The church after San Marco in order of importance is that in which the Doges are buried. It has been called the Westminster Abbey of Venice.

On Sunday we entered a Roman Catholic mission church, which bore the sign over the door "Welcome." As we passed in we were notified that indulgences could be obtained on reasonable terms. The building was crowded, and the demeanor of the worshipers devout. As we passed out an acrobat came from an alley, gave a few specimens of his power, and called the people to witness further exhibitions in an adjacent building. Punch and Judy was being performed not far from the spot. In a wine shop a fierce fight was in progress. Three men were ejecting two who were fighting, and these fought all about the square for some minutes, and though it looked as though one was intent to kill the other, no serious damage was done, and no police appeared to quell the disturbance.

The ride on the Grand Canal exhibits a succession of palaces and other public buildings, mosaic manufactures, academies, magazines of antiquities, courts, municipal offices, warehouses, churches, monasteries, and edifices made celebrated by eminent persons who were born or died there. The house in which Catharine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, was born, is now a pawn office. One of the prominent buildings on the canal is the Palace Vendramin Calergi. It was in this house that Richard Wagner died ten years ago.

We ascended the Campanile, three hundred and twenty-two feet in height, covered with marble, and surmounted by an angel sixteen feet high. The ascent is more easy than that of any other tower, being by winding inclined planes of thirty-eight bends. The spectacle, including all the islands, canals, lagoons, part of the Adriatic, the distant Alps, and the Istrian Mountains that rise above the Adriatic, is wonderful. The thousandth anniversary of the foundation of this tower had just been celebrated.

Descending, we took the gondola for the railway station, and bade adieu to the widowed "Queen of the Adriatic."

CHAPTER XX.

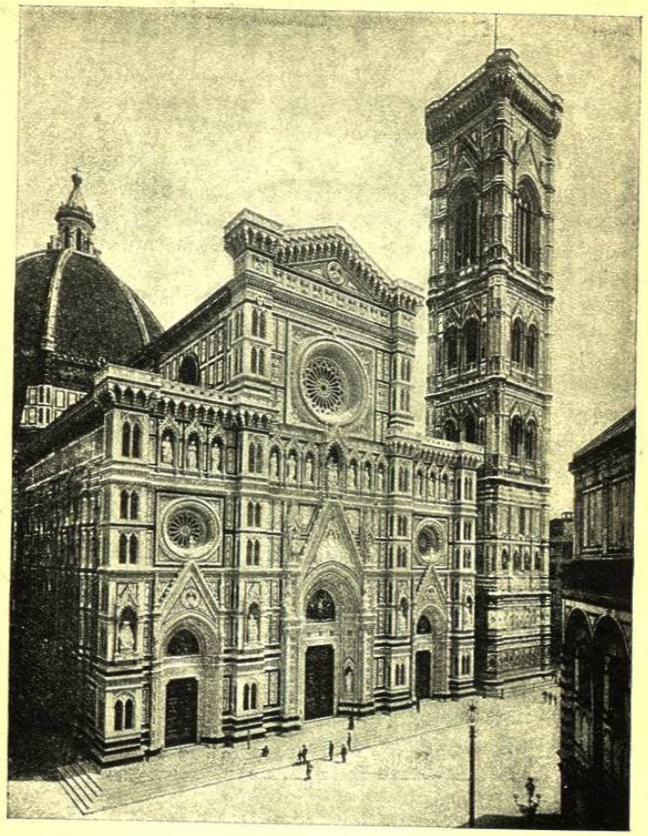
Florence—Shrine of Art, Science, Literature.

Famous Artists and Scientists—Situation of Florence—Cathedral—Church of Santa Croce—Monastery of St. Mark—Fiesole—Ruins and Views—Galileo's Tower—The "Golden Book."

FLORENCE is the birthplace of Dante, by whom, with his expounder, Boccaccio, the Italian language was formed, enriched, and systematized:—Dante, declared by Mr. Gladstone to be the greatest moral educator of the modern world. Florence was the center of the Renaissance; here Lorenzo il Magnifico was equally famous as statesman, poet, and patron of art and science; here was begotten that worship of the antique, which placed on the pedestal from which indifferent and depraved taste had cast it down, the genius of ancient Greece and Rome in poetry, eloquence, painting, sculpture, and architecture. Among its glories are that here Giotto in painting, and Donatello in sculpture, prepared the way for Raphael and Michael Angelo; made more illustrious by the period when Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael were contemporaneous in Florence, and their pupils and imitators, of the most distinguished abilities, from all parts of the world, filled the city. And if these masters had not lived, there were other sculptors, painters, and architects who would have elevated Florence above the other cities of Italy.

