

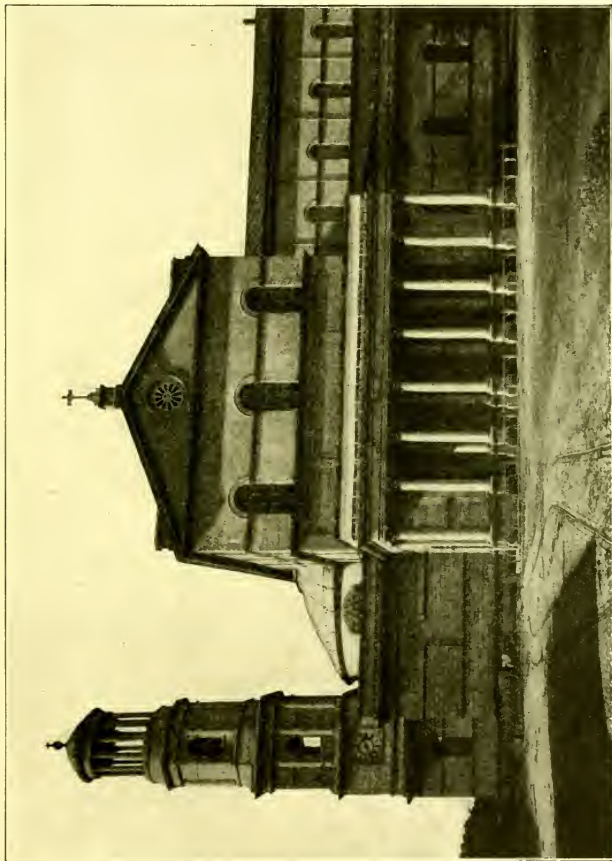
## A LETTER FROM ROME.

BY GEORGE C. BARTLETT.

[CONCLUSION.]

The church next in importance to St. Peter's is, I think, St. Paul's, which was erected, and remains a fitting monument over the assumed grave of that apostle. Never were two cathedrals more unlike, each showing a distinct individuality, having graduated from entirely opposite schools, and their tastes differing as to dress ornaments and proprieties. St. Paul's is modest and unassuming, full of hidden treasures, without sham, glitter, or deception. St. Peter's rather resembles a gorgeous ballet that is so beautiful and dazzling in its splendor that it shortens the breath and for the moment blinds the eye. St. Paul's makes one think of the Madonna, pure, full of heavenly exaltation, without show, but full of rich jewels that encircle the heart instead of flashing on the hand. It seems to offer salvation in the future, rather than amusement for the present. It rarely needs mending, for its rich garments were made to last, while St. Peter's spangles are continually dropping of. St. Paul's does not powder or paint, while St. Peter's rouges freely, and wears a false tooth or two although gilded with gold. St. Paul's is lovely and kindly, and invites all nations and races to worship within its walls, as it was built by the contributions from many nationalities and by men differing in religious beliefs. The original St. Paul's was burned, and to rebuild it the world at large was asked to contribute, and it quickly and nobly responded, as it always does, and, strange as it may seem, generous contributors were the so-called infidel Pasha of Egypt, who donated the alabaster pillar of the high altar; the heretic Emperor of Russia who sent a malachite altar, granite pillars were from the Emperor of Austria, among which is the one celebrated by Wordsworth when it stood on the Simplon, and which Napoleon intended for the triumphal arch of Milan; the King of Holland gave 50,000 francs, and one of the most liberal

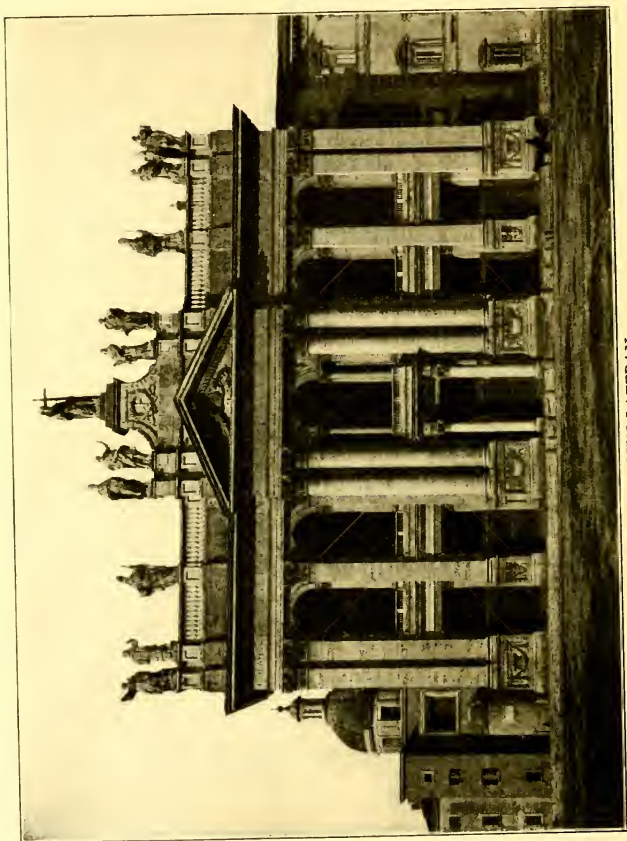
donors was a Jew—the Jew, misrepresented, the ever persecuted Jew,—who nevertheless is always coming to the front in generous and noble deeds although continually shoved back by the Gentiles.



