FOOTPRINTS:

OLD AND NEW;

OR,

A Nun's Mission.

BY

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Dedicated

(BY PERMISSION)

TO HER GRACE THE MOST NOBLE

DUCHESS DOWAGER OF NORFOLK;

AS A HUMBLE EXPRESSION OF

THE DEEPEST FEELINGS OF RESPECT

AND GRATITUDE.

PREFACE.

A SIMPLE record, prepared for indulgent friends and a beloved noviciate, cannot promise to the learned or the travelled reader much that is new. It only aims at imparting information to those who are not literary students, and can never hope to visit scenes which possess for them the deepest interest.

The brief notes respecting the Australian colonies were suggested by our many experiences that the ideas formed of them by Europeans generally are rather confused, and the incidents of the voyage across the globe have been dwelt upon because our English friends regarded our intention to return home with awe and pity.

Our ocean voyages certainly did not justify the remark of Dr. Johnson, that "to journey by sea is to dwell in a prison, with the chance of being drowned."

Perhaps, also, this little work may tend to give a more distinct reality to ideas floating in most minds respecting the wonderful old city that was for eight hundred years the capital

of the ancient civilised world, and has been for more than twice as many the central city of Christendom.

The accident related in chapter viii. really occurred as stated, though it may remind the reader of a passage in a popular writer.

With every desire and effort to be accurate, success may not have been always attained; but if a quotation may be excused, a well-known couplet suits the case exactly—

> "Be to my faults a little blind,
> Be to my virtues very kind."

L. Y. B.

VICTORIA, 1880.

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FOOTPRINTS: OLD AND NEW.

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CHAPTER I.

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NOTHING did we meet with in Europe which surprised us more completely than the deficiency of information that prevailed everywhere respecting the countries we had left in the Southern Hemisphere, which yet form a fifth of the habitable globe.

In this record of our mission, we shall, therefore, present our readers with a few brief particulars respecting the seven colonies of Australasia, giving the precedence to that in whose behalf it was undertaken.

New Zealand is separated from the continent of Australia by about 1500 miles of the vast Southern Ocean, and bears no resemblance to it either in scenery, flora, fauna, or the characteristics of its natives. Its area nearly equals that of Great Britain and Ireland, being 64,000,000 acres. It resembles Ireland in being free from all venomous reptiles, and its most dangerous animal bears the human form. In 1870 its white population was 463,479, and the natives about 42,000. A strait, thirteen miles wide at its narrowest part, divides the two largest islands. The scenery is very beautiful and varied, the land fertile and well watered, the climate salubrious. In the North Island are medicinal springs, which are much resorted to by invalids, and highly appreciated by the sister colonies. The gold fields of New Zealand have proved very rich, and there are

many valuable minor deposits that offer scope for future enterprise. A considerable portion of the colony indeed is liable to earthquakes, which in some places have been very frequent. Recently, the town and district of Oamaru suffered serious loss from a succession of shocks, which, however, were very slight.

The city of Auckland, situated in the extreme north, where the first settlers congregated, was for many years the capital of New Zealand, but as the white population extended to the South Island, the position of the metropolis was found inconvenient, and the central city of Wellington became in 1865 the seat of government. Since that date the young metropolis has rapidly increased in size, prosperity, and population. Its suburbs are pushing out into the "bush" on all sides, and its fine port and bay now receive crowds of shipping from every part of the globe.

It has but one disadvantage—the liability to earthquakes; but these, however frequent, are seldom severe. The sharpest shock remembered occurred many years ago; it dashed down every chimney in the city except that of the baker who supplied the convent with bread. Of course the populace ascribed its preservation to that circumstance. Since that date, although the earthquakes still are frequent, they have no more alarming or injurious result than to cause the non-Catholic children attending the convent schools to make the sign of the cross. But this liability necessitates the exclusive use of wood for building purposes; and it is so neatly covered with stucco, that strangers believe the city to be formed of the usual materials. No mere observer would suspect that the fine Catholic Cathedral, the numerous churches, the Parliament House, the handsome public buildings and private houses, are built entirely of wood. It follows that when a fire breaks out, its progress is not easily arrested. In 1879 the Opera House (said to be the finest in Australasia) was burnt to the ground, along with a church, a hotel, and many other buildings. The fire commenced quite near to the suburban school of the nuns at "Te Ara" (which is now connected with the city proper) after sunset; and when the news reached the Convent of St. Mary, they could only crowd to their chapel, and pray that the danger might be averted. A strong wind fortunately carried the conflagration in the opposite direction, with the results above recorded, and the supplications of the sisters were changed to thanksgivings. The inhabitants appear as indifferent to the danger from central fires as the dwellers on Etna and Vesuvius, who, after an eruption, hasten back to their homes and vineyards, and calmly resume the labours as if never interrupted.

There is no lack of private charity in Wellington, but only two institutions are provided by the State, which are "The Lunatic Asylum" and "The Jail." There is also an hospital, but those who enter its wards are expected to pay a small fee.

Previous to the discovery of the gold-fields in Australia, New Zealand was the favourite resort of emigrants, because it never was a penal settlement. These first settlers chiefly occupied themselves in pastoral and agricultural pursuits, until centres of population

were gradually formed, where commercial relations rapidly assumed importance, and gave rise to populous towns, innumerable hamlets, and many flourishing seaports.

Ireland and France did not fail, even at the first settlement of this remote country, to supply it with devoted pastors, whose extraordinary experiences would fill volumes.

One of these was the Rev. Father O'Reilly, who died but recently in Wellington in his ninth decade. He came to New Zealand at the age of twenty-five, and when he died, of the 3000 of all classes and creeds who followed his funeral, there were a few who had attended his first mass on the bare sea beach. He had been a great friend to the struggling Convent of St. Mary, Wellington, and was attended during his last illness by the nuns, who watched by turns, two and two, beside his bed, and closed his eyes. The pupils of their five schools followed his funeral procession. The young ladies of the Select School wore white veils and wreaths, and after the ceremony they surrounded his grave, and flung their white garlands on the coffin of their venerated pastor. Anecdotes of his devoted life are still related in Wellington, and will probably become traditional. One of the most recent pictures him to us as at day-dawn standing up to his waist in a swamp calmly reciting his beads. He had lost his way on returning from a sick-call, and finding that at each step taken in the darkness he sunk deeper, he had resolved to wait for the sunrise. A severe illness followed, and the old priest was not allowed again to obey a night-call to the sick.

There are many in Wellington who remember Father Moreau's escape from deadly peril at the time when travellers on the west coast were lost and never heard of again. He had set out in that direction one Saturday, in order to arrive in time at an out-lying mission to perform Sunday duties. The day was sultry, the way long and hilly, and unsheltered. Towards noon the priest was glad to perceive at some distance from his desolate track a clump of bushy trees, and resolved to allow himself a brief rest beneath them. As he reached his place of repose, he, conscious of low voices near him, paid little heed to the circumstance till they rose in angry dispute, when words of horrible meaning came through the intervening bushes.

"I won't do it! I have spilled human blood like water, but never harmed a priest, and I never will!"

The reverend Father instantly knew that he was in deadly peril, and that escape was impossible from villains who were evidently lying in wait for him. He arose, commended himself to God, and passed round the bushes. There he found four heavily-armed Europeans, whom he accosted with his customary calm smile; but after making inquiries respecting his route, they allowed him to pass unharmed on his way. It was Sullivan's notorious gang, three of whom afterwards died on the scaffold, confessing to many murders of hapless wayfarers. The one who spared the priest escaped the extreme penalty of the law.

The Convent of St. Mary, of the Order of Mercy, is situated on a

low hill, commanding a view of the city, the port, and a very beautiful bay. This fine site, consisting of several acres, was the donation of Lord Petre, who owns an extensive domain in the Wellington district, and who also added another gift some years later—four acres on the Hutt River, a few miles from the city,—which is also a valuable property, being easily accessible by river or by rail.

A small church has been erected near this by the scattered inhabitants, where a priest occasionally attends to the spiritual wants of the resident Catholics. As is usual in such cases, the mission is chiefly owing to the presence of one family, which in this case consists of about thirty, of different generations. The mother of them all is wont to say, that though "a very humble woman all the week, yet on a Sunday, when surrounded in church by her descendants, she feels 'as proud as Queen Victoria.'"

On the land bestowed by Lord Petre, a Convent of Mercy was founded by Dr. Viard, the first bishop of Wellington. An extract from a very amusing comic paper named *The Tatler*, which the nuns issued at one of their bazaars, gives a very interesting account (in its serious page) of Bishop Viard and his works, which we have permission to introduce in this chapter on New Zealand :—

Extract from "The Tatler."

"In the year 1850, when all Europe was preparing for the London Exhibition of 1851, Wellington was but the nucleus of a city to exist in the future; most of its streets, and probably all the public buildings that now adorn it, being not even designed. The heights overlooking the city commanded few points of interest; yet over their verdant uplands, on a fine September evening in 1851, a man, advanced in years, was strolling and regarding the spot immediately beneath him with the deepest interest.

"It was the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, which occurs in southern latitudes during the first freshness of spring-tide.

"The influences of the season surrounded the contemplative sage, deepened the verdure of the wide unenclosed pastures, and decorated the landscape with variously-tinted leafage. Flocks were browsing tranquilly, undisturbed by the slow and gentle footfall; new-born lambs were exhibiting the frolicsome joy of an existence which had awakened in the full possession of perfect limbs and senses; while innumerable birds darted from bough to bough with merry chirrup. But of these surroundings—the glories of sunset, and the cool breeze from the bay, that stirred his long silver hair—the solitary ponderer appeared unconscious, as if all his senses were turned inward. Was he one of the thousands who at that date were devoting their highest energies to perfect a new idea which was to astonish the world at the first Great Exhibition? No; that venerable old man was Bishop Viard. His thoughts were cast forward to the future; and as he considered the benefits to be conferred on the rising generation by the work of which he had that day laid the

first stone, his face became radiant with a joy far beyond that conferred by any earthly triumph. With his outward eyes he only saw a few excavations and temporary erections for spectations; but his mental vision beheld crowds who should rejoice in the blessings obtained by means of a Christian education, where 'they who instruct others unto justice shine like stars for all eternity.'

"It is now nearly thirty years since the first school for girls was founded in Wellington, and its well-worn steps prove how the good Bishop's work has prospered. Hundreds of children of all denominations have been educated at its several schools. Its works of charity grow more extensive every year; but the founder of this noble institution, the generous protector of many an orphan, and the model of every Christian virtue, long ago quitted the scene of his labours. He has left a name that will be revered in Wellington, and works that will last while the city exists. May we never forget his example of perfect charity, exercised without respect to race or creed, and also remember that the highest tribute we can pay to his virtues is to imitate them.

"A young lady, educated at the convent he founded, commemorated his death by writing the following lines:—

"ON THE DEATH OF RIGHT. REV. DR. VIARD, THE FIRST CATHOLIC BISHOP OF WELLINGTON, N.Z.

"O'er a silent, slumbering city
Flew two angels in the night:
Death, and tender-hearted Pity,
Unperceived by human sight.

"Meek-eyed Pity, gently wafted
On her rustling golden wings,
By his mighty hand was leading
The unconquered king of kings.

"Like the wind a ship impelling,
Swiftly, with unechoing feet,
Glided they o'er many a dwelling,
Traversed many a silent street.

"Passing thus, with speed infinite,
O'er the unconscious, sleeping town,
They paused not for a moment in it,
But on a hill alighted down.

"Then from Pity's clinging fingers
Death did gently draw his hand,
And with a look of tender sorrow
Thus his course of action planned:

"'I must take from this young city
A soul to-night in my embrace—
Only one.'—Then gentle Pity,
Weeping, veiled her pallid face.

"'Farther with me, sister dearest!
'Tis in vain for you to go,
If my solemn task thou fearest—
For no mercy can I show.

" 'Ere yon ocean, darkly heaving,
Shall salute the rising sun;
Ere the shades of night are leaving
Earth, my duty must be done.

" 'Yet, to thee a boon is given,
And a mighty task assigned:
Thou must choose, O lov'd of Heaven!
Which I take, which leave behind.

" 'Near us is the gilded summit
Of a church with painted dome,
And a little distance from it
Virtue's temporary home.

" 'To that house, in darkness hidden,
To that window's feeble light,
Thitherward my steps are bidden,
There my duty calls to-night.'

" 'At the casement take your station;
Gaze therein—what see you there?'
'In the last stage of prostration
A weak and aged man at prayer.'

" 'Look again!'—'A room half-furnished,
Small, uncarpeted, and bare,
With no gildings richly burnished,
And a holy man at prayer.

" 'Prie-dieu, crucifix, and altar,
Humble pallet see I there;
And with faith too firm to falter,
An old man engaged in prayer.

" 'White his locks are, long, and flowing,
But his spirit is more bright;
Death! O Death! thou art not going
To withdraw his soul to-night.

" 'Nothing bad or unbecoming
Stains his priestly sanctity;
In his eyes is goodness glowing,
In his heart dwells purity.

" 'Nought unkind or harshly spoken
From his lips hath ever dropped;
Give me some undoubted token
Ere their eloquence is stopped.'

" 'God Himself is my Employer,
Mortals live but in His breath;
Although Death is Life's destroyer,
Life commences but in Death.

" 'When I take a soul in kindness
To its own true home above,
It is only human blindness
That distrusteth heavenly love.

" 'Grieve not that I gently enter
With an undisturbing tread,
And my hand place on the centre
Of that venerable head.

"'Sweetly he received my warning,
Nor will shrink my touch beneath;
But at first faint blush of morning
On this earth he will not breathe.'

"Once again her fervent pleading
Tearful Pity interposed:
'There are thousands interceding
That his soul be not transposed.

"'Oh defer his dissolution
Till another year has past;
Well I know the grave's pollution
Must disfigure him at last.'

"With a gloomy intonation,
'I yield to thee!' Death sadly said,
'And from other habitation
Will I take a soul instead.

"'Satan unto guilt entices
A proud sinner whom I know,
Foolish, wicked, worst with vices,
To that sinner now I go.

"'He shall lie in unblest acre,
Going hence before his time;
And his soul shall meet its Maker
Weighted with a load of crime.

"'In his fallen, debased condition,
In his atheistic pride,
He'll go headlong to perdition!'
'Spare, oh spare him!' Pity cried.

"Then in words of meek submission
Thus replied the angel sad:
'Thou'rt the umpire. Thy decision
I'll abide by—good or bad.'

"'"Twixt the two I dare not waver,'
Sighed the angel at his feet;
'"Tis the sinner I must favour
Unprepared his God to meet.'

"To the old man's room she pointed,
Through the air so damp and dim:
'Go, conduct the Lord's anointed,
There's a throne awaiting him!'

"And sweet Pity, swiftly turning,
With her golden wings outspread,
Quitted earth, and ere the morning
Welcomed home the newly dead.

. . . . . .

"The convent bells, the solemn church bells,
In Wellington chime on the Sabbath-day;
But a mournful strain in their music swells,
For the soul of our bishop has passed away.

"M. A. M'K.,
AHAMA, NEW ZEALAND.

June 24, 1872."

The above date informs us that Bishop Viard did not long survive the completion of the convent.

In 1873 the mother-assistant became hopelessly consumptive, and the Rev. Father O'Reilly, who had charge of the see till the arrival of a new bishop, applied to Dr. Gould, bishop of Melbourne, for two experienced sisters from a convent of the same Order that had been long established in that city. The two first postulants who had joined the community were deemed the most eligible for the important duty, and they arrived in Wellington on the 1st of June 1873. On the Sunday after their arrival, an energetic priest named Father Cummings, when preaching in the cathedral, uttered such a fervid panegyric on the attainments of the newly-arrived nuns as covered the cheeks of those humble religious with painful confusion. But the address benefited parents, children, and schools; and in many other modes that fell in his way the active and zealous missionary did good service to the struggling community. A singular adventure happened to him some years before, which we have permission to record. Father Cummings habitually placed his business affairs under the patronage of St. Joseph, and always kept a small print of the saint in his cash-box. Dwellings at that period were very simple. The priest's house consisted of a single room, with but one door, which opened into a verandah. When required by his missionary duties to absent himself, he locked his door, and on returning always found everything undisturbed. One Saturday afternoon, as he was about to leave his dwelling in order to fulfil the Sunday duties at a distant mission, his attention was attracted to the cash-box, which stood in a corner of the room. It was safe enough, he thought, and would of course be found there on his return as usual. Yet one of those inexplicable impulses which we have all experienced made him turn again and again to regard the old tin box, and then he remembered that it had never before been so well stored. It contained the results of a small art-union, amounting to nearly £200, and savings entrusted to his care, which might be almost another £100. With a slight feeling of impatience at a delay which was inconvenient, he gave way to the inner promptings, unlocked the box, and took out the cash. Then he relocked the small chest, replaced it, secured his door, and carried the money to the bishop's house, where he bestowed it safely. This operation, however, caused a considerable addition to a long walk which had to be taken after a fatiguing day. But he did not grudge the extra labour when, on unlocking his door on the following evening, he found that his cash-box had disappeared. For some time he was equally at a loss regarding the purloiner and his mode of obtaining entrance, since the door of the room remained intact. He soon remembered, however, that on the morning of his departure a beggar-man had applied at the door for alms, when he had opened the cash-box to give him relief, and on examining the window it was easily discovered where the thief had entered. But this is not quite the conclusion of the adventure. Shortly afterwards, on leaving his house one morning, the priest found his cash-box on the door-step.

The lock had been forced, and the little picture of St. Joseph was in it, but torn across, as if the thief had vented on it his rage at his disappointment. But why the cash-box and enclosure were restored is an enigma difficult to solve. We can only vouch for the truth of the fact as related.

The new sisters applied themselves with great energy and devoted perseverance to labours of no ordinary difficulty. They found the mother-assistant rapidly sinking under her fatal malady, but had the consolation of knowing that her last days were consoled by the conviction that her beloved convent had obtained the kind of help it most needed. She went to her reward, and when the time arrived for a new election of superioresses, the community chose the two new sisters, St. Mary Xavier Butler as reverend mother, and St. Mary Cecilia Benbow as mother-assistant. The previous reverend mother-superior had accepted a long-standing invitation to found a convent on the west coast, and had quitted Wellington for that purpose.

The young superioresses had heavy work before them. They found the convent in extreme need of repairs, deeply in debt, and deficient in accommodation. To obtain assistance a canvass of Wellington, from house to house, was decided on. The timid delicacy of the superioress shrank from the humiliating task, but her assistant volunteered to take the initiative, and was ably seconded by the sweet, voiceless face that looked over her shoulder. The issue soon emboldened them; for their appeal was always received with courtesy, and generally successful. At one office they called four times without meeting with its owner, and on approaching it a fifth time the superioress expressed reluctance to apply again, but her companion walked in without a pause, and the reverend mother was fain to follow. They found the merchant at his desk, and after a few introductory remarks Mother M. Cecilia observed, "This is our fifth visit." "Well," replied the courteous gentleman, "they shall all be successful," and he drew a cheque for five pounds. They soon obtained the money they required, for it was then plentiful in the fair, rising city. Plans were prepared in the convent for a large building, which could be completed by successive additions, on one uniform scheme, and the first portion was soon completed, to the great comfort of the community and the advantage of the pupils. In the course of three years the outward appearance of the convent became wonderfully improved; and such ornaments as their own talents could supply were not disdained to render the interior elegant in a conventual way. The windows of the reception-room were made to have the appearance of ornamental ground-glass, and the sentences from the Psalms that formed its cornices were highly effective, though only consisting of illuminations in paper. As house-painting was expensive, the nuns stained all the interior wood-work themselves, making it resemble mahogany, or, if you prefer it, cedar. Soon the new additions became enriched by a few amateur copies of celebrated devotional pictures, which were presented to Mother M. Cecilia, who was also promised a large altar-piece for the new chapel in a style agreeable to the original plan.

The nuns had now five schools, besides their Orphanage; and the Select School became so renowned throughout the district, that pupils had frequently to be refused for want of accommodation. The staff of teaching sisters was at length found quite inadequate for the increasing demands upon it. One sister, who often gave forty music lessons in a day (including those for advanced pupils not in the schools), was kept wakeful at night by the ceaseless beating of one, two, three, &c., which *would* keep possession of her brain. The New Zealand postulants, though they made good and useful sisters, lacked the educational training required for teachers; therefore the chief labours of the school devolved on a few, and how to relieve these precious sisters now became Mother Cecilia's dream.

The establishment in Wellington of the Order of Christian Brothers, and their excellent system of education, provided for the mental and moral training of Catholic boys; but unless the girls, the future mothers of the colony, were fitted for their important duties, there could be little hope for the next generation.

Considerations of this kind soon gave rise, in the mind of Mother Cecilia, to a conviction that help must be obtained from older lands. On suggesting this idea to her superior, it was at once rejected as impracticable, because the means of carrying it out were totally wanting. But the project was not therefore abandoned by its originator, since she argued far greater difficulties have often been surmounted in doing the work of God. But the nun contented herself for the present with rendering the idea familiar to her friend by making it frequently the subject of conversation. When a certain novice was pronounced too delicate in health to be received into the community, the mother-assistant begged more than once for a reprieve, and after several interpositions she answered the look of wonder that greeted her request for a little more delay by the remark, "A sea-voyage and months spent in travelling might render her quite strong, and you would be spared the loss of a more gifted sister during my pilgrimage." "Dear sister," was the reply, "you must be dreaming!"

When a certain large useless box was condemned because it occupied too much space, Mother Cecilia begged that it might not be burnt, as it would be useful on her long voyage. By such means she made her loving mother familiar with a subject from which she had recoiled with dismay, even while she found relief in the conviction of its utter impossibility. But Mother Cecilia made it daily evident that she still cherished her peculiar views, and the gentle superioress often wondered that a mind so practical should entertain for a moment a scheme of impossible attainment.

