

So far as we could learn this was the extent of the jubilee services, with the exception of receiving deputations, congratulatory addresses, and presents. Deputations would be received every few days, the pope being wheeled in his arm-chair into the audience-room, and listening to the addresses or having them simply laid at his feet, according to his strength. We did not see His Holiness, but one who did represent him as comparatively vigorous considering his great age. He was spoken of as having an unusually strong voice. We visited the long corridors of the Vatican, which were lined with the pope's presents, that had been sent from all parts of the world to crown his jubilee. They were arranged according to the nations by which they had been contributed, and embraced nearly every conceivable article. There were paintings and statuary, silks, laces, linens, cloths, vestments, jewels, and furniture for the altar. Large numbers of articles were given evidently not for the pope's private use, but that he might distribute them to churches and priests, especially to missionaries. Crowned heads had been among the donors, and there were many articles of great cost. Among the presents were immense quantities of wine, some of superior quality and flavor, as I inferred from the pleased look of a group of rosy-cheeked priests who stood discussing it, and doubtless commenting on the great favors of the Vatican.

Curiosity was evidently a controlling motive with most of the priestly visitors to Rome at this time. We met them everywhere, driving about in cabs, visiting galleries, catacombs, and churches, guide-book in hand, and in the same spirit of sight-seeing as ourselves. Even Pilate's Staircase, which Luther climbed on his knees, and which we saw some of the laity climbing in the same way, we could not hear of being ascended by them. We saw others

kissing the toe of St. Peter's bronze statue, but no priests. The experience of other travelers with whom we talked being to the same effect is at least suggestive. There were several groups that came to Rome in their pilgrim's garb, staff in hand, and headed by their simple-minded village priests. Their appearance was so incongruous that they met with but little favor from the resident priests and others, and in some instances they were actually arrested by the police. Perhaps many of the pilgrims, when they saw the splendid carriages of the cardinals and bishops, and the costly array in the Vatican, may have chided themselves for their simplicity. It is easy to believe many left Rome wiser if not sadder than when they came. Let us hope that some left it freemen like Luther, with the words ringing in their ears, "The just shall live by faith." Never did the Epistle to the Romans seem half so weighty as when I read it aloud in my room one Sabbath afternoon in Rome. Were Paul living to-day he would again greatly "desire to preach the gospel to them which are in Rome also."

The same desire has doubtless influenced the Protestant missionaries who, in faith and in great patience, are laboring here. There are several churches here in which is preached the pure faith of the early Church at Rome. There have been several hundred converts, and among them some of the priests. Notably among the latter is a former professor in the Vatican college. His experience may be somewhat typical. He was designated for the priesthood from a child, and was educated for its duties, not because of any sense of personal duty, but at the wish of his parents. His talents commanded for him an influential place in the Church, but his inquiring mind led him to seek for the truth. He followed his convictions, resigned his professorship, found Christ, and is now preaching the truth as it

is in Jesus. I am not satisfied but that the ultimate conversion of the Roman Church will be largely from such men *within* her communion, but doubtless the only way *now* is separation from it. There is greater light in Rome, but there are many inflamed eyes there that cannot bear it. There is a spirit of deep hate in some quarters, which, as one of the missionaries remarked, "would, if it dared, burn us on the piazzas to-morrow." A devout Catholic visitor told us that he found a great many more churches in Rome than there was any occasion for. They are generally open for an hour or so in the morning, but only some twenty persons in many instances attend mass. It evidently requires a considerable share of Peter's-pence to keep up worship in some of these churches. A crisis is apparently approaching at Rome. The fearful disclosures about Cardinal Antonelli, who, notwithstanding the usual vows of poverty, died possessed of an immense estate—and although a celibate, a *daughter* appears on the scene with most plausible claims for recognition—naturally awaken much thought. The infallible old man in St. Peter's chair must soon have a successor, and grave apprehensions are felt by some of the faithful as to the approaching election. Will the next pope continue to be "the prisoner of the Vatican?" Will he be as harmless and amiable as Pius IX., whose magnificent tomb under the altar of St. Maria Maggiore is all prepared for its occupant, and for whom an apotheosis is even now waiting? Will the pretensions of the Church continue to increase as her temporal possessions diminish? These and other like questions must determine her future.