ST. PAUL'S OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

We much admired a finely fitted-up chapel, a cozy little spot, where the king and his family worship; it belongs I believe to the church Santa Maria Maggiore, a celebrated church; the ceiling of which is gilded with American gold. Another church of interest was

the St. John Lateran that contains the *Scala Santa* or "Holy Stairs," which are said to have been brought from the palace of Pontius Pilate at Jerusalem. Men and women are continually climbing these stairs on their knees, and praying as they go up to view the likeness



ST. JOHN LATERAN.

of Jesus which hangs at the top and is said to have been made by St. Luke when he was twelve years old.

The churches through Italy contain, or pretend to contain, all kinds of relics of Jesus and his time; the guides at the churches

show the very pillar to which he was tied, his cradle, swaddling clothes, towel, thorns, parts of the reed, the cross, the sponge, the spear, etc. Somewhere in India we were shown with great ceremony



SCALA SANTA.

a piece of stone or marble on which was the impress of a large foot; this, we were told with due solemnity, was the foot-print of Mahomet; it is hardly necessary to say we did not believe the miracle. I was somewhat surprised in Rome to go through very

much the same experience, being shown a like piece of stone with a similar impress which we were told was the foot-print of Jesus.

There are a few monks of an ancient order living in an old church in Rome, who have a most curious receptacle for their dead companions, which consists of a room about one hundred feet long by fifty feet wide; the burial earth was brought from Jerusalem, which makes it doubly sacred ground. The monks are buried in this room, places being partitioned off to accommodate four or five in each section; after a special length of time the skeleton is dug up, dressed in its former wearing apparel and placed upright in its



CHRIST'S HEAD ATTRIBUTED TO ST. LUKE.

alloted place against the wall. Others are placed in a reclining position, each holds a card in its lifeless hand upon which is written his full name and a brief memoir. After remaining thus for a season their bones are taken apart and each one marked with the name. The different bones are then used to decorate the walls and ceiling making all kinds of odd and original designs with them, but as the walls and ceilings are now completely covered the bones are piled up like so much cord wood, the skulls looking out from the corners. While the decorations are quite ingenious they do not

produce a happy or cheerful effect. There are only four or five monks left of this peculiar order, and they are old and will soon join their brothers. By the decree of the King their death ends the order. But that ghostly room no doubt will be shown as one of the curiosities of Rome as long as the walls last, and forever it will be remembered by all who have looked inside its doors.

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The Pantheon and hundreds of churches throughout Italy are interesting because of their antiquity, paintings, statuary, and graves of the noted men and women who rest there.

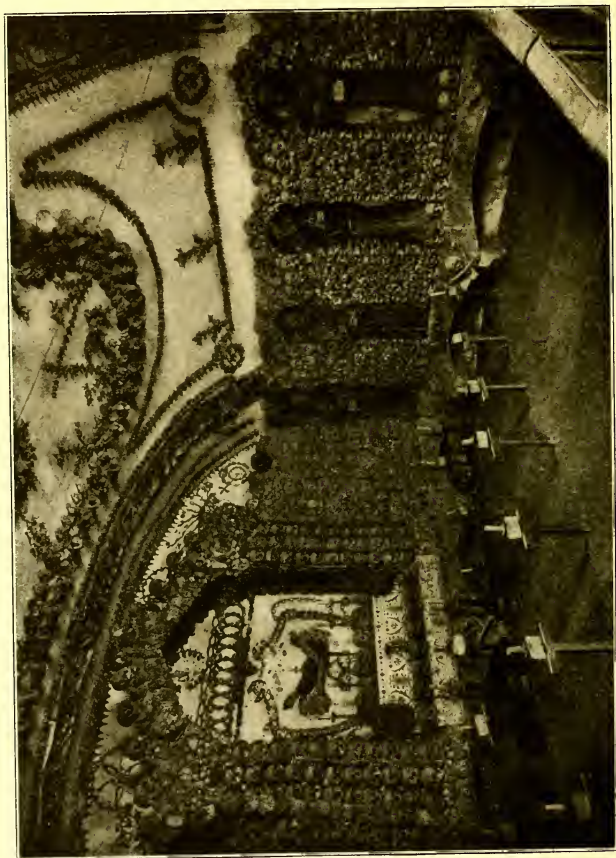


SANTA CROCE OF JERUSALEM.

We were at Rome during the Carnival season, and were pelted with flowers, oranges, and missiles as is their horrible custom. We looked in at one of the Carnival masked balls, and found it exceedingly lively, resembling somewhat our "French Ball."