Meanwhile the mother-assistant kept quietly maturing her plans, in order that, when the time of action arrived (if God so willed), she might be well prepared. Every day's experience strengthened her convictions that a great effort was to be made, and would probably be required of herself; but she had no resources whatever, save trust in God and prayer.

One day a mother applied at the convent for the admission of her

three little girls to the Select School. She was refused, for the nuns had neither room for more pupils, nor teachers to instruct them. The mother offered to increase the usual fee, and added touching entreaties. It was not an unusual occurrence, but on this occasion the disappointed mother shed tears as she quitted the sorrowful superioresses.

"I can stand this no longer!" exclaimed Mother Cecilia. "Now I *must* visit Europe."

"How can you say that," replied her reverend mother, "when you know so well the state of our finances?"

"With God all things are possible."

"But you know, dear sister, that we could not even start such an undertaking."

"It is God's work: He will provide the means. My plans for the second enlargement of the convent are nearly completed. When they are perfected, so that the additional accommodation for our teachers and pupils can be commenced, I shall be ready to depart!"

"But how will you obtain the means?"

"I don't know; God knoweth."

"Hundreds would be required for the journey alone."

"I might obtain thousands in Europe."

"But how are you to go thither?"

"We shall see!"

One of the most venerated priests in Wellington was Father Petitjean. He was a Marist Father from the city of Lyons, and was one of the earliest missionaries who arrived in New Zealand. His experiences among the native population had been many and remarkable. A meal of human flesh had been placed before him by a friendly chief; and he once saved the life of a Protestant minister or lay-reader who was flying before a party of natives armed with long spears. The interposition of the priest was followed by such hospitality as he could offer; and while describing the affray, the stranger remarked that when he gave himself up for lost, and tried to pray, the only prayer he could remember in his agony of terror was a grace before meat—"For what we are going to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful!"

To Father Petitjean (her director) Mother Cecilia first unfolded her long-cherished scheme, and found to her great surprise that he did not condemn it as utopian. The poor priest, however, had no assistance to offer but his prayers and his wise counsel. He recommended her not to seek her own will in the matter, but aim only to learn and obey the holy will of God. She was thus encouraged to unfold her scheme to the new bishop, Dr. Redwood, and she again had the agreeable surprise of finding her "dream" listened to favourably. The wants of the mission, and especially the establishment of the Christian Brothers' schools for boys, rendered the Bishop unable to offer pecuniary assistance; but he promised his episcopal sanction and credentials, if the project could be put in operation. This was a considerable step towards the accomplishment of her

undertaking, and Mother Cecilia began to believe that another would be taken before long. Her next encouragement was given by her own sex. Three ladies, a mother and two daughters, were entrusted with the secret, and at once applauded it warmly. They did more, for they offered to lend £160 between them towards the expenses of the pilgrimage. This was like the first gleam of light in a dark place, and it strengthened the nun with the conviction that success would eventually attend her efforts, though it might be long deferred. But there were still obstacles in her way that seemed insurmountable. The position bore some resemblance to the well-known puzzle of "The fox, the goose, and the corn," and, like it, it proved not unsolvable.

The income of the community was chiefly derived from the Select School, though some of the others contributed more or less. The Government allowed a fee for native orphans, but those of white parents were wholly dependent on the nuns. Education being compulsory, Catholic children had often to attend schools that excluded religious instruction. Thus the admission of boarders from outlying districts was of the utmost importance. But the best endowed of the nuns' schools was closed against applicants for want of accommodation and teachers, and for additional teachers rooms must be provided. Mother Cecilia believed that by personal application both funds and teachers would be obtained from Europe; yet how could ladies be invited to volunteer unless the convent was ready to receive them. Although the convent had been much enlarged, it had become overcrowded; therefore the first movement must be the erection of the second portion of the original plan. For such a purpose no funds whatever were available, yet Mother Cecilia was not checkmated. She waited patiently, and spent every spare moment in maturing the elevation and working plans for the second part of her building. "God helps those who help themselves!"

The nuns had a very valuable friend in Wellington, a clever, practical man, having great experience and knowledge of business, from whom they were in the habit of asking counsel in any great emergency.

To him Mother Cecilia at length imparted her design, with the difficulties that prevented its realisation, and found him, as usual, a wise and helpful counsellor. He approved of her plan, and confidently predicted its success. Though not a monied man, he at once proposed to raise the sum of £600 on one of his properties, and lend it to the nuns without interest for two years. By this means the building would be commenced at once. As the working plans and elevations were already made, and this kind friend promised to superintend the building gratuitously, no architect's fees had to be provided. The nun then sought the superioress, to inform her that nothing now was wanting for the expedition to Europe but the consent of her rev. mother and of her bishop.

"How can that be possible, sister?" exclaimed the astonished superior.

"The working plans are quite completed, and I have £600 pro-

mised, which will suffice at least for the commencement of the building. I have also sufficient means to take us to Rome. I leave the rest to God."

With a sad, reluctant, anxious heart, the loving mother consented to part with her dear child and sister and friend; and the bishop granted warm and earnest credentials, written in English, French, and Latin. All the community worked hard to prepare an abundant outfit, and prayers were at once commenced for the success of the pilgrims and their safe return. The superioress offered Mother Cecilia the choice of her companion, and she selected the one that would be least missed in the community, the delicate novice for whose health a sea-voyage had been prescribed by the doctor as the best of restoratives.

It was, of course, a very severe trial to Mother Cecilia to quit her beloved home, which she had seen so greatly improved during the last three years, and to leave the sisters, who were all fondly attached to her. There were two of these from whom she parted with extreme pain—the reverend mother, who had been her companion in religion for twenty years, and a novice whom she called her child. This was an orphan who had been rescued from an uncongenial and perilous occupation by the nun's sister to lead a life of peace, happiness, and safety. When it was discovered that she was liable to hereditary consumption, the nuns wished to send her to a milder climate, but she begged permission to remain, saying she "would rather die in the convent than live in the world." She was much beloved in the community, and had become popular in the district owing to her fine voice, which the nuns had cultivated. When the nuns had promised to help the cathedral choir, the sacred edifice was always crowded on her account.

Dear St. Mary Agnes! so pure, lovely, affectionate, and talented, whom the departing friend could not hope to cheer in her last hours, or ever to behold on earth again!

To the last, serious efforts were made to shake the purpose of the beloved sister, but her duty was plainly before her. She might die in its execution, or even fail in her object, but she was bound to do her best, and leave the issue to a superintending Providence—

"Who shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

With the solemn blessings of the bishop and clergy the young missionaries departed. Among the former was the venerable Father Petitjean, who, on taking leave of Mother Cecilia, gave her a beautiful letter, addressed to religious who might feel disposed to become volunteers to New Zealand, and encouraging them to do so, because "the rule of the Order was so carefully observed in the convent, and every Christian work and virtue practised there."

On the evening of that day the old missionary, when making his customary visit to the altar, was observed to fall while kneeling in the sanctuary. Help was immediately given, but after receiving the last rites, the good servant, who was faithful to the last, went to his Master for his reward. The sad tidings were telegraphed to meet

the pilgrims at "The Bluff"—the last port touched by steamers leaving New Zealand. A ready pen copied the letter which had been the old friend's last earthly work, and it reached Wellington in time to appear in the chief local paper with a notice of Father Petitjean's life and death.

Among the preliminary arrangements for her long and arduous undertaking, Mother Cecilia had made provision for securing an experienced chaperon for herself and her sisters—one whom the raising of her finger would win to attend her throughout the world. Not only would her presence be a protection and solace in many ways, but by her means the sister calculated on obtaining influential friends in France, Belgium, and England. But she had to be summoned from Sydney; therefore, when the 1500 miles of ocean between Wellington and Melbourne had been passed, the first step was to telegraph to Sydney, and the next to secure three berths on board a steamer which would leave Melbourne within a week. Mother Cecilia spent the period of detention in canvassing Melbourne on behalf of her mission, though time permitted her to see only a few of the principal citizens.

She met with courtesy and assistance everywhere except at Government House, where she had to suffer the only rudeness she experienced in all her wanderings. His Excellency referred the sisters to his daughter with rude precipitance, and fled. Mother Cecilia made her friends merry by relating her quiet refusal to depart without her cotton umbrella, which, she said, the rude knight did not deserve to keep possession of. One of her hearers remarked, by way of excusing his Excellency's abruptness, that the presence of one so good and pure must have been at that special time peculiarly exasperating to the gay old man.

Before the sisters left Melbourne, letters arrived from Wellington, imploring Mother Cecilia to forfeit her passage money, and return to her inconsolable mother and sisters. Even the great yard-dog "Prince," who owed to her heart, which was tender to all things, many a frolicsome holiday, was described as having grown suddenly sulky, fierce, and unapproachable—as his kind are wont to become when deprived of a paramount friend. Mother Cecilia had the painful task of refusing these loving prayers, and sending to Wellington her tender last adieux. Not again would she write home till she arrived in Rome, or hear from her friends till she reached Lyons. In all her difficulties she remembered her father's motto—"Deo adjuvante non timendum"—and her courage never faltered for an instant. The demands made on it, and on her perseverance, these pages may imperfectly show, but the privations, labours, sufferings, mortification, trials, and disappointments she endured, can be known to God alone.

May His choicest blessings be the reward of all those who helped the patient pilgrims when hungry, wet, and weary, and softened the inevitable trials of many a painful hour.

CHAPTER II.

SYDNEY.

City of Sydney—Its lovely site—Bay of Wooloomooloo—Grand Bay of Port Jackson—Unhappy prisoners—Catholic Cathedral—Twice burnt—Parks—Memorial to Prince Albert—Streets—Buildings—Public vehicles—Museum—Unique painting—Captain Cook's Memorial—On the Bay—Peculiar pride—Brown eyes—The gale of 1876—Statistics of Australian Colonies.

On the 1st of October 1876, a lady in her seventh decade left Sydney at an hour's notice to commence a voyage across the globe. The call of duty was peremptory, the motive of the highest kind, and the need so pressing, that all difficulties were easily set aside. In the hurry of departure, it never occurred to her until she beheld the pale, wistful look that followed the departing steamer, to consider the probability that she might never see that beloved form again on earth. But true to her maxim of never bequeathing to a friend the memory of a sad face, disfigured with tears, she cheerily smiled as she waved her last adieu—

"God loves a cheerful giver," and never fails those who place their hope and trust in Him.

But as she passed well-known spots of wonderful beauty, each won the passing thought of tender regret we give to things we may never see again. The bay of Wooloomooloo, dotted with boats and white-sailed yachts, and most beautiful when "distance lends enchantment to the view," though often rendered unapproachable by the sewage of the city; the rocky seat named after the wife of one of the early governors, who brought art to the assistance of nature in forming a resting-place which commands the whole of the bay; the woody uplands of "North Shore" and "Balmaine;" the white villas and verdant groves of "View Point;" the misty glow over the noble estuary called "Paramatta River;" the lovely nooks on either side into which the bay sends its waves to make innumerable miniatures of itself; and the background of the buildings of the city, rising tier above tier, formed a panorama which the perpetual passing of steamers and vessels of every kind and size filled with animation. During the hours occupied in steaming from Sydney to the rocks that guard the entrance to the bay, the aged traveller called to mind how little man had done to improve a site rendered by nature supremely beautiful. A few years previously a young lady had remarked to her that the only fine edifices in Sydney were those not erected. The buildings that were then only designed had now been completed, but though handsome and large, they were placed in such narrow streets that their beauty could not be fairly appreciated. Melbourne had excited a rivalry in the elder city, and its later buildings were in a much improved style; but the general appearance of Sydney dwellings is mean and ugly, while most of the thoroughfares are incurably narrow and

tortuous. The Church of England Cathedral is one of the chief ornaments of the city, while the Catholic Cathedral has been twice destroyed by fire. There are reasonable grounds for believing that it was wilfully occasioned, for, unhappily, the fanaticism of Orangeism sometimes grows rabid in this city where all else is new. A third Cathedral is in course of erection, and is likely to excel its predecessors in size and beauty; but the lost works of art, presented to Archbishop Polding by a royal lady, can never be replaced.

The Botanical Gardens have been much praised, but their beauty must be chiefly ascribed to situation and climate. The rocky promontory on which they extend terminates precipitously on the waters of the bay, so that ships of heavy tonnage often pass quite close to the lawns and the parterres of flowers. But one who has the least tenderness for the lower animals finds all enjoyment lost in painful pity for the state of the poor prisoners in the zoological portion of the Gardens. The birds especially are cruelly neglected, and die rapidly. The reply received to an expostulation on the subject was, "It is so difficult to obtain an attendant who takes an interest in them."

Sydney possesses two small parks, which are separated by a narrow road. They form a pleasant recreation-ground and safe play-place for children, by whom and their nurses they are much frequented. On Sundays they are used by itinerant preachers, whose knowledge of theology and the English tongue are about on a par. Through both parks extend broad avenues of the "Morton Bay fig" in a direct line. Why this stately tree is named after one to which it bears no resemblance, and is even dissimilar by being unfruitful, we have yet to learn. However, its wide and heavily-leaved boughs bestow a welcome shade to the numerous benches. At one of the chief entrances stands a fine statue of Prince Albert. Both parks are supplied with water-taps, inserted in short pillars, with iron cups attached by chains. The citizens call them "fountains."

There are many roads crossing the parks, which must be a great boon to wayfarers during the tropical heats of summer. Only one view of any interest do these enclosures possess; and this spot, that commands a lovely glimpse of the bay, was a favourite resort of the departing visitor. It had been judiciously chosen as the most suitable site for a monument to Captain Cook; but for many years this consisted solely of a base and an inscription. The latter recorded in gilded letters the exploits and death of the great circumnavigator; but to a stranger, unaware of future intentions, the monument seemed but a barren honour. Such was its state in 1876, when it gave rise to many an unspoken reproach in one aged heart against the wealthy community that could be so dilatory in raising a fitting memorial to the brave man whose enterprise had given to the world a realm vaster than the whole of Europe. If that aged traveller should ever visit Sydney again her deep sympathy with valour and self-devotion will be gratified, and her indignation appeased; for during her stay in Europe a fine statue was sent from England, arrived safely, and now surmounts the long-vacant pedestal.

In the west part of Sydney stands a monument which is quite unique. It is intended to relieve the city sewers of their foul air, and for that purpose is shaped like a chimney. Not content with defiling the waters of their beautiful bay, the city authorities have succeeded in thus polluting the cloudless sky; for in gusty weather, which is very frequent in Sydney, the foul air is beaten down, to the great annoyance of residents in the neighbourhood and all who pass near the pillar, which the citizens stigmatise with the literal translation of "Pot-pourri." One of the chief sewers of the city pours its contributions into the bay beneath the windows of Government House, which, on that account, are rarely opened. Strangers who have to cross the bay in that direction are carefully warned by residents to "hold their noses" while they pass the spot. Other nuisances of a similar kind prevent the citizens from keeping their chamber-windows open at night. In fact nothing is more surprising to a stranger in Sydney than the indifference of the natives to fresh air. It is quite a rare thing to see an open window, and even shops are ill-ventilated. The streets and pavements are alike narrow and ill-kept. Scrapers seem as rare as lovers of animated nature; and it is a difficult feat to cross a street after rain. The pavements are very uneven, tripping up feeble pedestrians in fine weather, and nursing pools of water during the winter season.

A great number of omnibuses ply along the narrow thoroughfares; but in no land is "the people's carriage" so inconvenient. The seats are formed of wooden rails, called by the natives "grid-irons;" and their steps are so deep that agility is required to mount or descend them. This difficulty is greatly aggravated by the rude haste of the drivers; and we heard of several accidents in consequence. It is fortunate for ladies in Sydney that the hansom cab is permitted to be used by them, which is not the case in all cities.

There are a few pleasing paintings in the Gallery of Arts, and one in the Museum to which the world of art cannot possibly present a rival. It consists of a naval uniform placed in a perpendicular position and surmounted by a head, supposed to represent the "Duke of Edinburgh," but totally without resemblance or expression of any kind. There are hands protruding from sleeves, and the trousers terminate in boots, that seem to be sliding down a floor as sloping as the roof of a house. The work cost three hundred guineas, possesses a massive frame, and is honoured with a distinguished position; and therefore may be presumed to indicate the taste for high art that prevails in the "Queen of the South." Certainly it has no rival in the whole world!

The Museum contains many natural curiosities, and several casts from the antique, but does not appear to be a place of popular resort.

The social experiences of a convalescent were necessarily limited, but she had a few charming friends, to whom she was deeply attached. The manner of the general public did not exhibit refinement; and the gait of young people was remarkable for appearing, when seen in profile, as if each shoulder advanced alternately with

the action of the feet. While pondering over her recollections of the city, which was now fading in the distance, the lady amused herself by recalling the following incident:—Two young friends, the one English born the other Scotch, were enjoying a sail in a small yacht, when they perceived another rapidly approaching them, and before a word could be uttered its two occupants leaped on board. They explained that their boat was filling with water, in consequence of the plug not being inserted. The two friends gave every assistance in their power, helped to bale out the water, recover the plug, &c. When all was right the obliged party returned to their boat, and sailed away, without uttering a word of acknowledgment or apology. The two friends looked ruefully at their splashed deck and clothes, then exchanged glances, and laughed heartily.

"Sydney manners!" exclaimed one; while the other, leaping on the edge of the yacht, waved his hat and shouted after the retreating boat—

"Good-morning, *gentlemen!*" They replied only with vacant looks; but such being the courtesies of possessors of a grand mansion on View Point, what could be expected of the citizens generally!

The environs of Sydney are not favourable for market gardens. The chief supplies of vegetables come from a great distance, and a vast quantity is contributed by Victoria. But of course they are more or less deteriorated by a long voyage of six hundred miles in the hold of a steamer. Pease are offered for sale, and readily disposed of, though the shells are quite black. Fruits are usually dear, for, though growing plentifully in private gardens, their owners consider it *infra dig.* to sell their surplus productions. A similar pride prevents tradesmen from letting their superfluous rooms, even though they do not dwell at their place of business. It follows that the upper windows in the business streets are often dusty and desolate-looking, instead of making the thoroughfare cheerful with bright panes, elegant curtains, pot-plants, and singing-birds, as is the case in all other cities. Before Melbourne existed, Sydney must have been a large and populous city, consisting of narrow winding streets, and mean, small-windowed houses, with splendid suburban villas and gardens in a few favourable places.

The descendants of the old convict population are not generally accepted in social life, which excited the indignation of one whose ideas are rather cosmopolitan, and always lean to the side of kindness. She would have preferred to see the distinctions of a past age forgotten; and would argue that those who were transported to Sydney in its early days could only have been guilty of misdemeanours or political offences; because at that period, unhappily, men and women were hanged for committing such crimes as theft, horse- and sheep-stealing, forgery, frauds, &c., so that the free population may have descended from those who suffered the severest penalty of the law. Perhaps much of this estrangement, which is very marked, may be owing to the want of the social graces exhibited by the wealthiest people in Sydney. The lack of luxuries may be easily borne, and even comforts may be cheerfully dispensed with; but association

with coarse habits and rude tastes and manners is a misery to which no amount of lavish expenditure can reconcile us.

In the few business matters that came in her way, the stranger was astonished at the "slowness" and inefficiency displayed, and also at the constant reference to the far younger city of Melbourne. To ask for an article not in stock was a rather frequent occurrence, and on each occasion the reply was—

"We expect a supply from Melbourne next week." Or,

"Our traveller is now in Melbourne, and will return in a few days with every novelty." Or, more rarely,

"We will procure it for you from Melbourne."

Unfortunately for Victoria, a change has taken place since then, to the great advantage of the sister colony, whose progress might have gone forward, while that of Victoria also continued to advance, instead of coming to a standstill. In such rivalries not to advance is to recede.

The traveller was not quite alone among strangers, or exclusively occupied with memories of the place of her winter sojourn. She had a loving and faithful attendant, who watched her every look, and assented without a dissenting word to many a merry remark and pertinent observation. But the meek follower was spared the knowledge that they were soon to part, and might never meet again. The traveller held fast to the maxim that trouble should never be anticipated or recalled; for though we may securely calculate on obtaining fortitude in the time of trial, we cannot expect this grace before the trouble comes or after it has passed.

So the two devoted friends enjoyed each other's society in perfect accord, for one was unacquainted with the impending blow, and the other when it fell classed it with yet more severe ones, all of which must be borne cheerfully in performance of imperative duty.

At length "The Heads" were passed, and the vast Southern Ocean foamed beneath the action of the screw. The voyage was delightfully calm, and marked by few incidents. The principal subject of conversation on board was the tremendous gale that had swept over Sydney a few days before, and sank the steamer *Dandenowy* with its captain, crew, and passengers. Only one boat safely reached a vessel that waited, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, in the hope of rendering assistance, and that contained, with others, two Sisters of Mercy. Only one girl of a large family was saved, and the sailor who secured her to a rope was lost. One of our passengers was in another steamer which also suffered severely during that fearful gale, having its fires thrice extinguished, and being driven a hundred miles beyond its port. This was not cheering entertainment for one about to cross the globe, but she could also relate perils it had occasioned on land,—windows blown in, shop fronts dashed to pieces though shuttered, a milk-woman lifted off her feet and dropped on a pile of stones, and whole families driven from their beds by the oscillation of buildings exposed to the storm. The six hundred miles between Melbourne and Sydney were passed without a single mischance, and the calmness of the weather proved

to be a type of that which the pilgrims experienced in all their voyages.