Turning from arts to science, the traveler may visit the Tribuna, commemorative of Galileo, and behold the frescoes which represent him as studying the pendent lamp, whose swaying suggested to him the philosophy of the pendulum, expounding the telescope before the Doge and Council of Ten at Venice, and demonstrating to his pupils the movements of the stars. He may then enter one of the galleries and view the statues of the great men who were born in Florence, or studied and flourished there, and he will acknowledge that this has been preeminently the center and source of intellectual life and light.

Never had clustered gems so fine a setting—in the heart of Tuscany, between the Apennines and the Mediterranean, in a valley watered by the Arno, surrounded by gentle



Duomo of Florence.

slopes, noble hills, and at no great distance more imposing heights, which protect it from extremes of heat and cold. Had its glory been foreseen the site could not have been more

artistically chosen. Its palaces, piazzas, squares, monuments, parks, and private residences, with their lavish but not gaudy decoration, everywhere "betray the work of generation after generation of ingenious men." That strange people, the Etruscans, who came from an unknown quarter, and exerted so strong an influence upon the civilization of Europe, settled here, whence the name of the whole region—Tuscany. They spread the knowledge of writing and the mechanical arts, and one of the most interesting collections in Florence is the Etruscan Museum.

The Florentines intended that the cathedral should surpass all preceding structures. It was designed by Arnolfo del Cambia. When he died work ceased until Giotto was requested to complete it; he did not live to do so, and it was intrusted to Brunelleschi. One hundred and twenty-two years after it was begun, a public competition of models for the dome was announced, the result of which was the construction of a dome exceeding all others in diameter, and which was selected by Michael Angelo as the model for that of St. Peter's in Rome. Its style is Gothic, modified by the Italian school. One's impression on entering is that the building is nearly empty, but its size transforms surprise into a sense of grandeur. The noble pavement and the exquisite stained glass windows render the effect still more satisfactory. The building is a vast gallery of painting and sculpture. Here are the monument of Brunelleschi and his portrait in marble, the bust of Giotto, monuments and portraits of St. Matthew, St. James, St. Philip, and St. James the Great, statues of St. John, St. Peter, and St. Luke. A scientific curiosity is a round marble slab, put in position in the year 1450 by a mathematician of Florence, for observations of the sun through an orifice in the dome.

We climbed the bell tower, with its decorations of colored marble, magnificent windows, statues, frescoes, and series of bas-reliefs, representing the development of mankind from the creation to the culmination of Christian civilization: the creation of Eve; Adam and Eve at work in the garden; dwellers in tents; and, finally, astronomers, riders, weavers, navigators, agriculturists, are portrayed. Arts are represented by

figures of Phidias, Apelles, Orpheus, Plato, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Euclid, Donatus, and an unknown musician. The view from the summit made us forget the climb of four hundred and fourteen steps.

Interesting as is the cathedral, the Church of Santa Croce surpasses it. It has been called the Pantheon of modern Italy.

> "In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
> Ashes which make it holier; dust which is
> Even in itself an immortality,
> Though there was nothing save the past and this,
> The particle of those sublimities
> Which have relapsed to chaos: here repose
> Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
> The starry Galileo, with his woes;
> Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

Tombs of statesmen, scholars, poets, architects, and composers, and the innumerable multitude of masterpieces of different artists, make the church a place for delightful and protracted visits. In the refectory is a beautiful painting of the Last Supper, and another of the Crucifixion. The Tribunal of the Inquisition held its sittings in this room. A crucifix by Donatello, executed in competition with Brunelleschi, is striking in its history and in itself. In front of the building is the monument of Dante, nineteen feet high, standing on a pedestal twenty-three feet, which was unveiled on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth, May 14, 1865.

At the Monastery of St. Mark, no longer used as such, but fitted up as a museum, we entered the cells occupied by Savonarola. His portrait by Fra Bartolommeo, also an inmate of the monastery, his bronze bust, his crucifix and autographs, and a copy of an old picture representing his execution, were shown. Afterward we went to the spot where he was burned, now covered by a fountain, erected at the north corner of the Palazzo Vecchio, sixty-six years after the tragedy, in the great hall of which there is a reminder of the temporary influence which Savonarola exerted. This hall, constructed three years before his death for the council which had been increased in numbers by his partisans, is large enough to have

accommodated the sessions of the Italian Parliament twenty-five years ago.

