noble Guards with its wooden stools, its console on the right surmounted by a large crucifix between a pair of lamps, its large door at the back opening into another room, a sort of alcove containing an altar where the Holy Father says mass alone while those present in the next room remain on their knees on the marble pavement, the uniforms of the Noble Guards glittering resplendently. And empty also the ante-chamber of honour, the Throne-Room, in which the Pope receives a public audience of two or three hundred persons at once. Opposite the windows on a low platform stands the throne, a gilded arm-chair covered with red velvet under a baldaquin of the same velvet. Beside it is the cushion on which the Pope rests his foot to be kissed. Then on the right and left are two console-tables, one having upon it a clock, the other a crucifix, between a pair of tall candelabra of gilded wood holding candles. The hangings of red damask with large palms in the style Louis XIV. are carried up as far as the frieze that surrounds the ceiling of allegorical attributes and figures; and the magnificent marble pavement is only covered before the throne with a Smyrna carpet. But on the days of special audience, when the Pope remains in the little Throne-

Room, or even in his chamber, the Throne-Room is then used as an ante-chamber in which all the prelates, the high dignitaries of the church, ambassadors, and important civilians of all ranks await their turns. The service is rendered by two honorary *Camerieri*, one in a violet coat and the other in the Cape and Sword, who receive from the hands of the *bussolanti* the persons to be admitted to the honour of an audience, and conduct them to the door of the adjoining room, where they are handed over to the *Camerieri segreti*. This is the most luxurious hall of all, and gayest in its display of uniforms and costumes.

During the progress through that endless succession of halls, the emotion has increased in proportion as one approaches the tabernacle of the Elect and Unique, the heart beating stronger and stronger, oppressed almost to suffocation by that clever gradation of constantly increasing splendour.

But at this hour of night, there is not a soul, nor a gesture, nor a voice,—nothing but the silence falling from the darkness of the ceiling upon the throne of red velvet and only a smoky lamp blackening the corner of a console, in that vast and drowsy hall.

Signor Squadra, who never once turning his head, had walked on with a slow and soft step, stopped for a moment at the door of the *anticamera segreta* in order to give the visitor time to collect himself before crossing the threshold of the sanctuary. The *Camerieri segreti* only have the right to enter here and only the Cardinals may wait here until the Pope is ready to receive them.

HOLY WEEK

CHARLES DICKENS

THE Holy Week in Rome is supposed to offer great attractions to all visitors; but, saving for the sights of Easter Sunday, I would counsel those who go to Rome for its own interest, to avoid it at that time. The ceremonies, in general, are of the most tedious and wearisome kind; the heat and crowd at every one of them, painfully oppressive; the noise, hubbub, and confusion, quite distracting. We abandoned the pursuit of these shows, very early in the proceedings, and betook ourselves to the Ruins again. But we plunged into the crowd for a share of the best of the sights; and what we saw, I will describe to you.

At the Sistine chapel, on the Wednesday, we saw very little, for by the time we reached it (though we were early) the besieging crowd had filled it to the door, and overflowed into the adjoining hall, where they were struggling, and squeezing, and mutually expostulating, and making great rushes every time a lady was brought out faint, as if at least fifty people could be accommodated in her vacant standing-room. Hanging in the doorway of the chapel, was a heavy curtain, and this curtain, some twenty people nearest to it, in their anxiety to hear the chaunting of the *Miserere*, were

continually plucking at, in opposition to each other, that it might not fall down and stifle the sound of the voices. The consequence was, that it occasioned the most extraordinary confusion, and seemed to wind itself about the unwary, like a Serpent. Now, a lady was wrapped up in it, and couldn't be unwound. Now, the voice of a stifling gentleman was heard inside it, beseeching to be let out. Now, two muffled arms, no man could say of which sex, struggled in it as in a sack. Now, it was carried by a rush, bodily overhead into the chapel, like an awning. Now, it came out the other way, and blinded one of the Pope's Swiss Guard who had arrived, that moment, to set things to rights.

Being seated at a little distance, among two or three of the Pope's gentlemen, who were very weary and counting the minutes—as perhaps his Holiness was too—we had better opportunities of observing this eccentric entertainment, than of hearing the Miserere. Sometimes, there was a swell of mournful voices that sounded very pathetic and sad, and died away, into a low strain again ; but that was all we heard.

At another time, there was the Exhibition of the Relics in St. Peter's, which took place at between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and was striking from the cathedral being dark and gloomy, and having a great many people in it. The place into which the relics were brought, one by one, by a party of three priests, was a high balcony near the chief altar. This was the only lighted part of the church.



SCALA SANTA



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There are always a hundred and twelve lamps burning near the altar, and there were two tall tapers, besides, near the black statue of St. Peter; but these were nothing in such an immense edifice. The gloom, and the general upturning of faces to the balcony, and the prostration of true believers on the pavement, as shining objects, like pictures or looking-glasses, were brought out and shown, had something effective in it, despite the very preposterous manner in which they were held up for the general edification, and the great elevation at which they were displayed; which one would think rather calculated to diminish the comfort derivable from a full conviction of their being genuine.

On the Thursday, we went to see the Pope convey the Sacrament from the Sistine chapel, to deposit it in the Capella Paolina, another chapel in the Vatican;—a ceremony emblematical of the entombment of the Saviour before His Resurrection. We waited in a great gallery with a great crowd of people (three-fourths of them English) for an hour or so, while they were chaunting the Miserere, in the Sistine chapel again. Both chapels opened out of the gallery; and the general attention was concentrated on the occasional opening and shutting of the door of the one for which the Pope was ultimately bound. None of these openings disclosed anything more tremendous than a man on a ladder, lighting a great quantity of candles; but at each and every opening, there was a terrific rush made at this ladder and this man, something like (I should think) a charge of the heavy British cavalry at Waterloo. The

man was never brought down, however, nor the ladder ; for it performed the strangest antics in the world among the crowd—where it was carried by the man, when the candles were all lighted ; and finally it was stuck up against the gallery wall, in a very disorderly manner, just before the opening of the other chapel, and the commencement of a new chaunt, announced the approach of his Holiness. At this crisis, the soldiers of the guard, who had been poking the crowd into all sorts of shapes, formed down the gallery : and the procession came up, between the two lines they made.

There were a few choristers, and then a great many priests, walking two and two, and carrying—the good-looking priests at least—their lighted tapers, so as to throw the light with a good effect upon their faces : for the room was darkened. Those who were not handsome, or who had not long beards, carried *their* tapers anyhow, and abandoned themselves to spiritual contemplation. Meanwhile, the chaunting was very monotonous and dreary. The procession passed on, slowly, into the chapel, and the drone of voices went on, and came on, with it, until the Pope himself appeared, walking under a white satin canopy, and bearing the covered Sacrament in both hands ; cardinals and canons clustered round him, making a brilliant show. The soldiers of the guard knelt down as he passed ; all the bystanders bowed ; and so he passed on into the chapel : the white satin canopy being removed from over him at the door, and a white satin parasol hoisted over his

poor old head, in place of it. A few more couples brought up the rear, and passed into the chapel also. Then, the chapel door was shut; and it was all over; and everybody hurried off headlong, as for life or death, to see something else, and say it wasn't worth the trouble.

I think the most popular and most crowded sight (excepting those of Easter Sunday and Monday, which are open to all classes of people) was the Pope' washing the feet of Thirteen men, representing the twelve apostles, and Judas Iscariot. The place in which this pious office is performed, is one of the chapels of St. Peter's, which is gaily decorated for the occasion; the thirteen sitting, "all of a row," on a very high bench, and looking particularly uncomfortable, with the eyes of Heaven knows how many English, French, Americans, Swiss, Germans, Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, and other foreigners, nailed to their faces all the time. They are robed in white; and on their heads they wear a stiff white cap, like a large English porter-pot, without a handle. Each carries in his hand, a nosegay, of the size of a fine cauliflower; and two of them, on this occasion, wore spectacles: which, remembering the characters they sustained, I thought a droll appendage to the costume. There was a great eye to character. St. John was represented by a good-looking young man. St. Peter, by a grave-looking old gentleman, with a flowing brown beard; and Judas Iscariot by such an enormous hypocrite (I could not make out, though, whether the expression of his face was real or assumed) that if he had acted the

part to the death and had gone away and hanged himself, he would have left nothing to be desired.

As the two large boxes, appropriated to ladies at this sight, were full to the throat, and getting near was hopeless, we posted off, along with a great crowd, to be in time at the Table, where the Pope, in person, waits on these Thirteen; and after a prodigious struggle at the Vatican staircase, and several personal conflicts with the Swiss guard, the whole crowd swept into the room. It was a long gallery hung with drapery of white and red, with another great box for ladies (who are obliged to dress in black at these ceremonies, and to wear black veils), a royal box for the King of Naples, and his party; and the table itself, which, set out like a ball supper, and ornamented with golden figures of the real apostles, was arranged on an elevated platform on one side of the gallery. The counterfeit apostles' knives and forks were laid out on that side of the table which was nearest to the wall, so that they might be stared at again, without let or hindrance.

The body of the room was full of male strangers; the crowd immense; the heat very great; and the pressure sometimes frightful. It was at its height when the stream came pouring in, from the feet-washing; and then there were such shrieks and outcries, that a party of Piedmontese dragoons went to the rescue of the Swiss guard, and helped them to calm the tumult.

The ladies were particularly ferocious, in their struggles for places. One lady of my acquaintance was seized round

the waist, in the ladies' box, by a strong matron, and hoisted out of her place; and there was another lady (in a back row in the same box) who improved her position by sticking a large pin into the ladies before her.

The gentlemen about me were remarkably anxious to see what was on the table; and one Englishman seemed to have embarked the whole energy of his nature in the determination to discover whether there was any mustard. "By Jupiter, there's vinegar!" I heard him say to his friend, after he had stood on tiptoe an immense time, and had been crushed and beaten on all sides. "And there's oil!! I saw them distinctly, in cruets! Can any gentleman, in front there, see mustard on the table? Sir, will you oblige me! *Do you see a Mustard-Pot?*"

The apostles and Judas appearing on the platform, after much expectation, were marshalled, in line, in front of the table, with Peter at the top; and a good long stare was taken at them by the company, while twelve of them took a long smell at their nosegays, and Judas—moving his lips very obtrusively—engaged in inward prayer. Then, the Pope, clad in a scarlet robe, and wearing on his head a skull-cap of white satin, appeared in the midst of a crowd of Cardinals and other dignitaries, and took in his hand a little golden ewer, from which he poured a little water over one of Peter's hands, while one attendant held a golden basin; a second, a fine cloth; a third, Peter's nosegay, which was taken from him during the operation. This his Holiness performed, with considerable expedition, on every

man in the line (Judas, I observed, to be particularly overcome by his condescension); and then the whole Thirteen sat down to dinner. Grace said by the Pope. Peter in the chair.

There was white wine, and red wine: and the dinner looked very good. The courses appeared in portions, one for each apostle; and these being presented to the Pope, by Cardinals upon their knees, were by him handed to the Thirteen. The manner in which Judas grew more white-livered over his victuals, and languished, with his head on one side, as if he had no appetite, defies all description. Peter was a good, sound, old man, and went in, as the saying is, "to win"; eating everything that was given to him (he got the best: being first in the row) and saying nothing to anybody. The dishes appeared to be chiefly composed of fish and vegetables. The Pope helped the Thirteen to wine also; and, during the whole dinner, somebody read something aloud, out of a large book—the Bible, I presume—which nobody could hear, and to which nobody paid the least attention. The Cardinals, and other attendants, smiled to each other, from time to time, as if the thing were a great farce; and if they thought so, there is little doubt they were perfectly right. His Holiness did what he had to do, as a sensible man gets through a troublesome ceremony, and seemed very glad when it was all over.

The Pilgrims' Suppers: where lords and ladies waited on the Pilgrims, in token of humility, and dried their feet when they had been well washed by deputy: were very attractive.

But, of all the many spectacles of dangerous reliance on outward observances, in themselves mere empty forms, none struck me half so much as the Scala Santa, or Holy Staircase, which I saw several times, but to the greatest advantage, or disadvantage, on Good Friday.

This holy staircase is composed of eight-and-twenty steps, said to have belonged to Pontius Pilate's house, and to be the identical stairs on which our Saviour trod, in coming down from the judgment-seat. Pilgrims ascend it, only on their knees. It is steep; and, at the summit, is a chapel, reported to be full of relics; into which they peep through some iron bars, and then come down again, by one of two side staircases, which are not sacred, and may be walked on.

On Good Friday, there were, on a moderate computation, a hundred people, slowly shuffling up these stairs, on their knees, at one time; while others, who were going up, or had come down—and a few who had done both, and were going up again for the second time—stood loitering in the porch below, where an old gentleman in a sort of watch-box, rattled a tin canister, with a slit in the top, incessantly, to remind them that he took the money. The majority were country-people, male and female. There were four or five Jesuit priests, however, and some half-dozen well-dressed women. A whole school of boys, twenty at least, were about half-way up—evidently enjoying it very much. They were all wedged together, pretty closely; but the rest of the company gave the boys as wide a berth as possible,

in consequence of their betraying some recklessness in the management of their boots.

I never, in my life, saw anything at once so ridiculous, and so unpleasant, as this sight—ridiculous in the absurd incidents inseparable from it ; and unpleasant in its senseless and unmeaning degradation. There are two steps to begin with, and then a rather broad landing. The more rigid climbers went along this landing on their knees, as well as up the stairs ; and the figures they cut, in their shuffling progress over the level surface, no description can paint. Then, to see them watch their opportunity from the porch, and cut in where there was a place next the wall ! And to see one man with an umbrella (brought on purpose, for it was a fine day) hoisting himself, unlawfully, from stair to stair ! And to observe a demure lady of fifty-five or so, looking back, every now and then, to assure herself that her legs were properly disposed !

There were such odd differences in the speed of different people, too. Some got on as if they were doing a match against time ; others stopped to say a prayer on every step. This man touched every stair with his forehead, and kissed it ; that man scratched his head all the way. The boys got on brilliantly, and were up and down again before the old lady had accomplished her half-dozen stairs. But most of the penitents came down, very sprightly and fresh, as having done a real good substantial deed which it would take a good deal of sin to counterbalance ; and the old gentleman

in the watch-box was down upon them with his canister while they were in this humour, I promise you.

As if such a progress were not in its nature inevitably droll enough, there lay, on the top of the stairs, a wooden figure on a crucifix, resting on a sort of great iron saucer : so rickety and unsteady, that whenever an enthusiastic person kissed the figure, with more than usual devotion, or threw a coin into the saucer, with more than common readiness (for it served in this respect as a second or supplementary canister), it gave a great leap and rattle, and nearly shook the attendant lamp out : horribly frightening the people further down, and throwing the guilty party into unspeakable embarrassment.

On Easter Sunday, as well on the preceding Thursday, the Pope bestows his benediction on the people, from the balcony in front of St. Peter's. This Easter Sunday was a day so bright and blue : so cloudless, balmy, wonderfully bright : that all the previous bad weather vanished from the recollection in a moment. I had seen the Thursday's Benediction dropping damply on some hundreds of umbrellas, but there was not a sparkle then, in all the hundred fountains of Rome—such fountains as they are!—and on this Sunday morning they were running diamonds. The miles of miserable streets through which we drove (compelled to a certain course by the Pope's dragoons : the Roman police on such occasions) were so full of colour, that nothing in them was capable of wearing a faded aspect.

The common people came out in their gayest dresses ; the richer people in their smartest vehicles ; Cardinals rattled to the church of the Poor Fishermen in their state carriages ; shabby magnificence flaunted its thread-bare liveries and tarnished cocked hats, in the sun ; and every coach in Rome was put in requisition for the Great Piazza of St. Peter's.

One hundred and fifty thousand people were there at least ! Yet there was ample room. How many carriages were there, I don't know ; yet there was room for them too, and to spare. The great steps of the church were densely crowded. There were many of the Contadini, from Albano (who delight in red), in that part of the square, and the mingling of bright colours in the crowd was beautiful. Below the steps, the troops were ranged. In the magnificent proportions of the place, they looked like a bed of flowers. Sulky Romans, lively peasants from the neighbouring country, groups of pilgrims from distant parts of Italy, sight-seeing foreigners of all nations, made a murmur in the clear air, like so many insects ; and high above them all, plashing and bubbling, and making rainbow colours in the light, the two delicious fountains welled and tumbled bountifully.

A kind of bright carpet was hung over the front of the balcony ; and the sides of the great window were bedecked with crimson drapery. An awning was stretched too, over the top, to screen the old man from the hot rays of the sun. As noon approached, all eyes were turned up to this win-

dow. In due time, the chair was seen approaching to the front, with the gigantic fans of peacock's feathers, close behind. The doll within it (for the balcony is very high) then rose up, and stretched out its tiny arms, while all the male spectators in the square uncovered, and some, but not by any means the greater part, kneeled down. The guns upon the ramparts of the Castle of St. Angelo proclaimed, next moment, that the benediction was given; drums beat; trumpets sounded; arms clashed; and the great mass below, suddenly breaking into smaller heaps, and scattering here and there in rills, was stirred like parti-coloured sand.

What a bright noon it was, as we rode away! The Tiber was no longer yellow, but blue. There was a blush on the old bridges, that made them fresh and hale again. The Pantheon, with its majestic front, all seamed and furrowed like an old face, had summer light upon its battered walls. Every squalid and desolate hut in the Eternal City (bear witness every grim old palace, to the filth and misery of the plebeian neighbour that elbows it, as certainly as Time has laid its grip on its patrician head!) was fresh and new with some ray of the sun. The very prison in the crowded street, a whirl of carriages and people, had some stray sense of the day, dropping through its chinks and crevices: and dismal prisoners who could not wind their faces round the barricading of the blocked-up windows, stretched out their hands, and clinging to the rusty bars, turned *them* towards the overflowing street: as if it were a cheerful fire, and could be shared in, that way.

But, when the night came on, without a cloud to dim the full moon, what a sight it was to see the Great Square full once more, and the whole church, from the cross to the ground, lighted with innumerable lanterns, tracing out the architecture, and winking and shining all round the colonnade of the piazza! And what a sense of exultation, joy, delight, it was, when the great bell struck half-past seven—on the instant—to behold one bright red mass of fire, soar gallantly from the top of the cupola to the extremest summit of the cross, and the moment it leaped into its place, become the signal of a bursting out of countless lights, as great, and red, and blazing as itself, from every part of the gigantic church; so that every cornice, capital, and smallest ornament of stone, expressed itself in fire: and the black solid groundwork of the enormous dome seemed to grow transparent as an eggshell!

A train of gunpowder, an electric chain—nothing could be fired, more suddenly and swiftly, than this second illumination; and when we had got away, and gone upon a distant height, and looked towards it two hours afterwards, there it still stood, shining and glittering in the calm night like a jewel! Not a line of its proportions wanting; not an angle blunted; not an atom of its radiance lost.

The next night—Easter Monday—there was a great display of fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo. We hired a room in an opposite house, and made our way, to our places, in good time, through a dense mob of people choking up the square in front, and all the avenues leading to it;

and so loading the bridge by which the castle is approached, that it seemed ready to sink into the rapid Tiber below. There are statues on this bridge (execrable works), and, among them, great vessels full of burning tow were placed : glaring strangely on the faces of the crowd, and not less strangely on the stone counterfeits above them.

The show began with a tremendous discharge of cannon ; and then, for twenty minutes or half an hour, the whole castle was one incessant sheet of fire, and labyrinth of blazing wheels of every colour, size, and speed : while rockets streamed into the sky, not by ones or twos, or scores, but hundreds at a time. The concluding burst—the Girandola—was like the blowing up into the air of the whole massive castle, without smoke or dust.

In half an hour afterwards, the immense concourse had dispersed ; the moon was looking calmly down upon her wrinkled image in the river ; and half-a-dozen men and boys, with bits of lighted candle in their hands : moving here and there, in search of anything worth having, that might have been dropped in the press : had the whole scene to themselves.

By way of contrast we rode out into old ruined Rome, after all this firing and booming, to take our leave of the Coliseum. I had seen it by moonlight before (I never could get through a day without going back to it), but its tremendous solitude, that night, is past all telling. The ghostly pillars in the Forum ; the triumphal arches of Old Emperors ; those enormous masses of ruin which were once

their palaces ; the grass-grown mounds that mark the graves of ruined temples ; the stones of the Via Sacra, smooth with the tread of feet in ancient Rome ; even these were dimmed, in their transcendent melancholy, by the dark ghost of its bloody holidays, erect and grim ; haunting the old scene ; despoiled by pillaging Popes and fighting Princes, but not laid ; wringing wild hands of weed, and grass, and bramble ; and lamenting to the night in every gap and broken arch—the shadow of its awful self, immovable !

We are bound for Naples ! And we cross the threshold of the Eternal City at yonder gate, the Gate of San Giovanni Laterano, where the two last objects that attract the notice of a departing visitor, and the two first objects that attract the notice of an arriving one, are a proud church and a decaying ruin—good emblems of Rome.

Our way lies over the Campagna, which looks more solemn on a bright blue day like this, than beneath a darker sky ; the great extent of ruin being plainer to the eye : and the sunshine through the arches of the broken aqueducts, showing other broken arches shining through them in the melancholy distance. When we have traversed it, and look back from Albano, its dark undulating surface lies below us like a stagnant lake, or like a broad dull Lethe flowing round the walls of Rome, and separating it from all the world ! How often have the Legions, in triumphant march, gone glittering across that purple waste, so silent and unpeopled now ! How often has the train of captives looked, with sinking hearts, upon the distant city, and be-

held its population pouring out, to hail the return of their conqueror! What riot, sensuality, and murder, have run mad in the vast Palaces now heaps of brick and shattered marble! What glare of fires, and roar of popular tumult, and wail of pestilence and famine, have come sweeping over the wild plain where nothing is now heard but the wind, and where the solitary lizards gambol unmolested in the sun!

ST. PETER'S

DR. REINHOLD SCHOENER

THE mighty Cathedral of St. Peter's, which has justly been called a "very mountain of Art" rises from the Piazza named after it, bounded on two sides by the Colonnades of Bernini of considerably later date than much of the Church itself. In the centre of the Piazza rises the Obelisk and between it and the Colonnades are two fountains, one on either side, designed by Maderno and considered the finest in Rome.

The Cathedral of St. Peter's, which is the very heart of hearts of Roman Catholicism and has been the goal for many centuries of countless pilgrims, is said to occupy the site of an oratory founded as early as A. D. 90 by St. Anacletus, one of the earliest Bishops of Rome who received ordination from St. Peter himself, to mark the spot where the remains of the great Apostle were buried. Whether this be a mere legend or not, there is no doubt that Constantine built a Basilica on the same site commemorated in more than one of Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican. Nothing now remains except the crypt of what was evidently a very noble structure, but with the aid of pictures and manuscripts it is possible to form a very accurate idea of what it was. It was entered from a square



ST. PETER'S

ST. PETER'S

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cortile enclosed within a colonnade and had double aisles and transepts. The northern portion rose from the very ruins of the Circus of Nero, where so many Christians had met a terrible death, so that its foundations were literally watered with the blood of the Infant Church. Fine bronze doors gave access to the Atrium, but in 1169 they were taken to Viterbo as part of the spoils of war. By the time of the accession of Nicholas V. in 1450, the Basilica had fallen into such complete decay that restoration was impossible, and the new pontiff resolved to build a larger place of worship in its stead. The architects chosen were Alberti and Rosellini, and the building begun after their designs eventually became the nucleus of what gradually grew to be a typical example of the Renaissance in its fullest development.

The work was continued under Paul II. and Nicholas V., but progress was slow till the accession of the energetic Julius II. when Bramante's fame was at its zenith. That great architect drew a beautiful design of the form of a Greek cross, with a six-columned portico, the intersection of nave and transepts to be covered in by a huge cupola upheld by four massive piers. Unfortunately a few years after the first stone had been laid by Julius II. in the presence of his Cardinals, the architect died, the only part of his grand scheme actually executed being the four central piers with the arches they supported. The work was now carried on in an intermittent manner only, one architect succeeding another, each more or less

spoiling the original design of Bramante. Raphael preferred a Latin to a Greek cross, whilst Baldassare Peruzzi, who succeeded him, reverted to the Greek. During the pontificates of Hadrian VI. and Clement VII. next to nothing was done, but Paul III. commissioned Antonio da San Gallo to complete the Church and he set to work to alter all that had been done before him. Fortunately he died before he had done more than make the model, still preserved, and his successor Giulio Romano followed him to the grave the very year of his appointment as architect. Then at last in 1540, Michael Angelo was summoned to the rescue, and responding nobly to the call, added the four transepts of Bramante's design, thus at last giving the form of the Greek cross originally intended. He also began the central dome, his design differing slightly from that of Bramante, and enlarged the choir. He intended to have converted the entrance into a Corinthian portico and to have made the whole of the vast structure with its central dome visible from the Piazza di San Pietro, but after working hard for seventeen years the great genius also passed away at the age of eighty, and though his various successors had orders to adhere to his plans, they were constantly modified. The mighty dome, a unique example of the Roman system of vaulting, was completed by Giacomo della Porta under Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V. Unfortunately the work was then entrusted to Maderno, a man of talent rather than genius, who lengthened the nave, thus destroying the proportions of the

whole building, and reverted to the Latin cross. He also added the very unsuitable west front which hides the dome, so that the chief feature of the Cathedral cannot be satisfactorily seen from any point of the Piazza, and the best view is from the back, whence the great height of the central dome and the symmetry of the sloping outlines of the dome can be realized at once.

Fortunately, the beauty of the general appearance of the interior of St. Peter's has been but little injured. The general effect is that of the combined simplicity and grandeur which were the keynotes of the designs of Bramante and Michael Angelo. The noble mosaics enriching the dome and the decorative details of the nave, transepts and chapels are harmonious and suitable. The art-treasures enshrined within this epitome of the Renaissance include the marble *Pieta* by Michael Angelo, executed when he was only twenty-three years old; the Bronze Canopy by Bernini above the High Altar, the Tomb of Clement XIII. and the Monument to the Stuarts, both by Canova with the Tomb of Pius VII. by Thorwaldsen.

Rather quaint than beautiful, but interesting for the many associations connected with it is the bronze statue of St. Peter (said to have been cast by Saint Leo from a statue of Jupiter), the toe of which is worn away by the kisses of the faithful, every Roman Catholic who visits the Cathedral pressing first his lips and then his forehead against the time-honoured memorial.

ST. JOHN LATERAN

FRANCIS WEY

BUILT by Constantine in the enclosure of his palace, St. John Lateran is the metropolis of the Roman bishopric, as officially recognized by the emperors. The son of St. Helena, as he had announced at the foot of Trajan's Column, set apart for the building and the inhabitation of the bishops a portion of his residence to the east of the Cœlian, established on the old confiscated domain of the Plautius Lateranus who was driven from the Senate and exiled for having been one of Messalina's lovers; afterwards recalled, he was put to death by Nero for having taken part in the conspiracy of Piso and Epicharis. It was he who, when stabbed by the tribune Statius, died without pronouncing a word or uttering a complaint, "*plenus constantis silentii,*" says Tacitus, "*nec tribuno objiciens eandem conscientiam.*"

The name of Lateranus, who perished in the year of martyrdom of St. Peter, was destined to an unforeseen but lasting renown; for after Constantine had finished his primitive church, adorned with such splendour that it was proclaimed the Golden Basilica, after also St. Sylvester had consecrated it to the Saviour, and eight years later, after Lucius II. had dedicated it to the two saints John, the foun-

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dation of Constantine continued to bear the name of Lateranus, of that victim whose memory the people had perpetuated in the designation of an imperial palace basely acquired. The poet Prudentius Clemens, who wrote in the Fourth Century, spoke of the Basilica of Lateran ; " who does not now despise the polluted altar of Jupiter, to run with the multitude to the abode of Lateranus in search of the royal unction of the Christian ! "

Chosen in the church *in Lucinis*, a designation derived, according to Pliny, from *lucus*, St. Damasus was consecrated in the Lateran Basilica ; it was there that since Sylvester I. the popes have taken possession of their see. At St. Peter of the Vatican the pope is the spiritual sovereign of the world ; at St. John Lateran he is bishop ; the Basilica of St. John is the cathedral of Rome. Hence the church has been described as *Mater et caput ecclesiarum urbis et orbis*.

St. John Lateran preserves its pre-eminence ; in the general procession which starts from the nave of St. Peter's the clergy of the Vatican Basilica only take the second place. From all time this mother church has kept its liturgic rites. " The church of Lateran," wrote Abélard to St. Bernard, " this mother church of all the others, retains the ancient office, which none of her daughters do, not even the church of the Roman palace." It allowed no other prayer than the Pater. " It was seemly," wrote the Deacon John in the Thirteenth Century, " that the supreme church should use only the supreme prayer." He adds that

at the third versicle of the Agnus Dei they left out the *dona nobis pacem*, the Lateran being the symbol of the eternal temple in which Christ shall be the peace of the just, and there will be no more need of craving it. St. John Lateran had no doors, but simple curtains, in order that people might be able to find refuge there at any hour; it was through this metropolis that the right of asylum was handed down from the pagan temples to our churches. Down to the reign of Pius VII. the newly-elected popes, after they left the Quirinal, used to come and take possession of their cathedral of Lateran; they proceeded thither on a white mule richly caparisoned, preceded by the religious orders, the cardinals, the bishops and patriarchs, escorted by the Swiss and the guard of nobles. An old engraving, executed at the accession of Clement X., is the only thing that can now represent to us this suppressed procession. Of all these grandeurs no other witness is left save a Baptistery, separated from the church by a court, and disfigured by various restorations; but the eight columns of porphyry, surmounted by eight columns of marble, supporting the octagonal cupola, are in Constantinian style, as well as the pillars and the ancient entablature, which though now set in the wall, still mark the centre of the old porch. There, according to a Roman legend, Constantine was baptized; but this is a mistake, for he did not receive baptism until the approach of death, at Nicomedia. In those days they gladly put off baptism as long as possible, as it was the purification from all stains.

Its Baptistery apart, San Giovanni in Laterano is now little more than a place consecrated by great memories. The Basilica of Constantine had lasted ten centuries, when, towards 1308, a fire destroyed the temple and place. Clement V., who lived at Avignon, commenced the reconstruction, and carried it on a considerable way; then Urban V. and Alexander VI. continued and decorated it; Pius IV. burdened the nave with its heavy gilded ceiling, and erected on the piazza the lateral façade with its two bell-towers, too far apart; Sixtus V. commissioned Fontana to add the portico, and Salimbeni to paint it. It was there that Nicholas Cordier placed the bronze statue of Henry IV., canon of St. John Lateran, like all the sovereigns of France. Giacomo della Porta, under Clement VIII., rebuilt the transept; Borromini rebuilt the rest under Innocent X.; Clement XII. had the principal façade erected by Galilei, which provided a mean imitation of that of St. Peter, and was, like that, surmounted by a regiment of statues. The style of the forerunners of Bernini presided over the work; as at the Vatican, it is a vast portico with the Porta Santa at the extremity, and five other entrances, of which the centre one, in bronze, is said to come from the Æmilian basilica; at the end of the gallery rises a colossal statue of Constantine, the only authentic likeness of that emperor. Under the aisles you come upon the enormous pilasters of St. Peter, square piers in which Borromini imprisoned fine columns of granite: and against these pilasters, niches with cut lines, whence project twelve distorted and

dull colossi of the Apostles, imitations of the attitudinizing giants of St. Peter's. Bas-reliefs, statues, pictures, facings of grey marble,—all is pale and cold, all has a savour of artifice and the theatre. They extol highly, as a masterpiece of the exuberance of the decline, a chapel of the Corsini, containing the tombs of Clement XII., and his uncle, the Cardinal Neri; but the first is bad, and the second burlesque. To see how far art has come down, you must examine the chapel of the Torlonia, where, however, Tenerani has executed in very high relief a Descent from the Cross in a pure and delicate style, but too sentimental to rise to religious inspiration.

Near the door, at the back of a pillar, a small fresco attributed to Giotto hands down to us the likeness of Boniface VIII., who, placed between two cardinals, proclaims the jubilee of 1300. The pontifical master-altar, where they celebrate facing the people, occupies the centre of the arm of the cross, and is surmounted by a tabernacle or ciborium of the Fourteenth Century, adorned with Siennese frescoes of exquisite composition. In the small subjects of the Coronation and the Annunciation, the heads possess that delicate and dreamy beauty which delights us in the works of Guido and Duccio; but by the care of Pius IX. these works have been restored so “conscientiously,” that at first I took them for contemporary *pasticci*. However, the holy father had a fine staircase constructed to go down to the confession of St. John, which is guarded by one of the Colonna, Pope Martin V., worthily entombed by

Simone, brother of Donatello. Although St. John Lateran has been rebuilt at least three times, we are led to suppose that the fire of 1308, which destroyed the building of the Fourth Century, still spared the apse, or else that the latter had been re-erected before the end of the Thirteenth; for its vault is decorated with mosaics signed by Jacopo da Turrita, Fra Jacopo da Camerino, and executed in 1291 for Pope Nicholas IV.; it was Gaddo Gaddi, they say, who finished them. In sentiment and style they are not very remote from art as it was practised in the Ile de France between 1200 and 1250; but here the design has more suppleness, and the colour has a sweet and tender brightness, which the mosaic-workers of Venice two centuries later seldom surpassed.

Pious and trustful souls will have shown to them the table on which our Lord partook of the supper with His disciples the night before His death; in any case the piece is of very old wood. I commend to attention the pavement of the church, formed of rosettes and festoons of costly marble, and embroidered with mosaics separated by plaques of porphyry; we owe this carpeting of precious stones to Martin V., who died in 1431. If I may point out their value alone some remarkable blocks, the columns of red oriental granite which define the naves and the fluted pillars of antique yellow which support the organ, are worthy of mention; the first are thirty-four feet high; the second, also in a single piece and the largest known of this rare material, are nine metres high. But the marvel of the kind are the

four fluted columns in gilded bronze of the Holy Sacrament ; they are not less than eight and a half feet in circumference. On their enormous composite capitals reposes an entablature of bronze ; the purity of the lines, the precision of the flutings, the curve of the volutes, the relief of the acanthus, the sparkling play of light on these bouquets of golden leafage—everything about this gigantic gold-work causes the surprise and the full satisfaction of perfect works. Then, what theories as to the origin of the columns? It was Octavianus, say some, who, out of the bronze prows of the vessels taken at Actium, had the votive columns made to be placed in the Capitol. They took them, say others, from the basilica of the great Julius, or from the palace of Titus. There are those, again, who think they belonged to the Golden Basilica, at the time when Constantine made of it one of the marvels of Rome.