The colony of New South Wales, of which Sydney is the capital, has a population of about 750,000, and an area of about 364,324 square miles. Her northern neighbour, Queensland, is about 669,520 square miles in extent, so that if Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania were united, they would be less by 100,000 square miles than this magnificent colony, which twenty of the states of North America would not equal. Western Australia is yet larger, possessing 1,060,000 square miles, or 678,400,000 acres, with only a white population of 28,000. Victoria is the smallest colony, her area of 88,198 square miles being nearly as large as England. Her population is 889,333, of whom 265,000 reside in Melbourne and its suburbs.

It may be interesting to European Catholics to learn a few particulars respecting the state of the Church in Australasia.

It possesses two archbishoprics, eleven bishoprics, deans, chapters, &c., several handsome cathedrals, and religious houses of various orders. In Victoria alone the clergy amount to about one hundred. Devoted labourers they are, standing quite apart from the bustling world,—faithful ministers "taken from among men to dispense the mysteries of God," and fulfilling the most arduous duties with a sublime simplicity.

The Jesuit Fathers have fine churches and colleges in several of the colonies. Schools for both sexes are very numerous, and the Christian Brothers are teaching extensively throughout Australasia.

CHAPTER III.

VICTORIA.

Australia—As large as Europe—Its seven distinct colonies—Victoria the smallest—Eucalyptus—City of Melbourne—Its plan—Its chief defect—Public buildings—Churches—St. Patrick's Catholic Cathedral—Peal of bells—Charities—Monument to Explorers—Brief record of them—A memorial gift—Ode to Victoria.

In Melbourne the three pilgrims met who were pledged—come weal, come woe—to seek together, on the other side of the world, for help that is never asked in vain. It was a joyous reunion for two of them who had been parted (save for brief intervals, few and far between) for some twenty years. But the affection of each had not cooled; they were thoroughly known to each other, and their mutual trust and confidence could never be shaken.

As we have given a brief account of New Zealand and the capital of New South Wales, we shall now add a few words respecting the smallest colony of the seven that form the Australasian group.

Victoria was so named when separated from New South Wales in 1839, and boasts that it never was a convict settlement. Its

metropolis, Melbourne, originated in a fishing village frequented by whalers, and though it began to rise in importance in 1835, its extraordinary progress did not commence till 1851, when the extensive discoveries of gold in Victoria caused a rapid influx of immigrants from many countries. The population of the colony in 1850 was 70,000, who were wool-growers, and chiefly occupied in providing beef and mutton for the crowds so soon to require them.

During the year 1852 nearly 95,000 persons arrived from all parts of the world. The rush for the gold-fields was so irresistible that sailors forsook their ships, and clerks and tradesmen their desks and homes, in pursuit of the golden harvest.

In 1854 the population had risen to upwards of 312,000. The state of society in Melbourne at that time was wild and strange. The lucky digger was the lion of the day. He drove about Melbourne with a bride, just met with on a ship's deck, dressed in white satin and feathers, offering champagne or brandy to all he met, and committing a thousand wasteful extravagances too absurd to chronicle. Many who won unvalued thousands at that period are now dragging out a wretched existence in the Benevolent Asylum. The first newspaper issued weekly in Victoria was a small MS. sheet, called *The Melbourne Advertiser*. There are now 130 journals published in the colony, and many of them rival in size and intelligent management the most important European newspapers. In 1873 the population amounted to 790,000 two-thirds of whom inhabited the metropolis and its widely-spreading and numerous suburbs. The city was not formed, like Sydney, on accidental lines of winding paths, but was designed on a regular plan. Streets a chain and a half wide were laid out at regular intervals, extending from north to south, but those intersecting them from east to west alternate with narrow thoroughfares. The fault of the city is that no streets are wide enough to allow of boulevards or even of wayside trees; and not a single open square occupies a central position. There are suburban gardens in various directions, which are rendered singularly beautiful by the mixture of European and tropical plants; for the latter flourish well in this delightful climate. Victoria has few interesting native plants, but one of her trees promises to be a benefit to the whole world, as an antidote to diseases caused by swamps. The "blue gum" is now planted in many parts of Europe, and renders spots salubrious that have been for ages uninhabitable. Nearly all the wooden make-shift erections of former years have now been replaced in Melbourne with handsome buildings. The Public Library contains, besides its exceptionally rich literary treasures, which are free to all, a museum, gallery of paintings, and hall of sculpture, and all are well worthy of a stranger's attention. But our travellers had no time to spare in sight-seeing. They could only glance at the Town-hall, Post-office, handsome banks, clubs, public offices, Parliament-house, Treasury, &c., as they passed them.

Melbourne resembles London forty years ago, in having a multitude of places of worship, but few fine ecclesiastical buildings. A

neat Gothic church, with an elegant spire, has been recently erected in Collins Street, and St. Patrick's Catholic Cathedral is approaching completion. It has been for twenty years in course of erection, and when finished will be the finest building in Melbourne. The nave and aisles have long been in use, but seven more years are required to perfect the grand design. St. Patrick's possesses the only peal of bells in Melbourne worthy of the name, and they are very well rung by amateurs. The site is so commanding, that on approaching the city from any direction it forms the most conspicuous object in the wide stretch of buildings that occupies three-fourths of the horizon-line. The city can boast of its hospitals and Benevolent Asylum, which are extensive, well-managed, and free; and the youngest city in the world is remarkable for the liberality with which it responds to every call for charity. Of late years these calls have become very numerous, and the number of deserted children and orphans supported by the State must be counted by thousands.

In a small space formed by the introduction of two principal streets, stands a monument erected to the memory of the four brave men who first successfully crossed the continent of Australia from south to north—Burke, Wills, Grey, and King. They succeeded in their object, but the three first-named died in its accomplishment, and the fourth survived his hardships but a few years. It should never be forgotten that had these gallant men been well supported, they would not have perished. Wright never advanced from Cooper's Creek, and Landells deserted the party before they reached the central plains, because he wished to supplant the brave leader. Fearing the effect of this man's misrepresentations in Melbourne, Burke took three devoted volunteers and a small supply of provisions, and before leaving the remainder of his party beside a creek, with abundant stores, bade them wait for him till a certain date, on which if he did not return, they might conclude that he had perished, and make the best of their way back to Victoria.

The explorers crossed safely the region hitherto unknown and dreaded for its imagined dangers and difficulties, reached the Gulf of Carpentaria, and after brief rest retraced their steps. Grey was a man of large frame, and by such a physique their mutual privations were doubly felt. His failing strength was misconstrued, for, as he fared like his companions, it was not till he died that they understood he had suffered beyond his mates. Burke was so grieved by his death that he lost a day beside his grave, and this tenderness led to the most fatal results. Unfortunately, the party who awaited them obeyed too literally Burke's final command. Had they given him one day's "loss" there would have been a glad meeting, and a triumphant return to Melbourne. But the creek was drying up, scurvy had made its appearance, one of the party had died, and giving up their brave comrades as lost, they hurried away from the spot. In the meantime the returning explorers fired guns at intervals to give notice of their coming, but they hearkened in vain for a response. Though they had killed their horses and single camel, and managed the supply thus obtained with careful calculation,

their food was nearly all gone, and their supply of water became very scanty. Worn to skeletons, weary, tattered, and footsore, they yet rejoiced to find themselves approaching the rendezvous, where friends and succour of every kind awaited them. But they tottered to the spot to find it had been quite recently abandoned.

It is to be hoped that such a disappointment has seldom been suffered. A "cach" had been concealed by the retiring party, but being made without hope, it was in no way indicated, therefore its ample supply did not avail the explorers.

Still the gallant leader did not despair. They sought for and collected the seed of a native plant, called "nardoo," on which the natives subsist in scarce seasons, and knowing that there were settlements in the west, the strongest of the party, Burke and King, resolved to seek for them. They made Wills as comfortable as the circumstances permitted in a bark shelter left by the deserters, placed nardoo and water near him, and taking a supply for themselves, started on their hopeless quest. But Burke soon sank down, and asking his friend to place his revolver in his hand, died at the foot of a tree. King shortly afterwards met with a party of natives, who gave him such poor relief as they could offer. But he soon had reason to fear that he was considered an encumbrance, and resisted every attempt on the part of the men to entice him away from their settlement. He exerted to the utmost his enfeebled strength in the assistance of the women in their domestic occupations, and believed his safety depended on his keeping near them. Often the men tried to induce him to accompany them in their expeditions, but he feared to trust them. He managed, however, to make them understand that "white fellows" would come for him some day, and then all the tribe would receive fine gifts in return for their care of him.

One day a black fellow rushed into his presence, talking rapidly, and gesticulating with great animation—

"White feller! white feller!" he cried, and seizing King by the arm tried to lead him away; but the poor man, fearing this was only a new ruse to lure him away from his female friends, refused to leave them. The man foamed at the mouth with excitement, and repeated his cry of "white feller!"

King became undecided. If white men were really seeking him he might miss them, and the last hope of rescue would be lost. The native probably guessed the cause of his reluctance to follow him, and jumping into a dry creek, where lay a log that had been left there by the winter torrents, he sat astride it, and by imitating the action of a man on horseback, removed King's doubts. Together they soon joined the search party that had been sent out for the rescue of Burke or any survivor of his gallant band. The meeting was a very mournful one. King conducted his friends to the spot where Burke's remains were found undisturbed, and also to the frail shelter beneath which poor Wills had met death alone. There they found his journal and note-book, which became of importance when the new country was settled; for a city is now rising on the Gulf of Carpentaria, called Burkestown, and thriving stations exist throughout the entire route thither.

It was remarked that the poor natives shed tears over the dead white man, proving that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." They were well rewarded for their hospitality to the one survivor.

The above particulars were obtained from King himself, whom the writer met with at the Catholic Presbytery in Castlemaine. He had been invited to attend the laying of the first stone of an obelisk on a hill overlooking the town and district (where Burke had lived for years, and been much respected), in memory of the four explorers. But the Catholic priest, Father Smythe, was the only one in the crowd who thought of offering King hospitality! The lady recognised the explorer, and knowing that he had suffered much from inquirers, and shrunk with pain from any allusion to his fearful adventures, she merely strove to amuse him while awaiting the return of his absent host. By degrees he became communicative, and of his own accord related the above circumstances, which she understood him to say he had never mentioned before. He was a small, spare man, and doubtless owed his survivorship to his slight physique, because the nourishment divided with scrupulous exactness by Burke was greater to him than to his comrades, and least of all to poor Grey.

The State of Victoria allowed King a pension, but his health was undermined, and he did not long enjoy it.

A grand funeral was given to the remains of Burke and Wills in Melbourne, and a mass of unhewn granite stands over their grave in the cemetery. The monument in the city displays colossal statues of Burke and Wills; and bas-reliefs on the base represent several incidents of their journey, particularly that of the weeping savages.

Crowds daily pass that memorial, but probably few give a thought to the brave men who first crossed the dreaded interior of a vast continent, which exceeds Europe in extent, exhibits every variety of climate from the torrid to the temperate zone, grows plants of every land, and would accommodate the surplus population of every crowded city in the world! But most of the interior is still unknown, though on the extensive seaboard five large colonies are established, and rapidly extending their commercial relations with every country. Catholics are numerous in each, and form about one-third of the population of Victoria.

The chief provincial cities in Victoria are Ballarat and Sandhurst, each being the metropolis of a rich gold-field. Smaller towns, almost innumerable, are scattered throughout the colony, which are now approached by railways or good roads. And all these works have been the growth of about forty years.

The traveller's thoughts were busy as she passed Port Phillip Heads, and was conveyed by the stately steamer across sixty miles of inland sea, called the Bay of Port Phillip. There was every indication around her of approach to a thriving commercial city, and she was reminded of the prosperous colonies on the Spanish Main which Elizabeth's piratical captains, with atrocious barbarity, sacked. They bought immunity by sharing their plunder with the merciless Queen, who feigned ignorance of the cruel provocation, when it resulted in the Spanish Armada. Less defenceless were those fair

cities than Melbourne, whose chief protection is the prestige of the grand old motherland. These thoughts resulted in an "Ode to Victoria," which was the writer's bequest to her adopted country—

AN ADDRESS TO VICTORIA.

Hail! all hail to thee, happy Victoria,
Bright land of plenty, peaceful and free!
Worthy high rank among many fair daughters
Of royal Britannia, the Queen of the Sea!

For many an age an unproductive race
Made this fair land a poor abiding-place,
And labour held in scorn.
Through woods and o'er wide plains the savage ran,
Lost all the pristine dignity of man;
Lost all the arts that gild his little span,
And social life adorn.

But nobler lords have won this sunny land;
Toilers with busy brain, with pen, with hand,
Commence her history.
Industrious thousands find here happy days,
Plough her wide prairies, crowd with ships her bays,
Their motto being, as they cities raise—
Labour is victory!

Nor do the claims of sordid wants exclude
The arts that polish and refine the rude;
While science lessens toil,
Gives unto puny man a giant's might,
Measures the heavens, parts the rays of light,
Guides to far distant worlds his feeble sight,
Aids him to till the soil.

Each older nation gladly hither brings
The noblest works of art and costliest things,
For thee to emulate.
Onward, Victoria! with a cultured hand
Add yet more perfect treasures to the land,
And win a place among earth's proudest band,
Who do all but create.

Yet, 'mid thy triumphs, fail not to beware
Of open flattery, of insidious snare,
And faults of ancient lands;
Prejudice that originates in lies,
And the proud doubt that truth approved denies,
Which would secure our home above the skies,
But humble faith demands.

Yield not to selfish luxury's fatal smile;
Beware of greed, that leads to fraud and guile,
To bitterness and hate.
Ever the straight and open path pursue.
And, since the just and gifted are the few,
Honestly choose the experienced and the true,
To guide and guard the State.

This land, so blest with peace and genial clime,
That springs from infancy to manhood's prime,
Without a single jar,

Must keep strict watch and careful guard on those
Within, without, who menace her repose,
And cry alike to home and foreign foes—
"Hence, dogs of war!"

As the bright rose, thistle, and shamrock twine,
To form a wreath, with fair Victoria's vine,
Of matchless strength and beauty!
So, in true brotherhood, three realms shall be,
Each with its special gifts, joined loyally
To make a noble nation peaceful, free,
And firmly linked by duty.

Cling fast to the great mother! let her prove
Thy duteous gratitude and filial love;
And should the greed of empire vex thy shore,
A call for help shall not be made in vain:
Promptly her armaments would cross the main,
And, rushing to thy aid with lion-roar,
Conquer, as she hath often done before!
Then the crushed foe would own, with terror wild,
That well the mighty mother loves her youngest child!

CHAPTER IV.

PARTINGS.

Our lost friend—The crowded ports and busy bays—Farewell view of the city—Glenelg—Sisters land—Visitors from shore—Tasmania—Voyage resumed—Porpoises—Difficult route—The Cape of Good Hope—Illustrations—Cingalese crew—Their evening devotions—Sunset—Star friends—The Song of the sun.

Soon arrived the day of many partings; and we never know whether separated friends will meet again on earth. Our dearest connections accompanied us to the steamer, with one exception. The devoted attendant must be left behind. After one long look into the pleading brown eyes, one kiss on the beloved brow, she was forcibly removed in speechless sorrow. The sacrifice was very great to one who knew by experience that her loss would be long deplored with fasting and tears. But yet more trying partings followed, and the courage of one heart almost failed when she saw a beloved head sink on a companion's shoulder as the steamer left the pier.

But still one friend remained with us during our progress to "The Heads." Being an experienced yachtsman, he had arranged to return with the pilot. We had remarked that the vessels moored to the Sandridge Pier were three deep, and the ports we passed were crowded with shipping. Bustle and activity were as evident by water as by land; and when we gazed back at the youngest city in the world, we beheld an amphitheatre of buildings that nearly spanned the horizon, crowned by the towers of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Long before we reached the giant portals that exclude the Southern Ocean, the waves became boisterous, and many of our

passengers disappeared. But we enjoyed the society of our friend to the very last.

When he quitted us the sun had set, the sky was overcast with leaden clouds, that gave their hue to the turbulent waves, innumerable birds screamed ominously as they soared above us, and the prospect was altogether uncheerful. We little thought that it was the gloomiest and roughest time we should experience during our voyage across the globe.

No gangway remained at the vessel's side, and we watched the pilot and our friend descend from the bulwarks with breathless apprehension. It was a great relief to see them reach in safety the heaving boat that floated like a toy on the surging billows. We followed its progress to the yacht awaiting it at some distance. Sometimes it rose on a foamy crest, then sank so low that we could only discern the stately form standing to wave a last adieu. When it disappeared behind the yacht we keenly felt that we were severed from every dearest tie.

"The world was all before us,
And Providence our guide."

At Glenelg, the port of Adelaide, we anchored, and there was quite a "stampede" to the shore. The sisters also landed to pay their respects to the bishop, and obtain prayers for the success of their arduous mission. Some passengers left, and we had quite an influx of visitors, who came to visit our noble steamer, which was with justice called "a floating palace." Their looks of amazement, not unmixed with awe, were even extended to the few passengers remaining on board. Probably the aged traveller was not mistaken in supposing herself specially regarded with grave surprise. The ordeal was far from pleasant, and the lady compared herself to the poor prisoners in a menagerie during exhibition time.

The sisters brought very gratifying reports of the kind welcomes they had received, and of their visits to altars, schools, and convents. The colony of South Australia is far larger than Victoria, having an area of 903,000 square miles, and it was settled at a far earlier period. The white population amounts to about 253,000, who dwell chiefly in the southern districts. It has but one river, the "Murray," which flows into the Southern Ocean; but in the north are two large lakes, the "Alexandrina" and the "Albert." The two most peculiar of Australian animals—the duck-bill platypus (a kind of water-rat) and the spinous ant-eater (a species of hedgehog with a duck's bill), which are now rarely seen in Victoria, exist undisturbed in the wide wastes of South Australia. The ant-eater and feather-tailed mouse have often been considered fabulous animals, but the writer has frequently seen both.

The Catholic hierarchy has long been established in South Australia, and several religious orders are scattered in various districts, and engaged in works of education and charity.

Since the discovery of the famous copper-mines of Burra-Burra, Walleroo, and Moonta, about £16,000,000 worth of that metal has

been exported. There have been also gold discoveries, but none very important. Among the native mineral products, which are very varied, the diamond, silver, and rich deposits of iron may be named. But none have yet been fairly worked.

Having given a few particulars respecting six of the Australian colonies, we beg to introduce a seventh to our indulgent reader.

The island of Tasmania is situated at the south of Victoria, and has its own governor and government. Its area is about 17,000,000 acres, of which about 4,000,000 acres are in private hands, or rented from the Crown by pastoral tenants. Thus the far greater portion of the island consists of scrub, heavily-timbered woodland, and rocky ranges. The soil is well watered and fertile, and the climate salubrious; its mean temperature being in summer 63·17, and in winter 46·44.

All European fruits and vegetables, &c., flourish, and are extremely fine and productive; and the useful and domesticate animals have long since been introduced. The indigenous animal and vegetable life of Tasmania generally resemble those of the continent, but it possesses the only deciduous tree in Australia—a species of beech. It has also many interesting plants and shrubs not seen elsewhere, and a variety of lovely flowering bulbs. Two of the animals peculiar to the island were named by the first settlers "The Tiger" and "The Devil." But they are seldom seen, being denizens of the mountains.

This beautiful island was formerly called Van-Diemen's Land (from the name of a Dutch navigator), and its first convict settlers were called "Vandemonians." The lawlessness of those who escaped to Victoria during the "gold fever" imparted to the name a sinister significance, and for some years the island has been called Tasmania, in memory of one of its earliest discoverers. The aborigines have all been exterminated, the original convict population has died out, and the colony is now chiefly remarkable for the quiet content of its people, and the fine fruits and excellent preserves they export to the sister colonies. A road made by convict labour in early times extends through the entire length of Tasmania, connecting its two principal cities, Launceston and Hobart; and there are 167 miles of railway. English fish of the several favourite kinds have been acclimatised, and salmon-trout has been caught by rod and line weighing six lbs. An indigenous fish called "The Trumpeter," caught on the southern coast, is said to be unrivalled for flavour and size. The population of Tasmania is estimated at 112,000.

After leaving Adelaide we passed a small shoal of porpoises, but few of the passengers were able to see them. For two or three days the poop was scantily frequented, but with a tranquil sea and serene sky there was little cause for sea-sickness. The number of passengers was far under the average, for Australians do not choose to arrive in Europe during the winter season. The varied temperaments of the great human family, however, were well represented in our small party. Some were courteous, kind, and considerate without effort or premeditation; while others inflicted annoyance, yet had not

the least consciousness of doing so; and a few were insufferably rude without intending to give offence. In society we give such people "a wide berth," but during an ocean-voyage it is impossible; and the evil of thoughtlessness, or want of good breeding, is seen at its worst. It is astonishing how much discomfort may be occasioned to a social circle by a very small proportion of discordant minds.

The sequel to a very interesting romance was on board, and as plain to read as coarse print. A charming couple, but newly married, early won our sympathies. They were handsome, gentle, and devoted to each other; but neither appeared very strong, and we soon decided that in the battle of life the "weaker vessel" would prove the toughest. The wife was usually occupied with delicate work of various kinds, which was evidently destined to decorate a new and perhaps humble home. Many an experience was exchanged with hers respecting lovely feminine embellishments that have the power of making a very simple dwelling appear refined, and homely furniture become quite elegant. We never knew a woman worthy of the name who did not delight in producing and dispensing such charming trifles.

While busily exchanging our experiences a few confidences betrayed that difficulties had retarded a union that promised to be a very happy one, and also that they were bound to the Cape Colony. No direct communication with it being available, the pair had to take a steamer from Aden to Zanzibar, and thence sail back south to their destination. It was a very circuitous route, but preferable to an uncertain detention in Melbourne.