After several days spent in the galleries and palaces of Florence I found my eyes "dim with excess of light," and my mind in a confused state—basins of porphyry, portraits of Samson, banners of Italian cities, mosaics, and ceilings painted in imitation of mosaics, Judith and Holofernes, Madonnas and saints without number, the Magi, Venus, Bacchus, St. Paul, Cæsar, tombs, cherubs, Laocoöns, satyrs with gaps in their teeth, cupids on a dolphin, Amazons fighting, small gray birds with red crests, heads of the Medusa, death of Virgin Mary, angels with mandolin, massacre of innocents, Luther's wife, kings on horseback, gamblers struck by lightning, columns of oriental alabaster, vases of rock crystal, portraits of popes and cardinals and of Pluto, men with apes upon their shoulders, boar hunts, ancient bronze helmets, spurs, lamps, old manuscripts, vaulted aisles and statues of the archangel Michael, all thrown together, with the names of Van Dyck, Rubens, Correggio, Raphael, Da Vinci, and Titian indiscriminately applied. I was positively intoxicated with art. But after a few days my vision clarified, and there came out a score of paintings and statues as distinctly impressed upon the mind's eye as vivid perception of the physical organs. All the rest is lost in the milky way of finite memory.

An excursion to the town of Fiesole, "old when Rome was in its infancy," was delightful. On the way we saw magnificent villas, one of which was the residence of the Earl of Crawford. This is made by Boccaccio the residence of the narrators in his *Decameron*, a book which has an interest for students of English (polluted, however, by all the vices of its age and people), for it was the model of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. We passed a favorite villa of Lorenzo il Magnifico, ascended the hill by an excellent road, and found many Etruscan ruins; also the wall, the entrance of a theater, of which sixteen tiers of stone seats in a semicircle thirty-seven yards in diameter remain. We divided our company of three into speaker and audience and tried the acoustic and spectacular properties, which were so fine that ten thousand persons must have been able to see and hear. The old monastery and the

cathedral are worth the climb, but the glory of the place is its ruins and the lovely prospect.

We caught a glimpse in the distance of Galileo's Tower. Here he entertained Milton when on a visit to Florence after he became blind, and when many of his former friends neglected him.

Florence has some strange and other amusing peculiarities. We were shown two of Galileo's *fingers*—one with a ring on it pointing upward, under a glass case; the other, which was stolen from his tomb, is preserved in a bottle in one of the libraries. In one of the churches is a chapel begun in 1604, when Ferdinand the First was on the throne. It is brilliantly frescoed, and has intricate mosaics. Some think it the finest edifice in Florence. It was designed to hold the Holy Sepulcher which Ferdinand intended to steal, but his agents were caught when detaching it from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, where it now is.

Here may be seen a painting, by St. Luke, of the Virgin and Child. Luke, the physician, must have been an industrious amateur painter. I saw one of his paintings in Moscow said to have miraculous powers. Over the bronze statue at the entrance of the Church of Santa Croce are the letters I H S (*Iesus Hominum Salvator*—Jesus Saviour of Men). These initials were originally placed in front of the church by St. Bernardino. He had expostulated with one of his flock for manufacturing playing cards. The man told him he did not know how to make a living in any other way. The saint "told him to put these letters on his blank cards and sell them." It was successful, and the man soon grew rich. Now they are to be seen in every Roman Catholic church in the world.

The way in which the funds were raised to construct the beautiful road over which we traveled to Fiesole is entertaining. The inhabitants of Fiesole possess what is called the "Golden Book." Those whose names are enrolled in it become nobles, and the money was raised by issuing patents of nobility. Three hundred dollars would buy a title, coat of arms, and seal. "Several Englishmen have invested, and numerous Americans." Mr. Spurgeon satirizes the efforts of families without any genealogy to find one, by saying that he has looked up his ancestry and found that "he is descended from a gardener who robbed his master and lost his situation, and the less said about it the better."

Florence affords such unsurpassed facilities to students of art that there are colonies from all civilized nations. Its hotels, pensions, and cafés are numerous and fine. Many of the Tuscans rent their villas to men of wealth from foreign nations. One of these residents informed me that a man knows absolutely nothing about Florence unless he has lived there *five* years. Subsequently I learned that he had been there five years and one week.