If you are bent on finding some remains of the Lateran buildings going back into respectable ages, you must seek them in the cloister. This monument of the Thirteenth Century, the arches of which surmounted by mosaics, rest on small columns diversified by an ingenious fancy, this cloister is one of the most delicious erections in Rome or in the world. It can only be compared to that of St. Paul, belonging to the same epoch ; they both offer the variety of the buildings of the Middle Ages, made regular in harmony of outline by frequent resort to antique monuments. Under the arcades you see the massive seat of the old metropolis ; how many pontiffs have sat on this since the Eighth Cen-

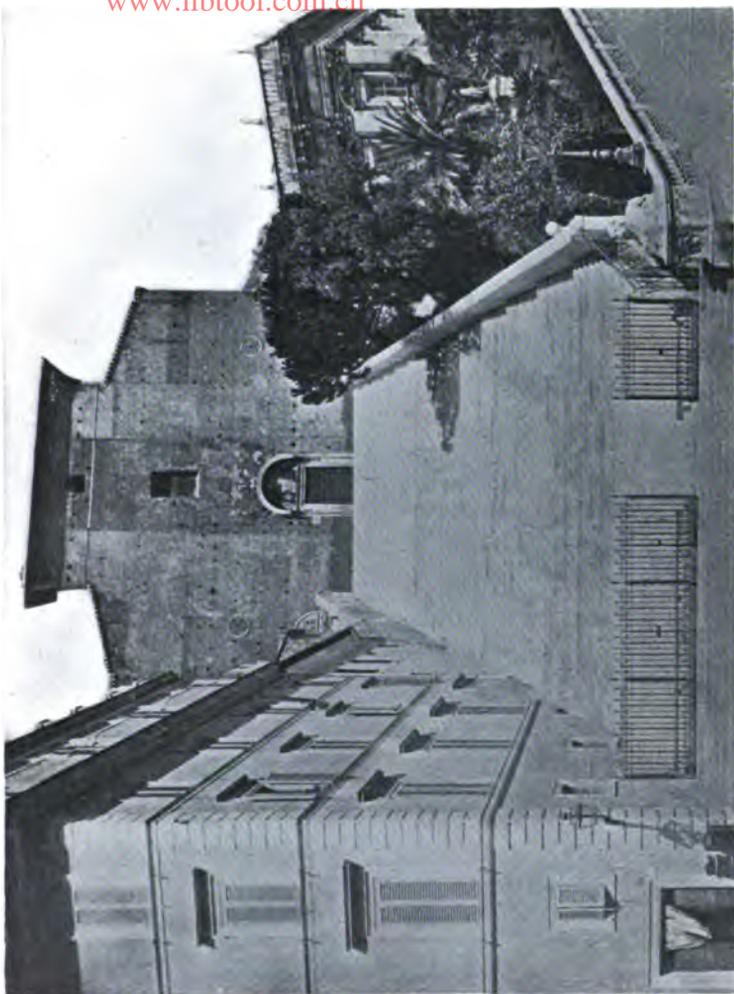
ture? They preserve here also a number of bas-reliefs earlier than the Fourteenth, and notably, among other fragments of the old altar, a graceful carving, in which some small clerks blow with pipes on the pan of a censer. Let us also notice a marble statue of Boniface VIII. In the middle of this court, with some neglected plants growing around it, is a fine well of the Sixth Century.

CHURCHES AND DUNGEONS

CHARLES DICKENS

AMONG the innumerable churches, there is one I must select for separate mention. It is the church of the Ara Cœli, supposed to be built on the site of the old Temple of Jupiter Feretrius; and approached, on one side, by a long steep flight of steps, which seem incomplete without some group of bearded soothsayers on the top. It is remarkable for the possession of a miraculous Bambino, or wooden doll, representing the Infant Saviour; and I first saw this miraculous Bambino, in legal phrase, in manner following, that is to say:

We had strolled into the church one afternoon, and were looking down its long vista of gloomy pillars (for all these ancient churches built upon the ruins of old temples, are dark and sad), when the Brave came running in, with a grin upon his face that stretched it from ear to ear, and implored us to follow him, without a moment's delay, as they were going to show the Bambino to a select party. We accordingly hurried off to a sort of chapel, or sacristy, hard by the chief altar, but in the church itself, where the select party, consisting of two or three Catholic gentlemen and ladies (not Italians), were already assembled: and where one hollow-cheeked young monk was lighting up divers candles, while another was putting on some



ST. MARIA IN ARA COELI

ST. MARIA IN ARA COELI

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clerical robes over his coarse brown habit. The candles were on a kind of altar, and above it were two delectable figures, such as you would see at any English fair, representing the Holy Virgin, and Saint Joseph, as I suppose, bending in devotion over a wooden box, or coffer; which was shut.

The hollow-cheeked monk, number One, having finished lighting the candles, went down on his knees, in a corner, before this set-piece; and the monk number Two, having put on a pair of highly ornamented and gold-be-spattered gloves, lifted down the coffer, with great reverence, and set it on the altar. Then, with many genuflexions, and muttering certain prayers, he opened it, and let down the front, and took off sundry coverings of satin and lace from the inside. The ladies had been on their knees from the commencement; and the gentlemen now dropped down devoutly, as he exposed to view a little wooden doll, in face very like General Tom Thumb, the American Dwarf: gorgeously dressed in satin and gold lace, and actually blazing with rich jewels. There was scarcely a spot upon its little breast, or neck, or stomach, but was sparkling with the costly offerings of the Faithful. Presently, he lifted it out of the box, and carrying it round among the kneelers, set its face against the forehead of every one, and tendered its clumsy foot to them to kiss—a ceremony which they all performed down to a dirty little ragamuffin of a boy who had walked in from the street. When this was done, he laid it in the

box again : and the company, rising, drew near, and commended the jewels in whispers. In good time, he replaced the coverings, shut up the box, put it back in its place, locked up the whole concern (Holy Family and all) behind a pair of folding-doors ; took off his priestly vestments ; and received the customary "small charge," while his companion, by means of an extinguisher fastened to the end of a long stick, put out the lights, one after another. The candles being all extinguished, and the money all collected, they retired, and so did the spectators.

I met this same Bambino, in the street a short time afterwards, going, in great state, to the house of some sick person. It is taken to all parts of Rome for this purpose, constantly ; but, I understand that it is not always as successful as could be wished ; for, making its appearance at the bedside of weak and nervous people in extremity, accompanied by a numerous escort, it not unfrequently frightens them to death.

Among the people who drop into St. Peter's at their leisure, to kneel on the pavement, and say a quiet prayer, there are certain schools and seminaries, priestly and otherwise, that come in, twenty or thirty strong. These boys always kneel down in single file, one behind the other, with a tall grim master in a black gown, bringing up the rear : like a pack of cards arranged to be tumbled down at a touch, with a disproportionately large Knave of clubs at the end. When they have had a minute or so at the chief

altar, they scramble up, and fling off to the chapel of the Madonna, or the sacrament, flop down again in the same order; so that if anybody *did* stumble against the master, a general and sudden overthrow of the whole line must inevitably ensue.

The scene in all the churches is the strangest possible. The same monotonous, heartless, drowsy chanting, always going on; the same dark building, darker from the brightness of the street without; the same lamps dimly burning; the self-same people kneeling here and there; turned towards you, from one altar or other, the same priest's back, with the same large cross embroidered on it; however different in size, in shape, in wealth, in architecture, this church is from that, it is the same thing still. There are the same dirty beggars stopping in their muttered prayers to beg; the same miserable cripples exhibiting their deformity at the doors; the same blind men, rattling little pots like kitchen pepper-castors: their depositories for alms; the same preposterous crowns of silver stuck upon the painted heads of single saints and Virgins in crowded pictures, so that a little figure on a mountain has a head-dress bigger than the temple in the foreground, or adjacent miles of landscape; the same favourite shrine or figure, smothered with little silver hearts and crosses, and the like: the staple trade and show of all the jewellers; the same odd mixture of respect and indecorum, faith and phlegm: kneeling on the stones, and spitting on them, loudly; getting up from prayers to beg a little, or to pursue some other

worldly matter : and then kneeling down again, to resume the contrite supplication at the point where it was interrupted. In one church, a kneeling lady got up from her prayers, for a moment, to offer us her card, as a teacher of Music; and in another, a sedate gentleman with a very thick walking-staff, arose from his devotions to belabour his dog, who was growling at another dog : and whose yelps and howls resounded through the church, as his master quietly relapsed into his former train of meditation—keeping his eye upon the dog, at the same time, nevertheless.

Above all, there is always a receptacle for the contributions of the Faithful, in some form or other. Sometimes, it is a money-box, set up between the worshipper, and the wooden life-size figure of the Redeemer ; sometimes, it is a little chest for the maintenance of the Virgin ; sometimes, an appeal on behalf of a popular Bambino ; sometimes, a bag at the end of a long stick, thrust among the people here and there, and vigilantly jingled by an active Sacristan ; but there it always is, and, very often, in many shapes in the same church, and doing pretty well in all. Nor, is it wanting in the open air—the streets and roads—for, often as you are walking along, thinking about anything rather than a tin canister, that object pounces upon you from a little house by the wayside ; and on its top is painted, “ For the Souls in Purgatory ” ; an appeal which the bearer repeats a great many times, as he rattles it before you, much as Punch rattles the cracked bell which his sanguine disposition makes an organ of.

And this reminds me that some Roman altars of peculiar sanctity, bear the inscription, "Every mass performed at this altar frees a soul from Purgatory." I have never been able to find out the charge for one of these services, but they should needs be expensive. There are several Crosses in Rome too, the kissing of which, confers indulgences for varying terms. That in the centre of the Colosseum, is worth a hundred days; and people may be seen kissing it from morning to night. It is curious that some of these crosses seem to acquire an arbitrary popularity: this very one among them. In another part of the Colosseum there is a cross upon a marble slab, with the inscription, "Who kisses this cross shall be entitled to Two hundred and forty days' indulgence." But I saw no one person kiss it, though, day after day, I sat in the arena, and saw scores upon scores of peasants pass it, on their way to kiss the other.

To single out details from the great dream of Roman Churches, would be the wildest occupation in the world. But St. Stefano Rotondo, a damp, mildewed vault of an old church in the outskirts of Rome, will always struggle uppermost in my mind, by reason of the hideous paintings with which its walls are covered. These represent the martyrdom of saints and early Christians; and such a panorama of horror and butchery no man could imagine in his sleep, though he were to eat a whole pig raw, for supper. Grey-bearded men being boiled, fried, grilled, crimped, singed, eaten by wild beasts, worried by dogs, buried alive,

torn asunder by horses, chopped up small with hatchets : women having their breasts torn with iron pincers, their tongues cut out, their ears screwed off, their jaws broken, their bodies stretched upon the rack, or skinned upon the stake, or crackled up and melted in the fire : these are among the mildest subjects. So insisted on, and laboured at, besides, that every sufferer gives you the same occasion for wonder as poor old Duncan awoke, in *Lady Macbeth*, when she marvelled at his having so much blood in him.

There is an upper chamber in the Mamertine prisons, over what is said to have been—and very possibly may have been—the dungeon of St. Peter. This chamber is now fitted up as an oratory, dedicated to that saint ; and it lives, as a distinct and separate place, in my recollection, too. It is very small and low-roofed ; and the dread and gloom of the ponderous, obdurate old prison are on it, as if they had come up in a dark mist through the floor. Hanging on the walls, among the clustered votive offerings, are objects, at once strangely in keeping, and strangely at variance, with the place—rusty daggers, knives, pistols, clubs, divers instruments of violence and murder, brought here, fresh from use, and hung up to propitiate offended Heaven : as if the blood upon them would drain off in consecrated air, and have no voice to cry with. It is all so silent and so close, and tomb-like ; and the dungeons below are so black and stealthy, and stagnant, and naked ; that this little dark spot becomes a dream within a dream : and in the vision of great churches which come rolling past me like

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a sea, it is a small wave by itself, that melts into no other wave, and does not flow on with the rest.

It is an awful thing to think of the enormous caverns that are entered from some Roman churches, and undermine the city. Many churches have crypts and subterranean chapels of great size, which, in the ancient time, were baths, and secret chambers of temples, and what not; but I do not speak of them. Beneath the church of St. Giovanni and St. Paolo, there are the jaws of a terrific range of caverns, hewn out of the rock, and said to have another outlet underneath the Colosseum—tremendous darkneses of vast extent, half-buried in the earth and unexplorable, where the dull torches, flashed by the attendants, glimmer down long ranges of distant vaults branching to the right and left, like streets in a city of the dead; and show the cold damp stealing down the walls, drip-drop, drip-drop, to join the pools of water that lie here and there, and never saw, and never will see, one ray of the sun. Some accounts make these the prisons of the wild beasts destined for the amphitheatre; some, the prisons of the condemned gladiators; some, both. But the legend most appalling to the fancy is, that in the upper range (for there are two stories of these caves) the Early Christians destined to be eaten at the Colosseum Shows, heard the wild beasts, hungry for them, roaring down below; until, upon the night and solitude of their captivity, there burst the sudden noon and life of the vast theatre crowded to the parapet, and of these, their dreaded neighbours, bounding in!

Below the church of San Sebastiano, two miles beyond the gate of San Sebastiano, on the Appian Way, is the entrance to the catacombs of Rome—quarries in the old time, but afterwards the hiding-places of the Christians. These ghastly passages have been explored for twenty miles; and form a chain of labyrinths, sixty miles in circumference.

A gaunt Franciscan friar, with a wild bright eye, was our only guide, down into this profound and dreadful place. The narrow ways and openings hither and thither, coupled with the dead and heavy air, soon blotted out, in all of us, any recollection of the track by which we had come; and I could not help thinking, "Good Heaven, if, in a sudden fit of madness, he should dash the torches out, or if he should be seized with a fit, what would become of us!" On we wandered, among martyrs' graves: passing great subterranean vaulted roads, diverging in all directions, and choked up with heaps of stones, that thieves and murderers may not take refuge there, and form a population under Rome, even worse than that which lives between it and the sun. Graves, graves, graves: Graves of men, of women, of their little children, who ran crying to the persecutors, "We are Christians! We are Christians!" that they might be murdered with their parents; Graves with the palm of martyrdom roughly cut into their stone boundaries, and little niches, made to hold a vessel of the martyrs' blood; Graves of some who lived down here, for years together, ministering to the rest, and preaching truth, and hope, and comfort, from the rude altars, that bear witness to their fortitude at

this hour ; more roomy graves, but far more terrible, where hundreds, being surprised, were hemmed in and walled up : buried before Death, and killed by slow starvation.

“ The Triumphs of the Faith are not above ground in our splendid churches,” said the friar, looking round upon us, as we stopped to rest in one of the low passages, with bones and dust surrounding us on every side. “ They are here ! Among the Martyrs’ Graves ! ” He was a gentle, earnest man, and said it from his heart ; but when I thought how Christian men have dealt with one another ; how, perverting our most merciful religion, they have hunted down and tortured, burnt and beheaded, strangled, slaughtered, and oppressed each other ; I pictured to myself an agony surpassing any that this Dust had suffered with the breath of life yet lingering in it, and how these great and constant hearts would have been shaken—how they would have quailed and drooped—if a fore-knowledge of the deeds that professing Christians would commit in the Great Name for which they died, could have rent them with its own unutterable anguish, on the cruel wheel, and bitter cross, and in the fearful fire.

Such are the spots and patches in my dream of churches, that remain apart, and keep their separate identity. I have a fainter recollection, sometimes, of the relics ; of the fragment of the pillar of the Temple that was rent in twain ; of the portion of the table that was spread for the Last Supper ; of the well at which the woman of Samaria gave water to Our Saviour ; of two columns from the house of

Pontius Pilate; of the stone to which the Sacred hands were bound, when the scourging was performed; of the gridiron of St. Lawrence, and the stone below it, marked with the frying of his fat and blood; these set a shadowy mark on some cathedrals, as an old story, or a fable might, and stop them for an instant, as they flit before me. The rest is a vast wilderness of consecrated buildings of all shapes and fancies, blending one with another; of battered pillars of old Pagan temples, dug up from the ground, and forced, like giant captives, to support the roofs of Christian churches; of pictures, bad, and wonderful, and impious, and ridiculous; of kneeling people, curling incense, tinkling bells, and sometimes (but not often) of a swelling organ: of Madonne, with their breasts stuck full of swords, arranged in a half-circle like a modern fan; of actual skeletons of dead saints, hideously attired in gaudy satins, silks, and velvets trimmed with gold: their withered crust of skull adorned with precious jewels, or with chaplets of crushed flowers; sometimes, of people gathered round the pulpit, and a monk within it stretching out the crucifix, and preaching fiercely: the sun just streaming down through some high window on the sail-cloth stretched above him and across the church, to keep his high-pitched voice from being lost among the echoes of the roof. Then my tired memory comes out upon a flight of steps, where knots of people are asleep, or basking in the light; and strolls away, among the rags, and smells, and palaces, and hovels, of an old Italian street.

CHURCHES

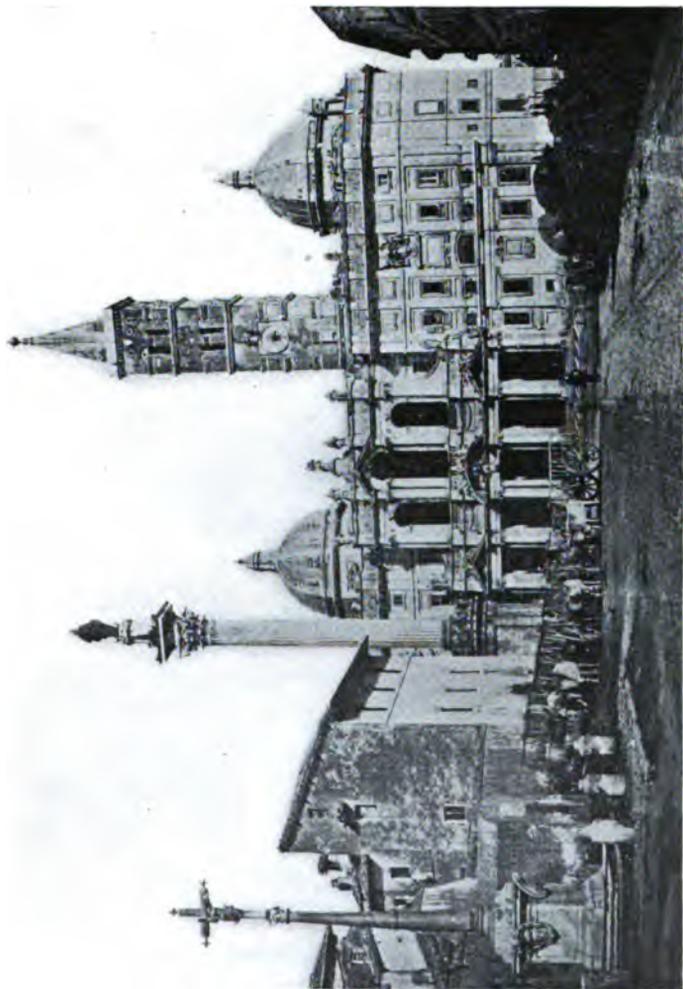
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I WENT out to-day, and, going along the Via Felice and the Via delle Quattro Fontane came unawares to the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, on the summit of the Esquiline Hill. I entered it, without in the least knowing what church it was, and found myself in a broad and noble nave, both very simple and very grand. There was a long row of Ionic columns of marble, twenty or thereabouts on each side, supporting a flat roof. There were vaulted side aisles, and, at the farther end, a bronze canopy over the high altar; and all along the length of the side aisles were shrines with pictures, sculpture and burning lamps; the whole church, too, was lined with marble; the roof was gilded; and yet the general effect of severe and noble simplicity triumphed over all the ornament. I should have taken it for a Roman temple, retaining nearly its pristine aspect; but Murray tells us that it was founded A. D. 342, by Pope Liberius, on the spot precisely marked out by a miraculous fall of snow in the month of August, and it has undergone many alterations since his time. But it is very fine, and gives the beholder the idea of vastness, which seems harder to attain than anything else. On the right hand, approaching the high altar, there is a chapel, separated from the rest of the church by an iron paling;

and, being admitted into it with another party, I found it ~~most elaborately~~ magnificent. But one magnificence outshone another, and made itself the brightest conceivable for the moment. However, this chapel was as rich as the most precious marble could make it in pillars and pilasters, and broad, polished slabs, covering the whole walls (except where there were splendid and glowing frescoes, or where some monumental statuary or bas-relief, or mosaic picture filled up an arched niche). Its architecture was a dome, resting on four great arches; and in size it would alone have been a church. In the centre of the mosaic pavement there was a flight of steps down which we went, and saw a group in marble representing the Nativity of Christ, which, judging by the unctious with which our guide talked about it, must have been of peculiar sanctity. I hate to leave this chapel and church without being able to say any one thing that may reflect a portion of their beauty, or of the feeling which they excite. Kneeling against many of the pillars there were persons in prayer; and I stepped softly, fearing lest my tread on the marble pavement should disturb them—a needless precaution, however, for nobody seems to expect it, nor to be disturbed by the lack of it.

The situation of the church, I should suppose, is the loftiest in Rome: it has a fountain at one end, and a column at the other; but I did not pay particular attention to either, nor to the exterior of the church itself.

Yesterday, being another bright day we went to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, which is the Basilica next in



ST. MARIA MAGGIORE

1875
1876

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rank to St. Peter's, and has the precedence of it as regards certain sacred privileges. It stands on a most noble site, on the outskirts of the city, commanding a view of the Sabine and Alban hills, blue in the distance, and some of them hoary with sunny snow. The ruins of the Claudian aqueduct are close at hand. The Church is connected with the Lateran Palace and Museum, so that the whole is one edifice; but the façade of the church distinguishes it, and is very lofty and grand, more so, it seems to me, than that of St. Peter's.

After leaving Canova's studio, I stepped into the church of San Luigi de' Franchesi in the Via di Ripetta. It was built, I believe, by Catherine de' Medici, and is under the protection of the French Government, and is a most shamefully dirty place of worship, the beautiful marble columns looking dingy, for the want of loving and pious care. There are many tombs and monuments of French people, both of the past and present:—artists, soldiers, priests and others, who have died in Rome. It was so dusky within the church that I could hardly distinguish the pictures in the chapel and over the altar, nor did I know that there were any worth looking for. Nevertheless there were frescoes by Domenichino, and oil paintings by Guido and others. I found it peculiarly touching to read the records, in Latin or French, of persons who had died in this foreign land, though I was even less akin to them than they to Italy. Still there was a sort of relationship in the fact that neither they nor I belonged here.

We next went to the Trinita di Monti, which stands at the head of the steps, leading in several flights, from the Piazza di Spagna. It is now connected with a convent of French nuns, and when we rang at a side door, one of the sisterhood answered the summons, and admitted us into the church. This, like that of the Capuchins, had a vaulted roof over the nave, and no side aisles, but rows of chapels instead. Unlike the Capuchins, which was filthy, and really disgraceful to behold, this church was most exquisitely neat, as women alone would have thought it worth while to keep it. It is not a very splendid church—not rich in gorgeous marbles—but pleasant to be in, if it were only for the sake of its godly purity.

From the Trinita we went to the Santa Maria del Popolo, a church built on a spot where Nero is said to have been buried, and which was afterwards made horrible by devilish phantoms. It now being past twelve, and all the churches closing from twelve till two, we had not time to pay much attention to the frescoes, oil-pictures and statues, by Raphael and other famous men, which are to be seen here.

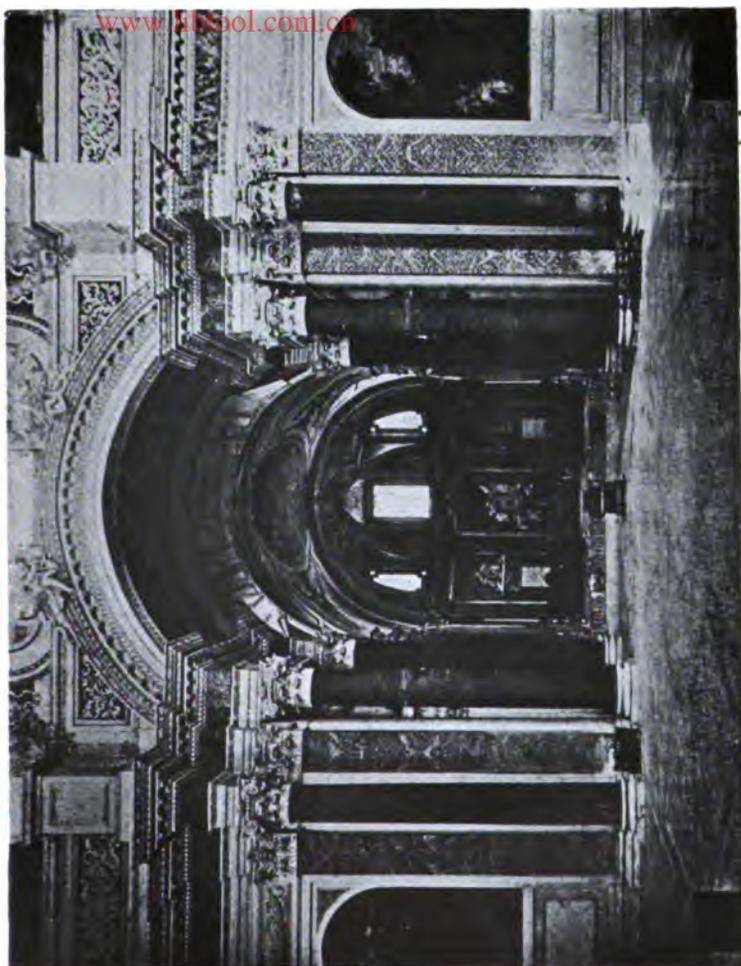
We now retraced our steps to the Fountain of the Termini, where is a ponderous heap of stone, representing Moses striking the rock—a colossal figure, not without a certain enormous might and dignity, though rather too evidently looking his awfulest. This statue was the death of its sculptor, whose heart was broken, on account of the ridicule it excited. There are many more absurd aquatic devices in Rome, however, and few better.

We turned into the Piazza di Termini, the entrance of which is ~~at this fountain~~; and after some inquiry of the French soldiers, a numerous detachment of whom appear to be quartered in the vicinity, we found our way to the portal of Santa Maria degl' Angeli. The exterior of this church has no pretensions to beauty or majesty, or, indeed to architectural merit of any kind, or to any architecture whatever; for it looks like a confused pile of ruined brick-work, with a façade resembling half the inner curve of a large oven. No one would imagine that there was a church under of ancient rubbish. But the door admits you into a circular vestibule, once an apartment of Diocletian's Baths, but now a portion of the nave of the church, and surrounded with monumental busts; and thence you pass into what was the central hall; now, with little change, except of detail and ornament transformed into the body of the church. This space is so lofty, broad and airy, that the soul forthwith swells out and magnifies itself, for the sake of filling it. It was Michael Angelo who contrived this miracle; and I feel even more grateful to him for rescuing such a noble interior from destruction, than if he had originally built it himself. In the ceiling above, you see the metal fixtures, whereon the old Romans hung their lamps; and there are eight gigantic pillars of Egyptian granite, standing as they stood of yore. There is a grand simplicity about the church, more satisfactory than elaborate ornament; but the present Pope (Pius IX.) has paved and adorned one of the large chapels of the transept in very

beautiful style; and the pavement of the central part is likewise laid in rich marbles. In the choir there are several pictures, one of which was veiled, as celebrated pictures frequently are, in churches. A person who seemed to be at his devotions, withdrew the veil for us, and we saw a martyrdom of St. Sebastian by Domenichino, originally, I believe, painted in fresco in St. Peter's, but since transferred to canvas and removed hither.

After emerging from the church, I looked back with wonder at the stack of shapeless old brick work that hid the splendid interior. I must go there again, and breathe freely in that noble space.

My wife and I, after leaving the Palazzo Rospigliosi, and on our way home, went into the Church of St. Andrea, which belongs to a convent of Jesuits. I have long ago exhausted all my capacity of admiration for splendid interiors of churches, but methinks this little, little temple (it is not more than fifty or sixty feet across) has a more perfect and gem-like beauty than any other. Its shape is oval, with an oval dome, and, above that, another little dome, both of which are magnificently frescoed. Around the base of the larger dome is wreathed a flight of angels, and the smaller and upper one is encircled by a garland of cherubs—cherub and angel all of pure white marble. The oval centre of the church is walled round with precious and lustrous marble of a red-veined variety, interspersed with columns and pilasters of white; and there are arches opening through this rich wall, forming chapels which the



ST. MARIA DEGLI ANGELI

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architect seems to have striven hard to make even more gorgeous than the main body of the church. They contain beautiful pictures, not dark and faded, but glowing, as if just from the painter's hands; and the shrines are adorned with whatever is most rare, and in one of them was the great carbuncle—at any rate a bright, fiery gem, as big as a turkey's egg. The pavement of the church was one star of various-coloured marble and in the centre was a mosaic covering, I believe, the tomb of the founder. I have not seen, nor expect to see anything so entirely and satisfactorily finished as this small oval church; and I only wish I could pack it in a large box and send it home. I went along the Via di Ripetta, and through other streets, stepping into two or three other churches, one of which was the Pantheon.

There are, I think, seven deep, pillared recesses around the circumference of it, each of which becomes a sufficiently capacious chapel; and alternately with these chapels there is a marble structure, like the architecture of a doorway, beneath which is the shrine of a saint; so that the whole circle of the Pantheon is filled up with seven chapels and seven shrines. A number of persons were sitting or kneeling around; others came in while I was there, dipping their fingers in the holy water, and bending the knee as they passed the shrines and chapels, until they reached the one which, apparently, they had selected as the particular altar for their devotions. Everybody seemed so devout and in a frame of mind so suited to the day and place, that it

really made me feel a little awkward not to be able to kneel down along with them.

Soon leaving the Pantheon, a few minutes' walk towards the Corso brought me to the Church of St. Ignazio, which belongs to the College of the Jesuits. It is spacious and of beautiful architecture, but not strikingly distinguished, in the latter particular from many others; a wide and lofty nave, supported upon marble columns, between which arches open into the side aisles, and, at the junction of the nave and transept, a dome, resting on four great arches. The church seemed to be purposely somewhat darkened, so that I could not well see the details of the ornamentation, except the frescoes on the ceiling of the nave, which were very brilliant, and done in so effectual a style, that I really could not satisfy myself that some of the figures did not actually protrude from the ceiling;—in short, that they were not coloured bas-reliefs instead of frescoes.

From St. Luke's we went to San Pietro in Vinioli, occupying a fine position on or near the summit of the Esquiline mount. San Pietro is a simple and noble church, consisting of a nave divided from the side aisles by rows of columns that once adorned some ancient temple; and its wide, unincumbered interior affords better breathing space than most churches in Rome. The statue of Moses occupies a niche in one of the side aisles on the right, not far from the high altar. I found it grand and sublime, with a beard flowing down like a cataract; a truly majestic figure, but not so benign as it were desirable such strength should be.

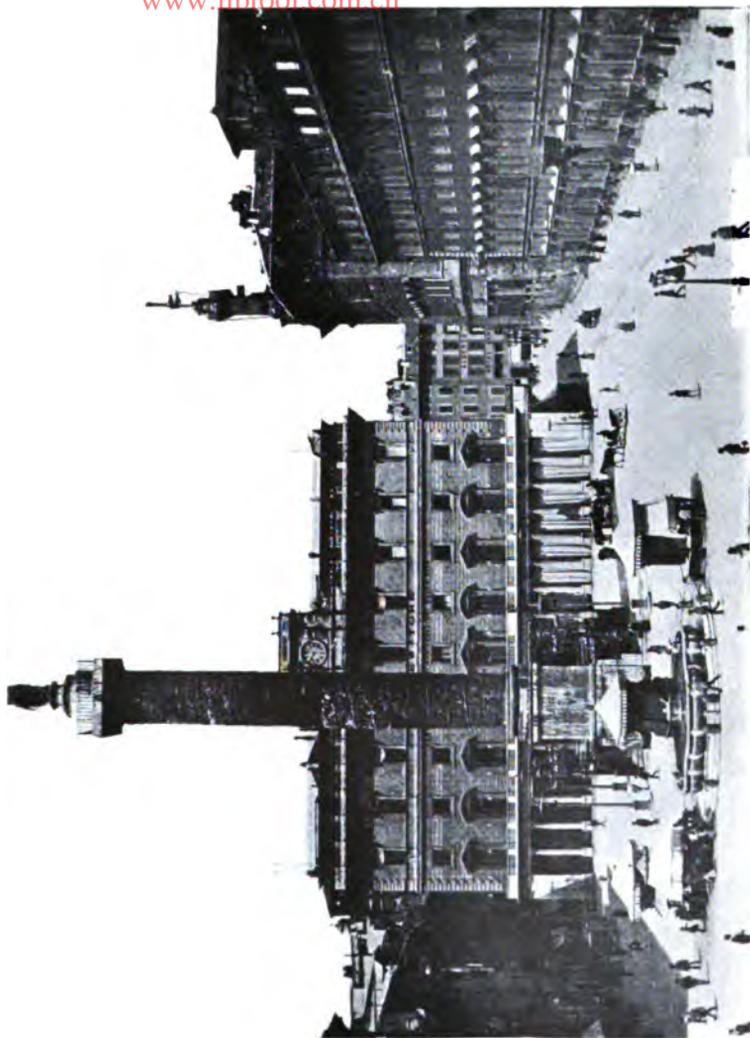
On one side of the Piazza Navona is the Church of St. Agnes, traditionally said to stand on the site of the house where that holy maiden was exposed to infamy by the Roman soldiers, and where her modesty and innocence were saved by miracle. I went into the church and found it very splendid with rich marble columns, all as brilliant as if just built ; a frescoed dome above ; beneath, a range of chapels all round the church, ornamented not with pictures but bas-reliefs, the figures of which almost step and struggle out of the marble. They did not seem very admirable as works of art, none of them explaining themselves or attracting me long enough to study out their meaning ; but, as part of the architecture of the church, they had a good effect. Out of the busy square two or three persons had stepped into this bright and calm seclusion to pray and be devout for a little while ; and, between sunrise and sunset of the bustling market day, many doubtless snatch a moment to refresh their souls.

THE CORSO

DR. REINHOLD SCHOENER

THE Italians of the present day describe with the word *corso*, any race, especially horse or chariot races, whilst the masculine form of the same term, *corso*, is applied to the stream of carriages and well-dressed folk, who flock along any great thoroughfare on festive occasions. Before this distinction was made, however, the masculine *corso* was used to express both meanings, which proves beyond a doubt, that the Corso of Rome takes its name from the horse races at the Carnival, which first took place under Paul II.

The Corso, or *Il Corso*, as it is generally called, is 1,560 yards long, and runs in a straight line from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza di Venezia, following the course, first of the Via Lata, and then of the Via Flaminia. Its great antiquity is proved by its narrowness, and by the loftiness of the houses on either side, which together give it the appearance of one long tomb. It is difficult for the foreigner to understand at first the intense love the Romans feel for this apparently dreary and undoubtedly hot and dusty thoroughfare, but it really is so intimately bound up with the inner life of the Capital, that it deserves very careful examination, and no one should leave Rome without having had a good look at the famous buildings and sites in it.



PIAZZA COLONNA

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We will begin our wanderings in the north, and work our way thence to the Capitol, on which future generations will see the gleaming white marble Monument to Victor Emmanuel. The first thing to attract our notice is the house (No. 18 on the left), with a tablet commemorating the fact that it was once inhabited by Goethe, put up in 1872 by the Commune di Roma-Angelica Kaufmann, the fascinating little artist, who won the hearts of all who knew her, and with whom the great German poet was so fond of talking, and who lived not far on the opposite side, so that they may have conversed from each other's windows. On the right is the Palazzo Rondinini, which gave Goethe the name of "the Baron who lives opposite Rondinini," and in the Cortile of which are several fine reliefs and inscriptions, with an uncompleted *Pieta* by Michael Angelo.

The hospital of S. Giacomo degli Incurabili, also called S. Giacomo in Augusta, after the neighbouring Mausoleum of Augustus, is the largest in Rome, and was the most important of the houses for the sick of the Fourteenth Century. It was founded in 1338 by Cardinal Pietro Colonna in memory of his uncle, Giacomo, after whom it is named; but nothing remains of the original building but one portal bearing the arms of the Cardinal and an inscription in Gothic letters, now removed to the Cortile.

In a little open space farther on, scarcely worthy to be called a Piazza, is the fine Church of S. Carlo al Corso, originally the national place of worship of the Lombards, but now a favourite resort of the fashionable Catholic world

of Rome. It replaces the beautiful old Church of S. Nicolo in Tufis, given in 1471 by Sixtus IV. to the Lombards who had settled in the neighbourhood. It was begun in 1612 and completed in 1690. The interior is not altogether unpleasing with its wide aisles and lofty arches, but the decoration is in the tasteless baroque style painfully inferior to the fine frescoes by Picirino del Vaga of the earlier building; whilst the heavy façade is a positive disfigurement to the Corso. The picture over the high altar, representing the Presentation of S. Carlo Borromeo to the Saviour, is a fine work by Carlo Maratta, and beneath the same altar is preserved the heart of the saint.