The most imposing church interior that I saw at Rome is that of "St. Paul's without the walls," located outside of the city, on the traditional burial-place of the apostle. Two mammoth statues, one of Paul and the other of Peter, stand in front of

the altar, while the columns of the latter are of the finest Oriental alabaster, and the pedestals inlaid with malachite and lapis lazuli. Beneath the altar is the *confession*, as the place is called, to which the remains of the apostles were *confided*. Eighty massive granite columns divide the two aisles on each side. The church is four hundred and twenty-three feet long and one hundred and fifty-three feet wide. Its grand simplicity is its charm. It is a fit monument to the memory of St. Paul. Another church, two miles distant, claims to be on the spot where he suffered martyrdom, while we passed a very small one on our way out that professedly marks the spot where Paul and Peter bade farewell to each other as they separated to die for Christ. St. John Lateran and St. Maria Maggiore are *basilicas* like St. Paul's, and of finer exterior. Their excess of ornamentation, however, renders their interiors less pleasing.

St. Peter's is, of course, the largest church in Rome, or for that matter, perhaps, in the world, as it is estimated that fully fifty thousand people can be gathered within its walls—that is, standing, of course, for it has no seats. To appreciate its size one needs to walk around it, as we had occasion to do, several times. The height of its cupola only appears after one attempts to climb it. So admirably proportioned is the whole building that its immensity is best seen by taking different parts by themselves. The interior is fitted up at immense cost. Angelo's, Canova's, and Thorwaldsen's marbles help to decorate it, while some of Raphael's and Guido Reni's masterpieces are accurately copied in mosaic. Confessionals for people of all tongues abound, so that no pilgrim may come to Rome without having some priest, most probably educated for that purpose in the College of the Propaganda, ready to hear his confession in his native language.

The whole building is on so grand and costly a scale that it required fifty million dollars for its completion, and over thirty thousand dollars annually is needed to keep it in repair. While the purest form of worship may not be celebrated there, yet I think that every Christian has a deep interest in the building, as undoubtedly marking the site of Nero's Circus, where so many early disciples were martyred. In fact, part of the old walls that witnessed the death of many of the noble army of martyrs may still be seen. The dome of the church is said to cover the spot of St. Peter's burial, a much more doubtful fact, for within ear-shot of the Vatican was lately held a debate in which the priests were defied to prove that Peter was ever in Rome, and they seemed utterly taken back at their own lack of evidence.

Two places of interest were the Catacombs, where the early Christians were buried, and the excavated *basilica* of St. Clement, which gives us some idea of their places of worship, at least as early as the sixth century. We walked through long subterranean avenues, where on each side of us were placed innumerable bodies literally moldered to dust. In many instances the shape of the bones was still perfect, but they needed only the slightest exposure to the air to crumble them into dust. They were placed in layers one above the other in niches cut in the tufa, or soft stone. The marble slabs in many instances remained in their original places. Those bearing inscriptions have generally been removed to some of the museums. The anchor and the fish are the devices which occur most frequently as symbols of faith. There are many catacombs about Rome, but those which we visited in connection with the Church of St. Agnese have been less disturbed than the others. This church was long buried out of sight, but has been excavated, and is now used as a place of worship.

The *basilica* of St. Clement is quite near the Coliseum. A church was built above it some six hundred years ago, and all knowledge of the original one was lost. Excavations show it complete in every part, save the furniture, which had been removed to the one above. The frescoes show how fast the germs of the papacy had developed at the time of its erection. Yet below it, however, were found the walls of a house believed to be that of Clement, one of the early Christians of Rome, a house perhaps not unknown to Paul.

The Mamertine prison is also beneath a church quite near the Capitoline Hill. Here Jugurtha was confined, and in its damp lower dungeon tradition finds the prison of St. Paul. If so, there is special force in his last Epistle, in which he urges Timothy to bring with him the cloak which he left at Troas, and to use diligence to come to him before winter. The dungeon is without any window, only an opening in the floor of the room above, through which food was let down to the prisoners. It is entirely possible that from this prison he was finally led out to his death.

Excavations are more and more disclosing alike the Rome of the empire and of the republic. The simplicity of the latter is as apparent on the Palatine Hill as the growing luxury of the former. Many of the palaces of the Cesars may now be visited, and the busy spades of Victor Emmanuel's workmen were revealing yet more of the treasures of this most historic of Rome's seven hills. It is thought that the very first wall of the city, when all there was of it was on the top of this hill, has finally been brought to light. The Forum is wonderfully perfect. In fact, from the Capitoline Hill to the Coliseum the traveler is almost led to look for some old Roman in his toga, so complete are the remains of his ancient monuments. There are the

temples of Saturn, Vespasian, Castor and Pollux, the arches of Titus and Constantine, and the *basilica* of Constantine, with the golden house of Nero, not to mention many other remains of the same sort. Let him continue his walk, and he passes the immense baths of Caracalla, next to the Coliseum the most important remains of ancient Rome, and finally he comes out on the Appian Way, in full sight of its numerous tombs and monuments, with Nero's Aqueduct in the distance. Or, let him continue his walk in the other direction from the Tarpeian Rock, now almost hidden from sight by the buildings on the Capitoline, which bear the well-known letters S. P. Q. R., and he passes by the Forum of Trajan and the Pantheon, and stands upon the banks of the muddy but most historic Tiber. In fact, old Rome, even where buried so largely beneath the modern city, continually crops out in some ancient monument or column.