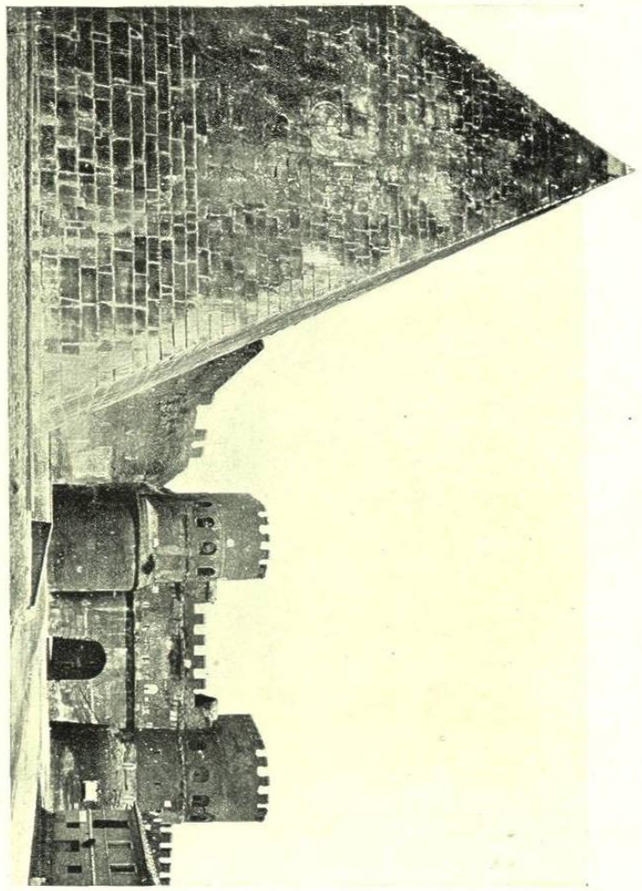
CHAPTER XXI.

Rome—The Encyclopedic City.

Glance at Rome's History—Seven Hills—Tiber—Pantheon—Column of Marcus Aurelius—Grand Circus—Forum—Arch of Constantine—Appian Way—Mamertine Prison—Catacombs—Augustinian Monastery—Capucine Cemetery—St. Peter's—Palace of the Vatican—Sistine Chapel—St. Paul Without the Walls—New Rome.

IT is impossible to anticipate at what time or place will be felt the mystic thrill, the soul of the traveler's emotion. Sometimes it is when he catches a glimpse of land after a long voyage; again when the towers or spires of a famous city rise upon the horizon; or it may be when the feet for the first time tread historic or consecrated ground; or when the hand clasps that of the friend who has beckoned us across the sea. My thrill was not on first seeing Rome, which was at midnight, but when more than three hundred miles north of it, *en route* to another city, in a railway station I saw one of the ordinary placards hung upon coaches, "Train for Rome." Then the thought flashed, "You are within a few hours' ride of 'The Mistress of the World,' 'The Imperial City,' 'The Eternal City,' 'The Capital of Ancient Civilization.' 'The Capital of the World,' 'The City of Cities,' 'The City of the Soul.'"

Weeks afterward, on arriving, I rode in a rumbling coach from the station to the hotel with no more sense of the extraordinary than would have been felt in any one of a thousand stone-paved cities. When I went forth the next morning the history of the old Roman world rose before me, and for days I was in a kind of mnemonic trance, which made the long gone past seem present; for the historic memory may be as vivid as that of experience. I saw the legendary kings appear, becoming more distinctly outlined as myth gave place to history, and Tarquin the Elder, and the noble Servius Tullius stamped their individuality upon the city. Then I witnessed the ignominious expulsion of Tarquin the Superb, whose



Gate of St. Paul.

tyranny became insupportable. I was present at the birth of the republic, saw it give way to a dictatorship, to the tribunes and the decemvirs, and finally resume its sway under consuls, who made it the most wonderful power the world ever knew. I stood by when Julius Cæsar was assassinated, heard him gasp, "*Et tu, Brute*," and listened to Mark Antony's funeral oration. I saw Augustus the Magnificent, Tiberius the Saturnine, Caligula the Vindictive; witnessed the burning of Rome, and heard Nero's fiddle. I saw Titus the Obstinate, Domitian the Persecutor, Trajan the Grand, Hadrian the Ostentatious, Marcus Aurelius the Magnanimous, Constantine the Great, Julian the Apostate, Theodosius the Christian. Finally I looked on while the Western Empire crashed into fragments. As these events passed in panoramic vision, each ruin took its place as naturally as milestones on a turnpike, and aroused the emotions of a lifetime, which could be caused to vibrate by the countless chords which Rome has touched through literature, law, and religion.