Of the net-work of mediæval-looking and densely populated streets, which branch off from the Corso, and connect it with the Piazza di Spagna the Via del Condotti is one of the most important. In it is a fine statue of the Virgin by Obici, erected by Pope Pius IV., in honour of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Beyond this street and forming a continuation of it, is the Via della Fontanella di Borghese, whilst other noteworthy links between the main thoroughfare and the riverside districts are the Via del Clementino and the Via di Monte Brianzo, with the Via de Tor di Nona, running to the new Ponte Umberto and the Ponte S. Angelo.

The Palazzo Ruspoli, filling up the space between the Via di Fontanella di Borghese and the little Piazza di S. Lorenzo in Lucina, is one of the handsomest in Rome. It was built for the noble Florentine Rucellai family in 1586

by Ammanati. Its façade is considered the masterpiece of the architect, and from the fine northern portal leads down the beautiful staircase of 115 steps, cut in a single block of Parian marble by Martino Lunghi, the younger. The Palazzo Ruspoli did not come into the possession of the family whose name it bears till 1705. It had belonged since 1629 to the Cætani, who had been driven by the ravages of malaria from their fine ancestral home in the Via dell' Orsa near the Vicolo Gætana, which still retains their name.

A noteworthy feature of the Palazzo Ruspoli, long intimately associated with the festivities of the Carnival, has but recently disappeared, a victim to the levelling spirit of the day. This was the so-called *scalino* or *podium*, some two feet high which occupied the whole of the footpath along the palace wall and was considered worthy of mention by Goethe, Massimo d'Azeglio and other well-known authors. This *scalino* was a kind of grand stand provided with seats, from which the beauties of Rome took up their position at the Carnival, so as to be able not only to see, but to be seen.

On the right, at the other corner of the Piazza di S. Lorenzo in Lucina is the Palazzo Fiano, which like that just described stretches as far as the next side street. It is many centuries older than the Palazzo Ruspoli, and is a very fine survival of the Middle Ages, harmonizing well with the many old houses of the Via Lata. It changed hands again and again, and it was not until the Eighteenth Century

that it became the property of the Dukes of Fiano whose name it bears. In the court of the Palazzo Fiano are many relics, such as reliefs of the so-called Ara Pacis Augustæ, dating from B. C. 9, and until 1662, an ancient arch here spanned the Corso, but was then removed by Alexander VII., because it interfered with the horse-racing.

A noteworthy relic of Mediæval times is the Church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, in the sacristy of which is the famous gridiron, with other relics of the Saint after whom it is named. It was founded by Sixtus III. in 940, but almost entirely rebuilt in 1606, the Portico and certain portions of the Campanile being all that is left of the original building.

The Piazza Colonna, which has recently been much enlarged by the destruction of several blocks of buildings, including the Palazzo Piombino, is rich in relics of antiquity. It takes much the same place in the esteem alike of native residents and foreigners as the Piazza di San Marco of Venice, and the Piazza della Signoria of Florence. It is always crowded with pedestrians, especially in the beautiful summer evenings when the day's work is over and the band is playing.

Its centre is occupied by the Column of Marcus Aurelius, one of the most noteworthy and best preserved of the antiquities of Rome. It is no less than 95 feet high, consists of 28 massive blocks of marble, in addition to those of the pedestal and capital, and is richly adorned with bas-reliefs commemorating the mighty deeds of the Emperor after whom it is named. The Statue of Marcus Aurelius,

by which it was originally surmounted, was replaced by Sixtus V. in 1589, with one in gilded bronze of Saint Paul. The same pontiff cased the pedestal in masonry, and added a modern inscription wrongly ascribing the Column to Antoninus Pius. The original foundations of this fine monument are still on a level with the old Via Flaminia, that is to say, some twenty feet beneath the present Corso.

As on the Column of Trajan, the reliefs spirally surround the shaft; but though in higher relief, they are very inferior in execution to those of the more celebrated and earlier monument. They commemorate the chief events of the Marcomannic War, in which so many of the Germanic tribes north of the Danube took part. The sculptures include representations of an army on the march crossing a river, a general haranguing his troops, a great victory and the thanksgivings after it with a scene embodying the supposed miraculous intervention of Jupiter when the Roman legions were in terrible distress for want of water.

To the Piazza flock alike all those idlers of both sexes, who think they have failed in their duty unless they have appeared two or three times a week in gala attire on the Corso, to chat over the latest scandal or to discuss the most recent fashions. On the base of the mighty antique Column, as in the fora and basilicas of ancient Rome, the trades-people gather to talk business and exchange news, and here, too, agitators give each other *rendez-vous* whether they are mere students met together to express their disap-

proval of some minister, who has suggested regulation about holidays or examinations ; workmen with a cause affecting their interests at heart ; or admirers of some deputy, eager to give him an ovation when he leaves the neighbouring Senate. It is, however, chiefly in summer evenings, when the great electric lamps are lit, and the bright light streams out from every palace and *café*, that the Piazza is most frequented. The little tables on the pavement are crowded with well dressed folk sipping sherbert, whilst the benches near the band are equally well frequented. Dandies whisper compliments to the fair objects of their devotion ; the stalls where iced water is sold are besieged by the thirsty ; the sellers of newspapers elbow their way here, there and everywhere. The musicians are encouraged by much hand-clapping, and many a shout of “*da capo*” or “*encore*.” They deserve the applause they receive, too, for they are all good performers ; and though concerts are given on many other of the Roman *piazzi*, they never attract anything like the numbers they do here.

Of course, it is only in quite modern times that the Piazza Colonna has assumed its present form. In the Middle Ages it was small, with irregular houses and probably no pavement. Where the Palazzo Chigi now stands were the workshops of the blacksmiths and locksmiths who supplied the Papal Palace with cooking utensils, etc., under the superintendence of a special overseer. In the Sixteenth Century, however, the Aldobrandini, erected on the site of the smithies, a Palace which was purchased from Donna

Olympia Aldobrandini-Pamphili for 41,314 *scudi* by the Chigi family. www.libtool.com.cn

A few steps south of the Piazza Colonna, on the continuation of the Corso, is the Barberini-Colonna di Sciarra Palace, with a façade dating from the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, built for the prince after whom it is named, by Flaminio Ponzio.

Opposite to the Sciarra-Colonna Palace rises the handsome modern Casa di Risparmio or Savings Bank, built in 1868, after the design of Cipolla. In digging the foundations of the new bank, the workmen came upon some of the stones and fragments of inscriptions from the Arch of the Emperor Claudius, which once spanned the Corso, or rather the Via Flaminia, for this main artery of ancient Rome then bore that name.

In Roman times, the west side of the Via Lata to the foot of the Capitol was entirely occupied by the Colossal pillared Hall, or rather a vast series of covered cloisters known as the Septa Julia, said to have been begun by Cæsar and completed by Agrippa. This vast edifice was originally intended as a place for the meeting of the national assembly, and the taking of the votes of its members; but it was afterwards used as a market-place, where slaves and other valuable live stock were sold, and for the holding of popular *fêtes*, games, etc.

Beneath the little Church of S. Maria in Via Lata on the right side of the Corso and under the grand *Doria-Pamphili Palazzo* noticed below, have been found extensive remains

of ancient walls, which are generally supposed to have formed part of the Septa Julia. The Church of S. Maria in Via Lata has, independently of its connection with the remains of the Septa Julia, a deep interest of its own. It was founded as early as the Eighth Century, but was almost entirely rebuilt in 1485, whilst the fine façade, the masterpiece of Pietro da Cortona, was added in 1662. Tradition connects Saint Paul with this quaint little Church, and it is even said that it occupies the site of the "hired house," in which "the apostle dwelt for two whole years and received all that came to him." Some even go so far as to say that the subterranean portion of the Church is the actual house occupied by Saint Paul, in which with the water of a fountain which sprang up miraculously to meet his needs, he baptized the numerous converts he made. In another chamber of the same house Saint Luke is supposed to have painted his celebrated portrait of the Virgin. Strange irony of fate indeed which thus closely connects the memories of the Cæsars and the Apostles!

Scarcely less interesting than S. Maria in Via Lata is the Church of S. Marcello, occupying the site of one of the very oldest places of Christian worship in Rome, which in its turn is said to have risen up on the spot where once stood the house of the saintly matron Lucina, in which Pope Marcellus died, certain authorities say from wounds received in a fight between some of the Christian converts; whilst others make out that it was not until after the Church had been degraded into a stable by the heathen

Maxentius, that the Pope met his death in it. According to another and more probable story, it was in the hostelry for travellers and their animals, which once adjoined the Church, and some remains of which have been found, that the Pope died, he having been compelled to groom the horses there by the Emperor. He is in any case generally represented with an ass in a manger, which lends colour to the last quoted legend. To leave tradition for history, however, it is certain that the Church of S. Martello is mentioned in A. D. 499, and was all but completely rebuilt in 1519, after the designs of Sansovino under Guiliano de' Medici, when its entrance was from the opposite side of the Corso, so that the front must have faced the Convent of S. S. Apostoli, which then occupied the site of the present Palazzo Colonna.

The Church of S. Martello owns a beautiful series of frescoes begun by Pierino del Vaga, and completed after his death by Daniele da Volterra and Pellegrino da Modena. It was from the front of this same Church that the body of the great tribune Rienzi hung for two days after his murder, that the populace might wreak their vengeance on him by pelting it with stones.

Nowhere else in Rome do so many fine buildings congregate as in the southern portion of the Corso and its immediate neighbourhood. To mention but the most noteworthy they include the Palazzo Simonetti, now rented by the bookseller Loescher; the massive Collegio Romano, till quite recently the headquarters of the Jesuits; and beyond

them the Doria, Odescalchi, and Salviati palaces, the last named owned by a branch of the Borghese family; with the Colonna, Torlonia, and Altieri Palazzi; and last not least the beautiful Palazzo di Venezia, which still retains its Mediæval appearance, and fitly closes the long series of historic buildings of the Corso.

The Palazzo Doria is perhaps the finest, if not exactly the most picturesque of the palaces of Rome. It was built by Cardinal Niccolo Acciapacci, Archbishop of Capua, in 1435, and later changed hands again and again. In 1489, it was enlarged and greatly beautified by Cardinal Fazio Santorio, but unfortunately for him, he one day received Pope Julius II. in it as a guest, and the Pontiff fell so completely in love with it that he said it was a far more fitting residence for a duke than a church dignity. He therefore gave it to his own nephew Francesco Maria della Rovere, who on the death of the last of the Montefeltre family had become Duke of Urbino. In 1601, the new owner sold his unjustly acquired possession to Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, whose uncle Pope Clement VIII. advanced a great quantity of corn, worth a very large sum to enable him to purchase it. It was under Innocent X. that the palace passed into the hands of the family whose name it now bears. The nephew of that Pope, Camillo Pamphili, married Donna Olympia Aldobrandini, and, in 1760, the Dorias of Genoa, heirs of the extinct family of Pamphili Landi inherited it.

The original entrance to the Palazzo Doria was from the Via della Gatta, but the principal façade now fronts the

Corso, for it was entirely rebuilt and reorganized when it passed into the ownership of the Doria Pamphili. The Corso façade dates from 1690, and was designed by Valvasori, whilst that opposite the Collegio Romano is by Pietro da Cortona, with an entrance porch by Borromini. The beautiful arcades with Tuscan columns surrounding the Cortile, are ascribed to Bramante.

The Palazzo Doria contains a fine collection of pictures, including works by Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Rubens and Velasquez, Teniers, Quintin Matsys, and other celebrated Flemish artists are also well represented.

The Doria Pamphili family also own the beautiful Villa bearing their name outside Rome beyond the Porta San Pancrazio. The Villa is one of the largest within reach of Rome and was built in 1650 after the designs of Algardi by Camillus the nephew of Innocent X. The grounds are more than four miles in circumference and are beautifully laid out, long avenues of evergreen oaks and pines, etc., alternating with clumps of magnolias, aloes and other semi-tropical growths, interspersed with fountains and cascades in the artificial style of the Seventeenth Century.

THE CARNIVAL

CHARLES DICKENS

THE Friday and Saturday having been solemn Festa days, and Sunday being always a *dies non* in Carnival proceedings, we had looked forward, with some impatience and curiosity, to the beginning of the new week : Monday and Tuesday being the two last and best days of the Carnival.

On the Monday afternoon at one or two o'clock, there began to be a great rattling of carriages into the courtyard of the hotel ; a hurrying to and fro of all the servants in it ; and, now and then, a swift shooting across some doorway or balcony, of a straggling stranger in a fancy dress : not yet sufficiently well used to the same, to wear it with confidence, and defy public opinion. All the carriages were open, and had the linings carefully covered with white cotton or calico, to prevent their proper decorations from being spoiled by the incessant pelting of sugar-plums ; and people were packing and cramming into every vehicle as it waited for its occupants, enormous sacks and baskets full of these confetti, together with such heaps of flowers, tied up in little nosegays, that some carriages were not only brimful of flowers, but literally running over : scattering, at every shake and jerk of the springs, some of their abundance on the ground. Not to be behindhand in these essential par-



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U O N

THE CORSO

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ticulars, we caused two very respectable sacks of sugar-plums (each about three feet high) and a large clothes-basket full of flowers to be conveyed into our hired barouche, with all speed. And from our place of observation, in one of the upper balconies of the hotel, we contemplated these arrangements with the liveliest satisfaction. The carriages now beginning to take up their company, and move away, we got into ours, and drove off too, armed with little wire masks for our faces; the sugar-plums, like Falstaff's adulterated sack, having lime in their composition.

The Corso is a street a mile long; a street of shops, and palaces, and private houses, sometimes opening into a broad piazza. There are verandahs and balconies, of all shapes and sizes, to almost every house—not on one story alone, but often to one room or another on every story—put there in general with so little order or regularity, that if, year after year, and season after season, it had rained balconies, hailed balconies, snowed balconies, blown balconies, they could scarcely have come into existence in a more disorderly manner.

This is the great fountain-head and focus of the Carnival. But all the streets in which the Carnival is held, being vigilantly kept by dragoons, it is necessary for carriages, in the first instance, to pass, in line, down another thoroughfare, and so come into the Corso at the end remote from the Piazza del Popolo; which is one of its terminations. Accordingly, we fell into the string of coaches, and,

for some time, jogged on quietly enough ; now crawling on at a very slow walk ; now trotting half-a-dozen yards ; now backing fifty ; and now stopping altogether : as the pressure in front obliged us. If any impetuous carriage dashed out of the rank and clattered forward, with the wild idea of getting on faster, it was suddenly met, or overtaken, by a trooper on horseback, who, deaf as his own drawn sword to all remonstrances, immediately escorted it back to the very end of the row, and made it a dim speck in the remotest perspective. Occasionally, we interchanged a volley of confetti with the carriage next in front, or the carriage next behind ; but, as yet, this capturing of stray and errant coaches by the military, was the chief amusement.

Presently, we came into a narrow street, where, besides one line of carriages going, there was another line of carriages returning. Here the sugar-plums and the nosegays began to fly about, pretty smartly ; and I was fortunate enough to observe one gentleman attired as a Greek warrior, catch a light-whiskered brigand on the nose (he was in the very act of tossing up a bouquet to a young lady in a first-floor window) with a precision that was much applauded by the bystanders. As this victorious Greek was exchanging a facetious remark with a stout gentleman in a doorway—one-half black and one-half white, as if he had been peeled up the middle—who had offered him his congratulations on this achievement, he received an orange from a house-top, full on his left ear, and was much sur-

prised, not to say discomfited. Especially, as he was standing up at the time, and in consequence of the carriage moving on suddenly, at the same moment, staggered ignominiously, and buried himself among his flowers.

Some quarter of an hour of this sort of progress, brought us to the Corso ; and anything so gay, so bright, and lively as the whole scene there, it would be difficult to imagine. From all the innumerable balconies : from the remotest and highest, no less than from the lowest and nearest : hangings of bright red, bright green, bright blue, white and gold, were fluttering in the brilliant sunlight. From windows, and from parapets, and tops of houses, streamers of the richest colours, and draperies of the gaudiest and most sparkling hues, were floating out upon the street. The buildings seemed to have been literally turned inside out, and to have all their gaiety towards the highway. Shop-fronts were taken down, and the windows filled with company, like boxes at a shining theatre ; doors were carried off their hinges, and long tapestried groves, hung with garlands of flowers and evergreens, displayed within ; builders' scaffoldings were gorgeous temples, radiant in silver, gold, and crimson ; and in every nook and corner, from the pavement to the chimney tops, where women's eyes could glisten, there they danced, and laughed, and sparkled, like the light in water. Every sort of bewitching madness of dress was there. Little preposterous scarlet jackets ; quaint old stomachers, more wicked than the smartest bodices ; Polish pelisses, strained and tight as ripe goose-

berries; tiny Greek caps, all awry, and clinging to the dark hair; Heaven knows how; every wild, quaint, bold, shy, pettish, madcap fancy had its illustration in a dress; and every fancy was as dead forgotten by its owner, in the tumult of merriment, as if the three old aqueducts that still remain entire had brought Lethe into Rome, upon their sturdy arches, that morning.

The carriages were now three abreast; in broader places four; often stationary for a long time together; always one close mass of variegated brightness; showing, the whole street-full, through the storm of flowers, like flowers of a larger growth themselves. In some, the horses were richly caparisoned in magnificent trappings; in others they were decked from head to tail, with flowing ribbons. Some were driven by coachmen with enormous double faces: one face leering at the horses: the other cocking its extraordinary eyes into the carriage: and both rattling again, under the hail of sugar-plums. Other drivers were attired as women, wearing long ringlets and no bonnets, and looking more ridiculous in any real difficulty with the horses (of which, in such a concourse, there were a great many) than tongue can tell, or pen describe. Instead of sitting *in* the carriages, upon the seats, the handsome Roman women, to see and to be seen the better, sit in the heads of the barouches, at this time of general license, with their feet upon the cushions—and oh the flowing skirts and dainty waists, the blessed shapes and laughing faces, the free, good-humoured gallant figures that they make! There were great vans, too, full of

handsome girls—thirty, or more together, perhaps—and the broadsides that were poured into, and poured out of, these fairy fireships, splashed the air with flowers and bonbons for ten minutes at a time. Carriages, delayed long in one place, would begin a deliberate engagement with other carriages, or with people at the lower windows; and the spectators at some upper balcony or window, joining in the fray, and attacking both parties, would empty down great bags of confetti, that descended like a cloud, and in an instant made them white as millers. Still, carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colours on colours, crowds upon crowds, without end. Men and boys clinging to the wheels of coaches, and holding on behind, and following in their wake, and diving in among the horses' feet to pick up scattered flowers to sell again; maskers on foot (the drollest, generally) in fantastic exaggerations of court-dresses, surveying the throng through enormous eye-glasses, and always transported with an ecstasy of love, on the discovery of any particularly old lady at a window; long strings of Policinelli, laying about them with blown bladders at the ends of sticks; a wagon-full of madmen, screaming and tearing to the life; a coach-full of grave Mamelukes, with their horse-tail standard set up in the midst; a party of gipsy-women engaged in terrific conflict with a shipful of sailors; a man-monkey on a pole, surrounded by strange animals with pigs' faces, and lions' tails, carried under their arms, or worn gracefully over their shoulders; carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colours on colours, crowds upon crowds, without end. Not many

actual characters sustained, or represented, perhaps, considering the number dressed, but the main pleasure of the scene consisting in its perfect good temper; in its bright, and infinite, and flashing variety; and in its entire abandonment to the mad humour of the time—an abandonment so perfect, so contagious, so irresistible, that the steadiest foreigner fights up to his middle in flowers and sugar-plums, like the wildest Roman of them all, and thinks of nothing else till half-past four o'clock, when he is suddenly reminded (to his great regret) that this is not the whole business of his existence, by hearing the trumpets sound, and seeing the dragoons begin to clear the street.

How it ever *is* cleared for the race that takes place at five, or how the horses ever go through the race, without going over the people, is more than I can say. But the carriages get out into the by-streets, or up into the Piazza del Popolo, and some people sit in temporary galleries in the latter place, and tens of thousands line the Corso on both sides, when the horses are brought out into the Piazza—to the foot of that same column which, for centuries, looked down upon the games and chariot-races in the Circus Maximus.

At a given signal they are started off. Down the live lane, the whole length of the Corso, they fly like the wind: riderless, as all the world knows: with shining ornaments upon their backs, and twisted in their plaited manes: and with heavy little balls stuck full of spikes, dangling at their sides, to goad them on. The jingling of these trap-

pings, and the rattling of their hoofs upon the hard stones ; the dash and fury of their speed along the echoing street ; nay, the very cannon that are fired—these noises are nothing to the roaring of the multitude : their shouts : the clapping of their hands. But it is soon over—almost instantaneously. More cannon shake the town. The horses have plunged into the carpets put across the street to stop them ; the goal is reached ; the prizes are won (they are given, in part, by the poor Jews, as a compromise for not running foot-races themselves) ; and there is an end to that day's sport.

But if the scene be bright, and gay, and crowded, on the last day but one, it attains, on the concluding day, to such a height of glittering colour, swarming life, and frolicsome uproar, that the bare recollection of it makes me giddy at this moment. The same diversions, greatly heightened and intensified in the ardour with which they are pursued, go on until the same hour. The race is repeated ; the cannon are fired ; the shouting and clapping of hands are renewed ; the cannon are fired again ; the race is over ; and the prizes are won. But the carriages : ankle-deep with sugar-plums within, and so be-flowered and dusty without, as to be hardly recognizable for the same vehicles that they were, three hours ago : instead of scampering off in all directions, throng into the Corso, where they are soon wedged together in a scarcely moving mass. For the diversion of the Mocoletti, the last gay madness of the Carnival, is now at hand ; and sellers of little tapers like what are called Christ-

mas candles, in England, are shouting lustily on every side, "Moccoli, Moccoli! Ecco Moccoli!"—a new item in the tumult; quite abolishing that other item of "Ecco Fióri! Ecco Fior—r—r!" which has been making itself audible over all the rest, at intervals, the whole day through.

As the bright hangings and dresses are all fading into one dull, heavy, uniform colour in the decline of the day, lights begin flashing, here and there: in the windows, on the house-tops, in the balconies, in the carriages, in the hands of the foot-passengers: little by little: gradually, gradually: more and more: until the whole long street is one great glare and blaze of fire. Then, everybody present has but one engrossing object; that is, to extinguish other people's candles, and to keep his own alight; and everybody: man, woman, or child, gentleman or lady, prince or peasant, native or foreigner: yells and screams, and roars incessantly, as a taunt to the subdued, "Senza Moccolo, Senza Moccolo!" (Without a light! Without a light!) until nothing is heard but a gigantic chorus of those two words, mingled with peals of laughter.

The spectacle, at this time, is one of the most extraordinary that can be imagined. Carriages coming slowly by, with everybody standing on the seats or on the box, holding up their lights at arms' length, for greater safety; some in paper shades; some with a bunch of undefended little tapers, kindled altogether; some with blazing torches; some with feeble little candles; men on foot, creeping along,

among the wheels, watching their opportunity, to make a spring at some particular light, and dash it out ; other people climbing up into carriages, to get hold of them by main force ; others, chasing some unlucky wanderer, round and round his own coach, to blow out the light he has begged or stolen somewhere, before he can ascend to his own company, and enable them to light their extinguished tapers ; others, with their hats off, at a carriage-door, humbly beseeching some kind-hearted lady to oblige them with a light for a cigar, and when she is in the fulness of doubt whether to comply or no, blowing out the candle she is guarding so tenderly with her little hand ; other people at the windows, fishing for candles with lines and hooks, or letting down long willow-wands with handkerchiefs at the end, and flapping them out, dexterously, when the bearer is at the height of his triumph ; others, biding their time in corners, with immense extinguishers like halberds, and suddenly coming down upon glorious torches ; others, gathered around one coach, and sticking to it ; others raining oranges and nosegays at an obdurate little lantern, or regularly storming a pyramid of men, holding up one man among them, who carries one feeble little wick above his head, with which he defies them all ! “ Senza Moccolo ! Senza Moccolo ! ” Beautiful women, standing up in coaches, pointing in derision at extinguished lights, and clapping their hands, as they pass on, crying, “ Senza Moccolo ! Senza Moccolo ! ” ; low balconies full of lovely faces and gay dresses, struggling with assailants in the streets ; some

repressing them as they climb up, some bending down, some leaning over, some shrinking back—delicate arms and bosoms—graceful figures—glowing lights, fluttering dresses, Senza Moccolo, Senza Moccolo, Senza Moc-co-lo-o-o-o!—when in the wildest enthusiasm of the cry, and fullest ecstasy of the sport, the Ave Maria rings from the church steeples, and the Carnival is over in an instant—put out like a taper, with a breath!

There was a masquerade at the theatre at night, as dull and senseless as a London one, and only remarkable for the summary way in which the house was cleared at eleven o'clock: which was done by a line of soldiers forming along the wall, at the back of the stage, and sweeping the whole company out before them, like a broad broom. The game of the Moccoletti (the word, in the singular, Moccoletto, is the diminutive of Moccolo, and means a little lamp or candle-snuff) is supposed by some to be a ceremony of burlesque mourning for the death of the Carnival: candles being indispensable to Catholic grief. But whether it be so, or be a remnant of the ancient Saturnalia, or an incorporation of both, or have its origin in anything else, I shall always remember it, and the frolic, as a brilliant and most captivating sight: no less remarkable for the unbroken good-humour of all concerned, down to the very lowest (and among those who scaled the carriages, were many of the commonest men and boys), than for its innocent vivacity. For, odd as it may seem to say so, of a sport so full of thoughtlessness and personal display, it is

as free from any taint of immodesty as any general mingling of the two sexes can possibly be; and there seems to prevail, during its progress, a feeling of general, almost childish, simplicity and confidence, which one thinks of with a pang, when the Ave Maria has rung it away, for a whole year.

THE ROMAN FORUM

HUGH MACMILLAN

NO spot on earth has a grander name or a more imposing history than the Roman Forum. Its origin takes us far back to geological ages—to a period modern indeed to the inarticulate annals of the earth, but compared with which even those great periods which mark the rise and fall of empires are but as the running of the sands in an hour-glass. It opens up a wonderful chapter in the earth's story book. Everywhere on the site and in the neighbourhood of Rome, striking indications of ancient volcanoes abound. The whole region is as certainly of igneous origin, and was the centre of as violent fiery action as the vicinity of Naples. The volcanic energy of Italy seems to have begun first in this district, and when exhausted there to have passed gradually to the south where Vesuvius, Etna and Stromboli witness to the great furnace that is still burning fiercely under the beautiful land. No spectacle could have been more sublime than that which the Roman Campagna presented at this period, when no less than ten volcanoes were in full or intermittent action, and poured their clouds of smoke and flame into the lurid sky all around the horizon. Up to the foot of the mountains the sea covered the vast plain; and the action of these waves of fire and steaming floods forms a natural epic of

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the grandest order. Prodigious quantities of ashes and cinders were discharged from the craters; and these deposited and hardened by long pressure under water, formed the reddish-brown earthy rock called tufa, of which the seven hills of Rome are composed.

When the sea retired, or rather when the land rose suddenly or gradually and the volcanoes became extinct, the streams which descended from the mountains and watered the recovered land, spread themselves out in numerous fresh-water lakes, which stood an hundred and fifty feet higher than the present bed of the Tiber. In these lakes were formed two kinds of fresh-water strata—the first composed of sand and marl; and the second, where mineral springs gushed forth through the volcanic rock, of travertine—a peculiar reddish-brown or yellow calcareous rock, of which St. Peter's and many of the buildings of modern Rome are composed. We find lacustrine marls on the sides of the Esquiline Hill, where it slopes down into the Forum, and fresh-water bivalve and univalve shells in the ground under the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol; while on the face of the Aventine Hill, overhanging the Tiber, at a height of ninety feet, is a cliff of travertine, which is half a mile long. The lakes which formed these deposits must have covered their sites for many ages. At last, by some new change of level, the lakes retired, and the Tiber scooped out for itself its present channel to the sea.

The first effort of the confederated settlements was to

drain the geological lake in the centre of the city into the Tiber, a quarter of a mile distant. This they did by means of the celebrated Cloaca Maxima, a part of which may be seen open at the present day under the pavement of the Roman Forum, near the Temple of Castor and Pollux. This common sewer of Rome is one of its oldest and greatest relics. It was built by the first Tarquin, the fifth King of Rome, a century and a half after the foundation of that city; and although two thousand five hundred years have passed away since the architect formed without cement its massive archway of huge volcanic stones found on the spot, and during all the time it has been subjected to the shock of numerous earthquakes, inundations of the Tiber, and the crash of falling ruins, it still serves its original purpose as effectually as ever, and promises to stand for as many ages in the future as it has stood in the past.

By the Cloaca Maxima, the valley between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills was for the first time made dry land; all indeed, except a small swamp which remained in one corner of it to a later age, and which the great sewer was not deep enough to drain entirely. Reeds grew around its margin, and boats were employed to cross it, as Ovid tells us. The name Velabrum—from an Etruscan root, signifying water, occurring in some other Italian names such as Velletri, Velino—still given to this locality, where a church stood in the Middle Ages called S. Silvestro in Lacu, commemorates the existence of the primeval lake; while the legend of the casting ashore of Romulus and

Remus on the slope of the Palatine points to the gradual desiccation of the spot. On the level ground, recovered in this way from the waters, was formed the Roman Forum; the word Forum meaning simply an open space, surrounded by buildings and porticoes, which served the purpose of a market-place, a court of justice, or an exchange; for the Romans transacted more of their public and private business out of doors than the severe climates of our northern latitudes will permit us to do. On this common ground representatives of the separate communities located on the different hills of Rome, and comprehended and confederated within the walls of Servius Tullius, met together for the settlement of affairs that concerned them all. As Rome grew in importance, so did this central representative part of it grow with it, until at last, in the time of the Cæsars, it became the heart of the mighty empire, where its pulse beat loudest. There the fate of the world was discussed. There Cicero spoke, and Cæsar ruled, and Horace meditated. If the Temple of Jerusalem was the shrine of religion, the Forum of Rome was the shrine of law; and from thence has emanated that unrivalled system of jurisprudence which has formed the model of every nation since. Being thus the centre of the political power of the Empire, the Roman Forum became also the focus of its architectural and civic splendour. It was crowded with marble temples, state buildings and courts of law to such an extent that we wonder how there was room for them all within such a narrow area. Monuments of great men,

statues of Greek sculpture, colonnades and porticoes, rich with the spoils of subject kingdoms, adorned its sides. The whole region was resplendent with all the pomp and luxury of paganism in its proudest hour; the word "ambition," which came ultimately to signify all strivings for eminence, resolving itself into the elementary meanings of a walk round the Roman Forum, canvassing for votes at municipal elections.

Thus the Forum continued until the decay of the Empire, when hordes of invaders buried its magnificence in ruins. At the beginning of the Seventh Century it must have been open and comparatively free from *débris*, as is proved by the fact that the Column of Phocas, erected, at that time, stood on the original pavement. Virgil says in his account of the romantic interview of Evander with Æneas on the spot which was to be afterwards Rome—then a quiet pastoral scene, green with grass, and covered with bushes—that they saw herds of cattle wandering over the Forum, and browsing on the rich pasture around the shores of its blue lake. Strange, the law of circularity, after the lapse of two thousand years, brought round the same state of things in that storied spot. During the Middle Ages the Roman Forum was known only as the Campo Vaccino, the field of cattle. It was a forlorn waste, with a few ruins scattered over it, and two formal rows of poplar-trees running down the middle of it, and wild-eyed buffaloes and mouse-coloured oxen from the Campagna wandering over the solitude, and cropping the

grass and green weeds that grew in the very heart of old Rome. When Gibbon conceived the idea of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, listening to the vespers of the Franciscan friars in the dim church of Ara Cœli in the neighbourhood, the Forum was an unsightly piece of ground, covered with rubbish-heaps, with only a pillar or two emerging from the general filth. When Byron stood beside the "nameless column with the buried base," commemorated in *Childe Harold*, he little dreamt what a rich collection of the relics of imperial times lay under his feet, as completely buried by the wrecks of ages as Pompeii and Herculaneum under the ashes and lava of Vesuvius. From fifteen to twenty feet of soil had accumulated over them.

The work of excavation was begun by the Duchess of Devonshire, who spent the last years of her life in Rome, and formed the centre of its brilliant society. Napoleon III., the late Emperor of the French, carried on the task thus auspiciously commenced, for the purpose of shedding light upon the parts of Roman history connected with Julius Cæsar, the hero of his book. In spite of much opposition from the Papal Government, the work of exhumation was continued in fits and starts after the French Emperor had given it up; and ever since the Italian Government have taken the matter in hand, gangs of labourers have been more or less continually employed, with the result that almost the whole area has been laid bare from the Capitol to the Arch of Titus.

The direction of the Forum is nearly from north to south, trending a little from north-east to south-west. It is surprisingly small to have contained such a large number of buildings, and to have bulked so prominently in the eye of the world; its greatest length being only six hundred and seventy-one feet, and its greatest breadth about two hundred and two feet. Beginning at the north end, we see before us the vast mass of the ancient Capitol, the proudest symbol of the majesty of Rome, crowned with the great staring Mediæval structures of the Roman municipality, rising up into the Campanile of Michael Angelo. Until of late years, this renowned building was completely buried beneath a huge mound of rubbish. Now that it has been removed, the venerable fabric stands out distinctly to view, and we behold the massive walls of the Treasury, the Record Office and the Senate House.

The view on the other side of the Capitol, where a gently inclined staircase leads up from the streets to the piazza at the top, surrounded by the modern municipal buildings, raised upon the ancient substructures above described, is quite different. But the present aspect of the Capitol is quite disappointing to one who comes to it seeking for evidences of its former grandeur. There is no trace of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, to which the triumphal processions of the Roman armies led up, gorgeous with all the attractions of marble architecture, and the richest spoils of the world, the most splendid monument of human pride which the world then contained. Probably its remains were

used up in the construction of the gloomy Ara Cœli, which is supposed by most archæologists to stand upon its site.

So densely crowded were the historical buildings and remarkable sites in that part of the Forum which lay immediately behind the Capitol, that it is almost impossible now to identify their position or remains. This spot forms the great battle-ground of the antiquaries, whose conclusions in many instances are mere guess-work. Below the Mediæval tower of the Capitol, is a wide space paved with fragments of coloured marbles, and with indications of the ground-plan of a building. This is supposed to mark the site of the Temple of Concord, erected by the great general, Camillus, after the expulsion of the Gauls, to perpetuate the concord between the plebeians and patricians on the vexed question of the election of consuls. It was placed beside the old meeting-place of the privileged families. From the charred state of some of its sculptures discovered on the spot, it is supposed to have been destroyed by fire. It was restored and enlarged a hundred and twenty years before Christ, by the Consul Opimius, immediately after the murder of Caius Gracchus. To the classical student it is specially interesting as the place where Cicero convoked the Senate after the discovery of the Catiline conspiracy, for the purpose of fixing the punishment due to one of the greatest of crimes.

But the most conspicuous of the ancient remains in this quarter, and the first to attract the notice of every visitor, is

the Ionic portico of eight columns, called at first the Temple of Jupiter, and then of Vespasian, but now definitely determined to be the Temple of Saturn, for it is closely connected with the *Ærarium*, and the *Ærarium* is said by several ancient authors to have led into the podium of the temple by a doorway in its wall still visible. This temple is supposed to be of very early origin, and to have marked the site of an ancient Sabine altar to the oldest of the gods of Italy long before the arrival of the Romans.