The nuns arranged their time so as to accord as nearly as possible with the duties of convent life, and decided on utilising their leisure by preparing a parting gift for our kind captain, which would cost little but their own labour, as best suited their circumstances. For this object they required, however, a pack of cards, and as they formed not a portion of our belongings, the obliging stewardess was applied to, who soon supplied the want, and henceforth we derived much amusement from the voluntary task, which consisted in contriving grotesque uses for the various "pips." Thus, when every duty was done, a pleasant occupation was contrived that caused much merriment.

One of our party was rather troubled by the discovery that our crew consisted almost entirely of Cingalese, for she had a deeply-rooted confidence in the "British tar," and fancied that men of such slight physique could not be reliable on any great emergency. But the subject troubled none except the passenger whom it least concerned; for the bravest sailor in the British fleet would be excused if, in any extreme peril, he left an infirm and somewhat ponderous old lady to her fate.

The weather continued delightful and not very oppressive, for a thick awning protected us from the sun's direct rays. The evening was our recreation time. When the light ceased to be sufficient for our work we retired to the stern of the poop, whence we could see the Cingalese saluting with graceful humility the descending sun. And we could not wonder that so glorious a scene gave to their uncul-

tured minds some faint idea of a Great Creator to whom we owe submission and worship. Sunset owed none of its glory to its reflection on piled or scattered clouds. The ever-changing hues of light, undimmed by earthly mists or impurities, were of exquisite beauty and unlimited variety. From flaming crimson and glowing gold they melted by imperceptible gradations to the tenderest greens and greys, all being reflected in broken splendour on the scarcely ruffled waves. We always watched for the appearance of the mysterious zodiacal light, no explanation of which seems to us to have advanced beyond conjecture. Shortly after sunset its rosy streamers shot up to the zenith and as slowly faded; our beloved friends the stars became revealed, and were always welcomed, like the honest looks we had proved to be true and good. We hoped to see our favourite constellations resume their erect positions; but as yet they continued inverted, as we had seen them during our twenty years' exile from the region of Ursa Major.

Long before darkness presided over the ocean we were enveloped in light, for at twilight great red lamps glowed on the decks of our steamer, and a general promenade became the order of the hour.

One of the evenings thus spent gave rise to

THE SONG OF THE SUN.

The utmost peak of an Alpine height
With painful toil I won;
And as I hailed the radiant dawn,
Methought thus sang the sun—

"Amid the round revolving worlds
That own my sovereign sway,
I witness harmony and joy,
And life without decay

"In all save one. Unhappy earth,
By sin and death is won;
There every misery is endured,
And every evil's done.

"Yet even there, I see how Love
Divine hath conquered ill,
Consoling woe with hope and peace
For men of righteous will.

"To the faithful ones He giveth peace
During life that must decay;
And to the soul, which cannot die,
A blest eternity.

"Oh, yearned for more than sinless worlds,
More cared for from above,
To the weakling man who forfeited
All but his Maker's love.

"And wondrously that Love contrived
For man, till death shall cease,
A clean perpetual sacrifice,
An altar, and a priest.

" Thus from the first had God decreed
He would be worshipped;
With clear foreshadowing types, until
The wondrous Victim bled.

" Then ancient rites all passed away,
And everywhere we see
A pure and clean oblation, and
Undying Calvary.

" Yes, endless is my path of light,
And, surely as I rise,
Earth pays to heaven from land to land
Perpetual sacrifice!"

And thus, methought, a hymn of praise
Doth publish through the skies
How the sweetest offering made to God
From the lost and saved doth rise!

CHAPTER V.

LIFE ON BOARD.

Aquatic Birds—No albatross—Daily routine—Pleasant stewardess—News of Protestant nuns—Fearful sea experiences—Early promenade—The mulatto—The roll-call—Africans—Ventriloquist—Wealthy Australian—Sixteen sailing-boats—Lorguette—Indian festival—Nabob's feast—Mariners' prejudice in favour of priests and nuns—Central fires—The farm.

Of ocean wonders we met but few beyond the perpetual sweep above us of large aquatic birds, among whom, however, we looked in vain for the albatross. Some declared that they saw whales in the distance, but the monsters never revealed themselves to our party. We were informed that the lords paramount of the ocean give a wide berth to steamers, whom they probably consider dangerous rivals, and regard with more awe than curiosity.

Our days in the steamer passed very pleasantly. The provisions were good and plentiful, including ices and iced water. The attendance was excellent, and our stewardess was kind and very intelligent. Mother Cecilia soon discovered that she was a Catholic, and was much interested by her description of Protestant nuns in England. She heard with surprise that they imitate our religious in their dress, as well as in such practices as they can discover.

"But," said the stewardess, "they never can assume your jolly spirit."

The cheerfulness of Catholic religious is always incomprehensible to sectarians. They even fancy it is assumed for some mystic reasons and dark purposes! What a mistake it is to suppose that piety should be sour and stern!

The stewardess related many amusing incidents of her voyages, and one was especially interesting, because it happened within our knowledge. A sailing-vessel suffered so severely from a succession

of violent storms, that they had blown away all its masts and successive jury-masts, till the brave and clever captain had nothing but a small spar to substitute for them. However, he brought the ship to Melbourne without loss of life or personal injury to passengers or crew. But the vessel was in so dilapidated a condition—furniture, fittings, mirrors, &c., being all reduced to splinters—that crowds visited the battered hull to marvel that she had survived so fearful an ordeal. The skill and courage of the gallant captain were highly complimented and most suitably acknowledged.

The exact and convenient routine observed in our ocean home may amuse readers who never crossed the globe.

At six A.M. each passenger was served with a cup of the chosen beverage,—tea, coffee, or cocoa,—and successive breakfasts were provided for the different classes of passengers, one being for the servants and children. The same rule applied to mid-day luncheon and dinner, second-class and children's tea occurring before the first-class dinner. Every meal was plenteously provided for. Ices were given out every day, and ice-water always stood on the saloon tables. The fare consisted of fresh beef and mutton, poultry of every kind, and even sucking pigs, with delicate pastry, jellies, preserved fruits, nuts, oranges, &c. We were so simple as to expect abundance of fresh fish at sea, but never were more mistaken.

One of our party delighted in escaping from the close cabin early. Fortified by a cup of cocoa she often reached the deck before the daily washing was completed, and the sailors courteously moved her sofa when it interfered with their operations. She soon grew strong enough to place herself out of the way on a high seat in the centre of the poop, whence she could command all the busy scene beneath her. Gradually the gentlemen passengers ascended from their morning baths, clad in long dressing-gowns, fresh or faded, but with bare feet, and often bare arms. The amused observer beheld the grotesque scene with silent mirth. There were old and young, tall and short, stout and thin, wearing scanty wraps of most primitive shapes, and slight head-gear of varied form, who with grave alertness trotted to and fro, and as their great naked feet slapped the wet deck, discussed high matters of "state and policy."

Their costumes reminded the spectatress of an incorrigible mulatto child in a convent orphanage, whom the nuns, as a last resource, clothed ignominiously in a sugar bag, and placed in a corner of the schoolroom. It chanced that a High Church dignitary unexpectedly visited the institution with his attendant clergy on that morning, and finding one of the children in disgrace, he kindly approached the corner and inquired her fault, in the hope of interceding for her. The simple little one's candid avowal caused him to retire quickly, and covered the good sisters with confusion. The beautiful child, with her great black eyes and smooth brown skin, looked lovely in her robe of penance, but the dresses of the bathers were, to say the least, more cool than becoming. However, being a custom, it was a matter of indifference, like disfiguring fashions, and the gentlemen were not easily recognisable in their ordinary costume.

On the first Sunday after leaving Adelaide, the "roll-call" was held on the poop, and to our party it was a novel and interesting sight. Every member of the ship's company approached in full dress; even the chief engineer, who, when occasionally seen, was often disfigured with coal-dust, appeared now bright-faced, and resplendent in gold lace, buttons, and epaulettes. A long line of Cingalese, consisting of crew and stewards, were ranged on one side of the poop, and a shorter line of Africans, who attended exclusively to the engines, stood side by side on the other. The former wore white cotton tunics, with drawers, red silk sashes, and turbans that varied according to their caste; the latter were clad in white cotton tunics and drawers, with a small skull-cap of the same material covering the crown of each woolly head.

The captain and his staff assembled in full dress near the compass, and proceeded thence in front of each line of men, while one of the officers read the "roll-call." Each man, as his name was repeated, responded with the usual gesture. The brawny figures of the Africans contrasted remarkably with the slight physique of the Cingalese, which was not calculated to inspire a timid passenger with confidence.

For a few successive Sundays prayers were read by the captain in the saloon, but so few attended that they were soon discontinued.

Few Australians choose to visit Europe in the winter season; therefore the number of passengers was unusually limited. One of them was a ventriloquist, and caused some bewilderment before he was discovered. A pale invalid, bending over his book, was made to utter a slang phrase offensive to his next neighbour, who resented the insinuation and demanded an explanation. The dismay of the startled student may be imagined; but a similar explosion from another quarter diverted attention from him, whose look was a sufficient disclaimer. His infirmities rendered him very irascible, but procured him indulgence from all, with one exception. This was a coarse but very wealthy Australian, whose manners were really marvellous. He would take a chop in his two hands, and leaning his elbows on the table, gnaw it like a dog. He would snatch a tartlet from a dish; and when a lady handed him a plate, growl, "Fingers was made afore plates." Every one treated his rudeness with silent contempt, except the irritable young invalid; and between them there was a constant antagonism. Fortunately the man seldom appeared; and we were informed that he generally took his meals with one of the officers, probably through a kind consideration for the other passengers. The man may have had a kind corner in his heart, for he once offered our novice an orange, and told how all the girls wanted to marry him. We heard of him after our return to Victoria. He married a poor widow, who was reduced to the necessity of working for hire at the hotel where he lodged, and a few months afterwards he died, leaving her well provided for. Of course the man's uncouth habits could not have been known when he secured his berth in the steamer.

We seldom had any assistance from the wind, but steamed equably

over the gentlest of waves, though most frequently in defiance of head winds. When the wind was the least in our favour, the captain had all the sails unfurled, and added those of sixteen large boats, which were slung (eight on each side) to our noble steamer. When thus wafted over the smooth waters, we must have formed a grand sight, had we entered the range of vision of any other vessel. But not one approached us within speaking distance, and we seldom descried a sail or the smoke of a funnel on the far horizon. On such rare occasions, however, the excitement became extreme, and opera-glasses were in great requisition.

One of our party excited great astonishment by the assertion that she owned a lorgnette which showed more than any on the ship, not excepting even the captain's glass. When requested to bring it on deck, she objected that the sea-air might injure its beautiful mother-of-pearl and ormolu. Being much entreated, she further said that it was rather heavy. The greatest curiosity prevailed; offers of assistance were volunteered; and at length she descended to her cabin, and returned to the poop carrying her desk. Though not large, yet, as the supposed receptacle of our opera-glass, it was thought prodigious! Several of the officers looked anxiously for the curiosity to be revealed; and when a toy was produced, which displays to this day a portrait for each eye, the mirth became general.

We had by this time reached the stage in our ocean-journey when a novelty, however trivial, is eagerly accepted, and any jest, however tame, is welcome.

There is not a more beautiful or loveable object in the world than a well-trained child, and there are few things more trying than an ill-managed one. We had a large proportion of children on board, and the latter class greatly preponderated. But one pretty, large-eyed little girl, the child of a Scotch father and Italian mother, possessed a shrill Italian voice which was the torment of the whole ship. Her mother informed us that she was born and educated in a small colony of Protestants living not far from Venice, and consisting of about one hundred individuals. In her youth she had gone to Scotland as teacher in a family, married a young clergyman, and accompanied him when he was sent by the Missionary Society to an island in the Pacific.

She conversed freely respecting her pleasant life on a plentiful island with a genial climate; and often alluded regretfully to the abundant cocoa-nuts and other fruits, and the obsequious attendance of the natives. But we hearkened in vain for accounts of their conversion to Christianity. When we remarked that her little girl's playful screams inflicted torture on our nervous invalid, she merely replied—

"Yes; she has a very shrill voice;" but she did not try to restrain her.

The Cingalese when off duty took their rest standing on the bulwarks, and probably sleeping, for they uttered not a word. As their heads were concealed by the awning, and they remained motionless for long periods, they looked like a row of bronze Caryatides

supporting a superincumbent weight. Their actions were always graceful, and especially so when they saluted the setting sun. When we watched their homage to God through the noblest of His visible works, we thought the error of their ignorance a reproach to those Christians—and it is to be feared that there are many—who never adore the Almighty or seek to know and love Him. A great Indian feast occurred during our voyage, when the men wore their choicest robes, and held high festival on the forecastle.

The weather was so unruffled that the entire voyage must have been a holiday to the crew.

The Cingalese stewards are the best of attendants, and looked extremely well beside the saloon tables, clad in white tunics, crimson silk sashes, and elegant turbans. The extension saloon was richly adorned with carvings, gildings, and china paintings; and the numerous attendants, gliding noiselessly and rapidly behind the guests, gave it quite an Oriental character.

It required no great effort of imagination to fancy our courteous captain an Eastern despot presiding over a courtly feast.

Our party received great consideration from the ship's officers; and we had many a proof during our various voyages that sailors expect fair weather and easy times when they have Catholic priests or religious on board.

Mother Cecilia took great interest in the machinery; and after inspecting all that was easy of access, she expressed a wish to see the apparatus that set it all in motion and kept it working.

The chief engineer at once granted the request, and escorted the two sisters into the depths of his gloomy domain. We have often remembered with awe that we are only thirty miles from the fierce central fires that rage with terrible violence in the interior of our globe and sometimes shake its crust; but now we were as many feet from sixteen enormous furnaces that were consuming tons of coal by night and by day.

Between these vaults of fire, along a narrow path, the gentle sisters were carefully led. All was black around them, including the human beings, excepting their courteous conductor. Each furnace-mouth was opened in succession, crammed with provender, and closed; the process being repeated with great activity, and kept up without intermission day and night. The sight was marvellous to the sisters, but they were glad to remount to the light of day and relate their adventures to those who had not the curiosity to share them.

Mother Cecilia found no Catholics on board except the stewardess, but the nuns visited the few cases of sickness, which were chiefly prolonged "mal-de-mer." We also walked occasionally to the "farm," as we called the large supplies of poultry, &c., and once noticed a rough sailor carefully feeding a brood of young magpies.

CHAPTER VI.

AUSTRALIA LEFT BEHIND.

Fifth day at sea—St. George's Sound—Albany—The young wife—Flower-searchers—Captain's warning—Sisters land—Presbytery—Church schools—The Timepiece—A pleasant dinner—Discovery—Flight—Heavy gale—Boatmen refuse double fare—Dismay—Time up—The Crimea to the rescue—Anxiety on board—Quit the vast continent of Australia.

On the fifth day after leaving "Adelaide" (or rather its port, "Glenelg"), we slowly steamed into the fine sheet of water, nearly surrounded by hills, called St. George's Sound.

As we slowly approached the young settlement of "Albany," white specks on the shore gradually became distinguishable buildings, clustering like sea-birds' nests beneath a range of hills. The first we passed was a wooden lighthouse placed above the reach of the tide and a considerable distance from the shore.

We anchored near the centre of a bay which has the appearance of the mouth of a river, its length, like that of Port Jackson, being disproportionate to its width. We were speedily surrounded by boats, which were eagerly hired by the passengers. Besides the general desire to step again on firm land, they were attracted by the fame of the place for its rare and beautiful wild flowers, and also a few passengers here took their leave of the steamer. Among the latter was a wife aged about sixteen, who had suffered during the whole of the voyage from the severest form of sea-sickness. She was fair and fragile-looking, and her husband remarked that they had to re-embark immediately in the *Perth* steamer. We could not choose but pity the slight girl deprived so early of her youth, and afflicted with an unusual share of the inevitable sufferings and cares that should have been deferred till mind and frame were matured. One of our party was moved to say to the husband in reply to his remark—

"Why did you induce her to marry so young?"

"Because I loved her," he answered.

Surely had he really loved her—and not solely himself—he would have preferred for her a few years of the holiday of girlhood before incurring the responsibilities of married life!

The captain carefully warned his passengers that he should weigh anchor at three, and fire a signal gun at half-past two.

Several merry parties bounded over the waters of the bay, who longed to find the earth once more beneath their feet, and were bent on robbing her here of her far-famed flowers. The two nuns also went ashore to pay their respects to the priest of the district, visit the altar, and obtain the help of prayers for the prosperity of their pilgrimage. After an enjoyable sail across the bay, the sisters landed without difficulty, and soon recognised the little Catholic church by the cross upon its gable. Near it stood the modest presbytery, where they were kindly welcomed by a Spanish priest, who,

after inspecting the warm recommendation given to his nuns by Bishop Redwood, insisted on the sisters dining with him. While the meal was preparing he conducted them to his church, and thence to schools crowded with pupils. Then he took them to visit several of his parishioners, and wherever they went the sisters were constantly drawn from their route by the temptation to gather new and most beautiful flowers. They returned to the presbytery to dine, and enjoyed a pleasant meal, cheered by the courteous kindness of their hospitable entertainer.

During dinner the superioress was careful to watch the progress of the hands over the dial on the mantelpiece, and throughout the interesting conversation—respecting the mission, its foundation, progress, and prospects, which now only wanted a community of teaching sisters for the training of the girl-children of the settlement—she kept listening for the boom of the signal-gun.

Knowing that when she heard it they should have ample time to reach the steamer, she tranquilly enjoyed the pleasant hour, and gave in return some account of New Zealand and her own mission. At length she remarked—

"Is your clock quite right, reverend Father?"

"Oh, not with your time, I suppose, but I really cannot say!"

The sister possessed an excellent watch, the last gift of her brother in Melbourne, but she had not consulted it when she had only to raise her eye to a timepiece. It was instantly produced, and the sisters to their utter dismay discovered that it wanted but a few minutes to three!

"The captain promised to give a signal at half-past two!" she exclaimed; "why have we not heard it?"

"A gale is blowing off shore," replied the priest, as they hurried from the house.

A severe gale had indeed arisen, and heavy drops of rain began to fall. But the nuns ran hastily down to the shore without attempting to open their umbrellas. The priest followed rapidly, and as they passed a house which they had visited in the morning, its mistress, supposing they ran to escape the rain, collected such wraps and umbrellas as she possessed and ran after them.

They all reached the shore nearly together, and found a cluster of boatmen assembled who were gazing out over the bay.

There rode the steamer apparently unmoved, and Mother Cecilia instantly asked for a boat. But to her extreme consternation every boatman refused to cross the leaping waves.

"But I *must* go!" exclaimed the nun. "I will give double fare."

Even that temptation had no effect.

"If I'm not afraid, why should you be?" urged the sister.

"We are not afraid," asserted the mariners with the proud defiance of manhood, "but we can't afford to lose our boats."

If they had said, "We know the danger, but you do not!" they would have been nearer the mark.

Vainly did the priest try to influence the experienced mariners, or inspire them with daring. Precious moments were passing

rapidly, every instant rendering the position more critical, when suddenly a youth broke into the agitated circle, and eagerly cried—

"What is the matter?"

"We must join yonder steamer at once, yet can't obtain a boat," was the nun's hurried answer.

"Sister," said the lad, "one of you ladies saved my father's life in the Crimea, and I'll take you aboard if two men will stand at my helm."

The youth's generous hardihood shamed two men into compliance, and the kind woman who had followed the flying party said—

"Don't be afraid, sister, I'll accompany you; and shall have to return, you know, so you see there is no danger."

"We are not afraid," replied Mother Cecilia. "But if we go down, it shall be only two nuns that are lost. You belong to God's family. Thanks, and good-bye."

Then, with a hurried recommendation of themselves to God, the nuns quitted the kind friends whom they might never hope to see again in this world. What wonderful meetings there will be in the next! In the meantime there was trouble in the steamer on their account.

Boat after boat arrived, freighted with merry passengers and most lovely flowers, and each party brought their plunder to show to one who had declined to go ashore.

For some time the inspection of successive bouquets fully engrossed her attention, the blossoms being perfectly novel even to one familiar with conservatories, and beyond description beautiful.

At length one of the officers remarked to her—

"The signal-gun has been long since fired, but the sisters have not returned."

She at once walked to the bulwarks, and observed the height of the waves (for the great steamer was very little affected by them), and gazed anxiously over the rough billows, where not a sail was visible.

First one and then another came to watch with her, but each addition to the group increased the general dismay by uttering new forebodings of evil.

The chief officer brought his glass, swept the bay, and after a few moment's silence, said—

"I think I see the sisters in yonder small boat rounding the headland."

"It is most likely," replied the anxious friend, "since that is the only boat on the bay."

After a brief pause, he added—"Yes, I see them distinctly, but I would not be in that boat for a thousand pounds."

"If it is Mother Cecilia you may feel sure that she is not afraid, for she never knew what fear is."

With a heart raised in prayer, the lady watched the little boat gallantly making its way, sometimes riding on the crests of the waves, sometimes nearly lost to sight between them. At length we plainly recognised the white coifs and gamps of the sisters; for as they would not raise an umbrella, they calmly sat on the floor of

the boat under a pelting shower, which did them service by somewhat lowering the waves.

As they neared the steamer they were sometimes level with the bulwarks, sometimes below the end of the gangway. Several gentlemen offered their services, and greatly facilitated the perilous feat of leaving the restless boat. By seizing a hand when it was at the highest, the light figures were easily placed in safety. Many a heart blessed God for their preservation, but even in that moment of peril Mother Cecilia did not forget her flowers, which were carefully passed to her. We anxiously watched the boat returning safely over subsiding waves; then, after changing their wet clothes, the nuns inspected their beautiful bouquets, being bent on preserving a few of the lovely flowers and curious grasses they had gathered on their way.