The Italians seem to delight in paying all honor to the King and Queen and members of the royal family. We had the pleasure of visiting one of the palaces of the late Humberto, and it was refreshing to leave for a while the musty ruins of old Rome and enter a modern dwelling house where did reign supreme, youth, beauty, and culture; where the painting and statuary were modern, fresh

and attractive. Any bright day some of the royal family can be seen driving along the "Corso," thousands of people raising their hats as they pass. Victor Emanuel holds the reverence and love of



CEMETERY OF THE CAPUCINS.

his people still. He was buried at the Pantheon and to-day we inhaled the fragrance of flowers which had just been laid upon his tomb.

While driving along the Appian Way we stopped at a place

where the ashes of the dead repose,—a columbarium. It is a subterranean sepulchre. In the niches of the walls many urns are placed containing the ashes of the cremated with inscriptions written upon them by relatives and friends. They build similar places in India which look like large dry wells; they are not for the dead, however, but for the live pigeons. When the sun makes it uncomfortably hot for the birds they fly down this brick-lined well—the columbary. Each bird has a little cool aperture, and knows its own home. And so they live their dove life of love, alternating between sunshine and shade.



PANTHEON OF AGRIPPA.

We spent hours looking at the ruins of the baths which I suppose long ago were grand club houses, with the baths a specialty. Miles of abandoned aqueducts are still lying there open for inspection, and a number of old and uninteresting obelisks stand about in solemn silence—the ugliest curiosities in the world. If the hieroglyphics on them were translated into the language of the country where they are exhibited, so that all could read understandingly, they then would become a source of education, a translation of old history, and would make up for their ugliness by their revelations.

The forum, colosseum, and many of the ruins stand almost in

the heart of the city, a circumstance which gives Rome a peculiarity and individuality all its own.

History tells of the cruel combats of the gladiators, the fight to



QUIRINAL PALACE.

the death of man with beast, which exhibitions were supposed to give much delight and pleasure to the cultured men and women of Rome, and to have taken place at the Colosseum. I am inclined to believe

such cruel history to be greatly exaggerated. It is true there must be a little fire where there is so much smoke, but writers in the past as well as in the present seem prone to exaggerate. Truth is so commonplace that they must stretch the imagination to make history



THE APPIAN WAY.

thrilling, exciting and interesting. Take for example the interviews of to-day. The man interviewed need hardly speak a word; the reporter converses with him a few moments, looks him well over, and the next morning prints three columns which the celebrity

is supposed to have said, but which in reality is the reporter's idea of what he might, could, would, or should have said. No history should be believed which does not appeal to reason.



A FUNERAL IN THE COLUMBARIUM.

By H. Le Roux.

All the military men and many of the civilians wear a cloak peculiar to Italy. It is very becoming and gives the wearer the

appearance of brave knights and bold cavaliers. Even the beggars wear them, a little soiled and tattered perhaps, but still the emblem of pride, gentility and dignity; if you should offer one of them a piece of money which he considered insufficient, he would draw his



CLOACA MASSIMA.

cloak from you in disgust, and throwing the end of it over his shoulder give you a look as much as to say, you were the beggar, and he a general in the army.

Many of the ruins and relics of Rome have but recently been excavated. I believe the age of the new Forum is only about forty years, and some discoveries of less importance have been made in the last few years. Children making mud-pies in their back-yards are quiet liable to discover stables which belonged to the Cæsars; or find a new-old Colosseum.

We still find the cathedrals interesting museums of art, and it is not uncommon to see artists at work in them copying from the old masters; tourists are continually going in and out; a load of lumber, for repairs, is carried in occasionally; masons and decorators are at



THE FORUM.

work, and at the same time service is usually going on and the confessional boxes are occupied—all of which impressed me as being a little out of harmony—discordant.

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I shall never forget my disappointment when as a small boy in visiting several large cities, I found that they resembled so much my own native city of Hartford, Conn. I kept repeating and reiterating my disappointment to every one with whom I had any conversation. They asked me what I expected. I replied, "I expected

everything to be entirely different from anything I had seen at home." Sleeping and waking I had dreamed of many interesting and strange things I should behold. I imagined that men, women



THE COLLOSSEUM AND THE PALACE OF THE CAESARS.

and children, would all look unlike our home people and certainly dress in garments and colors I had never seen. I thought the horses, cattle and dogs would show at once that they belonged to a foreign family, and the buildings and dwelling houses would differ from ours

in design—one city differing from another in glory. Later in life, in visiting Europe, that same disappointment of my youth came back to me and I found while walking under the Lindens of Berlin, or on the Boulevards of Paris, or winding round the Strand in London, that, save for the language, each city and thoroughfare resembled the other too much to satisfy my expectations. In Eastern countries my imagination was fully gratified, and I felt that I was truly away from home; that I had found a foreign country; all was changed, I was in a different world. Japan, China, Singapore, Penang, Ceylon, India, these countries were a panorama of wondrous interest daily. There at last, though not in Rome, has the dream of my boyhood been realized.