But the most conspicuous monument of antiquity in this part is the marble Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus, which stands in front of the ruins of the Temple of Concord. It invaded the site of the republican *Græcostasis*, where foreign ambassadors waited for an audience of the Senate, and occupied part of the area of the *Comitium*, whose original character was thereby destroyed; for it was erected at a time when men ceased to care for the venerable associations connected with the early history of their city. One gazes upon this monument of Roman power and pride with deep respect, for it has stood nearly seventeen centuries; and though rusty and sorely battered, and its sculptures much mutilated, it is still one of the most solid and perfect relics of imperial times. It was raised to commemorate the wars of Septimus Severus in Parthia and Arabia; and represents among its carvings the goddess Rome receiving the homage of the Eastern nations. It exhibits on its panels many scenes connected with his campaigns, the memory of which no humane man would have

liked to perpetuate. On the upper part of the Arch is a large inscription in honour of the Emperor and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta. The name of Geta, however, was afterwards erased by his brother when he had murdered him, and other words substituted. Marks of the erasure may still be seen perfectly distinct after all these centuries, and vividly recall the terrible associations of the incident. The dislike which Caracalla and Geta had for each other was so virulent that their father took them both with him to Britain, in order that they might forget their mutual animosity while engaged in active warfare. Septimus Severus died during this campaign at York, and his sons returned to Rome to work out soon after the domestic tragedy of which this Arch reminds us. On the top of the arch there was originally a bronze group of a chariot and four horses, with the Emperor and his sons driving it. But this was removed at an early date; and in the Middle Ages the summit of the Arch supported the campanile of the church of St. Sergius and Bacchus that was built up against its sides. A little to the left, the road passing under the Arch joins the *Clivus Capitolinus* which wound through the Forum, and led up to the great Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol. The pavement of this ancient road, which still exists, is formed of broad hexagonal slabs of lava, and is as smooth and as finely jointed at this day as when the triumphal processions of the victorious Roman generals used to pass over it.

At the western corner of the Arch of Severus are the scanty remains of a tall, conical pyramid, about fifteen feet

in diameter, which is identified as the *Umbilicus Romæ*, placed in the exact centre of old Rome. Not far from it stood the *Millarium Aureum*, or Golden Milestone, on which were inscribed all the distances of roads without the walls. The Roman roads throughout the empire terminated at this point.

The exposed vaults immediately behind the Arch of Severus, bounding the Forum in this direction, are richly draped with the long, delicate fronds of the maiden-hair fern. Shaded by the sun, it grows here in the crevices of the old walls in greater luxuriance and profusion than elsewhere in the city. There is something almost pathetic in this association of the frailest of Nature's productions with the ruins of the most enduring of man's works. Strength that is crumbling to dust and ashes, and tender beauty that ever clings to the skirts of time, as she steps over the sepulchres of power, have here in their combination a deep significance. The growth of the soft fern on the mouldering old stones seems like the sad, sweet smile of Nature over a decay with which she sympathizes, but which she cannot share.

Beneath these fern-draped vaults is the oldest prison in the world. The celebrated Mamertine Prison takes us back to the very foundation of the city. It was regarded in the time of the Cæsars as one of the most ancient relics of Rome, and was invested with peculiar interest because of its venerable associations. It consists of a series of vaults excavated out of the solid tufa rock, where it slopes

down from the Capitoline Hill into the Forum, each lined with massive blocks of red volcanic stone.

A modern carriage-road used to pass along this way, leading up to the Piazza del Campidoglio in front of the Capitol, and cutting the Forum into two parts, concealing a considerable portion of it. This obstruction has now been swept away, and the Forum is fully exposed from end to end. Below this old road we observe the "nameless column" of *Childe Harold*, which long stood with its base buried, and was taken for the ruins of a temple. When excavated in 1813, it was found to stand on an isolated pedestal, with an inscription recording that it was erected by the exarch Smaragdus to the Emperor Phocas; and by the mode in which the offering was made was worthy of the infamous subject and the venal dedicator. Nothing can be clearer from the style of the monument than that it was stolen from the Temple of Vespasian adjoining; for it is an exact fellow of the three graceful Corinthian pillars still standing in front of the *Ærarium*. It was near this pillar, a few years after it was raised, that Gregory the Great, before he became Pope, saw the young Saxon captives exposed to be sold as slaves, and was so struck with their innocent looks and hopeless fate that he asked about their nationality and religion. Being told that they were Angli, he said, "*Non Angli, Sed Angeli.*" The impression made upon him led to a mission for converting the natives of Britain, which set out from Rome under St. Augustine in 596. Thus does the column of the in-

famous usurper Phocas link itself on the historic page with the conversion of Britain to Christianity.

Running down the middle of the Forum is a rough ancient causeway with its blocks of lava still in their original position, but so disjointed that it is no easy task walking over them. On the other side is the raised platform of the Basilica Julia of Augustus, extending from north to south, the whole length of the Forum, with steps leading up to it from the paved street. This stupendous law court, the grandest in Rome, where Trajan sat to administer justice, and from whose roof Caligula day after day lavishly threw down money to the people, has, by its own identity being established beyond dispute, more than any other discovery helped to determine the topography of the Roman Forum. It was begun by Julius Cæsar on the site of the older *Basilica Sempronia*, which had previously partially replaced the *Veteres Tabernæ*, or shops of early times required for the trades carried on in a market-place, and also the schools for children where Appius Claudius had first seen Virginia reading. Having been partially destroyed by fire, Augustus afterwards completed and greatly enlarged the building. It was used as a place of meeting of the *Centumviri*, a court which we learn from the younger Pliny, who himself practiced before it, had a hundred and eight judges sitting in four separate tribunals, within sight and hearing of one another, like the old courts in Westminster Hall.

The ancient street between the Basilica Julia and the Temple of Castor and Pollux, is undoubtedly the famous

Vicus Tuscus, so called after the Etruscan soldiers who belonged to the army of Porsenna, and, being defeated at Ariccia, took refuge in this part of Rome. This street, so often mentioned by classic writers, led to the *Circus Maximus*, and is now identified with the *Via dei Fienili*. It was considered almost as sacred as the *Via Sacra* itself, being the route taken by the great procession of the Circensian games, in which the Statues of the gods were carried in cars from the Capitol through the Forum to the circus. In front of the *Basilica Julia*, and on the opposite side of the way, so numerous were the statues which Julius Cæsar contrived to crowd together, that the Emperor Constantine, during his famous visit to Rome, is said to have been almost stupefied with amazement. Some such feeling is produced in our own minds when we reflect that the bewildering array of sculptures in the Roman galleries, admired by a concourse of pilgrims from every country, are but chance discoveries, unnoticed by history, and of no account in their own time. What must have been the feast of splendour of which these are but the crumbs!

Perhaps the most beautiful of the ruins of the Forum are the three marble columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux near the *Basilica Julia*. They are the only prominent objects on the south-west side of the Forum, and at once arrest the eye by their matchless symmetry and grace. Time has dealt very hardly with them, battering their shapely columns and rich Corinthian capitals, and discolouring their pure white Pentelic marble. But it has not

succeeded in destroying their wonderful beauty ; and the russet hues with which they have been stained by the long lapse of the ages have rather added to them the charm of antique picturesqueness. They rest upon a huge mound of broken masonry, in the interstices of which Nature has sown her seeds of minute life, which spread over it a tender pall of bright vegetation. The three columns are bound together by iron rods, and still further kept in position by the fragments of architrave and cornice supported by them. They are forty-eight feet in height and nearly five feet in diameter, while their flutings are nine inches across. Around the basement a large quantity of broken columns, capitals, and pedestals has been disinterred, some of which have acquired an historic renown on account of the purposes which they have served in the fine arts ; Michael Angelo converted one huge fragment into the pedestal of the celebrated bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which he transferred from its original site in front of the Arch of Septimus Severus, where it had stood for thirteen or fourteen centuries, to the front of the Capitol ; while out of another fragment Raphael carved the well-known statue of Jonah sitting on a whale, to be seen in the Chigi Chapel of Sta. Maria del Popolo, the only piece of sculpture executed by the immortal painter. The Italian Government has entirely excavated the ruins, and thus set at rest the numerous controversies among antiquarians regarding its true name.

The Temple of Castor and Pollux probably dates as far

back as the year 487 before Christ, when the dictator Postumius vowed to build a monument in commemoration of his victory at the great battle of Lake Regillus, with which the mythical history of Rome closes. It recalls the well-known romantic legend of the mysterious interference of the Dioscuri in that memorable struggle which Macaulay has woven into one of the most spirited of his Lays. The temple is supposed to have been erected on the spot where the divine Twins announced the victory to the people in the Forum at the close of the day. About twenty feet from the eastern corner of the temple are slight remains of a shallow oval basin, which has been identified as the lake or fountain of Juturna, the wife of Janus, the Sabine war-god, where the Dioscuri washed their armour and horses from the blood and dust of the fray. It was probably at first a natural spring gushing out of the tufa rock of the Palatine Hill, but being dried up, it became in later times a *lacus* or basin artificially supplied with water. For long ages afterwards the anniversary of the great battle was celebrated every year on the fifteenth of July by a splendid pageant worthy of the greatness of the Empire. The Roman knights, clothed in purple robes, and crowned with olive wreaths, and bearing their trophies, first offered sacrifice in the shrine of Castor and Pollux, and then formed a procession, in which five thousand persons sometimes took part, which filed in front of the Temple and marched through the city.

The original building having stood for nearly five hun-

dred years, it began to exhibit signs of decay, and accordingly it was rebuilt upon the old foundations by Augustus and dedicated by Tiberius. The podium or mass of rubble masonry therefore which we see beneath the three columns at the present day belongs to the time of the Kings, while the columns themselves belong to the imperial period. Caligula used the temple as a vestibule to his palace on the Palatine Hill immediately behind. On the brow of that hill, separated only by the pavement of the modern street, projects a labyrinth of vaults, arches, and broken walls, a mighty maze of desolation without a plan, so interspersed with verdure and foliage that "it looks as much a landscape as a ruin." This is supposed to be the palace of Caligula; and its remains abundantly attest the extraordinary magnificence of the imperial domain, which contained all that was rich and rare from the golden East, from beyond the snowy Alps, and from Greece, the home of art. The substructions of this mighty ruin are truly astonishing; they are so vast, so massive, so enduring, that they seem as if built by giants. Concealed by modern houses built up against the foot of the palace, some of the remains of the famous bridge which Caligula threw obliquely over the Forum can be made out; two of the tall brick piers are visible above the houses, and in the gable of the outer house the spring of one of the arches can be distinctly seen.

The immediate vicinity of the Temple of Castor and Pollux is full of interest to the classical student. To the right of it are the remains of the Regia or Royal Palace, the

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TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX

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official residence of the early kings of Rome, and afterwards during the whole period of the Republic, of the Pontifex Maximus, as the real head of the State as well as the Church. Numa Pompilius resided here in the hope that, by occupying neutral ground, he might conciliate the Latins of the Palatine and the Sabines of the Capitoline Hills. It was also the home of Julius Cæsar during the greater part of his life, where Calpurnia, his wife, dreamed that the pediment of his house had fallen down, and the sacred weapons in the Sacarium were stirred by a supernatural power; an omen that was but too truly fulfilled when Cæsar went forth to the Forum on the fatal Ides of March, and was carried back a bloody corse from the Curia of Pompey. It ceased to become the residence of the Pontifex when Augustus bought the house of Hortensius on the Palatine, and elected to dwell there instead; and was therefore given over to the Vestal Virgins to increase their scanty accommodation. The *Atrium Vestæ*, or convent of the Vestal Virgins, adjoining the Regia, and behind it, along the lower slope of the Palatine, stretched the sacred grove of Vesta, which seems to have been used as a place of privileged interment for the sisterhood, as a number of grave-stones with the names of vestal virgins upon them were found in digging the foundations of the church of Sta. Maria Liberatrice in the Seventeenth Century. The residence of the Pontifex Maximus and of the Vestal Virgins, who were regarded as the highest and holiest personages in the State, gave an air of great respectability to this neighbourhood, and it became in conse-

quence the fashionable quarter of Rome. Close beside the house of the Vestal Virgins was the far-famed Temple of Vesta, in which they ministered, whose podium or basement, which is a mere circular mound of rough masonry, may be seen on the spot.

The Temple of Vesta, as might have been expected, shared in all the wonderful changes of Roman history. It was abandoned when the Gauls entered Rome, and the Vestal Virgins took the sacred fire and the Palladium to Cære in Etruria for safety. It was destroyed two hundred and forty-one years before Christ, when L. Metellus, the Pontifex Maximus at the time, saved the Palladium with the loss of his eyesight, and consequently of his priesthood, for which a statue was erected to him in the Capitol. It was consumed in the great fire of Nero, and rebuilt by Vespasian, on some of whose coins it is represented. It was finally burnt down in the fire of Commodus, which destroyed at the same time many important buildings in the Forum.

But it is impossible to dwell upon all the remarkable events with which this haunted shrine of Rome's earliest and most beautiful worship is associated. Certainly no greater object of interest has been exhumed among all the antiquities of the Eternal City than the little round mass of shapeless masonry which has been identified beyond all reasonable doubt as the basement of the world-renowned temple, the household hearth of old Rome.

Opposite the Temple of Vesta at the north-east corner of the Forum, where it ends is the magnificent façade of

the Temple of Antoninus Pius and Faustina, the most perfect of all the Roman temples. There are six splendid Corinthian columns in front and two at the sides, each composed of a single block of green ripple-marked Cipollino marble, about forty-six feet in height and five feet in diameter, with bases and capitals of marble, originally white, but now rusty and discoloured by age; all beautifully proportioned and carved in the finest style of ancient art. These columns were buried to half their height in Mediæval times; and houses were built up against and between them, the marks of whose roofs are still visible in indentations near their summits. These houses were removed, and the ground excavated down to the bases of the columns in the Sixteenth Century by Palladio, revealing a grand flight of marble steps, twenty one in number, leading up to the temple from the street. The excavations at that time were made for the purpose of finding marbles and building materials for the Church of St. Peter's. Two sides of the cella of the Temple still remain, formed of large massive blocks of peperino, probably taken from the second wall of Rome, which must have passed very near to the east end of this temple; for the ancient Roman architects were as unscrupulous in appropriating the relics of former ages as their successors.

The temple was originally begun by Antoninus Pius to the memory of his unworthy wife Faustina, in the year 142 of our era, but being unfinished at his death, it was dedicated by the Senate to both their names. We see it

represented in all its magnificence on some of the coins of this Emperor. www.dreamstime.com

The view in this part of the Forum, looking down from the Antonine Temple, is most striking and suggestive. It reveals some of the grandest objects of ancient Rome. Immediately beyond is the hoary old church of SS. Cosma e Damiano, with mosaics of the Sixth Century on its tribune, built out of three ancient temples, as Dr. Parker has clearly proved—the round Temple of Romulus Maxentius, the Temple of Venus, and the Temple of Rome. The south wall of this last mentioned temple, built of huge square blocks of tufa, to which the marble plan of Rome was fastened by metal hooks, may still be seen in the church; and it is interesting as being the last pagan temple which remained in use in Rome. Here was the last struggle of Paganism with the unbelief which itself inspired. The gods of the Pantheon had lost all significance. The worship of abstract qualities, such as Concord and Victory, or of the personification of a local providence in the city of Rome itself, could not satisfy the longing of the human soul. As religion decayed, the worship of the gods was superseded by the worship of the Emperor. Their statues were decapitated and the head of the Emperor was placed upon them. On the statue of Olympic Jove appeared the bust of the contemptible Caligula; and this incongruous adaptation represented the change of the popular faith from its former heavenly idealizations to the most grovelling fetish worship of the time. This deification of the Emperors

avenged its terrible blasphemy by the sublime wickedness of those who were so raised above humanity. Here, in this last pagan temple of Rome, converted into one of the earliest Christian churches, we see the darkness and despair of the heathen world preparing for that joyful morning light of Christianity which has transferred the faith of mankind to foundations which can never more be shaken. Immediately beyond in the background are the huge gloomy arches of the Basilica of Constantine, fretted with coffers, suspended in mid-air for upwards of sixteen centuries, in defiance of the laws of gravity and the ravages of time and of human destroyers, taken as a model for churches by Roman architects, though built originally for a law-court. In front is the Arch of Titus, with its well-known sculptures of the spoils from the Temple of Jerusalem, spanning the highest point of the Via Sacra. And closing up the view is the grandest ruin in the world, the stupendous broken circle of the Colosseum, rising tier above tier into the blue sky, burnt deep brown by the suns of ages, holding the spectator breathless with wonder, and thrilling the mind with the awful associations connected with it.

The Forum lies like an open sepulchre in the heart of old Rome. All is death there ; the death of nature and the death of a race whose long history has done more to shape the destiny of the world than any other. The soil beneath our feet is formed by the ashes of an extinct fire, and by the dust of a vanished empire. Everywhere the ruins of time and of man are mingled with the relics of an older

creation; and the sculptured marbles of the temples and law-courts, where Cæsar worshipped and Cicero pled, lie scattered amid the tufa-blocks, the cinders of the long quiescent volcanoes of the Campagna. Nature and man have both accomplished their work in this spot; and the relics they have left behind are only the exuvizæ of the chrysalis out of which the butterfly has emerged, or the empty wave-worn shells left high and dry upon an ancient coast-line. It is a remarkable circumstance that the way in which the Forum originated was the very way in which it was destroyed. The cradle of Roman greatness became its tomb. The Forum originated in the volcanic fires of earth; it passed away in the incendiary fires of man. In the month of May, 1084, the Norman leader, Robert Guiscard, came with his troops to rescue Gregory VII. from the German army which besieged Rome. Then broke out—whether by accident or design is not known—the terrible conflagration which extended from the Capitol to the Cœlian Hill, but raged with the greatest intensity in the Forum. In that catastrophe classical Rome passed away, and from the ashes of the fire arose the Phœnix of modern Rome. The greatest of physical empires was wrecked on this spot, and out of the wreck was constructed the greatest spiritual empire the world has ever known. For the Roman Pontificate, to use the famous saying of Hobbes, was but the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof.

THE MAMERTINE PRISON

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

WE went towards the Forum. I had noticed two or three times an inscription over a mean-looking door in this neighbourhood, stating that here was the entrance to the prison of the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul; and we soon found the spot, not far from the Forum, with two wretched frescoes of the Apostles above the inscription. We knocked at the door without effect; but a lame beggar who sat at another door of the same house (which looked exceedingly like a liquor shop), desired us to follow him, and began to ascend to the Capitol by the causeway leading from the Forum. A little way upward we met a woman, to whom the beggar delivered us over, and she led us into a church or chapel-door, and pointed to a long flight of steps, which descended through twilight into utter darkness. She called to somebody in the lower regions, and then went away, leaving us to get down this mysterious staircase by ourselves. Down we went, farther and farther from the daylight, and found ourselves, anon, in a dark chamber or cell, the shape or boundaries of which we could not make out, though it seemed to be of stone, and black and dungeon-like. Indistinctly, and from a still farther depth in the earth, we heard voices,—one voice, at least,—apparently not addressing

ourselves, but some other persons; and soon directly beneath our feet we saw a glimmering of light through a round, iron-grated hole in the bottom of the dungeon. In a few moments the glimmer and the voice came up through the hole, and the light disappeared, and it and the voice came glimmering and babbling up a flight of stone stairs, of which we had not hitherto been aware. It was the custode with a party of visitors to whom he had been showing St. Peter's dungeon. Each visitor was provided with a wax taper, and the custode gave one to each of us, bidding us wait a moment while he conducted the other party to the upper air. During his absence we examined the cell, as well as our dim lights would permit, and soon found an indentation in the wall, with an iron gate put over it for protection, and an inscription above, informing us that the Apostle Peter had left here the imprint of his visage; and, in truth, there is a profile there—forehead, nose, mouth and chin—plainly to be seen, an intaglio in the solid rock. We touched it with the tips of our fingers, as well as saw it with our eyes.

The custode soon returned, and led us down the darksome steps, chattering in Italian all the time. It is not a very long descent to the lower cell, the roof of which is so low that I believe I could have reached it with my hand. We were now in the deepest and ugliest part of the old Mamertine Prison, one of the few remains of the kingly period of Rome, and which served the Romans as a state-prison for hundreds of years before the Christian era. A

multitude of criminals or innocent persons, no doubt, have languished here in misery, and perished in darkness. Here Jugurtha starved; here Catiline's adherents were strangled; and methinks, there cannot be in the world such another evil den, so haunted with black memories and indistinct surmises of guilt and suffering. In old Rome, I suppose, the citizens never spoke of this dungeon above their breath. It looks just as bad as it is:—round, only seven paces across, yet so obscure that our tapers could not illuminate it from side to side—the stones of which it is constructed being as black as midnight. The custode showed us a stone post, at the side of the cell, with the hole in the top of it, into which, he said, St. Peter's chain had been fastened; and he uncovered a spring of water, in the middle of the stone floor, which he told us had miraculously gushed up to enable the saint to baptize his jailer. The miracle was perhaps the more easily wrought, inasmuch as Jugurtha had found the floor of the dungeon oozy with wet. However, it is best to be as simple and childlike as we can in these matters; and whether St. Peter stamped his visage into the stone, and wrought this other miracle or no, and whether or no he was ever in the prison at all, still the belief of a thousand years and more gives a sort of reality and substance to such traditions. The custode dipped an iron ladle into the miraculous water, and we each of us drank a sip; and what is very remarkable to me, it seemed hard water, and almost brackish, while many persons think it the sweetest in Rome. I suspect that St.

Peter still dabbles in this water, and tempers its qualities according to the faith of those who drink it.

The staircase descending into the lower dungeon is comparatively modern, there having been no entrance of old, except through the small circular opening in the roof. In the upper cell the custode showed us an ancient flight of stairs, now built into the wall, which used to lead from the Capitol. The two precincts are now consecrated, and I believe the upper portion—perhaps both upper and lower—are a shrine or a chapel.

THE CAPITOLINE

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

THE Capitoline was the hill of the kings and the republic, as the Palatine was of the empire.

Entirely composed of tufa, its sides, now concealed by buildings or by the accumulated rubbish of ages, were abrupt and precipitous, as are still the sides of the neighbouring citadels of Corneto and Cervetri. It was united to the Quirinal by an isthmus of land cut away by Trajan, but in every other direction was isolated by its perpendicular cliffs:—

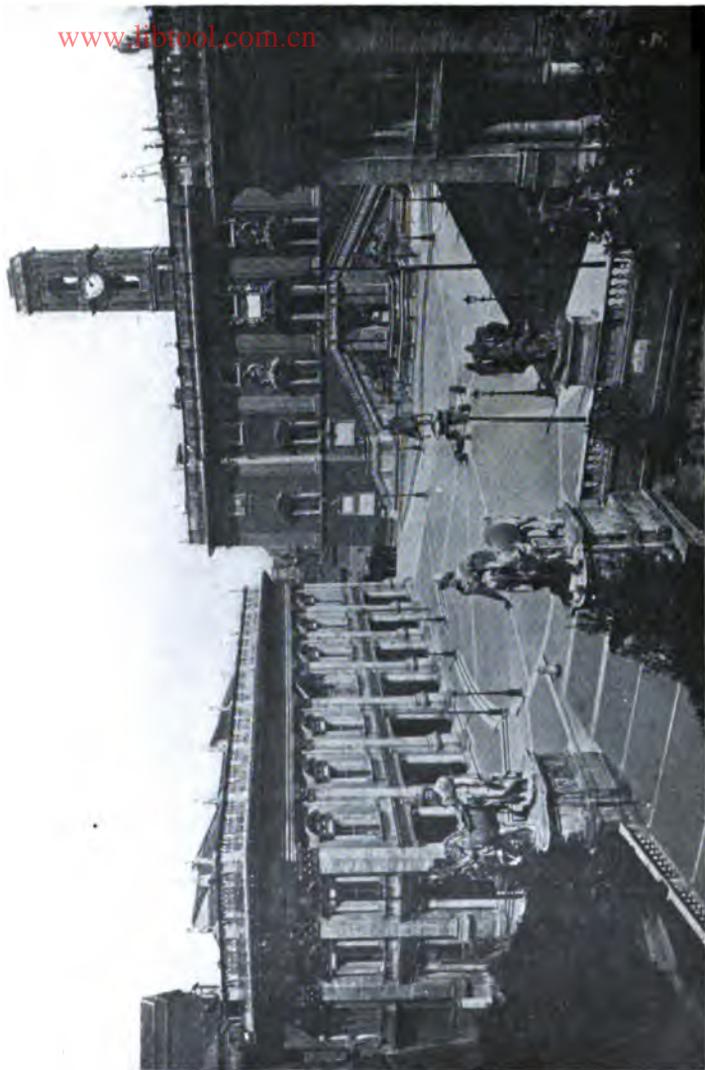
“*Arduus in valles et fora clivus erat.*”

—*Ovid, Fast. i. 204.*

Up to the time of the Tarquins, it bore the name of Mons Saturnus, from the mythical King Saturn, who is reported to have come to Italy in the reign of Janus, and to have made a settlement here. His name was derived from sowing, and he was looked upon as the introducer of civilization and social order, both of which are inseparably connected with agriculture. His reign here was thus considered to be the golden age of Italy. His wife was Ops the representative of plenty. When Romulus had fixed his settlement upon the Palatine, he opened an asylum for

fugitive slaves upon the then deserted Saturnus, and here, at a sacred oak, he is said to have offered up the spoils of the Cæcinenses, and their King Acron, who had made a war of reprisal upon him, after the rape of their women in the Campus Martius; here also he vowed to build a temple to Jupiter Feretrius, where spoils should always be offered. But in the meantime, the Sabines, under Titus Tatius, besieged and took the hill, having a gate of its fortress (said to have been on the ascent above the spot where the arch of Severus now stands) opened to them by Tarpeia, who gazed with longing upon the golden bracelets of the warriors, and, obtaining a promise to receive that which they wore upon their arms, was crushed by their shields as they entered. Some authorities, however, maintain that she asked and obtained the hand of King Tatius. From this time the hill was completely occupied by the Sabines, and its name became partially merged in that of Mons Tarpeia, which its southern side has always retained. Niebuhr states that it is a popular superstition that the beautiful Tarpeia still sits, sparkling with gold and jewels, enchanted and motionless, in a cave in the centre of the hill. Under Tarquinius Superbus, B. C. 535, the magnificent Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which had been vowed by his father, was built with money taken from the Volscians in war. In digging its foundations, the head of a man was found, still bloody, an omen which was interpreted by an Etruscan augur to portend that Rome would become the head of Italy. In consequence of this, the name of the

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PIAZZA DI CAMPIDOGGIO WITH CAPITOLINE MUSEUM ON LEFT



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hill was once more changed, and has ever since been Mons Capitolinus, or Capitolium.

The site of this temple has always been one of the vexed questions of history. At the time it was built, as now, the hill consisted of two peaks, with a level space between them. Niebuhr and Gregorovius place the temple on the south-eastern height, but Canina and other authorities, with more probability, incline to the north-eastern eminence, the present site of Ara-Cœli, because, among many other reasons, the temple faced the south, and also the Forum, which it could not have done upon the south-eastern summit; and also because the citadel is always represented as having been nearer to the Tiber than the temple; for when Herdonius, and the Gauls, arriving by the river, scaled the heights of the Capitol, it was the *citadel* which barred their path, and in which, in the latter case, Manlius was awakened by the noise of the sacred geese of Juno.

The temple of Jupiter occupied a lofty platform, the summit of the rock being levelled to receive it. Its façade was decorated with three ranges of columns, and its sides by a single colonnade. It was nearly square, being 200 Roman feet in length, and 185 in width. The interior was divided into three cells; the figure of Jupiter occupied that in the centre, Minerva was on his right, and Juno on his left. The figure of Jupiter was the work of an artist of the Volscian city of Fregellæ, and was formed of terracotta, painted like the statues which we may still see in the Etruscan museum at the Vatican, and clothed with the

tunica palmata, and the toga picta, the costume of victorious generals. In his right hand was a thunder-bolt, and in his left a spear.

Two cliffs are now rival claimants to be considered as the Tarpeian Rock; but it is most probable that the whole of the hill on this side of the Intermontium was called the Mons Tarpeia, and was celebrated under that name by the poets.

In Mediæval times the revolutionary government of Arnold of Brescia established itself on this hill (1144), and Pope Lucius II., in attempting to regain his temporal power, was slain with a stone in attacking it. Here Petrarch received his laurel crown (1341); and here the tribune Rienzi promulgated the laws of "the good estate." At this time nothing existed on the Capitol but the church and convent of Coeli, and a few ruins. Yet the cry of the people at the Coronation of Petrarch, "Long life to *the Capitol* and the poet!" shows that the scene itself was then still more present to their minds than the principal actor upon it. But, when the popes returned from Avignon, the very memory of the Capitol seemed effaced, and the spot was only known as the Goat's Hill,—Monte Caprino. Pope Boniface IX. (1389-94) was the first to erect on the Capitol, on the ruins of the Tabularium, a residence for the senator and his assessors. Paul III. (1544-50) employed Michael Angelo to lay out the Piazza del Campidoglio; when he designed the Capitoline Museum and the Palace of the Conservators. Pius IV., Gregory XIII.,

and Sixtus V. added the sculptures and other monuments which now adorn the steps and balustrade.

Just beyond the end of the Corso, the Via della Pedacchia turns to the right, under a quaint archway in the secret passage constructed as a means of escape for the Franciscan generals of Ara-Cœli to the Palazzo Venezia, as that in the Borgo is for the escape of the popes to S. Angelo. In this street is a house decorated with simple but elegant Doric details, and bearing an inscription over the door which shows that it was that of Pietro da Cortona.

The street ends in the sunny open space at the foot of the Capitol, with Ara-Cœli on its left, approached by an immense flight of steps, removed hither from the Temple of the Sun, on the Quirinal, but marking the site of the famous staircase to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which Julius Cæsar descended on his knees, after his triumph for his Gallic victories. The grand staircase, "*La Cordonnata*," was opened in its present form on the occasion of the entry of Charles V. in 1536. At its foot are two lions of Egyptian porphyry, which were removed hither from the church of S. Stefano in Cacco, by Pius IV. It was down the staircase which originally existed on this site, that Rienzi the tribune fled in his last moments, and close to the spot where the left-hand lion stands, that he fell, covered with wounds, his wife witnessing his death from a window of the burning palace above. A small space between the two staircases has lately been transformed into a garden, through which access may be obtained to four

vaulted brick chambers, remnants of the substructions of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

At the head of the stairs are enclosed statues of the twin heroes, Castor and Pollux (brought hither from the Ghetto), commemorating the victory of the Lake Regillus, after which they rode before the army to Rome, to announce the joyful news, watered their horses at the Acqua Argentina, and then passed away from the gaze of the multitude into celestial spheres. Beyond these, on the other side, are two trophies of imperial times discovered in the ruin on the Esquiline, misnamed the Trophies of Marius. Next come statues of Constantine the Great and his son Constantine II., from their baths on the Quirinal. The two ends of the parapet are occupied by ancient Milliararia, being the first and seventh milestones of the Appian Way. The first milestone was found *in situ*, and showed that the miles counted from the gates of Rome, and not, as was formerly supposed, from the Milliarium Aureum, at the foot of the Capitol.

We now find ourselves in the Piazza del Campidoglio, occupying the Intermontium, where Brutus harangued the people after the murder of Julius Cæsar. In the centre of the square is the famous Statue of Marcus Aurelius, the only perfect ancient equestrian statue in existence. It was originally gilt, as may still be seen from marks of gilding upon the figure, and stood in front of the Arch of Septimius Severus. Hence it was removed by Sergius III. to the front of the Lateran, where, not long after, it was put to a

singular use by John XIII., who hung a refractory prefect of the city from it by his hair. During the rejoicings consequent upon the elevation of Rienzi to the tribuneship in 1347, one of its nostrils was made to flow with water and the other with wine. From its vicinity to the Lateran, so intimately connected with the history of Constantine, it was supposed during the Middle Ages to represent that Christian emperor, and this fortunate error alone preserved it from the distraction which befell so many other ancient imperial statues. Michael Angelo, when he designed the buildings of the Capitoline Piazza, wished to remove the statue to its present site, but the canons of the Lateran were unwilling to part with their treasure, and only consented to its removal upon an annual acknowledgment of their proprietorship, for which a bunch of flowers is still presented once a year by the senators to the chapter of the Lateran. Michael Angelo, standing in fixed admiration before this statue, is said to have bidden the horse "Cammina." Even until late years an especial guardian has been appointed to take care of it, with an annual stipend of ten scudi a year, and the title of "Il custode del Cavallo."

The building at the back of the piazza is the Palace of the Senator, originally built by Boniface IX. (1389), but altered by Michael Angelo to correspond with his buildings on either side. The fountain at the foot of the double staircase was erected by Sixtus V., and is adorned with statues of river gods found in the Colonna Gardens, and a curious porphyry figure of Minerva—adapted as Rome.

The body of this statue was found at Cori, but the head and arms are modern additions. In the interior of this building the Hall of the Senators contains some papal statues, and that of Charles of Anjou, who was made senator of Rome in the Thirteenth Century.

The Tower of the Capitol contains the great bell of Viterbo, carried off from that town during the wars of the Middle Ages, which is never rung except to announce the death of a pope, or the opening of the carnival. During the closing years of the temporal power of the popes, it has been difficult to obtain admission to the tower, but the ascent is well repaid by the view from the summit, which embraces not only the seven hills of Rome, but the various towns and villages of the neighbouring plain and mountains which successively fell under its dominion. Beneath the Palace of the Senator (entered by a door in the street on the right), are the gigantic remains of the Tabularium, consisting of huge rectangular blocks of peperino supporting a Doric colonnade, which is shown by an inscription still preserved to have been that of the public Record Office, where the Tabulæ, engraved plates bearing important decrees of the Senate were preserved, having been placed there by Q. Lutatius Catulus, in B. C. 79. A gallery in the interior of the Tabularium has been fitted up as a museum of architectural antiquities collected from the neighbouring temples. This building is as it were the boundary between inhabited Rome and that Rome which is a city of ruins. The traces of an ancient staircase still exist, which led down from the

Tabularium to the Forum. This is believed by many to have been the path by which the besiegers under Vitellius, A. D. 69, attacked the Capitol.

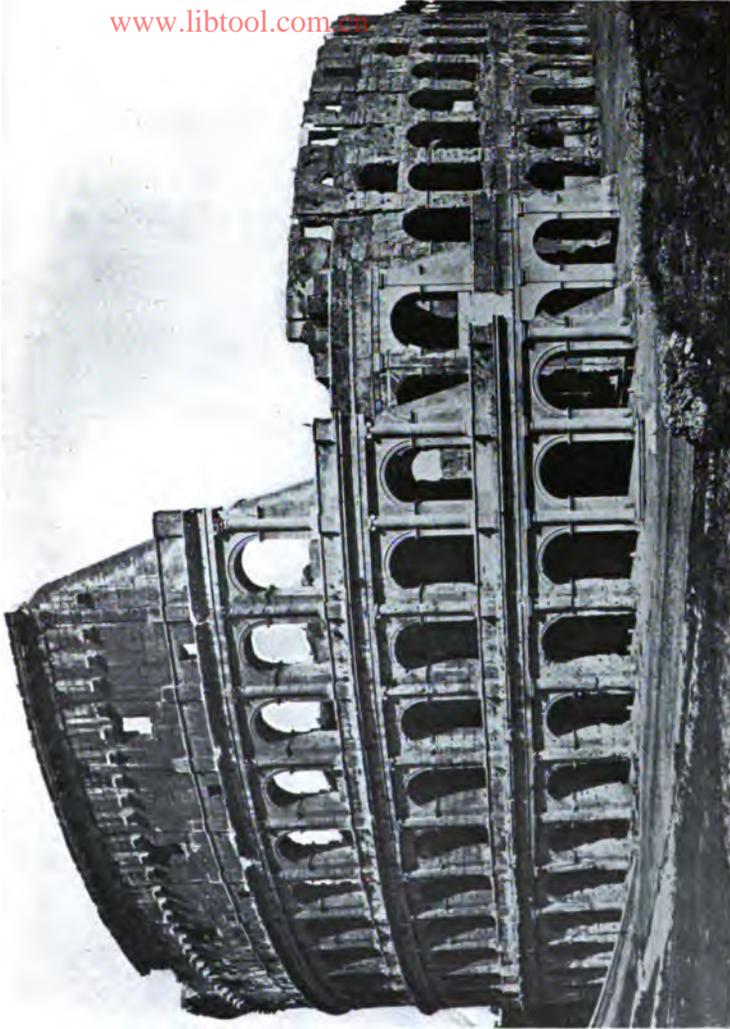
The east side of the piazza—on the left as one stands at the head of the steps—is the Museo Capitolino.