While our anchor was being weighed, we watched the small *Perth* steamer labouring heavily amid the turbulent waves, which scarcely ruffled the stately motion of our noble "liner." Before we reached the entrance of "the Sound" we had the satisfaction of seeing the small coaster return to port, for we felt the deepest sympathy with the young wife who was so bad a sailor. We now finally quitted Australia, in whose waters we had hitherto been steaming. On St. George's Sound is situated the southern port of Western Australia, and we soon lost sight of the last vestige of that vast continent.

Book II.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VOYAGE.

The Southern Ocean—Immense but gentle waves—Illustrations—The private view of art gallery reserved—Absent friends—The meek brown eyes—New Zealand and Victoria—The Mist Iris—A "dull lot"—Loan of albums—Beauty and woe—Trade winds—Piano—Musical evenings—Distant storms—Constellations recline—Point de Galle—A new world—Native labourers—Merchants—Mohammedan—Buddhist—Too easily made happy—Sisters visit church and presbytery—Invitation.

THE gale in which we quitted St. George's Sound did not extend far into the vast ocean that encircles the Southern Hemisphere of the globe. Our sails soon became useless, and the broad waves that upheaved around us only served to rock gently our stately dwelling. The rotations of our "screw," however, bore us rapidly on our way, and proved it worthy of a better name than that which is so disparaging when applied to its predecessor in assisting human labours. Why the poor worn-out horse should be called "a screw," we have often inquired in vain.

In giving us tranquil waves the ocean appeared to have exhausted its powers of pleasing, for not one of its wonders were vouchsafed to us. We had calculated on seeing at least a tiny fleet of "Portuguese men-of-war"—as sailors call the elegant nautilus—but not a solitary specimen appeared. The uproarious monster that daunted the mighty whale, and made him keep at a respectful distance, was never approached by anything more fragile than a porpoise.

Many passengers appeared to grow weary of their own resources, and centred their hopes in "the log" and the hours of meals. We found an endless source of amusement in our illustrations, and though we sometimes observed a wistful glance directed to our merry group, we rigidly kept our resolve to reserve for the captain the privilege of "a private view" of our grotesque art gallery. When fatigue or the waning light obliged a suspension of our labours, we escaped as far as possible from the noisy children, and, seated at the extremity of the poop, talked of future plans and past experiences.

A prominent place was always given to our distant loving friends, who were either left behind or expecting our arrival, and we never

forgot the gentle brown eyes that were always expressive of the tenderest affection, and never clouded by a frown. Often the New Zealanders would describe the beautiful scenery of their adopted country: the groves of wild raspberries found in the bush, the curious nests formed of long filaments, lovely flowers, and a wondrous variety of ferns. Their companion had little to say for the scenery of Victoria, but she described several varieties of marsupials and parrots, and the unrivalled cockatoo. She loved to dwell on a favourite charm of summer evenings, when, just after sunset, a broad line of prismatic colours extends along the eastern horizon, and rises and broadens as the light in the west follows the departing sun. At its first appearance blue tints prevail, but as it slowly ascends they melt into violet and rose colour in softest gradations, which dissolve entirely away near the zenith. She had often taken delight in watching the lovely iridescence, which she named "The Mist Iris," and had feebly described it in verse. During one of those pleasant evenings on the ocean-steamer she recited the lines to her two companions.

THE MIST IRIS.

Born of the sunset gleam,
And the soft tears kept by the sorrowing earth
For all the woes endured since morn's first beam
Gave light new birth.

Offspring of joy and woe,
That crown'st the evening for a little span,
Heaven tending, though thy birth is here below,
How like art thou to man!

Like him, from Light Supreme,
Thou, pale Mist Iris of the eve, hast sprung;
Like him, the sorrow that hath dimmed thy beam
Unto thy birthright clung.

Yet as thy purple glow
Rises and disappears in realms more bright,
Shall his inheritance of pain and woe
Be lost in Heaven's light.

When in the evening grey
I joy to see thy tender radiance span
The eastern hills, and rise, and melt away—
I sigh: "E'en such is man."

The want of general sociability on board must have been unusual, for one of the officers confided to us that we "were a dull lot." They kindly lent to us a photograph album and a scrap-book, which we found amusing, and made small additions to them. The former contained chiefly memorials of absent friends. But there were also very fine photographs of lovely women, elegantly arranged, and displaying various styles of beauty. They were all richly clad in silks and laces, and decorated with strings of pearls. The accessories were given with such fidelity that it was easy to perceive that the pearls were false, and to distinguish each different kind of lace.

Equally faithful must have been the portraitures; yet in every face was plainly discerned an expression of hopeless misery. The variety in feature, complexion, and race was extreme, yet all betrayed a deep-seated woe that even smiles did not obliterate. It was not grief, sadness, or melancholy, but utter wretchedness that could not be concealed, the profoundness of which afflicted the gazer's heart. On returning the book, we learned of its owner that the lovely portraits had been purchased from a celebrated photographer in a continental city. We sadly drew the inevitable conclusion—miserable girls whose singular beauty had proved a fatal dower, exhibited it in order to show the perfection of sun-painting.

Side awnings were now erected to protect the decks from the glow of the waves, and when we caught "the trades," the piano was carried up from the saloon to the poop by four of the men. The transit was quite an event in an existence that was becoming monotonous, and many watched its progress with deep interest. One man was sharply struck between the instrument and the companion-door, but made no sign of feeling. We were told that had the man lost his self-command, the jeers of his messmates would have been a harder trial than any amount of physical pain, which led us to think that the valour which braves bullets and bayonets may possess such an ingredient.

The piano had been unused in the saloon, which even the punkas could not relieve of the odour of many meals and of a surrounding of sleeping chambers. And it remained unopened on deck until one of our party stimulated the rivalry of more practised performers by playing a few sonatas and pieces of music that were popular half a century ago. From that time the poop became every evening a concert hall. The red lamps, placed at remote distances, diffused a dim light, the motion of the steamer created a slight breeze, the children had retired for the night, and the skilfully-rendered compositions of fine composers had for accompaniment the low voices of the waves. This was our pleasantest time in the tropics. The ocean was like a summer lake, and only disturbed by ourselves. But we were sometimes made aware that storms were afflicting other seas when heavy clouds gathered in the east, and answering flashes of lightning illumined the horizon.

Our progress was nearly due north, and we soon observed that our favourite constellations were resuming their proper positions. Instead of being inverted, they gradually became recumbent, to our great satisfaction; for it had been a long annoyance to see "The Bull" and "The Dog" with such flaming stars as "Sirius" and "Aldebaran" placed in ignoble positions. We were especially pleased to see Perseus reclining at his ease, for the loveliest star in the sky is in that constellation. Only for a brief period of the year does it appear above the horizon in Victoria; but now Perseus was fast mounting in the heavens, while the Southern Cross each evening descended lower. We did not regret it much, however, because Orion, with his starry belt and flaming sword, was rapidly resuming his erect position.

As we neared Ceylon one of the passengers related most alarming accounts of the Bay of Point de Galle, saying it was extremely subject to storms, and when ruffled was long in subsiding, so that pleasant weather was seldom experienced there.

We were therefore agreeably surprised when we found ourselves calmly steaming into a spacious land-locked bay, whose waves showed little motion except when they struck against the shore or encountered dark isolated rocks.

Only ten days had elapsed since we finally quitted Australia, yet we soon perceived that we were in a new world. When we steamed into the Bay of Point de Galle the sun was not far above the horizon, therefore we could, without inconvenience, indulge the passion inherent in all for beholding new and strange scenes. All our surroundings now were strange and new, with the exception of a small proportion of the shipping that was riding at anchor in the port.

Cocoa-nut groves crowned the surrounding hills with feathery fringes, and gave quite a peculiar feature to the landscape. Although the great waves rolled along with apparent gentleness, their force must have been extreme, for when they touched the shore or the giant boulders that cropped up from the water, singly or in groups, sheets of foam were tossed high in the air, and their appearance was not quite uniform. Occasionally the snowy crest would dash quite over the boulders as if impelled by some extra force.

Over the still waters lightly glided the curious Cingalese boats, many of them hurrying to meet the coming steamer, which brought occupation to their owners. We likened these curious toy-like vessels to aquatic insects, with long feelers extending only on one side, or spiders progressing sideways, with antennæ of prodigious length. They were very long, and scarcely wider than the body of a slender man, hence they would not float on water but for the singular contrivance that balances them. It consists of long, curved poles, joined at their extremities by a log of wood, probably ten feet in length. This rests upon the water and keeps the boat upright. How they manage to dash about so rapidly without coming into collision, is a marvel. The narrowness of the boat forbids all idea of its receiving passengers, but a crazy-looking seat is suspended over each side, so that the "fare" are absolutely seated over the water. Yet this seems to be the favourite mode of progressing to the shore.

We anchored opposite the small town of Point de Galle, which possesses massive Dutch fortifications constructed by its first European possessors. We were assured that they would be of little value in modern warfare, though to us they seemed impregnable.

The town rises on hilly ground, and highest of all rises above groves of palm a white cupola, which was pointed out to us as the Catholic church.

We had scarcely anchored when our decks were crowded with naked bronze figures, wearing the scantiest of raiment, who were speedily occupied in assisting to unload cargo. There were also large boats bringing supplies of fresh vegetables, green cocoa-nuts, bananas, and many other productions of the island for which we had

no name. Not only was cargo removed from the ship, it was also being received, and the scene was one of bewildering bustle and excitement. Through all the unclad men passed unconcernedly, appearing far less like human beings than vivified bronze statues or "slaves of the lamp," conjured up by some powerful magician. But our attention was speedily diverted from them, for soon after the anchor had fallen our poop was boarded by a crowd of native merchants of very different social grades. Some wore rich robes of costly silk, and more than one displayed in vest or turban an unmistakable gem of considerable value. But others were simply clad in cotton tunics and trousers, with silken sashes and turbans of various forms. The former were jewel merchants, and the latter tempted the passengers with native laces, wares and toys, which were always ingenious, and sometimes very beautiful. Of the latter kind were tortoiseshell boxes inlaid with ivory or mother-of-pearl, and various articles formed of the same materials and ebony. We wished much to have a walking-stick of the latter wood inlaid very neatly with mother-of-pearl and with a grotesque head for the handle, but one passenger bought them all and would not relinquish one. We desired it as a present to a revered relative, who is now descending into the vale of years, and might need a prop of the kind.

The pertinacity and humility of these traders were wonderful. Wherever a passenger was found seated, they assembled, squatting on the ground in a wide semi-circle, with their wares displayed on their laps, and their great black eyes fixed on their hoped-for victim. The grotesqueness of the scene, where men of wealth, and richly clad, so meekly sought the custom of one poor pilgrim, irresistibly provoked her keen sense of the ridiculous, and she could scarcely cease from gently laughing at the absurdity of the situation. It was in vain that she said—

"We have no money." There was an incredulous reply—

"You lots! You from 'Straly! You lots money!"

Or a hand, full of rupees, was extended over her shoulders with the remark, "Here money!"

It contained the exact change for an English sovereign, which, of course, was expected. Several times a valueless ring was offered for her approval, but when they found she derided such trumpery, beautiful jewels were produced, the best of which were sapphires, which are found on the island. The pilgrim's purse only enabled her to purchase a few gifts, less costly than curious.

Being urged to buy after her small capital was expended, and papers full of unset gems being persistently placed on her lap, she drew out her purse, and showed that it was quite empty. One of the men eagerly caught at the port-monaie, opened every compartment, and finally said, without returning it—

"What for?" The lady with laughing wonder asked—

"Do you want to buy it?"

Immediately an excited clamour arose as the article was passed from hand to hand. At length the first possessor of it threw a pretty toy into her lap, and the lady assenting, he departed with his prize.

She had had twelve months' wear out of the purse, and considered it well sold. Its new possessor proved that he was equally pleased with his bargain, for he returned to give the lady a few trivial memorandums, and a small packet of sweet-peas that he found in its inmost recesses. She returned the seeds, telling him to plant them, and he retired with evident satisfaction.

Meanwhile the nuns had been occupied with their morning duties, and were highly diverted on finding their companion seated, surrounded by patient merchants, who regarded her fixedly with great, wistful eyes, while she with difficulty kept in subjection her impulse to laugh at them.

"Look what I have obtained for my old purse," she exclaimed; and Mother Cecilia promptly acted on the suggestion. Things that had rendered their last service were eagerly accepted in exchange for laces, &c., to the mutual satisfaction of the dealers. Among the acquisitions of our party was a nest of six boxes, with which the lady was much pleased. They were made of native grasses, some of which were dyed a deep crimson. Each box was plaited in a different pattern, and they became in time so widely distributed, that they seemed to have numbered twelve instead of six. One of the girls belonging to a "troupe" of Christy minstrels regarded the nest of boxes very wistfully.

"Do you wish for one?" asked the lady.

"Very much indeed," said the girl.

"Then why do you not buy it? The cost is trifling."

"I have no money, but I'll ask for some." She hurried away, but returned unsuccessful. The youthful merchant perceived the effort made on his behalf, and implored the lady to interpose with voice and gesture and great pleading eyes. What a shame it seemed to disappoint him and the young girl for a matter of two shillings. Presently the boyish leader of the "troupe" sauntered past. The lady stated the case at once, and half jested, half shamed him into granting the twofold prayer. So easily were two persons made happy! perhaps for only a brief period, but joy, however trivial or brief, is a foretaste of our higher life,—

"As shines a sunbeam in a drop of dew."

And the lady often pleases herself with thinking that the little itinerant musician still finds her pretty boxes useful on the toilet and work-table; while perhaps, the Cingalese may sometimes hope to be helped again by the smiling old lady, who has many a time in her life procured benefits for others, which were far beyond her own power to confer.

She asked one of the Cingalese, "Are you a Buddhist?"

"No," he replied with a disdainful accent,—"I Mahomet!—I worship one God! He worship Buddha!" pointing scornfully to his nearest neighbour, who regarded the speaker with a deprecating look, as if accepting the implied inferiority.

On the following morning, soon after dawn, the sisters went ashore

to visit the church and pay their respects to the resident pastor. They were so well pleased with the courteous welcome they received and the noval scenes they witnessed, that they promised to take thither their aged companion on the following morning.

Visits made in Ceylon must be so timed as to ensure return to shelter long before the sun has reached the meridian.

When the accepted invitation was reported to the chaperone, she objected that her travelling dress was too heavy to walk under in such a climate. But the excuse was overruled when the lightest of her garments were produced. She submitted to be attired in ample robes of muslin, and a large mantle of black lace; and doubtless formed a very remarkable contrast to the darkly-robed nuns, who were her inferiors in stature.

The instant that the three appeared at the bulwarks, a clamour of voices ascended from the spider-like boats, and when M. Cecilia declined to trust her precious freight to any of them, a naked man seated his slender figure on the slight plank, to prove that it was quite roomy and comfortable.

But this not availing, a barge was brought to the gangway, having all its seats neatly covered with crimson cushions. It looked very cosy and comfortable, but not so the gangway, which must first be descended. However, as we neared its summit, the brisk young doctor approached, and kindly volunteered his assistance to the dowager.

CHAPTER VIII.

POINT DE GALLE.

Old birds—The doctor's false step—Barge and red cushions—Boy afraid of being eaten—Mosque—Buddhist temples—Wells—Cocoa-nut grove—Native village—Women and babies—Grave courtesy of the priest—Room without walls—Beautiful church—Grave of its founder—School—Gardens—Bungalow—The hope deferred—Rival boatmen—Clever seizure of a captive—Separation of the passengers—Captain pleased with result of our labours.

THE help of a stout young arm can never be refused by the aged, and the lady took the doctor's hand with restored confidence. But she was too experienced to trust to it alone, and throughout the slow descent she clasped tightly the thick rope fixed to the vessel's side. Many faces were peering over the bulwarks, and the two nuns followed slowly down the narrow stairs. The young man, who went a little in advance, was lithe, sure-footed, and active; but it was fortunate for his companion that she grasped the rope full tightly. Just as the doctor stepped into the boat he stumbled, toppled over, and fell head foremost between the cushions. Even in the act of falling he shouted from the depths of the boat—

"Are you safe, madam?"

"Yes, I am all right, but how are *you?*" she replied.

He soon recovered himself, and every face watching from above

grew shorter when the false step proved to be harmless. The barge was very comfortable, and our party was augmented by the unexpected addition of three passengers, consisting of husband, wife, and daughter. Quick ears caught a few whispered words of the wife respecting taking a share in the expense of the boat, to which the husband replied aloud—

"We shall have plenty of ways for our money."

The clumsy barge glided slowly over the tranquil waves, and at the pier many hands were extended to assist the landing of the strangers. Crowds pressed around us as we walked along the boards of the pier, through the interstices of which the water was perceptible. But all eyes (and they are magnificent ones) seemed attracted by the tall, stout figure, clad in ample robes of muslin and lace, who was smiling on the strange spectacle, and must have rendered quite insignificant her following of small, meanly-clad nuns. She observed, too, the quiet, amused smile on one gentle face, which was so significant that the lady exclaimed—

"Perhaps they mistake me for the Queen of Sheba!"

The scene was wonderfully novel and ever-changing, and not a native woman in the crowd, but tall combs adorning every head, though the attire was of the scantiest. The minds of the travellers were too busy for remark, until, just as they were quitting the shaking pier, a youth pressed forward to gaze on the strangers with such glorious eyes that the lady exclaimed—

"Look at that boy! Did you ever behold such eyes?"

The boy instantly sprung back, and disappeared among the crowd.

"Oh!" she whispered, "he thinks I have bespoke him for my supper!"

We passed under the massive archway extending under the fortifications, and found near a primitive-looking hotel a stand of carriages. One of these we hired, and found it a very convenient vehicle. It was especially welcome, because it conveyed us away from our crowd of attendants, which seemed to increase as we proceeded. One, however, took his seat beside our driver; and as he spoke English very well, proved of service in pointing out many objects on our route. Every moment we saw something worthy of notice and never to be forgotten. We met road-carts piled high with burdens that seemed far too heavy for the small black oxen with humped backs harnessed to them like horses. We passed a gloomy-looking Mahometan mosque, and a yet more gloomy Buddhist temple, both looking vacant and deserted. We were far more interested by a public well, surrounded by a walled enclosure of considerable extent, in which lay weary horses and humped cattle. Busy attendants passed to and fro among them, with buckets filled from the well; but there were certainly no women near the favourite place of resort. There were natives drawing up water, others awaiting their turn, and many appeared to be enjoying the universal amusement of an idle gossip. We also passed an old abandoned well, which looked very melancholy with its desolate quadrangle, delapidated windlass, broken gates, and crumbling walls.

Soon afterwards we were delighted by finding ourselves in an extensive grove of cocoa-nut palms. The slender shafts of the trees grow very closely together (like the trees of the whip-stick scrub in Victoria), and ascend to a great height. Beneath the graceful canopy of feathery leaves the green cocoa-nuts depend in great abundance. Sheltered by the grove was a native village, consisting of scattered houses, which admitted no peep into their interiors. But here we, for the first and only time, saw two Cingalese women, wearing long sleeveless cotton robes. One had a naked infant striding across her hip, the other held the hand of a lean, unclad, tottering child, just trying to walk. Though all the men wore high combs in their hair, we did not observe them as we passed the women.

The hill on which the church and presbytery stand is so steep that we left our carriage at its base, and slowly toiled up a winding path, amid weeds and foliage totally strange to us. We found the priest in his parlour, who received us with grave courtesy. This dwelling was a marvel to us. The reception-room is entirely open to the air, with the exception of one wall, in the centre of which was an arch, draped with a curtain, and probably leading to a sleeping apartment. Thus three sides of the parlour were entirely open. the roof being supported at two corners by coigns of stone. A low wall about three feet high surrounded the three open sides, except at the entrance. The furniture was very simple, but a few shells and *curios* were distributed about, and books were everywhere. We could even see them ranged on shelves between the parted curtains. During our interview, natives were leaning upon the low wall, as if enjoying the conversation, or diverted by the sight of strangers. They came and went, fresh parties continually arriving, and all indulged their curiosity without rebuke. Only once did the priest address them, to procure for us a drink of cocoa-nut milk, which was very refreshing.

On the previous day the nuns had gone fasting to mass, and breakfasted with the reverend Father, when they tasted the bread of the country, small flat cakes, made of cocoa-nut and rice. They brought specimens of it to the steamer, but we all agreed that "damper" is preferable.

After a brief rest the reverend Father conducted us to his church, which is the finest building on Point de Galle. We were perfectly astonished to find such an elegant specimen of the Italian style of ecclesiastical architecture in that remote spot. It consists of a nave, lighted by a clerestory, a sanctuary surmounted by a dome and lantern, and two small chapels. The windows of the clerestory and lantern are enriched with stained glass, but the nave has no windows at all. Their places are supplied by large wooden doors, which are flung open when the church is crowded with worshippers, so that they really kneel in the open air. The floor is paved with blue and white marble, tastefully arranged. The whole interior is decorated with the various marbles of the country, and on the pulpit are the monogram of Christ and other religious emblems in coarse mosaic.

In one of the side chapels is the grave of Father Martyn, to whose

energy and devoted labours this noble work is ascribed. Like many others who have worked for God, he only lived to see the church completed.

The congregation amounts to about 1800, and consists wholly of Cingalese. We were informed that in the city of Colombo there are nearly 20,000 Catholics; and many thriving missions have been established throughout the entire island by the zeal of the Jesuit Fathers.