The Seven Hills were easily identified, although in one or two instances accumulated débris had almost obliterated the intervening valley; and schoolboy translations that were perplexing were clarified as the Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Cælian, Esquiline, Viminal, and Quirinal hills asserted themselves. The location of the Tarpeian Rock, over which the condemned were thrown by the ancient Romans, cannot be established. "Father Tiber" was as muddy as in ancient days, but much smaller, for then seagoing vessels came to Rome; but with the destruction of the forests its water supplies were cut off, and now it is navigable but a short distance from the sea. The tomb of the Scipios recalled the ever-romantic story of that greatest of Roman families, their exploits, and the magnificence of their triumphs. I looked upon it, and heard the slave whisper in the ear of the mightiest, on the day of his triumph: "Scipio, thou art but a man."

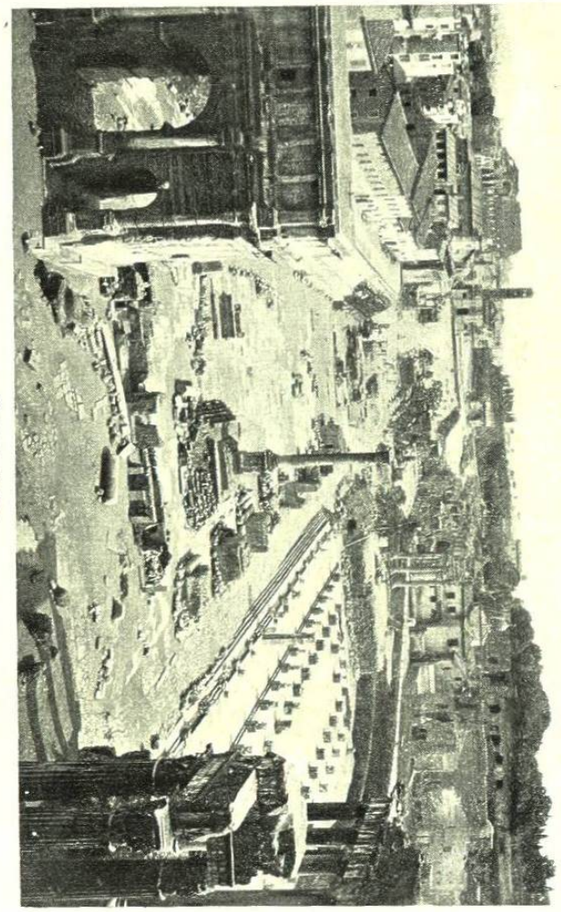
Before the Pantheon I paused on three occasions, mourning the statues and decorations long since destroyed. But its magnificent columns of granite, the niches in which stood the statues of Augustus and his son-in-law, the hall lighted from above, speak of the grandeur of ancient Roman conception as

no description can. The tombs of Raphael and Victor Emmanuel relax, rather than deepen the solemnity.

The noble column of Marcus Aurelius recalled a reign among the most ideal in profane history. As I gazed upon it, indignation arose against the pope who crowned it with a statue of St. Paul, who needs no stolen honors. The Triumphal Arch of Titus, with its bas-reliefs describing battle scenes, not omitting the more humane features, brought up the horrors of the siege of Jerusalem, whose overthrow it celebrates, and the strange prophetic words of Jesus Christ concerning it. Trajan's Column, built wholly of marble—not of bronze, as a recent writer erroneously states—is very beautiful; its most pleasing feature being a spiral band, three feet wide and six hundred and sixty feet long, running round the column, containing bas-reliefs of war scenes from the life of Trajan, exhibiting machines, animals, and twenty-five hundred human figures. A statue of St. Peter now surmounts it, another instance of barbarous taste.

A stroll through the Grand Circus, at one time capable of containing a quarter of a million of spectators, suggested the vastness of the population, and the splendor of its entertainments. It was found too small, and its capacity was increased to three hundred and eighty-five thousand. The Colosseum expanded before me, as, plan in hand, with the aid of the remaining walls, I tried to reconstruct the edifice. A third of a mile in circumference, and four stories high, it would seat eighty-seven thousand. But that prodigious structure was reared to furnish the people of Rome with entertainments of the same nature as the Spanish bullfights. Thus original barbaric instincts thrust themselves through the granite and gold of ancient civilization.