THE COLOSSEUM

EDWARD GIBBON

WHATEVER is fortified will be attacked : and whatever is attacked may be destroyed. Could the Romans have wrested from the popes the Castle of St. Angelo, they had resolved by a public decree to annihilate that monument of servitude. Every building of defence was exposed to a siege ; and in every siege the arts and engines of destruction were laboriously employed. After the death of Nicholas IV., Rome, without a sovereign or a senate, was abandoned six months to the fury of civil war. “The houses,” says a cardinal and poet of the times, “were crushed by the weight and velocity of enormous stones ; the walls were perforated by the strokes of the battering-ram ; the towers were involved in fire and smoke ; and the assailants were stimulated by rapine and revenge.” The work was consummated by the tyranny of the laws ; and the factions of Italy alternately exercised a blind and thoughtless vengeance on their adversaries, whose houses and castles they razed to the ground. In comparing the *days* of foreign, with the *ages* of domestic, hostility, we must pronounce, that the latter have been far more ruinous to the city ; and our opinion is confirmed by the evidence of Petrarch. “Behold,” says the laureat, “the

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THE COLOSSEUM

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relics of Rome, the image of her pristine greatness ! neither time nor the barbarian, can boast the merit of this stupendous destruction : it was perpetrated by her own citizens, by the most illustrious of her sons, and your ancestors (he writes to a noble Annibaldi) have done with the battering-ram, what the Punic hero could not accomplish with the sword." The influence of the two last principles of decay must in some degree be multiplied by each other ; since the houses and towers, which were subverted by civil war, required a new and perpetual supply from the monuments of antiquity.

These general observations may be separately applied to the amphitheatre of Titus, which has obtained the name of the Colosseum, either from its magnitude, or from Nero's colossal statue : an edifice, had it been left to time and nature, which might perhaps have claimed an eternal duration. The curious antiquaries, who have computed the numbers and seats, are disposed to believe, that above the upper row of stone steps, the amphitheatre was encircled and elevated with several stages of wooden galleries, which were repeatedly consumed by fire, and restored by the emperors. Whatever was precious, or portable, or profane, the statues of gods and heroes, and the costly ornaments of sculpture, which were cast in brass, or overspread with leaves of silver and gold, became the first prey of conquest or fanaticism, of the avarice of the barbarians or the Christians. In the massy stones of the Colosseum, many holes are discerned ; and the two most probable conjectures

represent the various accidents of its decay. These stories were connected by solid links of brass or iron, nor had the eye of rapine overlooked the value of the baser metals; the vacant space was converted into a fair or market; the artisans of the Colosseum are mentioned in an ancient survey; and the chasms were perforated or enlarged to receive the poles that supported the shops or tents of the mechanic trades. Reduced to its naked majesty, the Flavian amphitheatre was contemplated with awe and admiration by the pilgrims of the north; and the rude enthusiasm broke forth in a sublime proverbial expression, which is recorded in the Eighth Century, in the fragments of the venerable Bede: "As long as the Colosseum stands, Rome shall stand; when the Colosseum falls, Rome will fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall." In the modern system of war, a situation commanded by three hills would not be chosen for a fortress; but the strength of the walls and arches could resist the engines of assault; a numerous garrison might be lodged in the enclosures; and while one faction occupied the Vatican and the capitol, the other was entrenched in the Lateran and the Colosseum.

The abolition at Rome of the ancient games must be understood with some latitude; and the carnival sports, of the Testacean mount and the Circus Agonalis, were regulated by the law or custom of the city. The senator presided with dignity and pomp to adjudge and distribute the prizes, the gold ring, or the *pallium*, as it was styled, of cloth or silk. A tribute on the Jews supplied the annual expense;

and the races, on foot, on horseback, or in chariots, were ennobled by a tilt and tournament of seventy-two of the Roman youth. In the year one thousand three hundred and thirty-two, a bull-feast, after the fashion of the Moors and Spaniards, was celebrated in the Colosseum itself; and the living manners are painted in a diary of the times. A convenient order of benches was restored; and a general proclamation, as far as Rimini and Ravenna, invited the nobles to exercise their skill and courage in this perilous adventure. The Roman ladies were marshalled in three squadrons, and seated in three balconies, which on this day, the third of September, were lined with scarlet cloth. The fair Jacova di Rovere led the matrons from beyond the Tiber, a pure and native race, who still represent the features and character of antiquity. The remainder of the city was divided as usual between the Colonna and Ursini: the two factions were proud of the number and beauty of their female bands: the charms of Savella Ursini are mentioned with praise; and the Colonna regretted the absence of the youngest of their house, who had sprained her ankle in the garden of Nero's tower. The lots of the champions were drawn by an old and respectable citizen: and they descended into the arena, or pit, to encounter the wild bulls, on foot as it should seem, with a single spear. Amidst the crowd, our annalist has selected the names, colours, and devices, of twenty of the most conspicuous knights. Several of the names are the most illustrious of Rome and the ecclesiastical state; Malatesta, Polenta, della

Valle, Cafarello, Savelli, Capoccio, Conti, Annibaldi, Altieri, Corsi, the colours were adapted to their taste and situation ; the devices are expressive of hope or despair, and breathe the spirit of gallantry and arms. "I am alone, like the youngest of the Horatii," the confidence of an intrepid stranger : "I live disconsolate," a weeping widower : "I burn under the ashes," a discreet lover : "I adore Lavinia or Lucretia," the ambiguous declaration of a modern passion : "My faith is as pure," the motto of a white livery : "Who is stronger than myself ?" of a lion's hide : "If I am drowned in blood, what a pleasant death," the wish of ferocious courage. The pride or prudence of the Ursini restrained them from the field, which was occupied by three of their hereditary rivals, whose inscriptions denoted the lofty greatness of the Colonna name : "Though sad I am strong : " "Strong as I am great : " "If I fall," addressing himself to the spectators, "you fall with me :"—intimating (says the contemporary writer) that while the other families were the subjects of the Vatican, they alone were the supporters of the Capitol. The combats of the amphitheatre were dangerous and bloody. Every champion successively encountered a wild bull ; and the victory may be ascribed to the quadrupeds, since no more than eleven were left on the field, with the loss of nine wounded and eighteen killed on the side of their adversaries. Some of the noblest families might mourn, but the pomp of the funerals, in the churches of St. John Lateran and St. Maria Maggiore, afforded a second holiday to the people. Doubtless it was not in such

conflicts that the blood of the Romans should have been shed; yet, in blaming their rashness we are compelled to applaud their gallantry; and the noble volunteers, who display their magnificence, and risk their lives, under the balconies of the fair, excite a more generous sympathy than the thousands of captives and malefactors who were reluctantly dragged to the scene of slaughter.

This use of the amphitheatre was a rare, perhaps a singular, festival: the demand for the materials was a daily and continual want, which the citizens could gratify without restraint or remorse. In the Fourteenth Century, a scandalous act of concord secured to both factions the privilege of extracting stones from the free and common quarry of the Colosseum; and Poggius laments, that the greater part of these stones had been burnt to lime by the folly of the Romans. To check this abuse, and to prevent the nocturnal crimes that might be perpetrated in the vast and gloomy recess, Eugenius IV. surrounded it with a wall; and, by a charter long extant, granted both the ground and edifice to the monks of an adjacent convent. After his death, the wall was overthrown in a tumult of the people; and had they themselves respected the noblest monument of their fathers, they might have justified the resolve that it should never be degraded to private property. The inside was damaged; but in the middle of the Sixteenth Century, an era of taste and learning, the exterior circumference of one thousand six hundred and twelve feet was still entire and inviolate; a triple elevation of fourscore

arches, which rose to the height of one hundred and eight feet. Of the present ruin, the nephews of Paul III. are the guilty agents; and every traveller who views the Farnese palace may curse the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes. A similar reproach is applied to the Barberini; and the repetition of injury might be dreaded from every reign, till the Colosseum was placed under the safeguard of religion by the most liberal of the pontiffs, Benedict XIV., who consecrated a spot which persecution and fable had stained with the blood of so many Christian martyrs.

When Petrarch first gratified his eyes with a view of those monuments, whose scattered fragments so far surpass the most eloquent descriptions, he was astonished at the supine indifference of the Romans themselves; he was humbled rather than elated by the discovery, that, except his friend Rienzi and one of the Colonna, a stranger of the Rhone was more conversant with these antiquities than the nobles and natives of the metropolis.

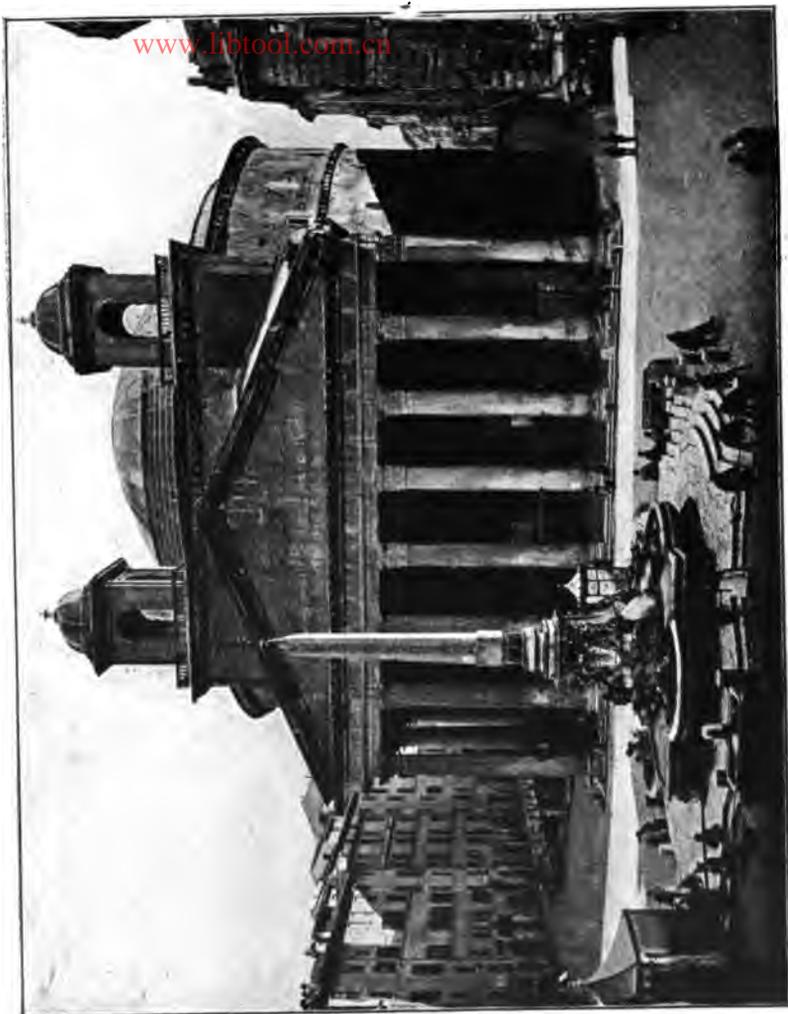
THE PANTHEON

LINDA VILLARI

THE Pantheon presents a series of unsolved enigmas. Was it built for a temple? or as a vestibule to the baths behind? Signor Baracconi, writing in the *Rassegna*, suggests that possibly M. Agrippa did not erect the whole of it, but only added to an earlier construction the portico inscribed with his name. This theory is supported by archæological testimony, since experts declare the portico to be of a later period than the rotunda itself. And we all know how Dion, the historian, writing in 729 B. C., tells us that Agrippa *perfected* the Pantheon in that year. Nevertheless Dion's words may be read in two ways, and are no proof that the building completed by Agrippa was not likewise begun by the same hand. And Pliny, the naturalist, explicitly states that the Pantheon was built by Agrippa as a temple to Jove the avenger. Signor Baracconi, like many other writers, has greater faith in Dion than in the often inaccurate Pliny, and reminds us that the title Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, implies an earlier dedication, and that it was the custom of the time to restore ancient temples and dedicate them anew. There are many popular legends about the origin of the Pantheon. One asserts that it was first dedicated by Agrippa to Cybele, the

mother of the Gods; but according to historical testimony the gods of the Pantheon were Mars and Venus, the titular deities of the Julian people. The subsequent consecration to Jove the avenger is easily accounted for. It commemorated the victory of Actium, that triumph of European civilization over Asiatic barbarism, as great an event for pagan Rome as was the battle of Lepanto for the Christian world.

Antiquarian research enables us to see the temple in its original splendour: the circle of gods enshrined in its niches; the great Venus with ears adorned with the two halves of the largest pearl in existence—a pearl once the property of Cleopatra, and fellow to that dissolved in vinegar at the famous supper with Mark Anthony. Its conversion into a Christian church at the instance of Pope Boniface IV. was a memorable event of the year 608 of this era; and soon afterwards Catholic legend records a signal miracle performed at its altar. The Jews, being persecuted for their unbelief, and threatened with expulsion from Rome, vowed to become Christians if the Madonna of the Pantheon could give sight to one born blind. The miracle was duly accomplished on Candlemas Day, and five hundred Hebrews received baptism. In the Middle Ages, when the Popes had withdrawn to Avignon and the Eternal City was the battle-ground of hostile barons, the Pantheon served as a fortress, and in the latter half of the Eleventh Century was the stronghold of Count Guiberto, better known as the Antipope Clement III. He was besieged within its walls, and finally driven out by Urban II.,



THE PANTHEON, ITALY.

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and it was in the course of this conflict that the great corner column of the portico was split. Proof is given of the strategic importance of the Pantheon by its enumeration among the strong places of the city in the oath of fealty taken by the senator of Rome at the inauguration of every new Pope. And for a hundred years the Pantheon, or to give it its Christian appellation, Sta. Maria della Rotonda, was regarded with peculiar reverence as the tabernacle of the Sudarium of St. Veronica, which is now preserved in St. Peter's. This relic was only exhibited on special festivals of the Church or at moments of public peril. At other times it was treasured in an ancient wooden coffer closed by thirteen locks, of which the keys were kept by the heads of the thirteen *rioni*—or districts—of Rome. A naïve popular legend dates its possession by the Romans as far back as the reign of Tiberius. That emperor being stricken with leprosy, and hearing of the wondrous cures wrought by the Sudarium, sent envoys to Jerusalem to seek it. In the hope of healing and converting the suffering tyrant, St. Veronica in person brought it to Rome; but Tiberius scoffed, and succumbed.

Later on the Pantheon became an artists' sepulchre. Signor Baracconi has diligently collected every particular relating to Raphael's tomb, and publishes a little known but very characteristic letter which throws some light on an obscure episode of the painter's life. We all know how, at his own express desire the remains of Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino were interred in the Pantheon on the night of

Easter Eve, the 8th of April, 1520 ; how an epitaph by his friend Cardinal Bembo was inscribed on a marble tablet beside the altar above his grave ; and how the shrine was adorned, also at his desire by a statue of the Virgin, carved by his comrade, the sculptor, Lorenzetto. It is perhaps less generally known that the memorial slab to Maria Bibbiena, on the opposite side of the same altar, records the premature death of the painter's betrothed bride. All that is positively told of her is this : she was young, beautiful, well-dowered, and a niece of the famous Cardinal Bibbiena. The cardinal, who had a fine taste in art, was very fond of Raphael, and offered him the hand of his young kinswoman at the time when the painter was engaged on his great works in St. Peter's and the Vatican. Raphael accepted the offer. He had no wish to marry, it was true, had indeed declined one or two alliances suggested by his family in Urbino ; but, whether from social ambition or the fear of offending a powerful patron, he could not refuse so flattering a proposal. Still, he showed no haste to fulfil his engagement. Pressure of work was made to account for repeated delays ; but at last the marriage was fixed for the close of 1514, and in that July Raphael wrote to Urbino to ask his uncle Simone's consent.

This Messer Simone had evidently wished his nephew to marry before, and urged the suitability of another match, for Raphael bluntly says to him : " As to taking a wife, I must tell you that I am well pleased and thankful to God that I neither married that lady nor any other, and I hold

that in this matter my wisdom has been greater than your own. For had I yielded to your desire, I should not now find myself possessed of 3,000 ducats' worth of property in Rome and a revenue of 50 gold ducats. And the Holy Father has assigned me a life-provision of 300 gold ducats, and I shall be able to learn more, inasmuch as my works are paid at my own price. Also I have begun another *Stanza* for his Holiness which will bring me in 1,200 gold ducats, whereby, dearest uncle, you may see that I do honour to you, to all my kindred and to the land of my birth." Like many artists of all times, Raphael seems to have been a slack correspondent, for in answer to his uncle's reproofs, he says that the latter has no right to be vexed with him for writing so seldom; and adds that he might retort that his uncle, although always pen in hand, frequently lets six months go by without sending him a line. And then he continues: "To return to the question of marriage, I must tell you that the Cardinal of Sta. Maria in Portico (Bibbiena), has offered me his niece, and with your consent and that of my uncle the priest, I have promised to accept her hand. The matter is now so far advanced that I could hardly break off the engagement, but I will advise you of all that goes on, and should the negotiation fall through, I will be guided by your wishes." And he concludes with the practical remark that a beautiful girl with a portion of 3,000 gold crowns and a house in Rome is by no means a contemptible match.

But in the midst of the marriage preparations Maria

Bibbiena sickened and died ; and one wonders whether the beautiful girl, whose dowry seemed her chief attraction to her betrothed husband, was aware of his indifference towards her. That she was indifferent to him is hard to believe. The great painter had other charms besides his fame. He was young, handsome and fascinating. Probably the girl loved him and felt that she was not loved in return ; for all Rome knew of Raphael's passion for the plebeian beauty whose face he has immortalized by his brush. Certainly the epitaph to Maria Bibbiena "*quæ lætos bymeneos morte pervertit*," reads like the tragic epilogue to a drama of the affections. That the marriage was on the point of conclusion is proved by the fact that this memorial tablet was erected by the bridegroom's kinsman, Girolamo Vagnini, of Urbino.

Raphael's example converted the Pantheon into a favourite burial-place for artists. In the Sixteenth Century the remains of Baldassare Peruzzi, Pierin del Vaga, Giovanni d'Udine, Taddeo Zuccari and Bartolommeo Baromio were all buried there ; and during the next hundred years Annibale Caracci, Flaminio Vacca, the sculptor, and others of less note joined the illustrious company. All these tombs bore characteristic inscriptions, and some were adorned with busts of their occupants. Vacca's epitaph ran as follows :—" *D. O. M.—Flaminio Vaccæ, sculptori. Qui in operibus quæ fecit, nusquam sibi satis fecit.*" And the inscription over Caracci's grave is a simple and touching record of the ill-fortune that had embittered his life.

In 1543, twenty-three years after Raphael's decease, Don Desiderio Adjutorio, a canon of the Rotunda, and charged by Pope Paul III. with the restoration of its monuments, conceived the idea of founding a pious association for the promotion of the fine arts and the aid and encouragement of those dedicated to their pursuit. Being a man of taste and culture, he had much influence with the leading artists of the time. All approved of his plan. The papal consent was obtained, and the "Congregazione dei Virtuosi" sprang into existence. The brother architects San Gallo and the painter Pierin del Vaga were among the earliest members of the society, which survives to this day, and holds its meetings in a hall approached from the right-hand side of the portico of the Pantheon.

As time went on it became customary to place tablets in the Pantheon in memory of illustrious men buried elsewhere; and Canova, who was a very energetic member of the society, contributed many busts to the collection, and arranged them in oval niches and on brackets round the walls. But in 1820, when the Papal reaction was at its height, Pius VII. decreed the expulsion of all these artistic memorials. The church was supposed to be desecrated by their presence, and busts and inscriptions were ruthlessly swept away. Not even Bembo's epitaph was spared, and thus nothing was left to mark the place of Raphael's grave. Before long it began to be questioned whether the great master really lay in the Pantheon, and some persons positively maintained that he must have been buried in the

chapel of the Urbinati. Meanwhile the Academy of St. Luke boasted the possession of Raphael's skull, and artists and travellers flocked there to see it. But in 1832, examination of the archives of the Virtuosi proved beyond dispute that the relic in question was only the skull of Don Desiderio Adjutorio. Thereupon the art-world awoke to the necessity of ascertaining where Raphael's remains really lay ; and the following year, after the usual delays in obtaining ecclesiastical sanction, the altar of the "Madonna del Sasso" was removed, search was made beneath and around it, and the painter's remains were finally discovered in a built-up recess in the wall behind. The coffin had rotted away, but the skeleton was in perfect preservation, and all the upper teeth (exceedingly white ones) were still fixed in the jaw. After being exhibited to the public for several days, and casts made of the cranium, throat and right hand, the remains enclosed in a fresh coffin, were placed in an antique sarcophagus presented by Gregory XVI., and again consigned to the vault behind the altar chosen by the painter for his last earthly abode.

THE PALATINE

EMILE ZOLA

At his first visit was to the ruins of the Palatine. Looking through his eyes, Pierre saw the line of cypresses which fringed the Palatine plateau on the Tiber side. The sky was a mere of delicate blue, the intense green of the foliage of the cypresses like a black fringe. The eyes rested on the steep slope being bare and devastated, dusty and grey, with here and there a few shrubs among the ruins. There were a few bases of ancient walls. The scene was so sad, that leprous sadness of excavated ground that only savants grow enthusiastic.

The ruins of Tiberius, Caligula, and the Flavians are the guide, but we will keep them for the last ; we will go round the round.

He took a few steps to the left, and stopped in front of an excavation, a kind of grotto in the side of the

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“This is the Lupercal den where the wolf suckled Romulus and Remus. In olden days the fig-tree that shaded the twins was still to be seen at the entrance.”

Close to the grotto, the worthy man pointed out the vestiges of the Roman quadrata, remains of walls that really seemed to date from the founding of Rome : these were merely a few squared blocks of stone set one upon

another, without either mortar or cement. But a past of twenty-seven centuries was evoked, and those crumbling and blackened stones that had supported such a resounding edifice of splendour and omnipotence assumed extraordinary magnificence in the beholder's eyes.

They continued skirting the hill. The annexes of the palaces must have reached thus far down: remains of porticos, sunken pavements of halls, standing columns and friezes bordered the rugged path that wound among the wild weeds of the cemetery; and the guide, reciting what he knew so well from having repeated it daily for ten years, continued to assert most doubtful facts, giving each fragment a name, a use, or a history.

"The House of Augustus," he finally said, waving his hand in the direction of a few heaps of earth.

This time, Pierre, seeing absolutely nothing, ventured to ask: "Where?"

"Ah! It seems that the façade was still in sight at the end of the Eighteenth Century. The entrance was on the other side, from the Via Sacra. On this side there was an enormous balcony that overlooked the Circus Maximus, affording a good view of the games. Moreover, as you can prove to your own satisfaction, the palace is still almost entirely buried under the great garden up there, the garden of the Mills Villa; and when there is enough money for excavating there, it is certain that they will be found, as well as the temples of Apollo and Venus that accompanied them."

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RUIINS ON THE PALATINE

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He turned to the left, and entered the Stadium, the small circus for pedestrian races, which ran along by the side of the House of Augustus ; and the priest's enthusiasm began to awaken. It was not because he saw a ruin in a reasonable state of preservation and of monumental aspect, for not a single column was standing in place, and only the walls on the right were intact ; but the entire plan had been recovered with the goals at either end, the portico around the track, the colossal Imperial box, which, after having been on the left, in the House of Augustus, had been afterwards opened to the right, setting into the palace of Septimus Severus. And the guide talked on, amid all this scattered *débris*, giving abundant and precise explanations, and asserting that the managers of the Excavations had reconstructed the Stadium to the minutest detail, so that now they could give an exact plan of it, with the Orders of the columns, the statues in their niches, and the kinds of marble with which the walls were faced.

Pierre's interest increased when, over crumbling stairs and wooden bridges thrown across holes, he gained entrance to the ruins of the palace of Septimus Severus. The palace was situated on the southern point of the Palatine, overlooking the Appian Way, and the whole of the Campagna till lost to view in the distance. Nothing now remains beyond the foundations, the subterranean chambers constructed under the arches of the terraces with which the plateau of the hill had been enlarged, as it had become too narrow ; and these ruinous substructions suffice to give an idea

of the triumphant palace which they supported, so mighty and vast are they in their indestructible mass. There stood the famous Septizonium, the seven-tiered tower which did not disappear till the Fourteenth Century. One terrace still stands out supported by cyclopean arcades, from the top of which we get a delightful view. As for the rest, there is nothing but a mess of massive and crumbling walls, gaping voids in fallen vaults and threads of endless passages and vast halls, the use of which is unknown to us. All these ruins, well preserved by the new administration, swept clean and weeded, have exchanged their romantic savagery for a bare and mournful grandeur. But gleams of vivid sunlight gilded the ancient walls, penetrated the breaches in the depths of black halls, and with their golden dust animated the dumb melancholy of this departed sovereignty, exhumed from the earth wherein it had slept for many centuries. Over the ancient red masonry, made of bricks held together with cement, stripped of their luxurious marble vestment, the sun was again casting its purple mantle of imperial glory.

For more than an hour and a half Pierre had already been walking about ; and he had still to visit the mass of earlier palaces on the top of the hill to the north and east.

“ We must retrace our steps,” said the guide. You see, the gardens of the Mills Villa and the Saint Bonaventura convent stop the way. No one will be able to pass this way till the excavations have opened it all up. Ah ! if you had strolled over the Palatine hardly fifty years ago ! There

were only vines, little gardens, low hedges, a veritable campagna, a real desert where one never met a single soul. And then to think that all those palaces were sleeping underneath!

Pierre followed him, and they repassed the House of Augustus. Going upwards they came upon the immense Flavian palace, still half hidden under the neighbouring villa, composed of a vast number of halls big and little, the use of which is still a matter of dispute. The throne room, the hall of justice, the dining-hall and the peristyle appear to be settled; but as for the others, all is a matter of speculation, especially the small rooms of the private apartments. Moreover, not a single wall is entire, there are only foundation walls that trace the plan of the edifice on the ground. The sole ruin that has survived as by a miracle is what is called the House of Livia. It is quite small beside the vast neighbouring palaces; and only three rooms are intact, with their mural paintings of mythological scenes and flowers and fruits of extraordinary freshness. As for the House of Tiberius, absolutely nothing of it is visible, its remains are hidden beneath the adorable public garden, which on the plateau forms a continuation of the old Farnese gardens; and, of the House of Caligula, to one side, above the Forum, like the House of Septimus Severus, nothing remains but enormous foundations, buttresses, heaps of masonry, lofty arcades that supported the palace, a species of vaults in which the Imperial domestics and guards lived in continual riot and revelry. The whole of

this summit, dominating the city, thus offered hardly recognizable vestiges of extensive grey and bare stretches of land, furrowed with the pick, and bristling with a few fragments of old walls; and an effort of erudite imagination was required to reconstruct the ancient Imperial splendour that had triumphed there.

Nevertheless, the guide, with tranquil conviction, continued his explanations, filled the void as if the monuments were still standing before him.

Here we are in the Palatine Square. You see the façade of Domitian's palace on the left, and Caligula's on the right; on turning around, the temple of Jupiter Stator faces you. The Via Sacra came thus far and passed out at the Mugonia gate,—one of the ancient gates of primitive Rome.

CASTLE OF S. ANGELO

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

FROM the Ponte S. Angelo, when the Tiber is low, are visible the remains of the bridge by which the ancient Via Triumphalis crossed the river. Close by, where Santo Spirito now stands, was the Porta Triumphalis, by which victors entered the city in triumph.

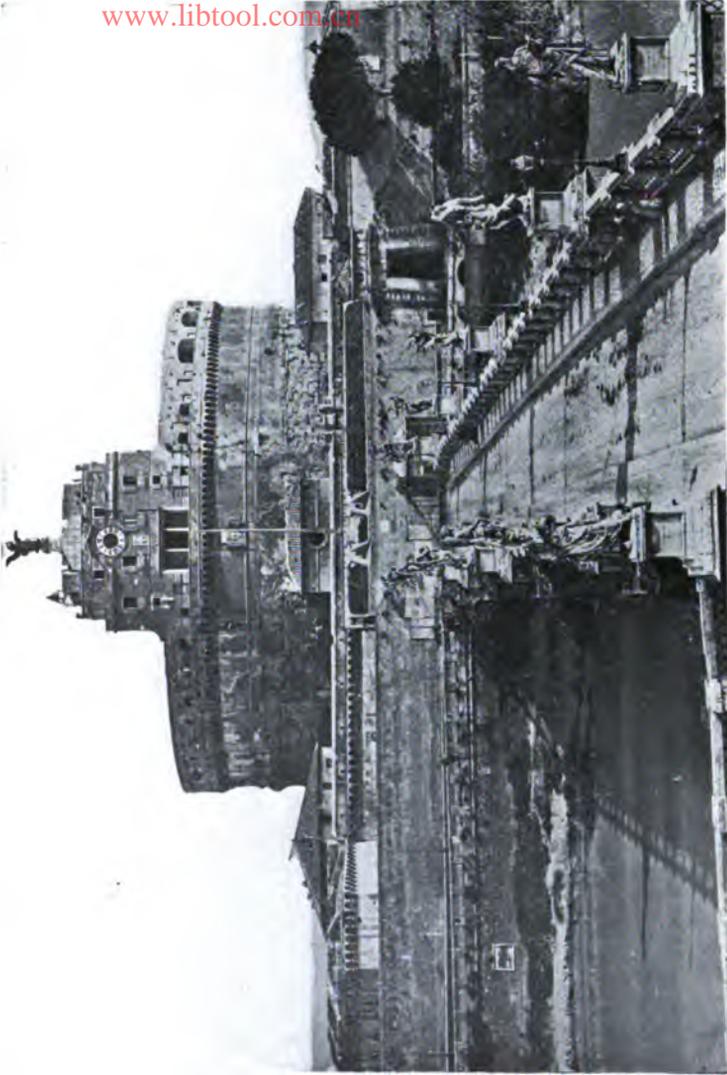
Facing the bridge, is the famous Castle of S. Angelo, built by the Emperor Hadrian as his family tomb, because the last niche in the imperial mausoleum of Augustus was filled when the ashes of Nerva were laid there. The first funeral here was that of Elius Verus, the first adopted son of Hadrian, who died before him. The emperor himself died at Baiæ, but his remains were transported hither from a temporary tomb at Pozzuoli, by his successor Antoninus Pius, by whom the mausoleum was completed in A. D. 140. Here, also, were buried, Antoninus Pius, A. D. 161; Marcus Aurelius, 180; Commodus, 192; and Septimius Severus, in an urn of gold, enclosed in one of alabaster, A. D. 211; Caracalla, in 217, was the last emperor interred here.

The castle, as it now appears, is but the skeleton of the magnificent tomb of the emperors. Procopius, writing in the Sixth Century, describes its appearance in his time. "It is built," he says, "of Parian marble; the square blocks fit closely to each other without any cement. It has four

equal sides, each a stone's throw in length. In height it rises above the walls of the city. On the summit are statues of men and horses, of admirable workmanship, in Parian marble." Canina, in his *Architectura Romana*, gives a restoration of the mausoleum, which shows how it consisted of three stories: 1, a quadrangular basement, the upper part intersected with Doric pillars, between which were spaces for epitaphs of the dead within, and surmounted at the corners by marble equestrian statues; 2, a circular story, with fluted Ionic colonnades; 3, circular story, surrounded by Corinthian columns, between which were statues. The whole was surmounted by a pyramidal roof, ending in a bronze fir-cone. The history of the Mausoleum, in the Middle Ages, is almost the history of Rome. It was probably first turned into a fortress by Honorius, A. D. 423. From Theodoric it derives the name of "Carcer Theodorici." In 537, it was besieged by Vitiges, when the defending garrison, reduced to the last extremity, hurled down all the magnificent statues which decorated the cornice, upon the besiegers. In A. D. 498, Pope Symmachus removed the bronze fir-cone at the apex of the roof to the court of St. Peter's, whence it was afterwards transferred to the Vatican garden, where it is still to be seen between two bronze peacocks, which probably stood on either side of the entrance.

Belisarius defended the castle against Totila, whose Gothic troops captured and held it for three years, after which it was taken by Narses.

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THE CASTLE OF S. ANGELO

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It was in 530 that the event occurred which gave the building its present name. Pope Gregory the Great was leading a penitential procession to St. Peter's, in order to offer up prayers for the staying of the great pestilence which followed the inundation of 589; when, as he was crossing the bridge, even while the people were falling dead around him, he looked up at the mausoleum, and saw an angel on its summit, sheathing a bloody sword, while a choir of angels around chaunted with celestial voices, the anthem, since adopted by the church in her vesper service—“*Regina cœli, lætare—quia quem meruisisti portare—resurrexit, sicut dixit, Alleluja*”—To which the earthly voice of the pope solemnly responded, “*Ora pro nobis Deum, Alleluja.*” In the Tenth Century, the fortress was occupied by the infamous Marozia, who, in turn, brought her three husbands (Alberic, Count of Tusculum; Guido, Marquis of Tuscany; and Hugo, King of Italy), thither, to tyrannize with her over Rome. It was within the walls of this building that Alberic, her son by her first husband, waiting upon his royal stepfather at table, threw a bowl of water over him, when Hugo retorted by a blow, which was the signal for an insurrection, the people taking part with Alberic, putting the King to flight, and imprisoning Marozia. Shut up within these walls, Pope John XI. (931-936), son of Marozia by her first husband, ruled under the guidance of his stronger-minded brother Alberic; here, also, Octavian, son of Alberic, and grandson of Marozia, succeeded in forcing his election as John XII. (being the first pope who took a new

name), and scandalized Christendom by a life of murder, robbery, adultery, and incest.

In 974, the castle was seized by Cencio (Crescenzo Nomentano), the consul, who raised up an anti-pope (Boniface VII.) here, with the determination of destroying the temporal power of the popes, and imprisoned and murdered two popes, Benedict VI. (972), and John XIV. (984) within these walls. In 996, another lawful pope, Gregory V., calling in the emperor Otho to his assistance, took the castle, and beheaded Cencio, though he had promised him life if he would surrender. From this governor the fortress long held the name of Castello de Crescenzo, or Turris Crescentii, by which it is described in Mediæval writings. A second Cencio supported another anti-pope, Cadolaus, here in 1063, against Pope Alexander II. A third Cencio imprisoned Gregory VII. here in 1084. From this time the possession of the castle was a constant point of contest between popes and anti-popes. In 1313, Arlotto degli Stefaneschi, having demolished most of the other towers in the city, arranged the same fate for S. Angelo, but it was saved by the cession to the Orsini. It was from hence, on December 15, 1347, that Rienzi fled to Bohemia, at the end of his first period of power, his wife having previously made her escape disguised as a friar. "The cause of final ruin to this monument" is described by Nibby to have been the resentment of the citizens against a French governor who espoused the cause of the anti-pope (Clement VII.) against Urban VI, in 1378. It was then that the marble casings

were all torn from the walls and used as street pavements. www.libtool.com.cn

A drawing of Sangallo of 1465 shows the "upper part of the fortress crowned with high square towers and turreted buildings; a cincture of bastions and massive square towers girding the whole; two square-built bulwarks flanking the extremity of the bridge, which was then so connected with these outworks that passengers would have immediately found themselves inside the fortress after crossing the river. Marlianus, 1588, describes its double cincture of fortifications—"a large round tower at the inner extremity of the bridge; two towers with high pinnacles, and the cross on their summits, the river flowing all around."