Our next visit was to the school, where we found an African schoolmaster with snow-white hair and beard, and a crowd of large-eyed pupils. They were mostly well formed and featured, and all were clad in a cotton sleeveless dress extending to the ankles. Specimens of writing and arithmetic of a very satisfactory kind were presented for our inspection, while the pupils regarded us with grave wonder. Many of the children were really beautiful, and all looked bright, well nourished, and intelligent. We regretted that we could not spend more time among them; for the sun was mounting high, and we had little time for each separate visit. Finally the reverend Father conducted us to his garden and bungalow. As it was the winter season, the former was chiefly remarkable for plants whose leaves have the glorious tints of flowers. Some displayed one uniform tint of gorgeous richness, others were barred or spotted, flecked or striped with various tints; and everything growing was perfectly new to the travellers. The bungalow was a low roof of thatch, supported on slender poles, and erected on a point of rock overlooking the bay. It was furnished with a table and rustic lounge, and must be a charming place of rest after sunset when the labours of the day are over. When we took leave of the reverend Father, he invited us to visit him on our return voyage; and the nun inquired if she could bring anything from Europe that would be useful to his mission. He mentioned a book of sermons in English which he had seen advertised, and thought might assist him in his imperfect knowledge of the language when instructing his flock, who only understood the English tongue.

The promise was given, and they parted, who may only hope to meet again where "those who instruct others unto justice shine like stars for all eternity."

As the sister did not return home by that route, the book travelled through many lands after being procured in London, but by the courtesy of Captain Stewart of the *Assam* steamship, it was finally conveyed from Victoria to Point de Galle. The acknowledgment of this kindness was received by Mother Cecilia after her return to New Zealand, and it was mingled with expressions of astonishment that the promise should have been so long remembered and faithfully performed. This was rendered yet more remarkable by the reverend Father having in the interval been removed to a distant mission in the interior.

We found our carriage awaiting us at the foot of the hill, and also the Cingalese who had volunteered as guide. When we had resumed our seats, he inquired if we knew the Bishop of Armidale. Receiving our negative reply, he proceeded to say that the bishop, when passing by Point de Galle to England, promised that on his return he would

take him to Australia; and the youth begged us, if we met the bishop on our travels, to tell him that he was awaiting his return. The youth seemed quite exhilarated by our promise, and we left him to nurse what was probably only "the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick."

On reaching the pier we were beset by applicants for the office of rowing us to the ship; but as our boatmen had proved extremely civil, we thought it incumbent upon us to patronise them again, and expressed that intention. Then a chorus of voices claimed the right on the very grounds indicated.

"No, no," exclaimed one of our party; "we shall easily recognise our boat by its crimson cushions."

Instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, crimson cushions flashed forth into the sunlight, and every boat at the pier was decked as if for some high festival. Then the ladies were quite at fault; for the men seemed as like each other as sheep in a flock; even their tall combs were all alike.

In this moment of irresolution, a valiant boatman seized the hand of the weakest, though not the least weighty of the party, and commenced a gentle trot along the pier, leading his helpless captive. With the greatest care he seated her in his boat on a pile of crimson cushions, and left her to recover her breath. The sisters of course followed, and when they were seated the boat shot out from the pier; and all the crimson decorations we left behind vanished as quickly as they had made their appearance.

To this day we have doubts about that naked boatman. His *may* have been the boat we first hired, or he may have been simply a ready-witted fellow, prompt to take quick action and so win the advantage. But what a poor reward we were to cause such a hubbub! Yet it is not unusual, that the excitement of the pursuit bears little proportion to the value of the prize.

The trip to the ship was quite too long, for the sun's rays were nearly direct, and the reflection of them from the waters was yet more trying. We were glad to take refuge from the glare even in the stifling recesses of our cabins.

The passengers were now about to separate. The first party to depart was the "minstrel troupe," who had an engagement at Colombo. It was remarkable that they managed to make themselves disagreeable to the last. They occupied two cabins that were not contiguous, and the occupants of the one between theirs were disturbed before dawn by the shouts of these young people to each other respecting their packing arrangements. They took with them the ventriloquist, but left behind one who had shared their games of cribbage. When we expressed our surprise at his remaining without his favourite associates, he appeared puzzled to know why he was considered one of a party of minstrels, and remarked—

"When I am travelling I think it wise to adapt myself to the society into which I am thrown."

"Have you not heard," was the reply, "the well-known maxim, 'Tell me what company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are!'"

Our turn to depart came next. The ship we were to join had arrived from India just before ourselves. We presented our "illustrated cards" to the captain, and were much gratified by the discovery that he made it a great favour to grant a sight of them to his passenger guests. A few others accompanied us, who were also bound for Aden, the Red Sea, and Port Said.

CHAPTER IX.

CEYLON LEFT BEHIND.

Left our pleasant steamer and kind stewardess—Message to her mother—New home—Detention—Waiting—East Indians—Narrow prejudices—Sunstruck babe—Infant life in Victoria—Leave Ceylon—Adam's Peak—Wreck—To work again—Sparkling waves—Do nuns laugh?—Dull people—No piano—Eleven children—Vain effort to divert them—Our recreation hour—Enigma.

We were sorry to leave the kind stewardess with whom we had much in common, and took the address of her mother, in a London suburb, to whom ere long our chief faithfully delivered sundry duteous messages, with pleasant tidings of the absent daughter.

We also regretted the loss of the youthful pair who had deeply interested us, and until the last expected them to accompany us as far as Aden, whence in a month's time they could sail to Zanzibar, *en route* for the Cape.

Such discouraging information had been given them of Aden as a place of sojourn for a month, that they had decided on spending the time of unavoidable detention at Bombay. The shrill-voiced Italian child still accompanied us (the widow's destination being Venice), and also a few other passengers.

We stood on the poop of a strange vessel, amid strange faces, and watched the fine steamer that had been to us a pleasant home pass away. The familiar faces looked wistfully back at us, and many hats and handkerchiefs were waved in adieu.

It resembled those final partings which all have experienced, and some many times during their lives. A moment since we were together and could exchange thoughts or reciprocate kindness, but now we could never converse or exchange sympathies again.

Not till the steamer had quite disappeared from our range of vision did we turn to consider our surroundings. Our new home had just arrived from India, bringing a few passengers and many children. We soon discovered that the change was not for the better in any way, and that we should be detained here four days to take in cargo. When our evening hour of recreation arrived we were all more or less fatigued by the arrangements necessitated by our change of dwelling-place. We seated ourselves as usual near the compass, though we took our recreation "with a difference," for our times had changed, and we with them.

Probably on this account we reverted to the labours that are never requited in this world; for the cupola of good Father Martyn was before us, who died just as the great work of his life was completed. Then one of us recalled the young Cingalese, so patiently trusting to a hope that might never be realised, waiting and watching while the years slipped imperceptibly away. We thought that the boy's life might be compared to many which are wasted in desiring the unattainable, while overlooking the flowers that could easily be gathered.

"We are all waiting," said a gentle voice, "and our expectations will certainly be realised sooner or later. For ours is not the vain expectation of some doubtful good, but a real treasure, and of certain attainment, with the faithful promised help of God's grace. Still we all have to wait till the summons come."

"Mine will come first," said the aged pilgrim, "and I alone of our circle can truly say that I *only* wait, my work being well-nigh done."

She was mistaken, for the youngest of the three was first called home. But this conversation led, on our first evening in this, our fourth steamer, to the production of

WAITING.

Waiting beside the river
While countless barques pass by,
Some piled with hope and joy, and some
Freighted with misery.
Onward they swiftly float upon the tide,
Leaving me watching by the torrent's side.

Waiting beside the pavement,
Echoing with tramp of feet,
Which, urged by hope, grief, profit,
Rapidly throng the street.
Crowds to their separate aims and hopes repair,
While I am left, watching and waiting there.

By the world's broad highway
There crowds pass to and fro,
With pride, with pomp, with scorn,
With misery and woe.
The changing groups pass by while I remain.
Mine, too, has been great toil and little gain.

Waiting beside the portals
That stand ajar at times,
Whence gleams of light and music,
Like far-off minster chimes,
Come forth to cheer, to soothe, to bid depart,
Fears that oppress the weary, waiting heart.

Waiting upon the hill-top;
Below, the battle's roar;
Praying for those who combat,
As I can do no more.
And waiting patiently until doth come
The summons that reveals my truest home.

Waiting in the dim darkness
That deepens ere the dawn,
Watching for the first glimmer
That heraldeth the morn.
Star hosts are marching o'er me to the west,
Cheering me till the hour of final rest.

The unexpected detention caused much grumbling among the passengers, to whom, as in railway journeys, minutes seemed more precious than hours were when the use of steam was unknown. But the delay must have been especially distasteful to the captain on account of the rivalry between ocean steamers.

It was easy to perceive a coolness towards Australians in the Indian passengers. They probably considered us all of convict race, very wealthy, but intensely vulgar. Only one, however, had the inclination or found opportunities of being rude to ladies whose manners were always gentle and unobtrusive. Perhaps the habits of the nuns, or their visitation of ailing passengers of every class, may have displeased her, but it became gradually evident to us that for some reason our party was offensive in her eyes.

Although we regretted the delay of our progress, the detention did not afflict us as it appeared to do some of the passengers, for we were always occupied or amused.

The scene around us was ever-changing and deeply interesting, for vessels rode at anchor, and were coming or departing from almost every maritime nation.

We were still visited by the merchants, and their pertinacity was inconvenient sometimes. If this was perceived the boatswain dispersed them with a word, though they soon collected again, like a cloud of flies. Observing this one day, the lady who was flattered with most of their attentions was moved, by the desire for more air, to exclaim—"I'll call the boatswain!" Instantly that functionary started forward—to her great suprise, for she did not know that he was on the poop—and away the troop hurried with their wares, like children surprised by their teacher.

Several passengers joined us here from various parts of Ceylon. Among these was a fair young mother with two babies, an ayah, and a young European servant. The eldest child was three years old, but had the appearance of a babe of nine months, since which age it had not changed in intelligence or growth. The tongue only had grown, and appeared too large for the mouth, for it generally protruded. No cause was assigned for this singular calamity, and the child was being conveyed to England as a last resource. We concluded that the little one had been exposed to rays of reflected light, because for nine months of her life she had been a fine healthy child. Unfortunately they who carefully protect an infant's bald head from the sun have no fear of a bright sky or fleecy clouds, which are equally perilous. To this cause we probably owe the great mortality among young children in Victoria.

We were thankful to resume our progress, though we looked back regretfully as we steamed away from Point de Galle, which we might

never see again. To the last we saw Father Martyn's white cupola above the lower palms, and also descried a far taller object rising up into the sky like a church spire, but infinitely taller and grander, for it was not the work of man, but of God! It towered far above a wrack of low-lying clouds, and we knew it must be the singular mountain named "Adam's Peak." The masts of a ship were pointed out to us just appearing above the waves, and we learned that not very long before our arrival it had entered the bay in pleasant weather, and with every certainty of effecting a secure anchorage; but the captain having visited the port many times felt confident that his own experience did not require the help of a pilot, and the result lay before us.

We now learned the cause of the lightning we had observed on our east, the passengers from India having suffered from several heavy storms; but the weather continued as serene as it had been throughout the earlier portion of our voyage.

We had hitherto kept on friendly terms with our watches by great attention on our part; but now the steamer took a course nearly due west, and they became perfectly useless.

As our illustrated cards had been very well received, we thought we could not present a more acceptable gift to our second captain, and procuring a pack from the stewardess, recommenced at once our self-imposed task. It was well for us that we were helped much by the recollection of the designs we had prepared previously, for although we had left the sun beyond the equator the heat was excessive, and even the lightest labour became irksome. But the merriment occasioned by the work greatly relieved it, and the progress made was tolerably uniform. Soon after leaving Ceylon the sea began to exhibit phosphorescence in the wake of the ship and the water agitated by the screw. We delighted in watching the endless variety of combinations formed by the sparkling corruscations as we rested at evening and leaned on the stern bulwarks. Often a white patch of light reminded us of the nebula in the constellation "Cancer," and also resembled it when under a powerful lens it is resolved into a cluster of stars. So did the ocean nebulæ become changed into bright points, which receded into the track of light extending from the ship and fading away in the distance. Many a remembered verse was then recited, many a gentle laugh mingled with the murmur of the waves. We often found our fellow-passengers regarding our cheerfulness with surprise, and one allowed her astonishment to find vent in the amusing remark—

"I thought nuns never laughed!"

But only one scorned our innocent mirth, and made it very plain to us that whenever we were merry she felt specially aggrieved. What a mistake it is to suppose that cheerfulness is displeasing to God when it is universally displayed in all His works! There was no attempt made in the ship to promote social amusement. We had no longer a piano on deck, and every evening, when we ought to have had a quiet rest after the exhausting heat of the day, the poop was a mere playground where eleven children yelled without

restraint. Poor little things! they, too, needed recreation. We only desired that they might enjoy it without tormenting others.

Sometimes one of our party, who dearly loved little children, would collect the noisiest of the brawlers and try to interest them in childish tales and ballads. But the number of listeners gradually diminished, and the few lingerers betrayed that their hearts were with their noisy playfellows; so she dismissed her unwilling auditors and soon relinquished the attempt at infantine civilisation. On one sultry evening she laid her aching head on a convenient support, and lost her miseries in slumber; but unfortunately the place was chosen for the retreat of the little Italian, and when discovered, she uttered a shriek close to the ear of the nervous invalid that made her tremble with agony. To retire to our cabin was to be stifled sooner than was absolutely necessary, and on the poop there was no quiet till our eleven children were gone to bed.

When this much-desired time arrived, we could fancy ourselves enjoying the convent recreation hour, and divers inventions were contrived to utilise it to the utmost. Sometimes long-forgotten charades or impromptu ones exercised the ingenuity and amused the fancy, sometimes witty conundrums, whose entire merit is in the solution, were proposed; and occasionally an enigma—the chief of its kind—puzzled the sisters and remained unsolved for days. Here is one which is quite easy of solution—

ENIGMA.

I am thine, I'm thine own, and belong to no other,
By a sister oft lost, but not by a brother:
For a good one men shrink not to lay down their lives,
And many present them with joy to their wives.
I'm worthless—I'm priceless—a bad one you shun,
I am lent to your daughter, but given to your son.
Sometimes I am noble, with royalty seen,
And long since have given to our loved little queen.
Yet, if you transpose me, you'll find me but mean.

The chief fun was caused by the innumerable questions; for the answers, though always quite correct, were so framed as not to let much light on the querist, and so terminate the chase too soon.

CHAPTER X.

THE RED SEA.

Prejudices—Our friends in the sky—Cheap brilliants—Water flashes—Billows of fire—Early mariners—Young fishers—Flying fish—Heat—Illustrations a penance—Land—Africa—Aden—Camels—Divers—Arabs—Feather merchants—"Consolation"—The Red Sea—Deficiency of oxygen—Port Said—Independent dogs, and human woes.

THERE may be Catholics surviving who remember how painful it was in their youth to be regarded with shrinking and distrust by

simple people, whose ignorance had been abused by popular calumnies against their faith and practices.

Some may remember seeing a little boy come from school in tears, because his playfellows reproached him with being a "Roman candlestick!" or a girl-child finding it an aggravation of her scholastic deficiences that she refused to eat meat on a Friday!

We recollect a lady exclaiming at a dinner-party—

"If I found myself in presence of a Catholic priest I should be frightened to death!"

"Why so?" asked her next neighbour.

"I should fear he would cut my throat," was the horrible reply.

"Really, madam, I feel no such temptation," said the gentleman with an amused smile. Of course he was a priest, and greatly respected by his Protestant host.*

But such experiences are not frequent now. English people have long since begun to discover that their credulity has been cruelly imposed on by those they trusted. We were therefore much surprised to find in one of our fellow-passengers a plainly marked aversion to our party; which being quite unprovoked, could only be ascribed to prejudices so ancient as to have nearly disappeared from the educated classes. But it was easily perceived that the irate passenger was not of the number, but she deserved pity rather than blame.

The Southern Cross sank below the horizon, Orion stood nearly erect, and those who would visit the forecastle after dark began to look out for Ursa Major. The phosphorescence of the waves increased. A handkerchief dropped from our cabin-window at the end of a string, returned to us sparkling as if scattered over with diamond-dust. It would have been easy to have made a girls' hair appear powdered with minute brilliants. Though we were never quite becalmed, the sails were seldom unfurled. The smooth waves occasionally emitted broad flashes of light, and eventually became wholly phosphorescent. Then the ocean looked at night weird and terrible. We were steaming amid billows of flame, which the lambent light rendered distinct even to the extreme horizon. We might have imagined ourselves crossing the flaming gulf of Tartarus, and could well excuse the terrors of the mariners who first ventured on these seas.

Our work progressed rather slowly, because for some hours before and after mid-day it was impossible to apply to it. One afternoon while thus engaged, we observed great excitement among a group of children who had collected together near the bulwarks. One of the gentlemen had procured for them a long rope to which was attached a great hook; and the children were delighted to think they were fishing. We were amused by their alternations of hope and disappointment; and the discussions that arose respecting the destination of their expected prey.

The summons to "tea" was reluctantly obeyed, after securing the line with extreme care. On returning to the poop, the children

* No Catholic priest wore, at that time, a clerical dress.

eagerly rushed to examine their lines, and discovered, with ecstatic delight, that their united efforts could not raise it. They clamoured loudly for help "to land a big fish!" and several hurried to their assistance. We were of the number, and distinctly saw a large monster struggling in the surge caused by the screw. Several gentlemen volunteered assistance and appeared as much excited as the children.

Exclamations arose on all sides.

"They really *have* caught a fish!"

"Here it comes!"

"How it struggles!"

"It will escape!"

"D'ye see its long black feelers!"

"What an ugly monster!"

"It's a sea-devil!"

"It's an octopus!"

"You'll lose it off the hook."

"Humour him!"

"Ah, here he comes!"

The children were pushed aside, but they danced and shouted with delight. Every one on the poop crowded to the bulwarks to watch the efforts made to raise the struggling monster from the foaming waves.

At length arose a great black bundle of old ropes, that some merry sailor had fixed to the line while the children were at their evening meal.

Foremost at every sport was a boy of some nine years, who was so lovely of feature and form that the gentlemen said he was a "perfect boy." His mother was the widow of an Indian officer, returning home with her orphans. They were all four beautiful children, and we admired much the mother's gentle and refined manners, though she never seemed to see us.

Excessive languor gradually took possession of all except the most vigorous. If we could have consented to disappointment, the cards would not have been completed. The air became heated soon after sunrise, and continued so long after sunset. We had no longer ices or iced water to refresh us, and existence was scarcely endurable.

The only excitement displayed was when the notice of our daily progress was fixed up over the companion, for there were generally bets dependent upon it.

The first appearance of the flying-fish interested us much, for they resembled a flock of small white-winged birds, as they rapidly flashed across the sea. When their poor little fins were dried up by the hot sun, they were fain to sink down again, where their enemies waited for them, and of course many never rose again.

During this trying time the comfort of all the passengers was lessened by the frequent wailings of an infant, who was in charge of a careless or inexperienced mother and an impromptu girl-nurse. It was a fine boy, and, when comfortable, a merry little fellow; but he was rendered permanently miserable by neglect, the only means

used to stop his cries being "drops." One of our party endeavoured to succour him, being of opinion that a well-managed infant never cries, but her interference was not well received.

It is one of the many marvels of humanity, that while large sums are expended in teaching girls accomplishments which for the most part are useless after marriage, so few are taught how to manage their own children.

We were fourteen days and nights on the Arabian sea—this being the longest of our voyages; and the first land sighted was Cape Guardafuy, in the island of Socotra, which belongs to Africa. At the first intimation of "land," all crowded to the bulwarks to behold a grey streak on the horizon. It looked very like a cloud, but all were pleased by the assurance that they had looked on the African coast. A few weeks later a fine steamer was wrecked there, and all was lost but lives and mails. For us the wind had been only too gentle, and the ocean a smooth lake of water by day and of fire by night. Seldom had we descried a sail, and those we saw were too distant for the exchange of news.

We had been so fully impressed with unfavourable ideas of Aden, which is always described as the very type of sterility, unmitigated heat, and dust, that we were agreeably surprised by our first view of the port. The ill-fame probably applies only to the city of Aden, or the port at close quarters. Lofty mountains, dovetailing as they receded, and presenting lovely gradations of grey tints and soft shadings, appeared very beautiful to eyes growing wearied of the sameness of the ocean, and seemed to afford a protecting shelter for the buildings at their feet. A broad highway came direct to the bay from the city of Aden, said to be seven miles distant; and the palace of the chief official stood conspicuous on a rising ground. It was a very pleasing sight to those who had not seen land for fourteen days. Very few went ashore, and they, on their return, reported nothing calculated to tempt others to follow their example. We distinctly saw, passing along the margin of the bay, a string of camels slowly walking in single file, and were delighted to behold for the first time "the ship of the desert."

On the morning after our arrival we were aroused, soon after day-dawn, by a strange sound, somewhat resembling the evening song of the Black Swan of Australia. Of course we hastened to the poop, and found all its occupants crowding the bulwark nearest the shore, and apparently in high glee.