Of its art-treasures none were more impressive than Michael Angelo's statue of Moses, and his immortal frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. His conceptions of the great lawgiver and of the prophets are of the highest character. If physical forms can express differences in style, then in the faces of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, we have their peculiarities of thought. His greatest work, doubtless, is his "Last Judgment," the fresco at the end of the chapel. Though growing indistinct with age, it still remains the grandest contribution of art toward giving expression to the great realities of the last day. Although the artist gave to it some seven of the last years of his life, he did not rise above a vindictive feeling, which led him to paint in it one of his critics with ass's ears and among the lost.

It was a very common thing, also, for Raphael to paint the face of a contemporary, even in historic scenes belonging to a remote age. "The Transfigura-

tion" itself is thus disfigured by the forms of later saints. This greatest of oil-paintings is placed in a room by itself, flanked only by one of Raphael's Madonnas and Domenichino's masterpiece, "the Communion of St. Jerome." Artists were gathered before them making copies for sale. Some of Raphael's bolder conceptions are seen in the frescoes of three rooms in the Vatican, which were begun by him in his twenty-fifth year. He showed himself master of whatever style he attempted.

Many of the masterpieces, whether of painting or statuary, have a place in the wonderfully rich museums of Rome. None, however, can compare with the treasures of the Vatican. They were formerly the property of different churches, but Napoleon having taken away so many to crown his triumphs, when they were restored after the battle of Waterloo they were collected here for their greater safety. We wandered for hours amid their bewildering riches, but came away remembering mostly only a few of the greatest works, whether of the brush or chisel. In the Vatican library we expected a treat in looking over it, but none of its rare volumes were to be seen. We walked through splendid corridors containing vases and bronzes and beautiful mosaics. This was *called* the library, but the books were under lock and key, without even glass doors through which one might read their titles. Is the same difficulty experienced in consulting any of its contents that has been experienced in seeing its greatest treasure, a fourth-century manuscript of the Bible? Perhaps if the priests of the Vatican had consulted these shelves more carefully they might have been less eager for the debate to prove Peter's visit to Rome.

Just before leaving Rome we visited a Capuchin monastery quite near our hotel. The interest of the place centered in its remarkable cemetery. The

monks had for centuries been buried in the cellar, or crypt, and some Capuchin with a burning love of art, and unable to use chisel or brush, had exhumed their bones with which to fresco the ceiling and ornament the walls. They were hung in festoons, made into flower-baskets, arranged in columns, while here and there a grinning skeleton was clad in his old cowl and gown. It was the most wonderful art gallery that we visited in all Europe. It is shown with a real pride by an English-speaking monk, and nets no small sum for the monastery. But it is impossible to conceive of any thing more revolting. In what morbid forms may even the love of art display itself!

LETTER XLI.

FLORENCE, VENICE, AND ACROSS THE ALPS.

"IS this Mr. Hart's studio? Please hand him our cards." "*La morte.*" *Dead.* We were in Florence, and were visiting the studio of Mr. J. T. Hart, formerly of Palmyra, Mo. He had distinguished himself as a sculptor, and all Americans, especially Missourians, were ever welcome in his studio. Our meager knowledge of Italian was ample to interpret the language announcing his death. He had died some four months previous to our visit. Less famous than Hiram Powers, he was nevertheless widely known, and the works of his chisel which we saw showed that his reputation was well deserved.

We also visited Powers's studio, where his two sons handle the chisel, although less deftly than their distinguished father did. Copies of all his great works are on exhibition. Most famous is the "Greek Slave," but "America" and the two "Eyes," one before and the other after the fall, have hardly fewer admirers. Here and in other studios we were introduced to some of the secrets of the sculptor's art. A great artist handles the chisel but little, especially after his reputation is made. His skill is mostly seen in modeling in clay. Workmen then copy the original in marble, a system of measurements being observed that makes the work a mere mechanical one. Sometimes a few finishing touches