The castle began to assume its present aspect under Boniface IX. in 1395. John XXIII., 1411, commenced the covered way to the Vatican, which was finished by Alexander VI.; and roofed by Urban VIII., in 1630. By the last named pope the great outworks of the fortress were built under Bernini, and furnished with cannon made from the bronze roof of the Pantheon. Under Paul III. the interior was decorated with frescoes, and a colossal marble angel erected on the summit, in the place of a chapel (S. Angelo inter Nubes), built by Boniface IV. The marble angel was exchanged by Benedict XIV. for the existing angel of bronze, by a Dutch artist, Verschaffelt.

Of the castle, as we now see it externally, only the quadrangular basement is of the time of Hadrian; the

round tower is that of Urban VIII., its top added by Paul III. The four round towers of the outworks, called after the four Evangelists, are of Nicholas V., 1447.

The interior of the fortress can be visited by an order. Excavations made in 1825 have laid open the sepulchral chamber in the midst of the basement. Here, stood in the centre, the porphyry sarcophagus of Hadrian, which was stolen by Pope Innocent II. to be used as his own tomb in the Lateran, where it was destroyed by the fire of 1360, the cover alone escaping, which was used for the tomb of Otho II., in the atrium of St. Peter's, and which, after filling this office for seven centuries, is now the baptismal font of that basilica. A spiral passage, thirty feet high, and eleven wide, up which a chariot could be driven, gradually ascends through the solid mass of masonry. There is wonderfully little to be seen. A saloon of the time of Paul III. is adorned with frescoes of the life of Alexander the Great, by Pierino del Vaga. This room would be used by the pope in case of his having to take refuge in S. Angelo. An adjoining room, adorned with a stucco frieze of Tritons and Nereids, is that in which Cardinal Caraffa was strangled (1561) under Pius IV., for alleged abuses of authority under his uncle, Paul IV.—his brother, the Marquis Caraffa, being beheaded in the castle the same night. The reputed prison of Beatrice Cenci is shown, but it is very uncertain that she was ever confined here, also the prison of Cagliostro, and that of Benvenuto Cellini, who escaped, and broke his leg in try-

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VILLA D'ESTE

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ing to let himself down by a rope from the ramparts. The statue of the angel by Montelupo is to be seen stowed away in a dark corner. Several horrible *trabocchette* (oubliettes) are shown. On the roof, from which there is a beautiful view, are many modern prisons, where prisoners suffer terribly from the summer sun beating upon their flat roofs.

Among the sculptures found here were the Barberini Faun, now at Munich, the Dancing Faun, at Florence, and the Bust of Hadrian at the Vatican. The sepulchral inscriptions of the Antonines existed till 1572, when they were cut up by Gregory XIII. (Buoncompagni) and the marble used to decorate a chapel in St. Peter's! The magnificent Easter display of fireworks (from an idea of Michael Angelo, carried out by Bernini), called the *girandola*, used to be exhibited here, but now takes place at S. Pietro in Montorio, or from the Pincio. From 1849 to 1870, the castle was occupied by French troops, and their banner floated here, except on great festivals, when it was exchanged for that of the pope.

Running behind, and crossing the back streets of the Borgo, is the covered passage intended for the escape of the popes to the castle. It was used by Alexander VI. when invaded by Charles VIII. in 1494, and twice by Clement VII. (Giulio de' Medici), who fled, in 1527, from Moncada, viceroy of Naples, and in May, 1527, during the terrible sack of Rome by the troops of the Constable de Bourbon.

“The Escape” consists of two passages; the upper open like a loggia, the lower covered, and only lighted by loop-holes. The keys of both are kept by the pope himself.

S. Angelo is at the entrance of the Borgo, promised at the Italian invasion of September, 1870, as the sanctuary of the papacy, the tiny sovereignty where the temporal sway of the popes should remain undisturbed,—the sole relic left to them of all their ancient dominions. The Borgo, or *Leonine City*, is surrounded by walls of its own, which were begun in A. D. 846, by Pope Leo IV., for the better defence of St. Peter’s from the Saracens, who had been carrying their devastations up to the very walls of Rome. These walls, 10,800 feet in circumference, were completed in four years by labourers summoned from every town and monastery of the Roman states. Pope Leo himself daily encouraged their exertions by his presence. In 852, the walls were solemnly consecrated by a vast procession of the whole Roman clergy barefooted, their heads strewn with ashes, who sprinkled them with holy water, while the pope offered a prayer composed by himself, at each of the three gates.

THE TRASTEVERE

DR. REINHOLD SCHOENER

THE district known as the Trastevere in which the Janiculum is situated, stretched along the river between the Porta Septimiana of the old walls and the Porta S. Spirito, and, as already remarked, its unprotected state led to its suffering greatly in the various wars and tumults which convulsed the so-called Leonine City. In 1527 especially, much damage was done by the German troops under Charles V. as a remarkable inscription bears witness.

It is noteworthy that the whole history of the Eternal City might be compiled from the inscriptions left behind them by the successive generations who lived their little day within its boundaries. A specially interesting one is that in the Via dei Penitenzieri which connects the Borgo S. Spirito with Trastevere, and was written by Jacob and Octavian Passeri in honour of their deeply loved father Bernardino, who on the 6th of May, 1527, lost his life near the Janiculum in the sacred struggle on behalf of his native city, after having killed many enemies and captured a flag. It was in this same hotly contested battle that the Constable of Bourbon was killed.

The inscription further informs us that Bernardino

Passeri was a skilled goldsmith and jeweller who worked for three popes, Julius II., Leo X., and Clement VII. But for the piety of his sons, we should probably never have heard of this worthy burgher and brave soldier whose remains rest in the little Church of S. Eligio degli Orefici in the Via Giulia, noted as that on which Raphael made his first essay in building under Bramante.

The terrible "*Sacco di Roma*," so fatal to Bernardino Passeri and many another brave citizen led Paul III. to enclose the Janiculum with a wall, and laid an impost of 1,180 *scudi* on the monks of San Onofrio as payment for the protection the wall would be to their monastery. When they protested against the exaction and pleaded their poverty, the energetic Pontiff met the emergency by a special bull, giving them leave to sell all the silver vessels belonging to their church. The sacrilegious sale was never completed, however, as Paul III. died in the nick of time and his successor Urban VIII. managed to get the money for the wall elsewhere.

One of the most beautiful Renaissance Villas of Rome—that built by Baldassare Peruzzi, between 1508 and 1511 for the rich banker Agostino Chigi, and enriched with frescoes by Raphael, Sodoma, Peruzzi, Sebastiano del Piombo, and others less celebrated, is situated in what was so long the unprotected portion of the Trastevere. Many a grand reception was held within the walls of this exquisite suburban retreat, and Leo X., that luxury loving Pope, was three times in one day (August 28th, 1519), a guest at the

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table of its wealthy owner, attended by his twelve Cardinals and their several suites.

On this great occasion, when Agostino Chigi celebrated his second marriage and made his will, each guest ate with a silver spoon and drank out of a silver goblet bearing, not his host's but his own crest; and at a pre-arranged moment each visitor was served with the national dish of his native land, brought to Rome by a specially appointed courier. The entertainment ended with a *fête* in the garden overlooking the Tiber, and must have been in every way equal to any given even in Imperial Times. The astonishment of every one present may be imagined when, at the end of each course, the attendants threw the silver dishes which had been used over the low parapet of the grounds into the river; but they were not lost, for nets were suspended in the water, and everything, even to the last salt-cellar, was brought up again in them.

The costly residence soon, however, changed hands, and its first owner was not able even to secure the retention of his name. His armorial bearings were replaced by those of the Farnese, for after the death of Chigi, the villa passed into the possession of a nephew of Paul III., who got it for the ridiculously low sum of 10,500 *scudi*. In the Via Lungara, opposite the Farnesina, is the beautiful Corsini Palace built by the Riario family at a cost of 36,000 *scudi*. From the first it appears to have been specially connected with art and learning. It was long the residence of Queen Christina of Rome, who gathered about her a court of

literati and men of science. She was succeeded by the so-called Academy of the *Infecondi* and the *Quirite*, and in 1884, the Palace was bought by the City of Rome and given to the Academia dei Lincei, which still occupies it.

Passing the grated door with the inscription Academia degli Arcadi, giving access to the so-called Bosco Parrasia degli Arcadi, where the members of the Society hold their meetings in the Spring and compete with each other in impromptu verse-making, etc., beneath the shade of the laurels, we climb the steep hill leading up to the steps of S. Pietro in Montorio, where rests the body of the ill-fated Beatrice Cenci and which once owned as altar piece Raphael's world-famous *Transfiguration*.

Higher still up the picturesque Janiculum, with many a pause to gaze down upon the city we are leaving, we reach the arches of the great Acqua Piola, the ancient Acqua Trajana, restored under Paul IV. by Fontana and Maderno in 1611, and find ourselves close to the gate of the Passeggiato Margherita, a new pleasure ground including what was once the garden of the Palazzo Corsini and extending all along the summit and slope of the hill. At the summit of the Janiculum is the convent of St. Onofrio or Honuphrius, which rises up in solitary seclusion from the midst of the green vineyards surrounding it, and is rendered sacred for all time by the residence in it of St. Philip of Nero, and the death of Tasso. In the room in which the poet breathed his last, his bust in wood with the head in wax

from a cast taken after his death, is preserved, together with his crucifix, his inkstand and other relics.

Very sad and suffering was the author of *La Gerusalemme Liberata* when he sought an asylum in the lonely convent, partly for the sake of the purity of the air, but also, as he himself touchingly said, "to prepare for his approaching change to the life beyond the grave, by communing with the holy monks." The venerable oak, beneath the shade of which he so often sat, wrapt in meditation, long survived him. It was struck with lightning in a storm in 1842, but it has since, to a great extent revived, its wonderful vitality seeming to symbolize that of the fame of the poet to whose memory it is held sacred. Before the accident, an etching was made of it by Strutt, and reproduced in his *Silva historica*, amongst drawings of the most celebrated trees of Europe.

The district known as the Trastevere does indeed teem with the deeply interesting associations, and until quite recently, it was less altered by modern innovations than any other portion of the city, retaining as it did many relics of antiquity and as a writer in the early part of the present century, sarcastically expressed it "abundance of monuments of superstition churches full of the shrines of saints," and many convents rich in Mediæval treasures not to speak of the great hospital of San Spirito which was rebuilt by Sixtus IV. and is remarkable for its fine, eight-sided dome. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, moreover, still differ

greatly in character and habits from those on the other side of the Tiber. They boast of being descended from the ancient Romans and consider themselves in every respect superior to what they call the upstart race in the rest of the city. For centuries they would neither associate nor intermarry with modern Romans. Generally spoken of by others as the *Trasteverini*, they call themselves the *Eminenti*, and prove their right to that ambitious title by their fierce and arrogant manners. They long enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being "the most addicted of all the people of Rome to carrying the prohibited knife," using that knife to commit murder on the slightest provocation. Alas even now murders in Italy are all too common but it must be added that they are rarely, if ever, committed as too often elsewhere in Europe for gain.

Several peculiarly characteristic Roman games had their origin in Trastevere, and bearing in mind the fact that it is in national pastimes that character is chiefly manifested, some detailed account of the so-called *La Morrà* and *La Ruzzica* will perhaps not be out of place here. The former, which is supposed to be identical with the *micare digitis* of the ancient Romans, is played by two men, who rapidly hold up two, three or more fingers, shouting out as they do so, the number displayed by their adversary. This seems simple enough, but as a matter of fact, it requires great skill to play it successfully and disputes about the game have often led to very serious quarrels.

La Ruzzica, also sometimes called *La Rotuola*, which, in

its turn, resembles the well-known ancient Roman game of throwing the discus, consists in flinging to as great a distance as possible a round piece of wood, on which string is tightly coiled. As this string is untwisted, the wood flies out to the great danger of the passers-by, and so many accidents happened through its being played in the streets that it is now forbidden, but it is still probably indulged in, unknown to the authorities.

The *Trasteverini* were also, rare thing amongst the dignified Romans, very fond of dancing, and in the golden days of the Carnival, now alas! gone by, the handsome young couples from the other side of the Tiber, in their quaintly picturesque costumes, were a distinctive feature of the show, belying by their healthy appearance the aspersion that the Trastevere was one of the most unhealthy districts of the city. However that may be, there is no doubt that the true natives of the Trastevere are strong and vigorous; whilst the outsiders, whether nuns or monks, who took refuge in the many *monasterii* and *conventi* for which it used to be celebrated, as a rule escaped the malaria which has carried off so many foreigners.

The church of S. Maria in Trastevere has the honour of having been the first of the many churches dedicated to the Virgin in Rome. Founded as early as the Third Century A. D. when Alexander Severus was Emperor and Calixtus I., Pope, it is said to occupy the site of a miraculous fountain of oil, which according to tradition sprung up at the moment of the Saviour's birth. The earliest reference to

the church, however, in ecclesiastical manuscripts bears date 499, and the probability is that little, if any, of the original building remains; in any case it was rebuilt about the middle of the Twelfth Century under Innocent II. and consecrated in 1198 by Innocent III. It contains some fine granite columns filched from antique buildings, a well-preserved Cosmato pavement and some numerous beautiful mural mosaics dating from various times.

Even more altered than the Trastevere are the districts near the Castle of S. Angelo, which not so very long ago, consisted of beautiful meadows dotted here and there with trees, the favourite resorts of natives and foreigners alike, but are now dreary wastes of streets with lofty modern houses. The name *Quartiere dei Prati*, with its suggestion of fields and wild flowers, amongst which happy careless children used to play, adds a bitter pathos to the desolate scene, which has nothing distinctively Roman about it. It seems indeed, as if a curse had fallen on the once fair meadows on which so many generations had taken their pleasure, for though the streets are still the playground of the little ones, they are chiefly little ones in rags, who, but for the fact that in the genial warmth of the Italian climate they are spared at least any suffering from cold, might be the waifs and strays of London or New York.

THE RAG FAIR OF ROME

G. G. CHATTERTON

AROUND the Piazza of the Cancelleria in Rome lies the Campo dei Fiori, the market for flowers and fruit and vegetables, and here one day in each week spreads as well the Rag Fair, which offers so picturesque a study of Italian ways and people.

The wide space was in ancient times the scene of many tragic and sinister events for it was the favourite place for the execution by fire of heretics. A fine bronze statue of the martyred Giordano Bruno now marks where he was burnt alive. In it, too, is the exact spot where Cæsar sank, betrayed and murdered on his way to the Capitol. And now each Wednesday here establish themselves the sellers of garments ancient and modern, of things useful and useless, of articles of value and of rubbish; the ground on either side of the intersecting street covered with their booths, patronized in numbers by the Italian peasants purchasing their necessary or their decorative garments, and in still greater numbers by the foreign visitors to Rome in quest of curios in *bric-à-brac*, ancient laces, embroideries or brocade : subjects for cajolery and cheating who are watched for and welcomed by the venders of these wares.

Conscious of our position in this respect, let none of us,

however, hang back from the idea that knowledge of the Italian tongue is necessary to defend our weakness. A mere mastery of its cardinal numbers, backed by a power of facial expression, and of repudiative gesture, proves a fair equipment in the science of its bargaining, which, for the most part, can be carried out by very simple wiles. You look, sufficiently indifferently, at the object of your fancy, and you inquire its price by dumb show or by word of mouth, according to the enlargement of your education. On hearing it you promptly offer one quarter of the sum named; and on this being declined you walk determinedly away, to return, should such be your desire, to open fresh negotiations.

Beyond themselves, the portion of the fair where congregate the native peasantry offers but little interest, its goods being mostly mere ordinary necessaries; and as I start along it my arm is seized by a woman who drags me towards her stall forcibly to direct my attention to night-dresses laid out stiff and starched. Recovering from the surprise of this unlooked-for friendliness, I free myself from her grasp, assuring her by expressive pantomime that night-dresses are not my need—are not among those things for the sake of which I have travelled to Rome from London—and I come against a seller of corsets. A veritable living booth, she stands amid the walkers with a quaint effect: corsets in either outstretched hand, corsets slung bulkily around her person, corsets dangling from her neck. Pedlars hinder me, desirous that I purchase combs, buttons,

hairpins. Pedlars of food, too, block my way, driving a brisk trade in cakes and compounds of boiled fruits, and strange-looking cooked foods which I cannot pretend to class. These, though actually brushing against their customers, shout aloud their delicacies in tones that pierce the ear, and the humming chatter of the other traffic around makes a running accompaniment.

Peasant women, indescribably dirty and frowsy in attire, yet have their masses of hair, jet black or not seldom rich red, coiled carefully with pins and combs high on their heads, and they wear long earrings of gold set with coral and pearls. Their features are finely cut and classical, heads well poised upon their necks, and there is much natural dignity in the carriage of their tall and well-knit figures; whilst in their arms the tiny black-eyed babies, stiffly upright against the board beneath their clothing, gaze upon the surrounding world as from a point of vantage with a superiority denied to English ones laid low and wobbling in their guardians' keeping.

I pass on to where the stalls grow rich with antique lace, antique embroideries, antique brocades and silks—everything is avowedly *antica*—and here I commence and develop my initiation to the bargaining and the counter-bargaining of the Campo dei Fiori.

“How much?” I begin indicating lace which appears to me may be genuinely *antica*. “Twenty-five *lire*,” I am answered in the tones of a set price; whereat I immediately offer ten. “Signora!” And the unsympathetic pen-and-

ink cannot convey the pained reproach in the seller's voice as he dumps his lace down in its place.

Unruffled, I proceed to other stalls, and look at more lace and at rich embroideries in stoles and priestly vestments, at pieces of brocade and silk, and of gold and silver tinsel; then, turning, pass again the stall with the lace that I had bid for, and find the man so far recovered from the shock that I had dealt him that he now holds it out to me, offering it for twenty *lire*. "Ten," I again return; and in rapid broken mingled French, English and Italian, he explains how he cannot accept this sum, he himself having given fifteen *lire* for it; and to impress this clearly on my foreign understanding, he seizes an old newspaper, and on its margin writes in numbers "15." But again I leave him to dawdle over other booths, then to return to him—for the seven devils of the bargain-driver have entered into me—again to offer him ten *lire* for his lace. "Fifteen," he responds. Monotonously I reiterate, "ten." It is impossible, he expostulates, he himself having given twelve *lire* for it, and, reproducing the old newspaper, on its margin he this time inscribes "12." But "ten" I repeat firmly, and turn from him with resolution.

Three steps have I taken, when he is at my elbow, the lace wrapped in the newspaper, making it over to me for ten.

Proud of my success—for surely to have secured for ten *lire* what was originally priced at five-and-twenty may be called good business—and pleased as well by the triumph

of the English over the Italian which is due to English superiority, I proceed towards the other side of the piazza, there further to exploit my powers.

Along the street that cuts between approaches an equipage with the hearse-like appearance which marks that of a cardinal. A pair of large black horses, a large black carriage, plain black harness, and coachman and footmen in plain black, such is the prescribed and somewhat dismal turnout in which the cardinals must drive—to walk their rank forbids them—through the streets of Rome. I peep to see whether it is occupied by His Eminence, and in its black interior recognize him by the red cord round his hat and the small patch of red visible at his breast beneath his black overcoat. Close behind the sombre chariot of the mighty, in piquant contrast, comes one of the picturesquely gay wine-carts from the country. The great padded blue leather hood on one side that shelters the driver is patterned in yellow and red and white; the little dog lying among the wine-barrels which it guards has red rosettes upon its collar, and the sorry little horse is tricked out with head-plumes and dangling yellow fringes and cords with red worsted balls. And I cross to the booths a-glitter with gold and silver, second-hand jewelry and strings of garnet beads, little dishes of unset amethysts and topazes and carbuncles, and with *bric-à-brac* in general; booths with discoloured pots of beaten copper and tarnished silver lamps and candlesticks, with bronzes green with verdeggris, and ornaments of glass dim and imperfect—all, as is impressed

upon me *molto antica*. So in truth they look; and yet do I hang back, feeling who am I that I may tell between "very antique" things which do stray here and the faked ones of the artistic Italian who buries his modern copies, to exhume when earth and damp shall have sufficiently veneered them with assumed antiquity for the accommodation of his foreign customers?

I inquire of a wrinkled crone the price of a copper pot which hangs above her head, and her reply, "Twenty *lire*," seems so absurd that I at once cross to the stall opposite. The sharp Italian "Pss-t!" rings in my ears. She is after me. "Signora! what you name?" Fragments both of French and English many of these peasants pick up. But I name nothing, as I do not really want the pot, and tell her so with hands pushed forth, palms out. "Ten *lire*," I hear her insist as I am at the stall opposite, where lies a rosary in agate beads I covet. Thirty *lire* the man asks for it, and when I offer ten I so outrage his finer feelings that in silent wrathful disgust he turns his back on me.

I wander along to look at corals and garnets, at Capo-di-Monte china and old fans, old reticules, old odds and ends of every description, and fall to wondering how many of them came here. An English rosewood work-box, such a one as our great grandmothers loved to have near them, its tray with partitions fitted with mother-of-pearl winders, bodkins *étui*-case, scissors, thimble, each with its little dainty velvet cover—what turn of Fortune's shifting wheel slipped it into the Rag Fair of Rome? Almost it

seems making mute appeal to me to take it from this scene of foreign barter and restore it to the tranquil dignity of some English manor.

I ask the price of a damaged old cornelian seal. Eight *lire*. So I offer four whilst moving on, as I do not care about it. But Nemesis pursues and overtakes me. Wrapped in a bit of paper it is thrust on me for four *lire*—wherefore must its worth be about two—wherefore am I taken in. But keep it I must, pushed right inside my hand; and as the man looks raggedly poor and needy, I console myself that I can enter the sum in my accounts as charity, and work my way on until I reapproach the stall where the agate rosary tempts me. Instantly the old woman from opposite darts on me, and with bony and unutterably dirty fingers clutches my arm to draw me to her pot, still hanging where I had the ill-fortune to observe it. "Eight *lire*," she says, and then insists on hearing what "I name." "Six," she hisses, as I free myself to struggle towards the rosary, and with a certain shame about my earlier bid, make an advance to fourteen *lire*.

"Impossible!" the man cries in Italian, explaining with intermingled broken French how it is of real pebble and real gold, and is, of course, a veritable *antica*, and has cost him fifteen *lire*. I may have it for twenty.

Strong in the belief that to possess it for fourteen *lire* is but a matter of a short time, I decline, and wander on anew, to be asked absurd sums, and to decline to give them; to be plucked by my sleeve to say what I "name";

to be more than ever confirmed that Britons never shall be slaves to Italian tradesmen. I fancy a hat-pin. Three *lire*. One and a half I "name" and straightway it is handed over to me. I return towards the rosary, deftly eluding the threatening grip of the seller of the fatal copper pot, who now screams "Five *lire*" at me, and again I make my bid of fourteen for the rosary.

"Impossible!" but for fifteen I may have it.

This further fall in its price is so convincing to my cunning that I decline to go the extra *lira*, and once more proceed to dawdle until I renew the attack. I cross the street and walk again the round of the booths on its other side, and watch the peasants at their bargaining, fingering gaily-coloured petticoats, critically extending and examining men's trousers; buyers and sellers alike with their little *scaldini* of burning ashes hung upon their arms, for it is very cold. The *tramontana* is upon us, and the *tramontana* is a wind compared with which the keenest blast of our own from the east comes as a balmy zephyr. Regarding climatic arrangements we dwellers in England have but little for which to render gratitude; but for this one boon at least let us arise and give thanks and praise, that in our isle the *tramontana* does not blow. In street, in house, in very bed, it searches to the vitals of mankind, triumphant over defence against it. I have had my fancy that undergarments fashioned all of sealskin, with thrown over them a coat-of-mail, might turn its edge; but before having proved the outfit, I would not go surety for it.

And then, for the last time, I advance to the seller of the rosary. The beldame of the copper pot has renounced me and my shortcomings, and unassailed I for the last time, as I make clear to him, offer him my fourteen *lire*.

Can I quite trust my understanding, at once quite realize the supreme astonishment of the day? Without a second's hesitation he has picked up his rosary, and with it dangling from his fingers, "Thirty *lire*!" he shouts into my face. "Thirty *lire*!" he flings at me insolently, then turns to his customers.

Thirty *lire*! The sum he originally demanded of me. I stand snubbed and defeated—I who had scored my successes elsewhere, and but awaited one more here. And of all that I have seen I most desire that rosary, and now I must return without it. For one *lira* it had escaped me—for the difference of one *lira*, urged by the foul fiend of the bargain-driver.

I feel somewhat foolish and think the time has come to get back to my hotel. The *tramontana* blows cold, and lunch and shelter will be comforting. The Campo dei Fiori, without doubt, is an interesting spot—but one can get enough of it. And its people are untruthful and unclean.

Still, justice makes me recommend all visitors to Rome to go and see it. And as to its people, a like justice compels me to acknowledge that I admire—that I admire and respect—that man who would not sell to me his rosary.

EXCURSIONS

CHARLES DICKENS

THE excursions in the neighbourhood of Rome are charming, and would be full of interest were it only for the changing views they afford, of the wild Campagna. But, every inch of ground, in every direction, is rich in associations, and in natural beauties. There is Albano, with its lovely lake and wooded shore, and with its wine, that certainly has not improved since the days of Horace, and in these times hardly justifies his panegyric. There is squalid Tivoli, with the river Anio, diverted from its course, and plunging down, headlong, some eighty feet in search of it. With its picturesque Temple of the Sibyl, perched high on a crag; its minor waterfalls glancing and sparkling in the sun; and one good cavern yawning darkly, where the river takes a fearful plunge and shoots on, low down under beetling rocks. There, too, is the Villa d'Este, deserted and decaying among groves of melancholy pine and cypress-trees, where it seems to lie in state. Then, there is Frascati, and, on the steep above it, the ruins of Tusculum, where Cicero lived, and wrote, and adorned his favourite house (some fragments of it may yet be seen there), and where Cato was born. We saw its ruined amphitheatre on a grey dull day, when a shrill March wind was blowing, and when the

scattered stones of the old city lay strewn about the lonely eminence, as desolate and dead as the ashes of a long extinguished fire.

One day we walked out, a little party of three, to Albano, fourteen miles distant; possessed by a great desire to go there by the ancient Appian Way, long since ruined and overgrown. We started at half-past seven in the morning, and within an hour or so were out upon the open Campagna. For twelve miles we went climbing on, over an unbroken succession of mounds, and heaps, and hills, of ruin. Tombs and temples, overthrown and prostrate; small fragments of columns, friezes, pediments; great blocks of granite and marble; mouldering arches, grass-grown and decayed; ruin enough to build a spacious city from; lay strewn about us. Sometimes, loose walls, built up from these fragments by the shepherds, came across our path; sometimes, a ditch between two mounds of broken stones, obstructed our progress; sometimes, the fragments themselves, rolling from beneath our feet, made it a toilsome matter to advance; but it was always ruin. Now, we tracked a piece of the old road, above the ground; now traced it, underneath a grassy covering, as if that were its grave; but all the way was ruin. In the distance, ruined aqueducts went stalking on their giant course along the plain; and every breath of wind that swept towards us, stirred early flowers and grasses, springing up, spontaneously, on miles of ruin. The unseen larks above us, who alone disturbed the awful silence, had their nests in ruin;

and the fierce herdsmen, clad in sheepskins, who now and then scowled out upon us from their sleeping nooks, were housed in ruin. The aspect of the desolate Campagna in one direction, where it was most level, reminded me of an American prairie; but what is the solitude of a region where men have never dwelt, to that of a Desert, where a mighty race have left their foot-prints in the earth from which they have vanished; where the resting-places of their Dead, have fallen like their Dead; and the broken hour-glass of Time is but a heap of idle dust! Returning, by the road, at sunset; and looking, from the distance, on the course we had taken in the morning, I almost felt (as I had felt when I first saw it, at that hour) as if the sun would never rise again, but looked its last, that night, upon a ruined world.

To come again on Rome, by moonlight, after such an expedition, is a fitting close to such a day. The narrow streets, devoid of footways, and choked, in every obscure corner, by heaps of dunghill-rubbish, contrast so strongly, in their cramped dimensions, and their filth, and darkness, with the broad square before some haughty church: in the centre of which, a hieroglyphic-covered obelisk, brought from Egypt in the days of the Emperors, looks strangely on the foreign scene about it; or perhaps an ancient pillar, with its honoured statue overthrown, supports a Christian saint: Marcus Aurelius giving place to Paul, and Trajan to St. Peter. Then, there are the ponderous buildings reared from the spoliation of the Colosseum, shutting out the moon,

like mountains : while here and there, are broken arches and rent walls, through which it gushes freely, as the life comes pouring from a wound. The little town of miserable houses, walled, and shut in by barred gates, is the quarter where the Jews are locked up nightly, when the clock strikes eight—a miserable place, densely populated, and reeking with bad odours, but where the people are industrious and money-getting. In the day-time, as you make your way along the narrow streets, you see them all at work : upon the pavement, oftener than in their dark and frowsy shops : furbishing old clothes, and driving bargains.

Crossing from these patches of thick darkness, out into the moon once more, the fountain of Trevi, welling from a hundred jets, and rolling over mimic rocks, is silvery to the eye and ear. In the narrow little throat of street, beyond, a booth, dressed out with flaring lamps, and boughs of trees, attracts a group of sulky Romans round its smoky coppers of hot broth, and cauliflower stew ; its trays of fried fish, and its flasks of wine. As you rattle round the sharply-twisting corner, a lumbering sound is heard. The coachman stops abruptly, and uncovers, as a van comes slowly by, preceded by a man who bears a large cross ; by a torch-bearer ; and a priest : the latter chaunting as he goes. It is the Dead Cart, with the bodies of the poor, on their way to burial in the Sacred Field outside the walls, where they will be thrown into the pit that will be covered with a stone to-night, and sealed up for a year.

But whether, in this ride, you pass by obelisks, or col-

umns : ancient temples, theatres, houses, porticoes, or forums : it is strange to see, how every fragment, whenever it is possible, has been blended into some modern structure, and made to serve some modern purpose—a wall, a dwelling-place, a granary, a stable—some use for which it never was designed, and associated with which it cannot otherwise than lamely assort. It is stranger still, to see how many ruins of the old mythology : how many fragments of obsolete legend and observance : have been incorporated into the worship of Christian altars here ; and how, in numberless respects, the false faith and the true are fused into a monstrous union.

From one part of the city, looking out beyond the walls, a squat and stunted pyramid (the burial place of Caius Cestius) makes an opaque triangle in the moonlight. But, to an English traveller, it serves to mark the grave of Shelley too, whose ashes lie beneath a little garden near it. Nearer still, almost within its shadow, lie the bones of Keats, “ whose name is writ in water,” that shines brightly in the landscape of a calm Italian night.

THE road to Tivoli leaves Rome by a gate constructed by Sixtus V. in the Aqueduct of the Marcian, Tepulan, and Julian waters, at the time when this pontiff supported his Felici aqueduct on walls successively restored by Octavianus, Titus and Caracalla. Under this arch of solid structure retreated in perspective the trees of an avenue all radiant with fresh verdure : they half veiled the battlements of the city and of the Tiburtine gate. At Tivoli the Sabine hills open out in a horse-shoe : the old town, founded, they say, more than four centuries before Rome by refugees from Argos, occupies the southern extremity of the semicircle, and looks to the north,—which contributes to the freshness of the site.

A number of old houses, and hilly streets with shops which have nothing in them ; substructures on every side ; old postern-gates where the aloe blossoms in the crevices of the wall ; a chattering populace ; long alleys, low rooms whence in the evening issues the sound of rhythmic songs, with the tabor ; cascades on every side, even under the caves of a crest in which the houses, piled one over the other, seem to be on the point of being launched into the abyss ; below terraces the sheer rock ; finally on the side of this cavernous arch, a stream shot forth in three leaps with frightful uproar—all that is Tivoli.

On the rocks above the falls are the circular Greek Temple of Hercules, as well as the little square Temple of the Sibyl, both standing on the edge of the precipice. Nothing is more charming on these denuded rocks than the rotunda, which is earlier than Tiberius, with its Corinthian fluted columns supporting an entablature, adorned with festoons and bucrania. Its execution is of extreme delicacy, and we have the contrast between rugged creation and the refinements of art. It was under the foundation of the temple that, five and forty years ago, the great cascade of the Anio still poured its waters; an inundation came, which carried away the upper sluice and unchained such a deluge over the town, thus perched on the brim of an abyss, that the swollen torrent swept away a whole cluster of houses. In order to save the ancient houses and buildings, it was necessary to turn this terrible scourge aside, and by digging a covered channel for the Anio in the heart of Monte Catillo, to open another outlet for the stream, which now falls more to the left. But only the main sheet of water goes down here; the town being placed as it were over a sieve, from all sides of the hill and over an enormous breadth the waters make their escape from the town, like columns from a besieged town making a furious sortie. They form little cascades in a carpet of thick verdure, and it is only at the opening of the valley that, after this dispersion over half a league of fall, the army of waters proceeds to reconstitute itself compactly in the channel of the Teverone. To heighten the splendour of this long spectacle, each point of

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elevation is crowned with a monument of the Renaissance or of antiquity : there is the convent which has replaced the house of Catullus ; there is the pretended villa of Mæcenas, a vast block of ruins which were the great Temple of Hercules ; there are the green campaniles of the house of Ferrara, the highest cypresses in the world ; farther on are the much-contested villa of Horace, and the incontestable fortress of the Varus who let his legions be massacred.

As soon as you arrive up here, you want to see and embrace all ; and as from this little hotel of the Sibyl, where so many travellers have come to perch themselves, the eye wanders over the exordium of the drama, you only pass through the house to plunge immediately, with or without guide, into a sort of perpendicular labyrinth. The descent to the cascade by an intertwining pathway is one of the most entertaining, so much has the work of ages cut and slashed the rocks and complicated the vegetation of this brilliant cascade. Galleries, niches, grottoes, porches, have been worked in the tufa, which is all honey-combed with pigeon-holes, with black pigeons flying in and out. Helping the work of men, the waters have fashioned aqueducts ; they have excavated, and then petrified, tree-trunks in which rivulets make their way. Alpine plants wed those of Greece ; the acanthus with the erodium, the myrtle with the cyclamen.

The inspiration of antiquity and of the palace of Armida erected by Tasso lends a strange charm to the villa of the

Cardinal Hippolytus d' Este, uncle of the Eleonora whose beauty was so fatal to the poor Torquato. With its grottoes of mosaic where the water drips in sounding drops, its pieces of green water where the lotus languishes, its theatrical magnificence and its neglect, this deserted and lordless fairy-land produces the impression of a palace of romance and adventure.

Between Tivoli and the Villa Adriana, at the head of the plain in the last recess of the mountain, you could recover a host of subjects worked by Claude and Van Blömen, and nearly all the grounds of Poussin; the younger schools, beginning with Joseph Vernet, have all illustrated this district. We made our way down into it the next day, by the slope opposite the cascabelle which you see on your left, as, from the winding glades through which you pass, you watch the many changes in the outlines of Tivoli, crowned by loftier crests.