A strange sight gratified our curiosity. A number of African youths seemed sitting on the water, and in its clear depths we distinctly beheld their dark legs actively "treading" it, while their palms, assisted by patting rapidly on the surface. Their knees were bent, so that they really appeared to be seated. Their black complexions, woolly heads, negro features, and unsymmetrical forms, were very unlike the handsome Cingalese; but their scant clothing was exactly similar. The boys were shouting shrilly, without intermission, words that sounded like

"See divers! See divers!" and the passengers occasionally flung a

small coin into the water, which was instantly pursued and caught. The action of each swimmer under water was distinctly visible, and he resembled a great black frog. The operation of coaling detained us here a whole day, during which the diving, being the sole amusement, became tame; and to cause a new excitement one of the gentlemen offered a shilling to the youth who could swim under the keel of the steamer. The challenge was instantly accepted; one of the boys darted down, swift as an arrow from a bow, and all the passengers rushed across the poop to watch his ascent. Up he came, buoyant as a cork, showing his white teeth and eye-balls as he gazed eagerly up for his prize. It was dropped into the water, and easily secured, while loud acclamations applauded the feat.

The men who brought the coal in large barges, were mostly clad like the divers, but we noticed that one of statelier form and feature stood motionless at the end of each vessel, and robed in white drapery from head to foot. We marvelled that it remained white with such a cargo.

There, as at Ceylon, we were visited by traders, but the men and their wares were very dissimilar. Ostrich feathers, and very neatly made wooden boxes in nests, and of various forms, were now offered to the pilgrims. One of the party possessed a lady's card-case originally bought at a bazaar, and given away because not admitting the cards now in use. Its present owner offered it in another bazaar, but for the same reason found it unsaleable. She sent it with other articles to the New Zealand bazaar; but the nuns thought so pretty and useful an article must have been dropped in the package by mistake, and it was restored to her by Mother Cecilia. The trifle was certainly elegant, being formed of tortoiseshell beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Its restoration, however, was not more welcome than that of false coin, because it was perfectly useless. The idea now occurred to the owner (as a result of her experiences at Ceylon) that she would offer it to a feather merchant. The man examined it, evidently admired it, probably could not guess its use, but was reluctant to part with it. Seeing his hesitation, the lady added a string of gay beads, and the feathers were placed in her hand. They consisted of three short but heavy grey "tips" with long fringes, and they looked extremely handsome on a beloved head in England. One merchant walked up and down the deck waving a long white feather of perfect beauty; but he asked £4 for it, and one of the passengers remarked that "it was too good for the market."

This is not the only mart where the best goods remain on hand when comparatively worthless ones find ready purchasers.

A young nurse was looking with wistful eyes at a small cluster of tips of no great value, which a gentleman who observed her bought for her. She was delighted, and brought them to show to us. We counted eight small tips, and congratulated the girl on her present.

As we had passed the sun south of the equator, and were now little more than a month from the winter solstice, we expected to find the passage up the Red Sea at its best. This it probably was, but like many other things, its best was very bad. We entered it on the 7th

of November, with the consolation of knowing that we should reach its northern extremities in about five days. But into that brief period so large an amount of misery was crowded, that one of our party thought complacently of a rest with Pharaoh's horses and chariots.

This narrow sea, which is not at all red, occupies a valley between the mountains of Egypt and Arabia, where rain is unknown. It is therefore not only from heat that the traveller suffers on the Red Sea, but far more from the distress owing to a great deficiency of oxygen in the air. If, like Jules Verne's voyagers to the moon, a daily supply of oxygen could be distributed among the passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental line, we should hear less of the miseries endured on the Red Sea.

To one in the habit of sleeping with open window, even in the winter season, this passage between high mountains, near enough to be always in sight, was really stifling. But general lassitude and impatience seemed to rule the hour. There was probably even little gratitude felt for our freedom from storms until a low island was pointed out, lying quite flat like a plate floating on the water, on which, quite recently, a Dutch ship had been totally wrecked. The nuns still kept, as far as possible, to the rules of their convent. The novice had so far perfected herself in her new art as to have nearly completed her girdle, and the cards were made ready for presentation. The stewardess, who ill supplied our loss in that respect, began to talk much about the "Ke-nell," which did not interest us much, because we did not intend to enter it. Even the evening hour of recreation was less enjoyable than on any part of our journey. One evening, some new rudeness was offered by the passengers, who always seemed especially riled when the sisters paced the deck, silently occupied with the meditations and prayers of the rosary. They did not to appearance use their beads, and scarcely a motion of the lips was perceptible, but the frown and the fling with which the sisters were passed was most obtrusive. Our evening conversation turned on the inexplicable hatreds that have never been provoked, but which are a common experience. The remarks then made resulted in a few lines which the writer called

CONSOLATION.

Wonder not, O blameless heart,
  Though undeserved scorn you bear;
Meekly persevere, unfrighted,
Labour on, though unrequited,
And remember, He who made thee,
Knowing all that hath dismayed thee,
Of the gifts He round doth part,
  Allots thee His own share.

Murmur not, though pained thy spirit,
  Ill for good its only gain;
Were it sterner, even to ruin,
Broken faith and false undoing,

Keep the path still; meekly, purely,
Love, and trust, and aid; securely
Rest contented to inherit
A lot of unsoothed pain.

Small are thy gifts, feeble mourner,
Though too high despised to be;
Wouldst thou faint, whate'er appal thee?
Pause in good, whate'er befall thee?
Hear the Holiest Sufferer cheer thee,
On thy thorny path so near thee,
"Wonder not at hater, scorner,
For these hated Me!"

Falter not, thy little good
Might by evil conquered be;
Thou turn hater of His love,
Scorner of thy hopes above!
Onward, onward patiently,
Meekly serve, and lovingly,
Hearing, 'mid the mean and rude,
"Courage! These hated Me!"

Loftiest hopes His lips revered
Gave to deepest misery!
What gained He for love untold?
Rancour from the proud and bold,
Scorn, and lies, and cruelty;
Yet turns He in His agony,
And sweetly says, "My own, be cheered!
Be glad! These hated Me!"

We had noticed for some time that the infant's cries had become gradually less incessant; and that he might often be seen now merrily playing with his nurse. She once remarked to one of our party who complimented her on the change—

"Yes, we have followed your plan, and he is very good now!"

Good! Few would be patient under such sufferings as that helpless babe endured!

We lost no opportunity of extorting amusement from our surroundings whenever it was possible. Even the monotonous sand-hills that bounded our view served to remind us of all that was beyond them. We were chatting one evening about "The Thebaïd," "Heliopolis," "The Nile," "Grand Cairo," and "The Great Desert," when a lady seated near us asked—

"What is there beyond those hills?" Struck by the vagueness of the question, one of our party rushed, in imagination, across half the globe and replied—

"America!"

The white summit of a mountain beyond the eastern seaboard was pointed out to us as "Mount Sinai," and we had no reason to doubt it.

Shoals of flying fish still attended us, but we had left far behind the phosphorescent waves.

Our anchor was dropped some distance from Port Said, and then the most wretched twenty-four hours of our ocean-voyage was endured. During the day the stifling oppression was increased by

the absence of the breeze caused by the motion of the steamer, and the night was rendered sleepless by incessant screeches that were very loud and perfectly discordant. The noise was rendered more trying by its being inexplicable.

Not till morning were we informed that the men had been busy all night filling the boilers by means of pumps. When this was accomplished we steamed to Port Said and anchored close to the quay.

Then we saw for the first time independent dogs who own no master's control; but their appearance did not demonstrate the advantage of freedom, for they seemed to have seldom enjoyed a full meal. No one having a sympathy for the race could help wishing to give them a good feast all round, but they would be just as hungry on the morrow, poor beasts!

By way of consolation, one of us remarked that thousands of human beings awoke every morning in London who knew not where they should obtain a breakfast. The calamities of the lower animals would break tender hearts, if they did not recollect that there are many of their fellow-creatures—helpless children, aged persons, the poor, the sick, the wicked—whose case is far more deplorable. Such thoughts keep our religious houses filled, for their chosen task is to assuage with combined efforts, either by active benevolence or by prayer, the wants and woes of poor fallen human nature. Then our chaperone remarked that when she was leaving Sydney, and thought over her winter experiences—the defilements poured into the beautiful bay and even led up into the pure sky, the dens of infamy close to the best parts of the city, the starved and bruised wives, the neglected children, the groans of horses dying in harness, and also remembered that such horrors abound in every large city,—she felt that if the present race of mankind were transferred to the pure fields of heaven, these also would soon abound with suffering, filth, and crime! The utmost effort of Divine mercy, love, and power was made when the Redeemer came! How has that mighty interposition on our behalf been accepted by mankind?

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE DESERT.

Changes of temperature—Separating our luggage—Mysterious fisher—Illuminations approved—Sisters visit Suez—Donkeys—English consul—French convent—Curious mistake—Queer-looking officials—Conceit—Large attendance to the railway—Kind provisions against desert thirst and hunger—Moonless night—Orion watching over us, and nearly upright—Higher trust—Midnight in the desert—Refresso—Ferocious curate—Enigma—Alexandria—Its ancient library—Pompey and Cæsar.

We had for some days found the mornings and evenings becoming cool, though at noontide the heat was still oppressive. But the

boon was very great to all, and especially to the nuns, because their luggage had to be re-arranged on the first evening we spent at Port Said. We had learned that on continental railways all luggage is paid for. It was therefore necessary that we should be encumbered with as little as possible, and such as we could dispense with the captain undertook to convey to England.

The chaperone's offers of assistance were declined, therefore she was at liberty to amuse herself with her strange surroundings.

Her first remark was that the costume of the Arab is the very reverse of that of the Cingalese, and also that it is far from fashionable. When we commenced our travels the civilised world was beginning to accept nudity as the chief requisite in dress, but the Arab submits only hands and eyes to the public gaze, being wholly enveloped in white shapeless wraps. Many such figures moved slowly about the quay, apparently indifferent to the gaunt prowling dogs. But the scene possessed little interest until the lady's attention was attracted by the mysterious operations of a white ghost-like figure, looking weird in the evening light as it bent from the quay to which we were moored, and silently explored the green and slimy water. It was some time before the stranger discovered that he was fishing with a bent wire for the odds and ends flung by the nuns from their cabin window.

The captain expressed warm approval of the unexpected gift, and freely showed the cards to the passengers. As the first inspection had been reserved for their owner, the surprise and merriment thus occasioned formed the greatest excitement of our dull voyage.

We noticed, however, that one turned with a frown from the laughing group round the captain, which was a pity, for she would have been much benefited by a hearty laugh. We all agreed that we had not once seen her smile. It is unnecessary to say that the approval of their work was an ample reward to the artists for having persevered against the strongest inducements to idleness.

All the preparations for departure being made, the sisters went ashore on the following morning at an early hour, for their ocean holiday was over, and their land toils must at once commence. They soon found that the only conveyance to the town of Suez was a "Jerusalem pony;" but Mother Cecilia was formerly an expert rider, and probably on that account declined to mount the meek-eyed little steed who is marked with the symbol we all revere. Being a good walker, she thought the three miles to Suez but a pleasant promenade. But she had not taken into account the clouds of dust raised by the pertinacious donkey-boys, the sand-flies, and the ever-increasing heat. The way was also tormentingly obstructed, for the boys drove their beasts before as well as behind them. At length the nuns were obliged to mount in self-defence, and then cantered merrily away from the clouds of dust and the squabbles of discomfited applicants. Just as they were nearing Suez, Mother Cecilia suddenly missed her companion, and looking back saw her standing in a cloud of dust, having slipped off the clumsy saddle. Mother Cecilia dismounted, and dismissed their

grooms, but a supernumerary who had followed them the whole distance claimed a gratuity because he had pointed out the city!

The nun resisted the extortion, saying she deserved a reward for enduring the infliction of his presence and the dust he raised. With British revolt against imposition she walked away, but the boy and his donkey followed, trotted round them, and caused so unbearable a nuisance of dust that he conquered to the extent of a penny, with which he triumphantly retired.

The sisters found Suez a mud-built settlement, without any appearance of a street except where the English officials dwelt.

They were treated with great courtesy by the British Consul, who gave them a handsome donation and an invitation to dinner. They declined the kind proffer of hospitality, because they had ascertained that a convent was within easy reach.

By the time they found it the sun was nearly vertical, and they were very thankful when two nuns, who were walking under the trees in the garden, hastened to open the gate, embraced and welcomed them, led them into their reception-room, brought refreshing draughts of light French wine, and placed low stools under their weary feet. Although the nuns were French, and spoke no other language, our poor wearied sisters felt at home. Mother Cecilia's French had become imperfect from disuse, but she had sufficient for ordinary purposes. The novice, however, who was born in New Zealand, could only speak English. Dinner was served in the reception-room, and when all the community (except such as were required in the hospital) assembled round the table, and said grace, making, of course, the sign of the cross, a joyful exclamation arose from every nun—"Why, you are Catholics!" Then our sisters learned that at the first word uttered they had been recognised as English, and as accounts had reached Suez respecting Protestant nuns in England, the conclusion arrived at was inevitable. But before dinner could be proceeded with every seat was vacated, and a second embrace given to the doubly welcome guests.

After dinner there was a long conversation respecting the antipodes, which have but scanty notice in French school geographies. The nuns of the Good Shepherd listened with deepest interest to the history of the life and death of their countryman Father Petitjean, and also to many anecdotes respecting other French priests who had become voluntary exiles to labour successfully as missionaries. Nor were the countries forgotten that our sisters visited during a voyage that was a marvellous undertaking even to ladies who had themselves ventured far from their native land to labour for God's honour, their neighbour's service, and the salvation of souls. The sisters were glad to rest at the convent till the sun had neared the horizon and the temperature had sensibly declined. They were urgently requested to revisit their kind hostesses on their return voyage, and reluctantly allowed to depart.

Long will the visit of the English sisters be remembered by the hospitable community at Suez.

Being refreshed and well-rested, the sisters agreed to walk to the

port in the cool evening, and would have enjoyed doing so but for the importunate donkey-boys. At least fifty donkeys followed them, and raced round them and ambled before them.

"Do they expect us to mount them all?" murmured the novice, who was nearly choked by the dust they raised.

Doubtless the boys intended to make walking impossible, and generally were successful.

A sentry took compassion on the ladies and drove the boys away, but at the next turn their tormentors awaited them. Once an attempt was made to lift the little novice into a saddle in spite of her umbrella, which she used vigorously, and several times a "free fight" occurred among the boys. Fortunately an English gentleman came to the rescue, and quickly terminated the confusion. Selecting the two best animals, he drove the others away, and assisted the ladies to mount.

"Is this always the style at Suez?" asked the nun.

"Always," he replied, and stood on guard for a little while until they cantered away. The opinions formed by Mother Cecilia of Suez are not very complimentary.

"Everything there seems hungry and thirsty, even to the soil. Not a blade of grass or green leaf is to be seen except in the convent garden. Moses did well to pass it without calling, and so will we in future, though we collected about £5, and were delighted with our French sisters. The most interesting objects we beheld were the Arab women, though we only saw their lovely black eyes and flowing blue robes, which are probably of the fashion used in the time of the patriarchs. They have at least the grace of decency, which is sadly wanting in some of the costumes of more modern times."

The nuns were much fatigued when they rejoined the steamer, and for many a night afterwards their dreams were disturbed by the squabbles of donkey-boys.

During the absence of the sisters the steamer was visited by sundry officials,—health and custom-house officers, with their attendants. The costumes worn by them were various, probably denoting rank or office. One young man particularly elicited the admiration of the curious spectator. He wore a shining hat, that in a front view looked like a brimless "bell-topper." But seen from behind it fitted close to the skull, and the tall front was a delusion, like the pediments on some buildings. His dress consisted of a long white cotton robe, with narrow sleeves tight at the wrists, and a very small collar. In fact, it was just like a lady's night-dress, made very narrow, totally without frills or trimming, and reaching nearly to the ground. The effect of this costume was greatly enhanced by the complacent and self-satisfied look of the wearer, who carried a portfolio under his arm. Perhaps it was the first time he had assumed his ridiculous costume, and thought himself an object of admiration to all beholders. Many make such mistakes with far less excuse.

While awaiting the return of the sisters, their friend noticed that a few passengers came on board from an Indian steamer that had

for a few days been awaiting our arrival, and included among them five children. She had ample opportunity, in the short time spent with them, to notice that they seemed absolutely ungovernable, being mostly boys, over whom the mother appeared to have no control whatever. The lady's waiting time was marred by the conversation of the gentleman who had encouraged evil anticipations of Point de Galle, and now seemed to take a delight in trying to terrify her with fearful accounts of the risks attending a journey by rail across the desert. He probably regarded the equanimity with which she listened to his tales of horror as the result of extreme stupidity, and renewed his efforts when the nuns returned.

He seemed quite amazed when we only laughed at his warnings. We failed to see that twelve hours in the desert could have more perils than an ocean voyage which we had undertaken without fear. In fact, a glance at our leader's calm face would have emboldened us to incur any kind of risk not involving sin.

The train does not start for the desert journey till the sun is well below the horizon, and as there was no moon, would, on this occasion, perform it in utter darkness. A little before eight o'clock (the hour fixed for starting) we departed from the steamer with a large attendance. The captain and all his officers, with every gentleman passenger, escorted us to the train, which was very near the quay. As they stood beside the rails to wave us a last adieu, one of our party sighed—

"We shall never see them again in this world!" but she turned from the momentary regret to smile as she said, "I hope that the respect paid to our departure may not give any one a pain in her temper."

The steward had evidently shared largely in the general apprehension of the hardships we were to undergo in the desert, for he had most kindly provided us with a tin filled with apples and biscuits, and two quart bottles of water. Although a moonless night, it was not quite dark at eight o'clock, and we had a brief glance at the mud-built town of Suez. The flat-roofed houses and unglazed windows looked like dwellings long ago abandoned to decay, and we decided that an Australian shower would melt them all away. But it never rains in Suez.

The sky was perfectly cloudless, and of the deepest blue. As the last gleams of day disappeared, the stars shone forth almost as brightly as they do in Victoria, and our grand "standard-bearer" Orion, who had gradually regained his erect position, hovered over us with resplendent sword, as if guarding our desert way. We always admired him as the most magnificent of the constellations, and pleased ourselves with many a fancy respecting his watch and ward; but our trust and confidence were really placed far beyond all the eye hath seen, or the ear heard, or the heart conceived.

The oscillation of the carriage was excessive, but we had the comfort of being its sole occupants. A wonderful stillness seemed to pierce through the rapid thud of the piston and the monotonous

rumble of the wheels—a silence that seemed to be *felt*. Darkness settled down upon the desert full swiftly, and not a light glimmered in at the windows to indicate human habitation, signal lamp, or passing vehicle.

Our lives were now to be wholly changed. The sameness of ocean life was over, and all its perils had been spared us. But we had now to brave the risks of railway accidents, the "white squalls" of the Mediterranean—which did not even spare an apostle—and "the stormy Adriatic" in mid-winter. But the future trials and difficulties that might afflict us did not give us very great anxiety. The heavy sleep of fatigue soon overtook us and remained unbroken; for we had been too long innured to shakings and noises for anything so ordinary to disturb us. But we were awakened by their cessation, like the Londoners who find it difficult to sleep away from the accustomed street roar. The train had stopped, the carriage-door was unlocked and flung open, and we knew that it must be midnight, and we amidst the trackless sands of an African desert. It was to be our only stoppage, as we had been made aware, and had occurred beside an esplanade on which was a long low range of buildings lighted by outside lamps. A door was open through which we perceived a bright bar and counter, with the usual background of shelves loaded with bottles.

"Let us procure some of the sand of the desert," exclaimed Mother Cecilia.

We quickly left the carriage and passed several tall, ghost-like sentinels wholly enveloped in white drapery, with a spear-head rising several feet above them. We also found many awaiting their turn to keep watch, who were sleeping singly or in groups on the ground. We walked until we found the soft sand yielding beneath our feet, with which we filled a handkerchief; and perceiving that we were quite near to an umbrageous tree, a spray growing in the desert became at once desirable. We stripped off a pendant bough and hurried back to our train. By the lamp in our carriage we recognised our prize as the thorny acacia, with which our Lord was crowned, and also discovered that in gathering it we had left our precious sand behind! We regretted the loss, for a pincushion stuffed with the sand of Africa would have been an acceptable addition to our ever-increasing collection of *curios*.

However, we consoled ourselves with the kind steward's apples and biscuits, aided by a bottle of "Cramnambuli" provided by one of our party. Pleasant chat enlivened our desert-*refresso*, and at length a gentle voice said—

"Some one wants prayers very badly. She has imbibed a large share of popular prejudices; has probably read and accepted as literally true some of the filthy fables invented by the enemies of Catholic truth."

"Half-educated people," replied her friend, while scooping her apple, "believe everything printed to be reliable; and from the way in which she urges on the studies of her delicate little children, it is evident that her own education is very imperfect."

"She probably believes us to be most abominable beings, for she scarcely liked her dress to touch our habit."

"It's very likely, and not surprising. I once heard a Church of England clergyman say to a young Catholic lady—'Your religion is an emanation of Satan, and the greatest hold of Satan to drag people into ——!' The omitted word was yelled forth with great vehemence. His eyes glared with a fury that was truly diabolical as he raised his cane and struck the floor with frantic violence. The noise he made greatly afflicted a sick woman who was in her bed in the adjoining house, but did not trouble the young Catholic, who calmly replied—'If *you* were an "emanation of Satan," I should not fear you, so do not try to intimidate me.' When educated clergymen can display the grossest prejudices, we cannot wonder that an ignorant woman should be imposed upon."

"We must pray for her," replied the nun.

The door was sharply closed, the iron horse began to pant, the low lines of buildings and ghost-like sentinels glided away, and only the twinkling of the stars relieved the darkness that was unbroken by a glimmer denoting human life or habitation.

Our long sleep and welcome refreshment made us wakeful, and one of our party proposed to relieve the tedium of the long dark way by reciting an original

ENIGMA.