To me, the Forum with its surroundings seemed the grandest object in the ancient ruins of Rome. There the great political and oratorical contests took place, and the name of a Roman citizen received its noblest illustration. In the popular assemblies public sentiment was molded, expressed, crystallized. There, too, the funerals of the nobility were celebrated, and in later days it was filled with columns, triumphal arches, statues, and covered with inscriptions recording its



Roman Forum.

history. To it Cæsar transferred the orators' tribune which he erected, with a platform sixty-five feet long and sixteen feet wide, giving the speaker abundance of room to command the audience by walking from point to point during his address. From it Mark Antony delivered the immortal funeral oration. Standing here I could trace the sites where most of the greatest events in the history of the city of Rome took place, many of them identified beyond question, and others known to be within the circle of vision.

The Triumphal Arch of Constantine, independent of its excellent preservation as a ruin, is superior to all other structures of the kind, for it is to the Christian peculiarly suggestive, because erected when he declared himself in favor of Christianity, just after his victory over Maxentius; and both for this reason and because it is comparatively recent, naturally introduces us to the ecclesiastical structures, institutions, legends, and hierarchy which, for so many centuries, have given *Christian* Rome an influence more far-reaching than that which it had in the olden times.

I went to the Appian Way, because along it St. Paul journeyed on his way to Rome. It is now dusty, rough, and crowded; but he who "was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," and "was ready to preach the Gospel to them that were at Rome also," made it more famous than he who built it or the pagan hosts which marched over it.

In the Mamertine Prison, a structure which takes us back to the infancy of Rome, St. Peter is, on doubtful authority, declared to have been imprisoned. I descended into the dungeon and saw the spring which Roman Catholic tradition says miraculously burst forth to afford him water to baptize his jailers. He must have been physically "*petros*, a stone;" for they show where, in falling, his features were imprinted upon the rock.

From the dazzling sunlight, I entered abruptly into the catacombs, and wandered among them until wearied with the grotesque imitations of pagan models. While a few of the inscriptions are devout, coarse pictures of the resurrection of Lazarus, and of Jonah swallowed by the fish, and other Old Testament narratives, exhibit a childish tendency, and justify

the critics in affirming that they show and participate in "the precipitate and almost total degradation of art." It is not the place, however, to see the best, as they have been removed to different churches and museums. Thousands of bones, supposed to have miraculous healing properties, have been peddled over Europe. As all sorts of people were buried in the catacombs, it has been truthfully said that it is probable that the bones of the greatest sinners have been exhumed and revered as saints. Twenty-eight wagon loads of bones of saints taken from the catacombs are deposited under the altar in the Pantheon.

As with the single turn of the key, the Augustinian Monastery, in which Luther resided on his critical visit to Rome, opened a picture gallery in the memory in which are preserved the battle scenes of his mighty struggles for religious freedom. Indeed, with every step one takes in Rome he treads upon invisible wires that reach through the ages and around the world.

The Capucine Cemetery is one of the worst specimens of morbid taste. The vaults are filled with human bones made into ornaments of different kinds. There skeletons lie under canopies of bones upon bone couches. It was suggestive of the recent momentous changes when, in answer to a question whether the monks are still buried there, the custodian (himself a monk) said, "It is forbidden by law." The College of the Propaganda, swarming with students from all countries, whom we saw come forth at the close of their recitations, a polyglot band, from whose talk we caught snatches of every language, as they walked along the streets, demonstrates that those Protestants who think of Romanism as weakening are dreamers.

St. Peter's is vast and commanding, but contains a melange of different types of beauty which mar each other; the dome is perfect; the contents so multifarious as to bewilder. The high altar over the tomb of St. Peter, the confessional boxes for the different languages, the sitting statue of St. Peter with one of the feet much worn by the kisses of devotees, attract attention; but St. John Lateran, where the popes are crowned, is historically more interesting. St. Luke again appears as an artist, and the picture attributed to him, of

Murillo's Sacred Family.

the Virgin and Child, was carried by Gregory the Great in procession to check the plague in 590. The Church claims to have the cedar table on which the Last Supper was eaten.

Raphael's Sacred Family.

The vast palace of the Vatican, in which millions upon millions believe that the vicegerent of God resides, our party entered, not unmindful of the grandeur and comprehensiveness of the assumption, the devotion of those who accept it, and