When Adrian on his return from Syria which he had governed, from Athens where he had been archon, from the wild regions of Britain and Armorica which he had explored as a traveller, from Judæa which he had held subject, from Asia Minor and Egypt which he had studied as an archæologist—when this crowned patron of all tourists, wearied with the toils of empire and travel, wanted to install his souvenirs, he laid out as gardens some leagues of a country that was varied with many dells and slopes. To find, as in an album of souvenirs, what had charmed him in his journeys over the face of the world, he bade his archi-

fects reproduce the Academy, the Lyceum, the Prytaneium, the Pœcile of Athens; the Temple of Serapis at Canopus, a theatre at Corinth, and the Pyramids of Giseh. He even had Tartarus executed just as Homer had described it, "*etiam Inferos finxit*" says Spartianus; and the Elysian fields as Virgil dreamed them. Thanks to the topography of the district and its richness, he succeeded, by excavating green basins and transplanting mountains, in creating a second time the wonder of Thessaly—that Vale of Tempe, where the river Pencus under its mighty trees hid from Olympus the pranks of Pan, unveiled by Ovid.

It was from the Villa Adriana that the collection of philosophers assembled at the Vatican came; hence came the Medicean Venus, the Antinous, a set of Egyptian statues, a menagerie of animals in marble, the four pillars in porphyry of the Ciborium of Sta. Maria Maggiore and its thirty-eight Ionic columns of cipollino polished like ivory. The Faun in antique red of the Capitol, and the Adonis of the Villa Albani, have slumbered amid these thickets.

By the reign of Caracalla, this sublime madness of Adrian was only a storeroom; after Totila, who besieged Tivoli, the villa became a quarry. Its gardens, in turn abandoned and restored to cultivation, owe to these changes of fortune an aspect of wildness, which raises them to the majesty of true nature; its trees are enormous; but under the meadow-lands you divine substructures, and vaulted abysses open in the turf.

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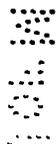
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

WE went to the Rospigliosi Palace in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo. At the end of the garden, which was of no great extent was an edifice bordering on the piazza, called the Casino, which, I presume, means a garden-house. The front is richly ornamented with bas-reliefs and statues in niches, as if it were a place for pleasure and enjoyment, and therefore ought to be beautiful. As we approached it, the door swung open and we went into a large room on the ground floor, and looking up to the ceiling beheld Guido's *Aurora*. The picture is as fresh and brilliant as if he had painted it with the morning sunshine which it represents. It could not be more lustrous in its hues, if he had given it the last touch an hour ago. Three or four artists were copying it at that instant, and positively their colours did not look brighter, though a good deal newer than his. The alacrity and movement, briskness and morning stir and glow of the picture are wonderful. It seems impossible to catch its glory in a copy. Several artists, as I said, were making the attempt, and we saw two other attempted copies leaning against the wall; but it was easy to detect failure in just the essential points. My memory, I believe, will be some-



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what enlivened by this picture hereafter ; not that I remember it very distinctly even now ; but bright things leave a sheen and glimmer in the mind, like Christian's tremulous glimpse of the celestial city.

Arriving at St. Peter's shortly after two, we walked round the whole church looking at all the pictures and most of the monuments, and paused longest before Guido's *Archangel Michael overcoming Lucifer*. This is surely one of the most beautiful things in the world, one of the human conceptions that are imbued most deeply with the celestial.

Yesterday at noon we set out for the Capitol. We went to the Museum, in an edifice on our left, entering the Piazza, and here, in the vestibule we found various old statues and relics. Ascending the stairs, we passed through a long gallery, and, turning to our left, examined somewhat more carefully a suite of rooms running parallel with it. The first of these contained busts of the Cæsars and their kindred from the epoch of the mightiest Julius downward, eighty-three, I believe, in all. It is a sorrowful thing to trace the decay of civilization through this series of busts, and to observe how the artistic skill, so requisite at first, went on declining through the dreary dynasty of the Cæsars, till at length the master of the world could not get his head carved in better style than the figure-head of a ship.

In the next room there were better statues than we had yet seen ; but in the last room of the range we found the *Dying Gladiator*, of which I had already caught a glimpse

in passing by the open door. It had made all the other treasures of the gallery tedious in my eagerness to come to that. I do not believe that so much pathos is wrought into any other block of stone. Like all works of the highest excellence, however, it makes great demands upon the spectator. He must make a generous gift of his sympathies to the sculptor, and help out his skill with all his heart, or else he will see little more than a skilfully wrought surface. It suggests far more than it shows.

On Monday we all went to the sculpture gallery of the Vatican, and saw as much of the sculpture as we could in the three hours during which the public are admissible. There were a few things which I really enjoyed, and a few moments during which I really seemed to see them; but it is in vain to attempt giving the impression produced by masterpieces of art, and most in vain when we see them best. They are a language in themselves, and if they could be expressed as well any way except by themselves, there would have been no need of expressing those particular ideas and sentiments by sculpture. I saw the Apollo Belvedere as something ethereal and godlike; only for a flitting moment, however, and as if he had alighted from heaven, or shone suddenly out of the sunlight, and then had withdrawn himself again. I felt the Laocoon very powerfully, though very quietly; an immortal agony with a strange calmness diffused through it, so that it resembles the vast rage of the sea, calm on account of its immensity; or the tumult of Niagara, which

does not seem to be tumult, because it keeps pouring on forever and ever. I have not had so good a day as this (among works of art) since we came to Rome; and I impute it partly to the magnificence of the arrangements of the Vatican,—its long vistas and beautiful courts, and the aspect of immortality which marble statues acquire by being kept free from dust.

Yesterday we went to the sculpture galleries of the Vatican. I think I enjoy these noble galleries and their contents and beautiful arrangement better than anything else in the way of art, and often I seem to have a deep feeling of something wonderful in what I look at. The *Laocoon* on this visit impressed me not less than before; it is such a type of human beings, struggling with an inextricable trouble, and entangled in a complication which they cannot free themselves from by their own efforts, and out of which Heaven alone can help them. It was a most powerful mind, and one capable of reducing a complex idea to unity, that imagined this group. I looked at Canova's *Perseus*, and thought it exceedingly beautiful, but found myself less and less contented after a moment or two, though I could not tell why. Afterwards, looking at the *Apollo*, the recollection of the *Perseus* disgusted me, and yet really I cannot explain how one is better than the other.

I was interested in looking at the busts of the Triumvirs—Antony, Augustus and Lepidus. The first two are men of intellect, evidently, though they do not recommend themselves to one's affections by their physiognomy; but Lepidus

has the strangest, most commonplace countenance that can be imagined—small-featured, weak, such a face as you meet anywhere in a man of no mark, but are amazed to find in one of the three foremost men of the world. I suppose that it is these weak and shallow men, when chance raises them above their proper sphere, who commit enormous crimes without any such restraint as stronger men would feel, and without any retribution in the depth of their conscience. These old Roman busts, of which there are so many in the Vatican, have often a most life-like aspect, a striking individuality. One recognizes them as faithful portraits, just as certainly as if the living originals were standing beside them. The arrangement of the hair and beard, too, in many cases, is just what we see now, the fashions of two thousand years ago having come round again.

On Thursday I paid another visit to the sculpture gallery of the Capitol, where I was particularly struck with a bust of Cato the Censor, who must have been the most disagreeable, ugly-tempered, pig-headed, narrow-minded, strong-willed old Roman that ever lived. The collection of busts here and at the Vatican is most interesting, many of the individual heads being full of character and commending themselves by intrinsic evidence as faithful portraits of the originals. These stone people have stood face to face with Cæsar, and all the other emperors, and with statesmen, soldiers, philosophers and poets of the antique world, and have been to them like their reflections in a mirror. It is the next thing to seeing the men themselves.

To-day my wife and I have been at the picture and sculpture galleries of the Capitol. I rather enjoyed looking at several of the pictures, though at this moment I particularly remember only a very beautiful face of a man, one of two heads on the same canvas by Van Dyck. Yes; I did look with new admiration at Paul Veronese's *Rape of Europa*. It must have been in his day, the most brilliant and rejoicing picture, the most voluptuous, the most exuberant that ever put the sunshine to shame. The bull has all Jupiter in him, so tender and gentle, yet so passionate that you feel it indecorous to look at him; and Europa, under her thick rich stuffs and embroideries, is all a woman. What a pity that such a picture should fade, and perplex the beholder with such splendour, shining through such forlornness.

We afterwards went into the sculpture gallery, where I looked at the *Faun* of Praxiteles, and was sensible of a peculiar charm in it; a sylvan beauty and homeliness, friendly and wild at once. The lengthened, but not preposterous ears, and the little tail which we infer, have an exquisite effect, and make the spectator smile in his very heart. That race of fauns was the most delightful of all that antiquity imagined. It seemed to me that a story, with all sorts of fun and pathos in it, might be contrived on the idea of their species having become intermingled with the human race; a family with the faun blood in them having prolonged itself from the classic era till our own days.

Night before last my wife and I took a moonlight ramble

through Rome, it being a very beautiful night, warm enough for comfort, and with no perceptible dew or dampness. We set out at about nine o'clock, and our general direction being towards the Colosseum, we soon came to the Fountain of Trevi, full on the front of which the moonlight fell, making Bernini's sculptures look stately and beautiful; though the semi-circular gush and fall of the cascade, and the many jets of the water, pouring and bubbling into the great marble basin, are of far more account than Neptune and his steeds, and the rest of the figures.

We next ascended an amazing height of staircases, and walked along I don't know what extent of passages till we reached the picture gallery of the Vatican, into which I had never been before. There are but three rooms all lined with red velvet, on which hung about fifty pictures, each one of them no doubt, worthy to be considered a masterpiece. In the first room were three Murillos, all so beautiful that I could have spent the day happily in looking at either of them; for, methinks, of all painters he is the tenderest and truest. I could not enjoy these pictures now, however, because in the next room, and visible through the open door, hung the *Transfiguration*. Approaching it, I felt that the picture was worthy of its fame, and was far better than I could at once appreciate, admirably preserved, too, though I fully believe it must have possessed a charm when it left Raphael's hand that has now vanished for ever. As church furniture and an external adornment, the mosaic copy is preferable to the original, but no copy could ever re-

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produce all the life and expression which we see here. Opposite to it hangs the *Communion of Saint Jerome*, the aged, dying saint, half torpid with death already, partaking of the sacrament, and a sunny garland of cherubs in the upper part of the picture, looking down upon him, and quite comforting the spectator with the idea that the old man needs only to be quite dead in order to flit away with them. As for the other pictures, I did but glance at and have forgotten them.

The *Transfiguration* is finished with great minuteness and detail, the weeds and blades of grass in the foreground being as distinct as if they were growing in a natural soil. A partly-decayed stick of wood with the bark is likewise given in close imitation of nature. The reflection of a foot of one of the Apostles is seen in a pool of water at the verge of the picture. One or two heads and arms seem almost to project from the canvas. There is great lifelikeness and reality, as well as higher qualities. The face of Jesus, being so high aloft and so small in the distance, I could not well see; but I am impressed with the idea that it looks too much like human flesh and blood to be in keeping with the celestial aspect of the figure or with the probabilities of the scene when the divinity and immortality of the Saviour beamed from within him through the earthly features that ordinarily shaded him. As regards the composition of the picture, I am not convinced of the propriety of its being in two so distinctly separate parts—the upper portion not thinking of the lower, and the lower portion not being aware of the higher. It symbolizes, however,

the spiritual shortsightedness of mankind that, amid the trouble and grief of the lower picture, not a single individual, either of those who seek help or those who would willingly afford it, lifts his eyes to that region, one glimpse of which would set everything right. One or two of the disciples point upward, but without really knowing what abundance of help is to be had there.

My wife and I went yesterday to the Sistine Chapel, it being my first visit. . . . The entire wall behind the altar, a vast expanse from the ceiling to the floor, is taken up with Michael Angelo's summing up of the world's history and destinies in his *Last Judgment*.

There can be no doubt that while these frescoes continued in their perfection, there was nothing else to be compared with the magnificent and solemn beauty of this chapel. Enough of ruined splendour still remains to convince the spectator of all that has departed; but methinks I have hardly seen anything else so forlorn and depressing as it is now, all dusky and dim, even the very lights having passed into shadows, and the shadows into utter blackness; so that it needs a sunshiny day, under the bright Italian heavens, to make the designs perceptible at all. As we sat in the chapel there were clouds flitting across the sky; when the clouds came the pictures vanished; when the sunshine broke forth, the figures sadly glimmered into something like visibility—the Almighty moving in chaos—the noble shape of Adam, the beautiful Eve; and, beneath where the roof curves, the mighty figures of Sibyls and

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Prophets, looking as if they were necessarily so gigantic because the thought within them was so massive. In the *Last Judgment* the scene of the greater part of the picture lies in the upper sky, the blue of which glows through betwixt the groups of naked figures; and above sits Jesus, not looking in the least like the Saviour of the world, but, with uplifted arm, denouncing eternal misery on those whom he came to save. I fear I am myself among the wicked, for I found myself inevitably taking their part, and asking for at least a little pity, some few regrets, and not such a stern denunciatory spirit on the part of him who had thought us worth dying for. Around him stand grim saints, and far beneath, people are getting up sleepily out of their graves, not well knowing what is about to happen; many of them, however, finding themselves clutched by demons before they are half awake.

Yesterday afternoon we went to the Barberini picture-gallery to take a farewell look at the Beatrice Cenci, which I have twice visited since our return from Florence. I attempted a description of it at my first visit, more than a year ago, but the picture is quite indescribable and unaccountable in its effect, for if you attempt to analyze it, you can never succeed in getting at the secret of its fascination. Its peculiar expression eludes a straightforward glance, and can only be caught by side glimpses, or when the eye falls upon it casually as it were, and without thinking to discover anything, as if the picture had a life and consciousness of its own, and were resolved not to

betray its secret of grief or guilt, though it wears the full expression of it when it imagines itself unseen. I think no other such magical effect can ever have been wrought by pencil. I looked close into its eyes with a determination to see all that there was in them, and could see nothing that might not have been in any young girl's eyes; and yet a moment afterwards, there was the expression—seen aside, and vanishing in a moment—of a being unhumanized by some terrible fate, and gazing at me out of a remote and inaccessible region, where she was frightened to be alone, but where no sympathy could reach her. The mouth is beyond measure touching; the lips apart, looking as innocent as a baby's after it has been crying. The picture never can be copied. Guido himself could not have done it over again. The copyists get all sorts of expression, gay as well as grievous; some copies have a coquettish air, a half backward glance, thrown alluringly at the spectator, but nobody ever did catch, or ever will, the vanishing charm of that sorrow. I hated to leave the picture, and yet was glad when I had taken my last glimpse, because it so perplexed and troubled me not to be able to get hold of its secret.

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**THE PIAZZA DI SPAGNA; THE PIAZZA
DEL POPOLO; THE PINCIAN HILL;
PORTA DEL POPOLO; VILLA
BORGHESE**

HUGH MACMILLAN

THE Piazza di Spagna, so called from the palace of the Spanish ambassador situated in a corner of it, is one of the finest squares of Rome, being paved throughout and surrounded on every side by lofty and picturesque buildings. In the centre is a quaint, old boat-shaped fountain, called Fontana della Barcaccia, its brown, slippery sides being tinted with mosses, confervæ and other growths of wet surfaces. It was designed by Bernini to commemorate the stranding of a boat on the spot after the retiring of the great flood of 1598, which overwhelmed most of Rome. On the site of the Piazza di Spagna, there was, in the days of Domitian, an artificial lake, on which naval battles took place, witnessed by immense audiences seated in a kind of amphitheatre on the borders of the lake. As an object of taste the boat-shaped fountain is condemned by many; but Bernini adopted the form not only because the head of water was not sufficient for a jet of any considerable height. Quaint, or even ugly, as some might call it, it was to me an object of peculiar interest. Its water is of the purest and sweetest; and in the stillness of

the hot noon its bright sparkle and dreamy murmur were delightfully refreshing. No city in the world is so abundantly supplied with water as Rome. You hear the lulling sound and see the bright gleam of water in almost every square. A river falls in a series of sparkling cascades from the Fountain of Trevi and the Fontana Paolina into deep, immense basins; and even into the marble sarcophagi of ancient kings, with their gracefully sculptured sides, telling some story of Arcadian times, whose nymphs and naiads are in beautiful harmony with the rustic murmur of the stream, is falling a gush of living water in many a palace courtyard. This sound of many waters is, indeed, a luxury in such a climate; and some of the pleasantest moments are those in which the visitor lingers beside one of the fountains, when the blaze and bustle of the day are over, and the balmy softness of the evening produces a dreamy mood to which the music of the waters is irresistibly fascinating.

The most distinguishing feature of the Piazza di Spagna is the wide staircase which leads up from one side of it to the church of the Trinita dei Monti, with its twin towers, through whose belfry arches the blue sky appears. This lofty staircase comprises one hundred and thirty steps, and the ascent is so gradual and the landing-places so broad and commodious, that it is quite a pleasure, even for the most infirm persons, to mount it. The travertine of which it is composed is polished into the smoothness of marble by constant use. It is the favourite haunt of all the painters'

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models; and there one meets at certain hours of the day with beautiful peasant girls from the neighbouring mountains, in the picturesque costumes of the *contadini*, and old men with grizzled beards and locks dressed in ragged cloaks, the originals of many a saint and Madonna in some sacred pictures, talking and laughing, or basking with half-shut eyes in the full glare of the sun. These models come usually from Cervaro and Saracinesco; the latter an extraordinary Moorish town situated at a great height among the Sabine hills, whose inhabitants have preserved intact since the Middle Ages their Arabic names and Oriental features and customs.

On this staircase used to congregate the largest number of the beggars of Rome, whose hideous deformities were made the excuse for extorting money from the soft-hearted *forestieri*. Happily this plague has now greatly abated, and one may ascend or descend the magnificent stair without being revolted by the sight of human degradation or persecuted by the importunate outcries of those who are lost to shame. The Government has done a good thing in diminishing this frightful mendicancy.

In the Piazza di Spagna some shops are always open on Sundays, especially those which minister to the wants and luxuries of strangers. Rows of cabs are ranged in the centre, waiting to be hired, and groups of flower-sellers stand near the shops, who thrust their beautiful bouquets almost into the face of every passer-by. If Rome is celebrated for its fountains, it is equally celebrated for its

flowers. Whether it is owing to the soil, or the climate, or the mode of cultivation, or all combined, certain it is that nowhere else does one see flowers of such brilliant colours, perfect forms and delicious fragrance, and the quantities as well as varieties of them are perfectly wonderful. Delicate pink and straw-coloured tea-roses, camellias and jonquils mingled their high-born beauties with the more homely charms of wild-flowers that grew under the shadow of the great solemn stone-pines on the heights around, or twined their fresh garlands over the sad ruins of the Campagna. In the hand of every little boy and girl were bunches for sale of wild cyclamens, blue anemones and sweet-scented violets, surrounded by their own leaves and neatly tied up with thread. They had been gathered in the princely grounds of the Doria Pamphili and Borghese villas in the neighbourhood of Rome, which are freely opened to all, and where for many days in February and March groups of men, women and children may be seen gathering vast quantities of those first-born children of the sun. The violets, especially in these grounds, are abundant and luxuriant, making every space of sward shadowed by the trees purple with their loveliness, like a reflection of the violet sky that had broken in through the lattice-work of the boughs, and scenting all the air with their delicious perfume.

From the Piazza di Spagna I passed onward through a long street called the Via Babuino, from an antique statue of a satyr mutilated into the likeness of a baboon, that used to adorn a fountain about the middle of it, now removed.

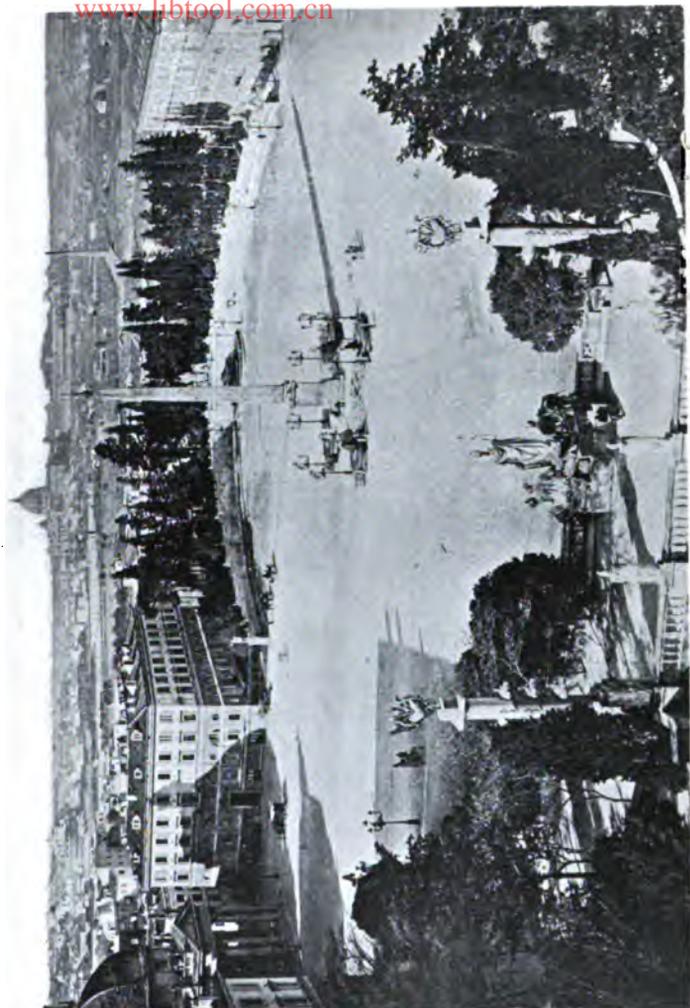
More business is done on Sunday in this street than in any other quarter, with the exception of the Corso. Here a shop full of bright and beautiful flowers, roses, magnolias, hyacinths, and lilies of the valley, perfumed all the air; there a jeweller's shop displayed its tempting imitations of Etruscan ornaments, and beads of Roman pearls, coral, lapis lazuli and malachite; while yonder a marble cutter wrought diligently at his laths, converting some fragment of rare marble—picked up by a tourist among the ruins of ancient Rome—into a cup or letter-weight to be carried home as a souvenir.

The Via Babuino opens upon the Piazza del Popolo, the finest and largest square in Rome. In the centre is a magnificent Egyptian obelisk of red Syene granite, about eighty feet in height, carved with hieroglyphics, with four marble Egyptian lions at each corner of the platform upon which it stands, pouring from their mouths copious streams of water into large basins, with a refreshing sound. Perhaps the eyes of Abraham rested upon this obelisk when he went down into Egypt, the first recorded traveller who visited the valley of the Nile; and the familiarity of the sight to the Israelites during their bondage in the neighbourhood may have suggested the wonderful vision of the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night which regulated their wanderings in the wilderness.

From the Piazza del Popolo, three long narrow streets run like three fingers from the palm of the hand; the Via Babuino, which leads to the English quarter; the famous

Corso which leads to the Capitol and the Forum ; and the Ripetta, which leads to St. Peter's and the Vatican. These approaches are guarded by two churches S. Maria di Monte Santo and S. Maria dei Miracoli, similar in appearance, with oval domes and tetrastyle porticoes that look like ecclesiastical porter's lodges. The name of the Piazza del Popolo is derived, not from the people, as is generally supposed, but from the extensive grove of poplar-trees that surrounded the Mausoleum of Augustus, and long formed the most conspicuous feature in the neighbourhood. The crescent-shaped sides of the square are bounded on the left by a wall, with a bright fountain and appropriate statuary in the middle of it, and a fringe of tall cypress-trees, and on the right by a similar wall, adorned with marble trophies and two columns rough with the projecting prows of ships taken from the ancient temple of Venice and Rome, and rising in a series of terraced walks to the upper platform of the Pincio. At the foot of this *Collis Hortulorum*, " Hill of Gardens," which was a favourite resort of the ancient Romans, Nero was buried ; and in earlier Republican times it was the site of the famous Villa of Lucullus, who had accumulated an enormous fortune when general of the Roman army in Asia, and spent it on his retirement from active life in the most sumptuous entertainments and the most prodigal luxuries. Here he gave his celebrated feast to Cicero and Pompey. From Lucullus, the magnificent grounds passed into the possession of Valerius Asiaticus ; and while his property they became the scene of a tragedy

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PIAZZA DEL POPOLO

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which reminds one of the story of Ahab and Jezebel and the vineyard of Naboth. The infamous Messalina, the wife of the Emperor Claudius, coveted the grounds of Asiaticus. With the unscrupulous spirit of Jezebel she procured the condemnation to death of the owner for crimes that he had never committed; a fate which he avoided by committing suicide. As soon as this obstacle was removed out of her way, she appropriated the villa; and in the beautiful grounds abandoned herself to the most shameless orgies in the absence of her husband at Ostia. But her pleasure and triumph were short-lived. The emperor was informed of her enormities, and hastened home to take vengeance. Having vainly tried all means of conciliation, and attempted without effect to kill herself, she was slain in a paroxysm of terror and anguish, by the blow of the executioner's falchion; and the death of Asiaticus was avenged on the very spot where it happened.

The Gardens of the Pincio are small, but a fairer spot it would be hard to find anywhere. The grounds are most beautifully laid out, and so skilfully arranged that they seem of far larger extent than they really are. Splendid palm-trees, aloes and cactuses give a tropical charm to the walks; rare exotics and bloom-laden trees of genial climes, flashing fountains and all manner of cultivated beauty, enliven the scene; while the air blows fresh and invigorating from the distant hills. From the lofty parapet of the city-wall which bounds it on one side, you gaze into the green meadows and rich wooded solitudes of the Borghese grounds, that look

like some rural retreat a score of miles from the city ; and from the stone balustrade on the other side you see all Rome at your feet with its sea of brown houses, and beyond the picturesque roofs and the hidden river rising up the great mass of the Vatican buildings and the mighty dome of St. Peter's, which catches like a mountain peak the last level gold of the sunset, and flashes it back like an illumination, while all the intermediate view is in shadow. No wonder that the Pincian Hill is the favourite promenade of Rome, and that on week-days and Sunday afternoons you see multitudes of people showing every phase of Roman life, and hundreds of carriages containing the flower of the Roman aristocracy, with beautiful horses and footmen in rich liveries, crowding the Piazza below, ascending the winding road, and driving or walking round between the palms and the pines, over the garden-paths, to the sound of band music. And thus they continue to amuse themselves till the sun has set, and the first sound of the bells of Ave Maria is heard from the churches ; and then they wind their way homewards.

We pass out from the Piazza through the Porta del Popolo, the only way by which strangers used to approach Rome from the north. It was indeed a more suitable entrance into the Eternal City than the present one ; for no human being, with a spark of imagination, would care to obtain his first view of the city of his dreams from the outside of a great bustling railway station. But the Porta del Popolo had annoyances of its own that seemed hardly less

incongruous. One had to run the gauntlet of the custom-house here, and to practice unheard-of briberies upon the venal *douaniers* of the Pope before being allowed to pass on to his hotel. And the first glimpse of the city from this point did not come up to one's expectations, being very much like that of any commonplace modern capitol without a ruin visible, or any sign or suggestion of the mistress of the world. The Porta del Popolo almost marks the position of the old Flaminian gate, through which passed the great northern road of Italy constructed by the Roman censor, C. Flaminius, two hundred and twenty years before Christ, extending as far as Rimini, a distance of two hundred and ten miles. Through that old gate, and along that old road, the Roman cohorts passed to conquer Britain, then a small isle inhabited by savage tribes. Hardly any path save that to Jerusalem has been trodden by so many human feet as this old Flaminian road. The present gate is said to have been designed by Michael Angelo; but it shows no signs of his genius. On the inner side, above the keystone of the arch, is a lofty brick wall in the shape of a horse-shoe, built exclusively for the purpose of displaying in colossal size, emblazoned in stucco, the city arms, the sun rising above three or four pyramidal mountains arranged above each other. The external façade consists of two pairs of Doric columns of granite and marble flanking the arch, whose colour and beauty have entirely disappeared through exposure to the weather. In the spaces between the columns are two statues, one of St.

Peter and the other of St. Paul, of inferior merit, and very much stained and weather-worn. The inscription above the arch, "To a happy and prosperous entrance," seemed a mockery in the old *douanier* days, when delays and extortions vexed the soul of the visitor, and produced a mood anything but favourable to the enjoyment of the Eternal City. But now the grievances are over. The occupation of the place is gone. The barracks on the left for the Papal guards are converted to other purposes; no custom-house officer now meets one at the gate, and all are free to come and go without passport, or bribe, or hindrance. Since I was in Rome this old gateway being found too narrow has been considerably widened by the addition of a wing on each side of the large central arch, containing each a smaller arch in which the same style of architecture is carried out.

On the opposite side of the road is the classic portico that leads to the Borghese Villa. The gate is almost always open; and every person is free to wander at will through the magnificent grounds, upwards of three miles in circuit, and hold picnics in the sunny glades, and pull the wild flowers that star the grass in myriads. On Sunday afternoons multitudes come and go, and a long line of carriages, filled with the Roman nobility and with foreign visitors, in almost endless succession, make the circuit of the drivers. The Porta del Popolo becomes too straight for the scething mass of carriages and human beings that pass through it; and it is with difficulty, and some danger



PORTA DEL POPOLO



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to life and limb, that one can force a passage through the gay pleasure-loving crowd. At the Carnival time the ordinary dangers and difficulties are increased tenfold ; and the scene presents anything but a Sabbath-like appearance. Nor are the danger and difficulty over when the gate is passed ; for the Piazza del Popolo and the streets that lead from it are crowded with carriages and pedestrians going to or returning from the favourite promenade on the Pincian Hill. One runs the gauntlet all the way ; meditation is impossible ; and the return from church in the afternoon is as different as possible from the morning walk to it. What pleasure can these people derive from the beautiful walks and drives in the Borghese grounds, except perhaps that of seeing and being seen in a crowd ? There is no seclusion of nature, no opportunity of quiet thought.

On week-days, at certain hours, one may enjoy the place thoroughly without any distraction, and feel amid the lonely vistas of the woods as if buried in the loneliest solitude of the Apennines. And truly on such occasions I know no place so fascinating, so like an earthly Eden ! The whole scene thrills one like lovely music. All the charms of nature and art are there focussed in brightest perfection. The grounds are gay with starry anemones, and billowy acacias crested with odorous wreaths of yellow foam, dark and mysterious with tall ilexes, cypresses, and stone-pines, enlivened by graceful palms and tender deciduous trees, musical with falling and glancing waters, and haunted by the statues of Greek divinities that filled men's minds with

immortal thoughts in the youth of the world—dimly visible amid the recesses of the foliage. The path leads to a casino in which sculpture and painting have done their utmost to enrich and adorn the apartments. But the result of all this prodigal display of wealth and refinement is exceedingly melancholy. It would be death to inhabit these sumptuous marble rooms when their coolness would be most agreeable; and the witchery of the shadowy wood paths and bowers in their summer perfection can be enjoyed only at the risk of catching fever. Man has made a paradise for himself, but the malaria drives him out of it, and all its costly beauty is almost thrown away. Only during the desolation of winter, or the fair promise and half developments of spring can one wander safely through the place. The sting of the serpent is in this Eden. Cursed is the ground for man's sake in the fairest scene that his industry and genius and virtue can make for himself; but cursed with a double curse is the ground that he makes a wilderness by his selfishness and wickedness. And this double curse, this fatal Circean spell, has come upon these beautiful grounds in common with all the neighbourhood of Rome because of ages of human waste and wrong doing.

THE SCALA DI SPAGNA AND S. TRINITA DE' MONTI

DR. REINHOLD SCHOENER

ONE of the most noteworthy and characteristic features of modern Rome is the celebrated flight of steps known as the Scala della Trinita, or the Scala di Spagna, leading up from the Piazza di Spagna to the Church of S. Trinita de' Monti on the Pincian Hill. This staircase which is in the so-called baroque style was begun in 1721 and completed in 1725. It is richly ornamented with balustrades and statues, and is a favourite resort of flower-sellers, artists' models, etc., who form charming groups in their picturesque costumes, as they chat together in the sunshine, seated on the broad steps, or, as sometimes happens, dance and sing in the light-hearted way peculiar to the children of the South.

At the foot of the Scala di Spagna, on the Piazza of the same name, is a fountain designed by Bernini in what may be called the ultra-baroque style, representing a boat. It is known as the Fontana della Barcaccia, and commemorates the flood of 1598, when a boat was washed up to the spot on which it stands. More interesting than this curious bit of realism is the house on the left of the staircase, in which Keats died in 1821, clasping in his hand a love-token from

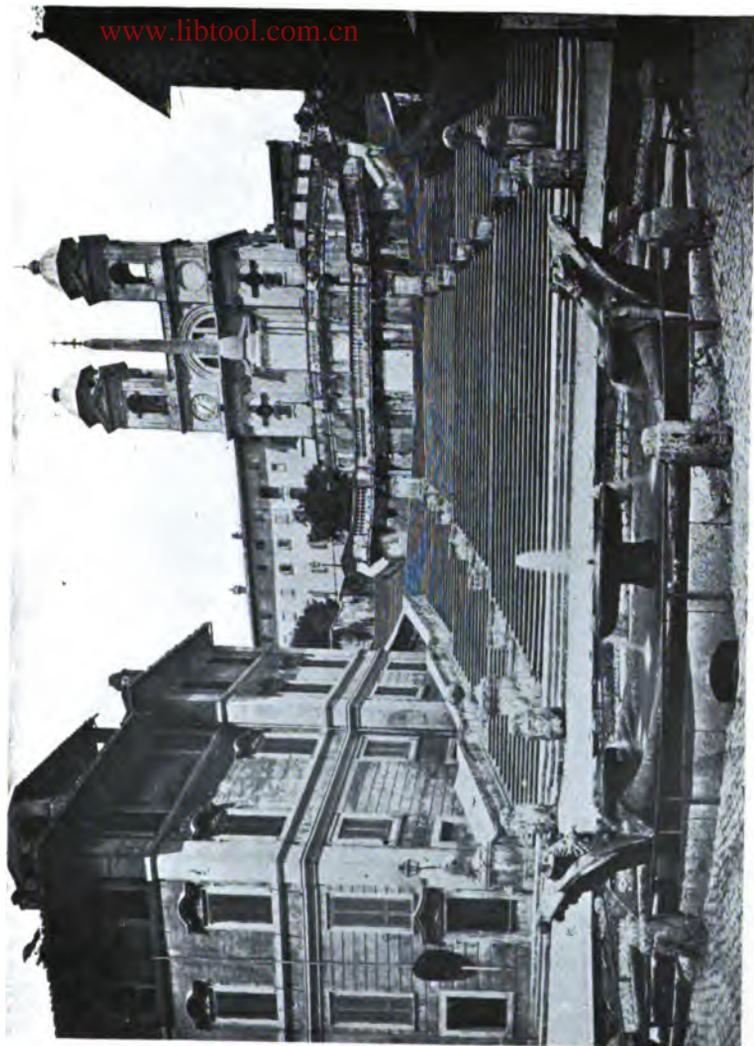
his betrothed and watched by his faithful friend Severn, who now lies beside him on the southern side of the Aurelian Wall.

Occupying a very conspicuous position in front of the Church of S. Trinita de' Monti and visible from a very considerable distance is an Obelisk, which once stood in the Gardens of Sallust, and is an antique imitation of the larger one of the Circus Maximus.

The two Belfries, which rise behind the Obelisk just mentioned, belong to the fine Church of S. Trinita de' Monti, built on the Pincio by Charles VIII. of France in 1495. Connected with it is a Convent, which originally belonged to the French order of the Minimes, founded by S. Francesco di Paola, but transferred by Pope Leo XII. to the Nuns of the Sacré Cœur, who have an educational establishment for girls and receive in addition to many nobly-born boarders, some 300 free pupils. Probably the good sisters know nothing of the historic fact that their garden encloses part of the site of the luxurious retreat of Lucullus, which passed later into the possession of Valerius Asiaticus, and that after his miserable death the abandoned Messalina may have held some of her disgraceful orgies here.

In the beautiful Church of S. Trinita de' Monti, restored in 1816, which owns the masterpiece of Daniele da Volterra—his fresco of the *Descent from the Cross*—vespers are daily held, and the singing of the nuns, for whom Mendelssohn used to write accompaniments, is often very fine. Much injured during the French occupation the *Descent*

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SCALA DI SPAGNA



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from the Cross was well restored by Palmarolli and escaped being carried off to France with the many priceless art treasures filched from the churches and palaces of Rome at the close of the Eighteenth Century.

The numerous remains of foundations of villas, walls, etc., on the terrace-like slopes of the Pincio, near the Medici and Mattei Villas, and on the Via Sistina, enable us to form a very accurate idea of the appearance of this suburb of Rome, during the latter days of the Republic, and in the time of the Cæsars, when the Mons Pincio was the favourite resort of the wealthy Romans who liked to combine the seclusion of their beautiful country houses and gardens, with the dispositions of the mighty town lying at their feet, its marble palaces and thermæ gleaming in the sunshine. All too soon, however, these princely retreats were to share the fate of the yet earlier buildings of antiquity outside the walls, such as the huge aqueducts, the ruins of which even then strewed the Campagna. The Pincio was in its turn invaded by destruction and decay and the sites of the luxurious Roman villas became covered by woods; whilst the few ruins left standing were over-run by ivy. More than another thousand years were to elapse before a new generation should take up its abode on the time-honoured slopes, and they should echo once more to the voices and footsteps of the living.

The name of Pincio was not given to this celebrated hill until late Imperial times, probably not until after its inclusion within the Aurelian walls. The Servian walls did not

enclose it, for it was not a part of the town until long after their erection, but by the time of Aurelius it had become too important a suburb to be left unprotected. Its original name was *Collis Hortorum*, or the hill of the gardens which is still very applicable to it. It is rather a projecting spur of land than a mountain and has been aptly compared to a bent finger turning towards the north.

The site of the Palace of the Pincii, the great Roman family which gave its name to the quaintly shaped spur has not been exactly determined, but to make up for this the position and extent of many of the villas and their gardens have been made out. The country seat of the haughty Lucullus referred to above was situated between the present *Via di Capo le Case* and the *Via de Propaganda* on the *Campus Martius* side, as proved by the statement of Frontinus. It was in this villa that the conqueror of Mithridates gave the celebrated banquet to Cicero and Pompey in the so-called Hall of Apollo, simply it is said, telling his chief slave that they would sup in that apartment; an order tantamount to a command to supply all the most expensive luxuries to be obtained whether in or out of season.

The view from the Pincio is one of the finest to be obtained of Rome as a whole, for the Eternal City lies spread out at its base with the vast Campagna beyond and yet further away the gleaming line of the sea. On the west, on the other side of the Tiber, rises the *Castello S. Angelo* with the Archangel from which it derives its name, gleaming on the summit and forming in the distance one group

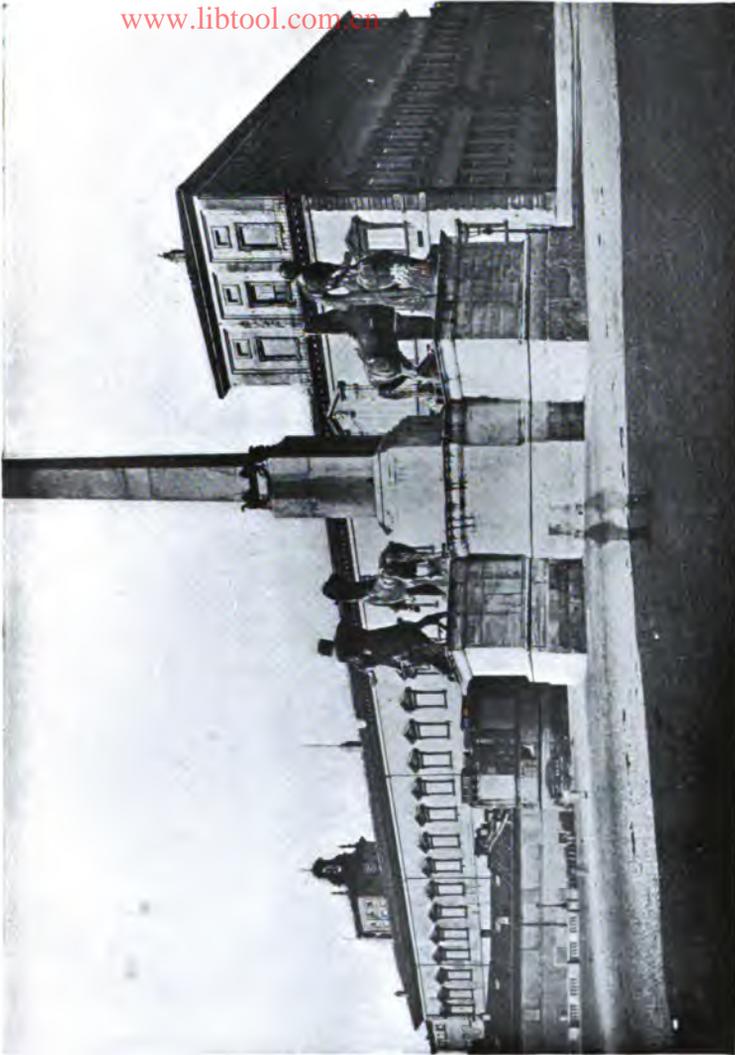
with it, and the Vatican is the dome-crowned mass of St. Peter's. "At any nearer view," says Nathaniel Hawthorne, "the grandeur of St. Peter's hides itself behind the immensity of its separate parts so that we only see the front, only the sides, only the pillared length and loftiness of the portico, not the mighty whole. But at this distance the entire outline of the world's cathedral as well as of that of the world's chief priest is seen at once. In such remoteness, moreover, the imagination is not debarred from rendering its assistance, even while we have the reality before our eyes, and helping the weakness of human sense to do justice to so grand an object. It requires both faith and fancy to enable us to feel what is nevertheless so true that yonder in front of the purple outline of the hills is the grandest edifice ever built by man against God's loveliest sky."

MODERN ROME

ISAAC TAYLOR

IT is impossible within moderate limits to give an adequate account of Rome, which contains more objects of interest than any other city in the world. A bare enumeration of facts must therefore suffice. The Observatory in the Collegio Romano is situated in $41^{\circ} 53' 52''$ north latitude and $12^{\circ} 28' 40''$ east longitude. The population was 226,022 in 1870, 272,500 in 1876, 300,467 in 1881, 401,044 in 1888, and 407,936 in 1891. The walls which enclose 3,889 acres, are fourteen miles in circuit, with fifteen gates, two of which are closed. Since 1870 more than 3,000 new houses have been built, 82 miles of new streets have been formed, and 5,500,000 sterling have been spent by the municipality on the improvement of the city. During the progress of these improvements 1,824 inscriptions, 2,360 lamps, 191 marble statues, 266 busts, and 36,679 coins have been found. There are eleven bridges, five of which are old, and six new or in process of construction. The chief gates are the Porta del Popolo and the Porta Pia on the north, the Porta S. Lorenzo and the Porta Maggiore on the east, the Porta S. Sebastiano and the Porta S. Paolo on the south. Old Rome stands on the left bank of the Tiber; on the right bank, occupying the Vatican and

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THE QUIRINAL PALACE

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Janiculum hills and the low ground between these hills and the river, are St. Peter's, the Vatican Palace, the Borgo, and the Trastevere. The business part of the city occupies the plain on the left bank between the hills and the river, traversed by the Corso, the principal thoroughfare of Rome, about a mile in length, leading from the Porta del Popolo to the foot of the Capitoline Hill. From the Piazza del Popolo two great streets diverge on either side of the Corso, the Via di Ripetta to the right, skirting the Tiber, and to the left the Via del Babuino, leading to the Piazza di Spagna, whence the Scala di Spagna, the resort of artist's models, ascends to the Pincian Gardens, on the site of the gardens of Lucullus, which command a splendid view of the city, and form the fashionable drive and promenade of the Romans.

Before Rome became in 1870 the capital of Italy, the greater part of the Pincian, Quirinal, and Esquiline hills was occupied by villas of the Roman nobles, with extensive gardens planted with ilexes and vines. With two exceptions these have been destroyed, and their sites have been covered with modern houses, and too often by blocks of ugly barrack-like buildings, many stories in height, let out in tenements. The dirty but picturesque Mediæval city is assuming the aspect of a modern capital, broad, straight thoroughfares having been driven through quarters formerly occupied by narrow streets and mean, crowded houses. Of the new streets, the most important are the Via Venti Settembre from the Porta Pia to the Quirinal, and the Via

Nazionale, which lead from the railway station, the first to the Forum, and the second to the lower end of the Corso. This is continued to the west by the Corso Vittorio Emanuele as far as the Borgo, crossing the Tiber by a new bridge. The older foreign quarter lay at the foot of the Pincian, around the Piazza di Spagna, but the healthier sites on the slopes and summits of the Quirinal and Esquiline are now more frequented.

Of the palaces the largest are the Vatican, the residence of the pope, and the Quirinal, now the residence of the king, but formerly a papal palace, in which the conclaves were held for the election of the popes. Many of the palaces of the Roman nobles contain collections of pictures and statuary. Chief among them are the Palazzo Borghese, containing, next to the Vatican, the best collection of pictures in Rome, the Palazzi Colonna, Doria, Barberini, Rospigliosi, Chigi, Torlonia, Farnese, Corsini, and di Venezia, now the Austrian embassy. Among the notable villas are the Villa Borghese, standing in a great park below the Pincian; the Villa Ludovisi, on the Pincian; the Villa Albani, outside the Porta Salara; and the Villa Medici, on the Pincian, now the Académie Française, with a splendid collection of casts. The gardens of the Villa Mattei, on the Cælian, command one of the best views in Rome. The picturesque arches of the Acqua Claudia traverse the gardens of the Villa Wolkonsky.

Besides the private collections Rome abounds in libraries and museums. The Collegio Romano, formerly a great

Jesuit college, is now occupied by a public library of modern books called the Biblioteca Vittorio Emmanuele, by the Kircher Museum of Antiquities, and by a well-arranged prehistoric and ethnological museum. The Palazzo dei Conservatori, on the Capitol, contain many of the best ancient statues. In the cloisters of the Carthusian convent in the Thermæ of Diocletian are stored the antiquities brought to light during the recent excavations. Others from the excavations at Falerii are collected in the Villa di Papa Giulio, outside the Porta del Popolo. The Villa Medici contains a good collection of casts from ancient statues. The Lateran Palace contains an unrivalled collection of inscriptions and sculptures from the Catacombs, and a few good statues and mosaics. The Lateran is extraterritorial, and the Museum is the property of the popes. The chief papal collections are contained in the galleries attached to the Vatican, probably the largest palace in the world. In addition to the private gardens and apartments of the pope, the Vatican Palace comprises immense reception-halls with a series of chapels, libraries, picture-galleries, and vast museums of sculptures, antiquities, and inscriptions, which can here be only enumerated in the briefest manner. The Sistine Chapel, built in 1473 by Sixtus IV., is covered with magnificent frescoes by Michael Angelo and the great Florentine masters. The Capella Nicolina, built by Nicolas V., and the Pauline Chapel, built by Paul III. in 1590, are also painted in fresco; the first by Fra Angelico, and the second by Michael Angelo.

Raphael's Stanze and Loggie are halls and solars covered with inimitable frescoes executed by Raphael, Perugino, Giulio Romano, and other masters of their school. Beyond the Loggie is the picture-gallery, containing the best collection of oil-paintings in Rome. The world-famous Vatican Library with its priceless MSS., its collection of early printed books, of Christian antiquities, ancient maps and jewellery, is contained in two immense halls. The vast sculpture-galleries, with their unrivalled collections, comprise the Museo Chiaramonte, the Braccio Nuova, and the Museo Pio-Clemente, which includes the Cortile di Belvedere, containing the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvedere, and the so-called Antinous, perhaps the most beautiful statue in the world. The inscriptions are contained in the Galleria Lapidaria, the Etruscan antiquities in the Museo Gregoriano, below which is the Egyptian Museum. The churches, said to be upwards of 300 in number, are among the most conspicuous features of modern Rome. Many of them are rather what we should call mortuary or memorial churches, opened only once a year on the festival of the saint to whom they are dedicated. There are also the churches of the great religious orders, twenty-eight parish churches, and the titular churches of the cardinals. The most noteworthy are the five patriarchal churches, and the eight basilican churches. Others are interesting either from their early date, their historical associations, from the archæological or artistic treasures they contain, or from the fragments of earlier structures

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ST. PAUL'S WITHOUT THE WALLS (EXTERIOR)



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which they enclose. First in rank are the five patriarchal churches. S. Giovanni in Laterano, between the Cælian and the Esquiline hills, ranks as the first church in Christendom. It dates from the time of Constantine. It was, till the rebuilding of St. Peter's, the metropolitan cathedral of Rome and of the western patriarchate. It retains its Fifth Century baptistery and the Thirteenth Century cloisters, the most beautiful in Rome. The Santa Scala, brought by the Empress Helena from Jerusalem, has for centuries been the chief object of veneration among pilgrims. The church itself was burned down and rebuilt in the Fourteenth Century, and has been repeatedly altered and modernized. The adjoining palace of the popes is now converted into a museum, chiefly of Christian antiquities. The Basilica of St. Peter (S. Pietro in Vaticano), the largest church in the world, was rebuilt in the Sixteenth Century from the designs of Bramante, Michael Angelo, and Bernini. It was begun in 1506, and consecrated in 1626. It is in the form of a Latin cross, with a vast central dome. The interior length is 615 feet, and the height of the nave 150 feet, and of the cross which surmounts the dome 435 feet. S. Paolo fuori le Mura, a vast Fourth Century church, was before the fire of 1823 the most interesting church in Rome. It has been rebuilt in a style of great magnificence. S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura, occupying the site of a church founded by Constantine, was rebuilt in 578, and remodeled in the Thirteenth Century, but still retains the ancient marble and granite columns. The Basilica Liberiana, on

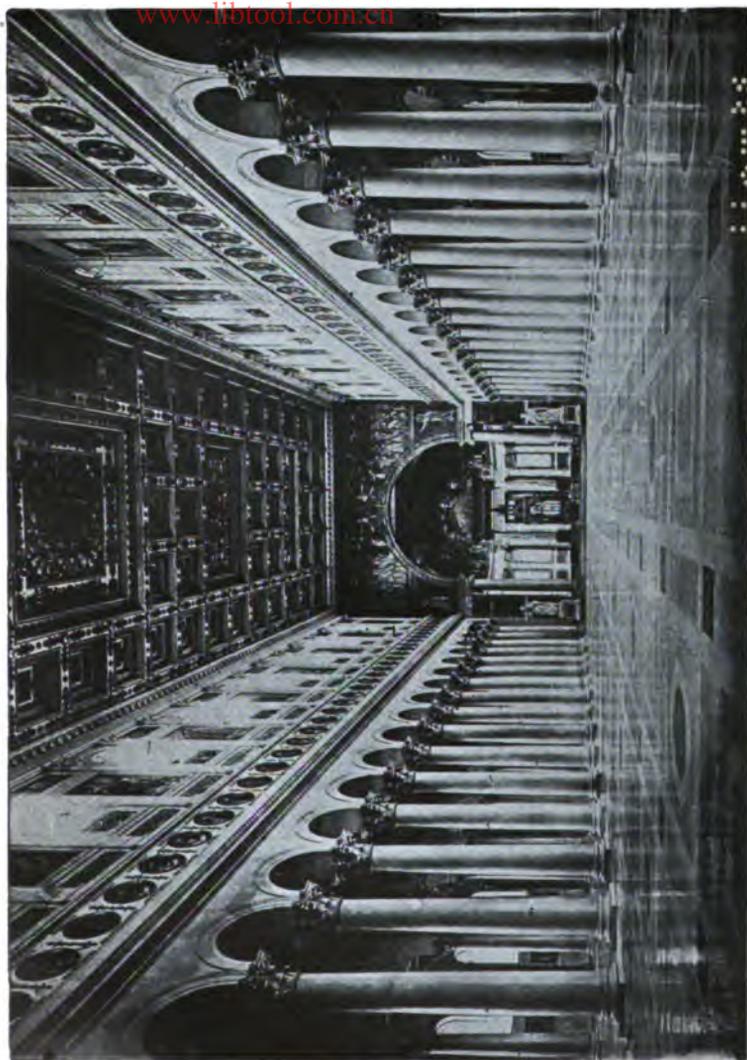
the Esquiline, is commonly called S. Maria Maggiore, being the largest of the eighty churches in Rome dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is one of the oldest churches in Rome, the nave dating from the Fifth Century. These five patriarchal churches, together with S. Croce and S. Sebastiano, constitute the seven ancient pilgrimage churches. The five patriarchal churches, together with S. Agnese, S. Croce, and S. Clemente, are the eight basilican churches. S. Agnese fuori le Mura was founded by Constantine, and rebuilt in the Seventh Century. It contains many early Christian inscriptions. S. Croce is a Fifth Century basilica, and is said to have been erected by the Empress Helena. S. Clemente is the most archaic church in Rome. The upper church dates from the Twelfth Century; the lower, which is entirely underground, from the Fourth; and below it there are far older substructions dating from the imperial and republican periods. In addition to the eight basilican churches, others already mentioned conserve the remains of earlier buildings. S. Maria in Cosmedin, one of the most interesting churches in Rome, preserves ten columns of the Temple of Ceres, out of which it was constructed, and twenty ancient columns taken from other buildings. It has also a beautiful tessellated pavement of ancient marbles. S. Maria degli Angeli and S. Bernardo were constructed out of the Thermæ of Diocletian, and S. Pietro in Carcere out of the Mamertine prison. S. Giorgio in Velabro, a Fourth Century church, was rebuilt in the Seventh Century, but

preserves sixteen of the ancient columns. S. Costanza, outside the Porta Pia, was erected by Constantine, and contains interesting Fourth Century mosaics. The granite columns in S. Maria in Ara Cœli, on the Capitol, have been taken from some earlier building. On the Cælian we have SS. Giovanni e Paolo, founded in the Fifth Century and rebuilt in the Twelfth; S. Stefano Rotondo, a Fifth Century church, containing the episcopal throne of Gregory the Great; and the interesting church of S. Gregorio, built in 575 on the site of his father's house. On the Aventine are S. Balbina and S. Sabina, both of the Fifth Century. On the Esquiline are S. Pudenziana, a very ancient church, with Fourth Century mosaics, probably constructed out of a private house; S. Prassede, a Ninth Century church, with ancient granite columns and Ninth Century mosaics; and S. Pietro in Vincoli, a Fifth Century basilica, with twenty ancient Doric columns, and containing Michael Angelo's statue of Moses, and the supposed chains of St. Peter, which were undoubtedly presented by Pope Leo I. to the Empress Eudoxia in 442. On the right bank of the Tiber are S. Crisogono, a Twelfth Century church, with ancient porphyry columns and a fine mosaic pavement; S. Maria in Trastevere, a Fifth Century church, rebuilt in the Twelfth Century, with twenty-two ancient columns, some fine mosaics, a splendid marble pavement, with numerous interesting early inscriptions in the portico; S. Cecilia has Ninth Century mosaics; while the Piazza of S. Pietro in Montorio commands the finest view of Rome. S. Maria

sopra Minerva, near the Pantheon, the chief Dominican church, is the only Gothic church in Rome. Among the vast modern churches are the Gesù, the gorgeous church of the Jesuits, containing the tomb of S. Ignatius Loyola; S. Carlo al Corso, now the fashionable church of Rome; S. Andrea della Valle; SS. Apostoli; S. Maria Vallicella, commonly called Chiesa Nuova; and the Cappuccini, with its catacombs and Guido's picture of St. Michael.

One of the greatest improvements which has been effected is the embankment of the Tiber, and the straightening and deepening of its channel. This has put a stop to the disastrous floods by which the lower parts of the city were formerly inundated. But the municipality being now practically bankrupt, the grandiose schemes for the further reconstruction of the city, and for making Rome a port by the canalization of the Tiber, are for the present suspended.

In addition to the objects of interest which have been briefly enumerated are the vast Catacombs, extending underground for many miles, the Ghetto, the Sapienza, the Propaganda, and the Protestant cemetery with the tombs of Keats and Shelley. The best panoramic views of Rome are from the Pincio, the Villa Mattei, S. Pietro in Montorio, the Janiculum, the garden of the Priorato di Malta, and from outside the Porta S. Giovanni. Rome is now a fairly healthy city, except in the late summer months; the water-supply is unrivalled both for quality and quantity, and the streets are well cleansed. No city excels Rome in its public fountains.



ST. PAUL'S WITHOUT THE WALLS (INTERIOR)

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There are practically no manufactures in Rome. Hats, gloves, neckties, false pearls, and trinkets are made, and there are cabinet-makers, and a few foundries on a small scale, but compared with other great cities the absence of factory chimneys is very notable. There are printing-offices, but the Italian book-trade is centred at Milan. The chief industry is the manufacture of small mosaics, small bronzes, of statuary, casts, and pictures, either original or copies of the works of the great masters. All the necessaries of life have to be imported from a distance, the Campagna which extends for many miles around Rome being uninhabitable on account of the malaria. It is an unenclosed and untilled waste, roamed over by herds of half-wild cattle. Corn and wine are brought from Tuscany, and from the fertile Terra di Lavoro near Naples. The prosperity of the city depends on the expenditure of the courts of the Quirinal and the Vatican, of the army of functionaries in the public offices, of the garrison, and of the foreign visitors who crowd the hotels during the winter months. The railways from all parts of Italy converge outside the city, which they enter near the Porta Maggiore on the Esquiline, and have a common terminus on the summit of the Quirinal close to the Baths of Diocletian. The omnibus service is good, and well-managed tramways traverse several of the broad new streets.

ROME REVISITED

FREDERIC HARRISON

HE who revisits Rome to-day, having known the Eternal City in the torpid reign of Pio Nono, cannot stifle the poignant sense of having lost one of the most rare visions that this earth had ever to present. The Colosseum, it is true, the Forum, the Vatican and St. Peter's are there still; they make constant new discoveries—fresh sites, statues, palaces, tombs, and museums are year by year revealed to the eager tourist; and many a once-sealed cloister and chapel are now a public show. But the light and poetry have gone out of it forever. Vast historic convents are cold and silent as the grave, and the Papal city is like a Mediæval town under interdict. French boulevards are being driven through the embattled strongholds of Colonnas and Orsinis, and omnibus and tram-car roll through the Forum of Trajan and the Golden House of Nero. The yellow Tiber flows between granite quays, but the mouldering palaces and the festooned arches that Piranesi loved have been improved away.

In the space of thirty years, I have visited Rome four times, at long intervals, and each time I groan anew. I was *Italianissimo* in my hot youth, and I am assuredly not *Papalino* in my maturer age. I rejoice with the new life of the Italian people; I know that for the regenerated nation

Rome is essential as its capital; I know that a growing modern city must wear the aspect of modern civilization. I repudiate the whining of sentimentalists over the conditions of modern progress; and the advice which Napoleon's creatures gave to the Romans, "to be content with the contemplation of their ruins," has the true ring of the oppressor. We acknowledge all that, and are no obscurantists to shudder at a railroad with Ruskinian affectation. But yet, to those who loved the poetry of old Papal Rome, the prose of the modernized new Rome is a sad and instructive memory.

When I first saw Rome, it was not connected by any railway with the rest of Italy. We had to travel by the road, and I cannot forget the weird effect of that Roman maremma, purple and crimson with an autumn sunset; the buffaloes, and the wild cattlemen and *pecorari* in sheepskins; the old-world coaches and postilions; the desolate plain, broken by ruins and castles; the mediæval absurdities of Papal officialism; the suffumigations and the *visas*; the cumbrous pomposity of some Roman *principi* returning from *villegiatura*—it was as though one had passed by enchantment into the Seventeenth Century, with its picturesque barbarism, and one quite expected a guerilla band of horsemen to issue from the castle of Montalto.

And then Rome itself, so perfectly familiar that it seemed like a mere returning to the old haunt of childhood, with its fern-clad ruins standing in open spaces, gardens or vineyards; the huge solitudes within the walls; the cattle and the

stalls beneath the trees on the Campo Vaccino, forty feet above the spot where now professors lecture to crowds in the recent excavations; the grotesque parade of cardinals and *monsignore*; the narrow ill-lighted streets; the swarm of monks, friars and prelates of every order and race; the air of mouldering abandonment in the ancient city, as of some corner of Mediæval Europe left forgotten and untouched by modern progress, with all the historic glamour, all the pictorial squalor, all the Turkish routine, all the magnificence of obsolete forms of civilization which clung round the Vatican and were seen there only in Western Europe.

It had to go, and it is gone; and Rome, in twenty or thirty years has become like any other European city—big, noisy, vulgar, overgrown, Frenchified, and syndicate-ridden, hardly to be distinguished from Lyons or Turin, except that it has in the middle of its streets some enormous masses of ruin, many huge empty convents, and some vast churches, apparently abandoned by the Church. But the ruins, which used to stand in a rural solitude like Stonehenge or Rievaulx, are now mere piles of stones in crowded streets, like the Palais des Thermes at Paris. The sacred sites of Forum and Roma Quadrata are now objects in a museum. The Cloaca are embedded in the new stone quay, and are become a mere “exhibit,” like York House Water Gate in our own embankment. The wild foliage and the memorial altars have been torn out of the Colosseum, and the Ælian Bridge is overshadowed by a new iron enormity.

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PIAZZA DEL POPOLO

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Rome, which, thirty years ago was a vision of the past, is to-day a busy Italian town, with a dozen museums, striving to become a third-rate Paris.

The Mediæval halo is gone, but the hard facts remain. For to the historian Rome must always be the central city of this earth—the spot towards which all earlier history of mankind must issue. Rome is the true microcosm, wherein the vast panorama of human civilization is reflected as on a mirror.

From this point of view, it cannot be denied that the recent changes which have destroyed the poetry of Rome have greatly enlarged its antiquarian interest. What the poet and the painter have lost the historian has gained. Regarded as a museum of archæology, the city is far richer to the student. And that not merely by multiplication of remains, statues and carvings, similar to what we had, but by new discoveries which have modified our knowledge of the history of the city. The continually growing mass of pre-historic relics, the Etruscan tombs and foundations on the Aventine and the Esquiline, the early fortifications of the Palatine, the remains of regal Rome, the systematic exploration of the Forum and the Palatine, the house of the Vestals, the contents of the Kircher Museum, and of the new Museum in the Baths of Diocletian, the excavation of the Colosseum, and of the palace of Nero, the complete tracing of the Servian circumvallation, and all that has been done to reopen cemeteries and tombs—have given a new range and distinctness to the history of Rome as a whole.

We must now extend that history backwards by centuries before the mythical age of Romulus and his tribesmen on the Palatine ; and we know that somewhere on the Seven Hills there once dwelt one of the most ancient prehistoric races of Europe. Even the speculative builder and the hated railroads have enriched the museums and opened unexpected treasures to the antiquarian. One is forced to confess that to historical research new fields have been opened, even whilst the unique vision of the Eternal City faded away as quickly as a winter sunset. The Cæsars found Rome of brick and left it of marble. The House of Savoy found it a majestic ruin ; they have made it an inexhaustible museum.

Compare Rome with other famous cities, which far surpass it in Mediæval associations—with Florence, Venice, Rouen, Oxford, Prague. The present at most four or five centuries of the Middle Ages with vivid power and charm : but this is only one chapter in the history of Rome. Athens, Constantinople, Venice, are more beautiful. And if Constantinople surpasses Rome in the dramatic contrast of Asia and Europe and the secular combat between the East and the West, Byzantium was but a late imitation of Rome and the tremendous scenes which the Bosphorus has witnessed were but episodes in the long annals of the Tiber. Constantinople indeed was a Rome transported bodily to the East. Paris and London surpass Rome in that they record a thousand years of the destiny of nations still growing, and that we can hear in their streets the surg-

ing of a mighty life to which that of Rome is a poor provincial copy. But the thousand years of Paris and of London are but a span in the countless years of the Eternal City. All roads lead to Rome : all capitals aim at reviving the image and effect of the Imperial City : all history ends with Rome, or begins with Rome.

The Rome of antiquity, the Rome of the Church, the Rome of modern art are indeed three separate worlds ; and it is their contrast, their juxtaposition, their curious blending of mutual hate and mutual reaction, which forms the most instructive page of all history. Each of the three worlds may be seen in a more intense form elsewhere. The valley of the Rhone and the shores of the Adriatic have still a greater mass of imperial ruins than the City itself. The Apennine hill towns, and perhaps Mediæval Paris, have a truer record of the Church. And Florence is the true cradle of modern art. But in Rome all three are combined, and their continual reaction, one on the other, is matter for inexhaustible thought.

Rome, as a city, is thus a visible embodiment, type, or summary of human history, and, in these days of special interests or tastes, the traveller at Rome too often forgets this world-wide range and complexity. To the scholar the vast world of Christian Rome is usually as utter a blank as to the Catholic pilgrim is the story of Republic and Empire. To the artist both are an ancient tale of little meaning, though the words are strong. He who loves "curios" is blind too often to the sunsets on the Campagna. And he

who copies inscriptions is deaf to the music of the people in the Piazza Navona, or the evening Angelus rung out from a hundred steeples. All nations, all professions, all creeds jostle each other in Rome, as they did in the age of Horace and Juvenal; and they pass by on the other side with mutual contempt for each other's interests and pursuits. But to the historical mind all have their interest, almost an equal interest, and their combination and contrasts form the most instructive lesson which Europe can present.

We have had whole libraries about Rome pictorial, Rome ecclesiastical, Rome artistic, Rome antiquarian; about classical, mediæval, papal, cinque-cento, rococo, modern Rome. There is still room for a book about the city of Rome as a manual of history; about the infinite variety of the lessons graven on its stones and its soil; about its contrasts, its contradictions, its immensity, its continuity; the exquisite pathos, the appalling waste, folly, cruelty, recorded in that roll of memories and symbols. Such a book would gather up the thoughts which, as he strolls about the Eternal City, throng on the mind of every student of human nature, and of any historian who is willing to read as one tale the history of man from the Stone Age down to Pope Leo XIII.

Of all places on earth Rome is the city of contrasts and paradox. Nowhere else can we see memorials of such pomp alongside of such squalor. The insolence of wealth jostles disease, filth and penury. Devoutness, which holds

whole continents spell-bound, goes hand in hand with hypocrisy and corruption. What sublime piety, what tender charity, what ideal purity, what bigotry, what brutality, what grossness! Over this convent garden pensive mysticism has thrown a halo of saintliness: it is overshadowed by a palace which has one black record of arrogance. There some tomb breathes the very soul of spiritual art; beside it stands another which is a typical monument of ostentation. Here is a fragment worthy of Praxiteles, buried under costly masses of rococo inanity. Works that testify to stupendous concentration of power stand in a chaos which testifies to nothing but savagery and ruin. The very demon of destruction seems to have run riot over the spot that the very genius of beauty has chosen for his home.

But at Rome enough remains to remind us of the unbroken roll of some three thousand years. At Rome we can see in ruins, fragments, or, it may be in certain sites, spots and subterranean vaults that revolving picture of history, which elsewhere our modern life has blotted out from our view.

Take the Pantheon—in some ways the central, the most ancient, the most historic building in the world. For more than 1900 years it has been a temple—first of the gods of the old world, and since of the Christian God. It is the only great extant building of which that can now be said. It is certainly the oldest building in continuous use on earth, for it was a temple of the pagan deities one hundred years before the preaching of the Gospel at Rome; dedi-

cated by the minister and son-in-law of Augustus in the first splendour of the Empire ; converted after six centuries into a Christian church and burial-place, when it was filled with the bones of the martyrs removed from the catacombs. The festival of All Saints thereupon instituted is the one Christian festival which modern scepticism concurs in honouring. In the Revival, the Pantheon became the type of all the domed buildings of Europe—first as the parent of the dome in Florence, thence of the dome of St. Peter's, through St. Peter's of our own St. Paul's, and so the parent of all the spherical roofs of the Old and New World. As such a type, it was the especial study of the humanist artists of the Revival, and so perhaps it was chosen for the tomb of Raphael.

Imagine the Pantheon in its glory, before it was stripped of its gold, its bronze and marbles and statues by emperors and popes. Conceive that vast solid dome ; still the largest span in the world—nearly one and a half more than the diameter of St. Paul's—the first great dome ever raised by man, the grand invention of Romans, of which the Greeks in all their art never dreamed. The dome, with the round arch out of which it sprang, is the most fertile conception in the whole history of building. The Pantheon became the parent of all subsequent domes, and so of that of Holy Wisdom at Constantinople, which was the parent of the Byzantine domes of Europe and of Asia.

We can recall its roof of concrete, moulded and plated within, and covered with gilt bronze plates without ; with



TEMPLE OF VESTA

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its statue, the enormous columns of rare marbles and granite, its upper story of porphyry and serpentine, lit only by one great circle, thirty feet in diameter, through which the open sky by day and the stars by night look down on the marble pavement. To this wonderful building, the one relic of the ancient world in its entirety, the builders of all after ages turned. For five centuries the Roman world turned to it ; till out of it arose a new art in Constantinople. Then in the Fifteenth Century at the Revival the humanist artists turned again to this same great work ; it gave rise first to the dome of Florence, and then to the dome of St. Peter's, 150 years later ; from St. Peter's the dome spread over the world—the Pantheon and the Invalides at Paris, St. Paul's in London, the Capitol at Washington, the Isaac church at St. Petersburg are mere imitations of St. Peter's. And thus from the Pantheon has sprung the architecture which from Chili to Chicago, from the British Isles to the Turkish Empire, from St. Petersburg to Sicily, is seen in a thousand varieties and in ten thousand examples.

We may still stand on the tower of the Capitol and survey that glorious panorama bounded by Tuscan, Sabine and Alban hills, and dream what that scene was some seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago. The Forum below was one radiant avenue of temples, triumphal arches, triumphal columns, colossal statues, monuments and votive shrines—the senate house, the rostra, the sacred way on the side—the circular Temple of Vesta, the Temple of Castor and the Basilica of Julius on the other ; above, on the right, the

Temple of Jove, on the left that of Juno, and the towering palaces of the Palatine and the Circus Maximus beyond the valley. Far as the eye can reach would be vast theatres, enormous baths, colossal sepulchres, obelisks, columns, fountains, equestrian statues in marble or in bronze. The walls of these sumptuous edifices are all of dazzling brilliance in Oriental marbles, bright with mosaic and with frescoes, and their roofs are covered with plates of hammered gold. In the far distance, across terraces and gardens shady with the dark foliage of cypress and stone pine, might be seen the aqueducts which bring from the mountains whole rivers into the city, to fill its thousand baths and its hundred fountains. And between the aqueducts and the porticoes, far as the eye can reach to the hills beyond, villas gleam in the sun with their terraces, gardens, statues, and shrines,—each a little city in itself.

This earth has never seen before or since so prodigious an accumulation of all that is beautiful and rare. The quarries of the world had been emptied to find precious marbles. Forests of exquisite columns met the gaze, porphyry, purple and green, polished granite, streaked marbles in the hues of a tropical bird, yellow, orange, rosy and carnation, ten thousand statues, groups and colossi of dazzling Parian, or of golden bronze, the work of Greek genius, of myriads of slaves, of unlimited wealth and absolute command. Power so colossal, centralization so ruthless, luxury so frantic, the world has never seen, and we trust can never see again.