I'm prized for preserving, for medicine am used,
But when undesired I am greatly abused.
I grow in all climates, in every zone:
To the hunter and sportsman am equally known.
I strengthen your nerves, I guard you from danger;
I'm gentle to friends and rough to a stranger.
You hate me, yet take me with shudder and frown,
But truly I save you from many a groan.
I am seen upon large things, and also on small,
And essential alike to the life of them all.
A beast can perform me, and also a man,
But a woman has seldom essayed if she can.
You may rip me and break me, some are by me fed.
I have oft made a dwelling, and sometimes a bed.
Some people I put in a terrible fright,
Though I'm often a symptom of joy and delight;
And I never was known to wound, maim, or destroy.
My chief fault is this, that I sometimes annoy.
But the good I have rendered can never be uttered;
Yet man is ungrateful, but this must be muttered;
There's one who displays a devotion uncommon,
And not to be equalled, unless by a woman;
For when all its service is rendered complete,
It glides from the loved arms to die at their feet!
Of various colours I'm constantly seen—
I'm crimson and yellow, black, brown, and deep green.
Sometimes I am terrible, often alarming,
Yet you frequently think me most curiously charming.
Not to render quite plain this most difficult word,
I sometimes am seen by you, sometimes am heard;
And neither am insect, fish, flesh, beast, or bird.

With guesses, and questions, and ingenious replies that strove rather to mystify than to enlighten, we diverted ourselves for a merry hour, then disposed our wraps as comfortably as circumstances permitted, and were soon lulled to sleep by the oscillations of our rocking carriage.

Even the breaking of the day did not awake us, to our great regret. Not till seven in the morning were we aroused by the cessation of noise, which appeared to have become an essential portion of our normal state. We were then slowly entering the railway station of Alexandria.

The place was crowded with loaded trucks, in one of which, that appeared to contain bales of some soft material, we deposited the steward's unopened water-bottles, and not without a wish that they might be found by some thirsty labourer in a moment of need. As for the tin of biscuit and apples, it soon became unworthy of any one's notice, and we left it in the carriage.

For the first time we saw the stately date-palm, but we could not linger a moment, as a steamer was awaiting our arrival, and with us the mails.

We would have liked to visit the city, but regretted it the less because a recent traveller has described it as "possessing all the evils to be found in Europe and Asia, without one of their advantages."

We easily obtained our diminished amount of luggage, and with a few others were hurried along by the attendants to a small coasting steamer moored to the quay. With us came the Italian widow and her two pretty children. How glad we should have been to see again the familiar faces that had accompanied us from Melbourne, if the little girl's playful shouts were less shrill and dissonant. Perhaps she may become a *prima donna!* Her childish treble pipe certainly reaches far into the ledger lines.

We now seated ourselves on the fifth deck we had walked since leaving Wellington and Sydney. Hitherto we had enjoyed "halcyon skies;" but the winter solstice was approaching, and we were about to cross seas very subject to storms.

We found the steamer that was to bear us to Italy was nearly as large and far more comfortable than the one we last left. While the nuns arranged the cabin their companion sat on deck, lost in wonder at finding herself on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, while crowds of recollections awoke up in her mind. From the long struggle between Carthage and Rome for the mastery of the world she turned to the memory of Cornelia's anguish when she saw her noble husband slain by treachery on these very shores, and thought how the tragedy had been repeated recently in the fate of Maximilian of Austria and Charlotte of Belgium.

Of course she remembered the Crusades, that saved Europe from Mahometan rule, and the achievements of British navies on the coast of Africa.

On the exact site of the ancient Pharos stands a fine lighthouse, and nearly opposite, but farther inland, appears the elegant summer

palace of the Pasha. We were told that every new Pasha commences his rule by erecting a palace.

At that time Cleopatra's Needle lay ingloriously on the beach, nearly buried in sand,—and the Pasha reigned supreme in his Pashalick; but now the Pasha is deposed, and the famous obelisk of the Pharaohs adorns the capital of a nation that, when it was hewn from the quarry, formed no part of the civilised world. While the blue waves of the Mediterranean bore us gently away from the city of Alexander the Great, we conversed on such incidents as the locality called to mind. Chief of these was the ancient library, supposed to be the noblest that ever existed, because in it had been accumulating for ages all the best Pagan literature, and also treasures of learning collected in Christian times. Works by the most learned writers on theology, the sciences, arts, mechanics, and every subject that had engaged the human intellect for many centuries, were stored there; and from the uttermost bounds of civilisation the learned crossed land and sea to study in the library of Alexandria.

But these vast literary treasures, that can never be replaced, were destroyed by an unlettered soldier. The Caliph Omar declared that all learning included in the Koran was superfluous, and all it did not contain was pernicious. Therefore the spacious buildings, groves, fountains, gardens, and priceless stores of human thought, all written in MS., were consumed by fire. And thus, in the sixteenth century, was our own England deprived of the labours of countless lives; valuable libraries being used as waste paper, or sent abroad in ship-loads. Thus it is that "history repeats itself!"

Our conversation on the fall of the noble Pompey, and his death on the spot we passed, reminded us of two young sisters, who, when studying together the "History of Rome," took opposite sides in the grand quarrel between Pompey and Cæsar. The younger thought the triumphant Cæsar the noblest of men, and could never sufficiently express her abhorrence of the traitor Brutus. The elder's gentle heart always lamented the fall of Pompey, and regretted that no tidings have come down to us of the subsequent fate of Cornelia.

Finally we spoke of the intense desire for glory, which is one of the noblest and most universal attributes of the human mind. It must surely arise from an innate consciousness of immortality, which desires to enjoy, after death, the fame men die to win. Then we wondered whether the heroic spirits of the greatest of Roman generals were gratified by the homage of the enthusiastic young students. Poor human nature! "If thou couldst only know, and that in this thy day, the things that are for thy peace!"

CHAPTER XII.

BRINDISI.

The Mediterranean—Our sixth steamer—Weather fair—Sea calm—Ode to the Deity—Our steward's Italian—Crete—Mount Ida—The Morea—Ionian Isles—Otranto—Spoiled children—Pile of mail-bags—Brindisi—Sisters pay their respects to the Archbishop—Find him plundered of house and revenue—All religious dispersed, except Poor Clares—Captain's anecdote—Italian procession—One in a gold region—Sisters return—Appalled by the oppression of the Italian Church.

THE captain and officers of our sixth steamer were English, but the attendants were Italians, and we found them all very courteous and obliging. The weather was delightful, the air soft and cool, and the lovely tints of the sky and ocean kept us in never-ceasing delight. We were never long out of sight of land, and the first we recovered was the large island of Crete. The white summit of Mount Ida was distinctly visible, and seemed to be peeping at us over a wrack of dark cloudlets that appeared to lie across his breast, though of course far nearer objects. We passed sufficiently near to the "Morea" and continent of Greece, to notice the difference between their marble cliffs and the sandstone hills of Egypt and Arabia. The "Ionian Isles" were plainly seen; and we inquired of a Greek passenger the name of one of less importance than "Zante" or "Cephalonia." Not quite catching the word, we asked it of a gentleman seated near us,—"Oh, I don't know—some outlandish gibberish!" he contemptuously replied. "Of course it sounds strange to our ignorance," the lady quietly answered; "as the English language also may do to him." But the word sounded round and noble, like the names of gems.

The captain was very courteous, and pointed out many objects of interest. He took us sufficiently near to "the foot of Italy" to enable us to descry the small town of "Otranto," and also many a white village of scattered houses surrounding its church. When we expressed a doubt that the sea, over which we floated so calmly, had been rightly named "The stormy Adriatic," he remarked that he scarcely remembered so calm a voyage, although he had been for many years engaged in his present occupation.

We no longer required awnings; the warm rays of the sun were welcome, and our view was wholly unrestricted.

Whilst enjoying the calmest of voyages beneath skies of deep blue, decorated with fleecy clouds, and over a gentle sea whose ever-changing hues were each a new joy, our hearts were filled with gratitude to the Beneficent Creator who gave us so fair a world for our place of probation, and only asks in return for His noble gifts, to possess our poor human hearts.

"It is," remarked our chief, "because He created us that He desires our love; as a good earthly father desires, above all things,

to be beloved by his children. How keen is the anguish expressed in the poet's words—

> "Oh, sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child!"

In a much greater degree may it be applied to a soul who forgets God; for as all His attributes are infinite, so also must be His love for us. By way of answer the following lines were given to Mother Cecilia, which derived a charm not their own from being read to her friends amid the delicious scenery of the Mediterranean.

ODE TO THE DEITY.

Most Bounteous Father! all Thy works express
Sweetest benignity,
Power, skill, design, and infinite tenderness!
Yet while we gladly see
These evidences of Thy love's excess,
We feel—they are not Thee!

The radiant, boundless, all-o'erarching sky,
Has Thy immensity;
The mighty, rushing wind, doth typify
Invisible Majesty:
Grand all Thy works,—yet none can satisfy
The heart that loveth Thee.

The mighty ocean, without let or bound,
Flowing from sea to sea,
Hath a most wondrous voice, that oft doth sound
Like that of God to me;
Encircling life in myriads, and the world round—
Thy creature, and not Thee!

Thy works all bear indelibly imprest
The seal of Deity,
But only waken in the human breast
A dull satiety.
Man's heart was made for Thee, and cannot rest
Until it rest in Thee!

When sickness, or the woes of life decline,
Forbid mine eyes to see;
The glories of Thy fair creation shine,
Thou com'st to me;
Then doth Thy Spirit in my spirit shine,
Giving it rest with Thee!

The darksome gates, that now are closed between
Thy Face desired and me,
Preserve the sinner from the lustrous sheen
Of Infinite Purity.
When shall my soul become all white and clean,
Worthy its God to see?

On one occasion, when caressing the little, sharp-voiced Italian, a wish was expressed that her shrieks would be restrained; when the passenger who had proved himself no Greek scholar remarked—

"There are two things that children delight in—noise, and dirt; and it is useless to cross them."

"Under careful training," replied the lady, "they are easily made cleanly, gentle, and self-restrained."

"Oh, that will all come in time!" he replied.

This mistake is, unfortunately, very prevalent; and is only a selfish escape from trouble, which leads almost invariably to moral shipwreck. From the earliest dawn of intelligence the mind can be lovingly guided, and habits formed that render children our dearest blessings. When, instead of being subject to others, they rule all around them, the result is well expressed by the word "spoiled." A thing of glorious promise spoiled in the forming! No ruin is so pitiful, no mistake so deplorable, no mischief so utterly beyond repair.

As we drew near to Brindisi, a pyramid of leather bags arose on the lower deck, and we knew that they contained the mails of Australia, India, China, &c.

One could not pass them by without thinking how many joys and woes (we may be sure chiefly the latter) they would scatter over the world; or omit a passing allusion to Cowper's unconscious post-boy, carelessly distributing letters whose writers' "tears flowed fast as the periods from his fluent pen."

We anchored in the port of Brindisi in the early morning, and on mounting to the deck beheld another truly novel scene.

We were close to the quay, which formed one side of a spacious square, surrounded by houses built in a style we had hitherto never beheld. They were all very tall, white, and of most varied form, with windows of unequal size, scattered irregularly, as if only made where they were required. Some had separate balconies, many exhibited internal draperies, and nearly all had external blinds of painted laths. On several roofs appeared a small building, like an observatory, which must have commanded a magnificent view; and the whole of the architecture was delightfully free from the sacrifices made to ensure external uniformity. The scene reminded us of a small painting we possess, which shows through an archway the town of Sorrento, Tasso's birthplace.

Several of our fellow-passengers left us here to accompany the mails to England. One of these intended to return to New South Wales by the first steamer, spending only a fortnight in his native land. We could not help thinking that his memories of the old world must have grown very cold, after an absence of only fourteen years, or his new ties very importunate. By him we sent assurances of our safe arrival in Europe to our Sydney friends, which were promptly delivered.

The houses in Brindisi probably consisted of from seven to eight stories, but they were not easily counted on account of the irregularity of the windows. Not a single chimney did we behold; and there was no smoke in the clear air but that proceeding from our funnel. Although it was mid-winter, we could easily understand that fires were only required for cooking in that soft and genial climate.

The sisters went ashore after breakfast to pay their respects to the

archbishop, and visit churches and convents. The Italian widow and her children, and most of the passengers, also visited the interesting city. The invalid lady was therefore generally alone, but she was rendered happy by the perfect quietude, and spent most of the morning on the pleasant deck, where she found ample reminders of the past in the scene around her.

Brindisi is the ancient Brundusium, the port whence the invincible cohorts of mighty Rome embarked for their conquests in Asia. From the windows of those quaint old mansions the natives of the city may have watched the departure of the Emperor "Trojan" on the expedition from which he never returned, and therefore derived no gratification from the triumphal column which was erected during his absence. Here "Julian the Apostate" left Italy in all the pomp of imperial majesty; who exclaimed, when pierced by a Parthian javelin—

"Nazarene! Thou hast conquered!"

Here wild beasts were landed for the arena, and Christian captives also, who were brought from the Asiatic provinces to be their victims.

Many an unscrupulous "consul" has arrived, laden with treasures wrung from a conquered people, with his exultant heart eager to expend them in luxurious Rome, and to add another temple or palace to increase its unrivalled magnificence. The Piazza that extended beneath the amused spectatress was a busy scene of perpetual variety. The public vehicles were chiefly drawn by mules, and the few horses in use were small. The traffic was constant, but not hurried or crowded, and a few groups were attracted to view the great English steamer. But there was not visible a single picturesque Italian costume, which are reserved for festive occasions. There was a large proportion of ladies, all clad in the prevailing mode, but some wore long veils of black lace.

Occasionally the captain would spare a few moments for his solitary guest, and amuse her with anecdotes of his travels. One of these is in every respect remarkable. Pointing to a rock that jutted out into the bay at some distance, but was quite within sight, he said—

"On that headland, a few years ago, a small coasting vessel was flung during a stormy night. All the passengers escaped; but when they assembled on the beach to assure themselves that all were safe, a priest, who was one of their number, deplored that he had left the Blessed Sacrament on board. This mischance excited the greatest distress, both to the rescued passengers and a few hardy villagers who had hastened to the rescue. Among the latter was a man who possessed a strong white mule, and he volunteered to try, at dawn, by means of his beast, to reach the wreck and rescue the Precious Trust. The sea was breaking fearfully on the shore: to cross the surf was impossible; but the man proposed to ride his sure-footed mule overland, down the rocks, and swim over the short distance of comparatively still water that intervened. He successfully accomplished his daring attempt, and the general joy and thankfulness was expressed by an impromptu procession being made from the shore to

the cathedral. Thence the archbishop, mounted on the white mule, carried the Blessed Sacrament under a canopy round the city, and finally, in the cathedral, a solemn benediction was given, with the usual ceremonies and hymns of praise."

Some years later our captain, after anchoring his steamer near the quay as usual, observed that the city was decorated as if for some great festival. Presently he saw a procession approaching, which slowly paced round the great Piazza. There were confraternities and city functionaries, followed by ecclesiastics of every rank, but last of all came the venerable archbishop, seated on a white mule, and covered by a canopy supported by four of the chief citizens. All were chanting as they slowly passed round the Piazza, and the captain thought it but an act of courtesy to "dress his ship."

"Which," said he, "so pleased the archbishop, that he stopped when opposite to my steamer, and blessed me, and blessed my ship. I learned afterwards that it was the annual commemoration of an escape that the people evidently took greatly to heart."

Although the deeply-interested listener did not doubt that the courtesy of her compatriot was fully appreciated, she concluded that it was probably usual, after blessing the city and its inhabitants, to give also the beloved blessing to the mariners and their vessels.

This incident furnished an additional proof that in fervently Catholic lands the warmest emotions of tenderness gather, like golden links, around the most Blessed Sacrament.

In return the lady gave an anecdote of a very different kind respecting a procession she witnessed many years ago in the land she had left on the other side of the globe.

She happened to be staying in the central city of a prolific gold-field when the governor of Victoria paid it a visit. With other ladies she viewed the procession of welcome from the balcony of the principal hotel, and to her great astonishment the first person who appeared was the governor himself, or rather his horses and coachman! The knight was seated in an open carriage, and beside him was the mayor of the town, whom he was blandly addressing. The subjects chosen were of course unknown, but it was presumed that they consisted of inquiries respecting local affairs, for the mayor's head was either nodding or shaking at every reply; and until they were quite out of sight, we could distinguish whether the reply was in the negative or the affirmative. It was fortunate that the governor was spared the sight of his lugubrious following, among whom were about forty "puddlers" clad in clay-bespattered moleskins and jumpers, and riding their machine horses with impromptu bridles and no saddles at all. We were making merry over this incident of the "gold-fields" when the sisters returned.

They had addressed in French the first priest they met, and he gently replied—

"When nuns travel they are always provided with the authority of their bishop."

The necessary credentials, written in French and in Latin, were

instantly produced and perused, and the reverend Father volunteered to conduct the sisters to his ecclesiastical superior.

But no ancient dwelling of his predecessors, no venerable ecclesiastical buildings, abounding in reminders of past ages, received the pilgrims. They found his Grace occupying two mean rooms over the public schools, the unplastered walls of which had been hastily whitewashed for his reception. The apartment in which the sisters awaited the venerable prelate was scantily furnished, every article being of the humblest description, and the brick floor was only partially carpeted. In one corner stood the crozier, or archbishop's staff, and over a narrow doorway, in the centre of one of the walls, a heavy curtain fell. This was all that an oppressive government had left to the Archbishop of Brindisi, whose belongings and revenue had all been seized for the use of a luxurious court and a standing army of some 300,000 men.

The priest raised the curtain and passed into an interior apartment, but quickly returned, followed by a tall, slender figure, bending a little with the weight of years, whose long white locks fell over the collar of his purple soutane. With sweetness and simplicity he received the pilgrims and bestowed his blessing, then listened to the simple history of their mission and its objects with the deepest attention and considerable surprise. He made many inquiries about the vast regions so little known in Europe, and the various prosperous missions planted there by the devoted self-sacrifice of Catholic missionaries. After a lengthened conference the archbishop withdrew, saying he would return in a few moments. Then the reverend Father very gravely said—

"Now, sister, you must not be wounded at the question I am about to ask. The archbishop commands it; and I hope you will reply without hesitation or reserve."

"I will certainly answer you with perfect truth," replied Mother Cecilia, with a slight misgiving as to what the query so solemnly asked might be.

"But pray, believe," he continued, "that the question is made with only the kindest of intentions, and do not allow it to pain you."

"I am quite sure on that point," replied the nun, yet not without trepidation; for she was, for the first time in her life, in a strange land, and among a strange people, of whose language and customs she was ignorant, and she began to apprehend that she had unwittingly transgressed.

"And remember," added the priest, "that I make the inquiry reluctantly, under the command of my superior."

"I will!" was all the nun could say.

"Tell me then candidly, without fear or reserve."

He paused to relieve his agitated feelings with a slight cough, the two nuns the while gazing up at him with something like apprehension.

"The archbishop desired me to ask you"—and he lowered his voice—"whether you are in want of money?" He has gone to see

what he can spare, but I fear it will not be much, as he has no income now but the allowance of the Holy Father."

"No, no," cried Mother Cecilia, "we will not take money from the plundered archbishop! We would rather seek it from those who have robbed him! Pray go, reverend Father, and give his Grace my reply."

With a relieved smile the priest hastened away, and speedily returned to say that the archbishop would return to give them his parting blessing.

"I hope his Grace was not displeased by my rejection of his kindness," said the nun, whose heart misgave her.

"Not in the least," was the reply. "He understood and deeply felt your sympathy, and requested me to thank you for it."

Shortly afterwards the venerable prelate returned, conferred on the strangers the archiepiscopal blessing, and withdrew. The reverend Father volunteered to conduct the sisters to the Convent of the Poor Clares, the only one the depredators had spared in Brindisi. It was not a voluntary mercy, but compelled by the fact that their house was founded by a king of Bavaria, and could not be alienated. But the spoilers had sent away all unprofessed sisters, and forbade the nuns to receive new postulants, intending that the community should die out, and their revenues in time revert to the State. What was the fate of the hapless girls whom they thus deprived of a safe and happy home the robbers probably neither knew nor desired to know.

On their way the visitors entered several fine and ancient churches, but all were beginning to show symptoms of neglect and decay, and more than one desecrated religious house they passed that was now used for—but not improved by—secular purposes.

A Benedictine convent was indicated, though now used as a barrack. Soldiers were gambling in the cloisters, their red shirts were hung on lines in the quadrangle, and noisy, tumultuous voices rung from the enclosure, which was intended for meditation and prayer.

The Church of the Poor Clares was quite a relief to the sorrowing pilgrims, for it was still in the hands of its owners. It looked freshly bright and clean, with newly-gathered flowers glowing on its altars and perfuming the air, and exhibiting in every part the evidence of daily use and loving care.

"Were the other churches formerly as neat as this?" whispered the nun.

"Yes, till the revenues appropriated for ages to their order and repair were seized. Now they depend solely on voluntary and uncertain means, which scarcely suffice for the maintenance of those who serve the altar, and have to live by it."

When the priest had found an aged sacristan, and explained the wish of the strangers to visit the convent, he took his leave of them with a blessing and a promise to pray for their safety and success.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANCONA.

Deaf mutes—The Poor Clares—The parlour—The grille—The first chill—Now commence our difficulties—Sacrilegious plunder, and excessive taxation—Left Brindisi—"The stormy Adriatic" very gentle—Reminiscences of the great English cardinal—A memorial—A lady Jesuit—Loretto—Ancona—Cialdini—Sisters land—Convents plundered—Archbishop very kind—Recalled words of Italian songs—Custom-house—How to disperse a mob—No use for tobacco.

THE aged sacristan, who like all who only spoke Italian, was deaf and mute so far as our English sisters were concerned, preceded them to the end of a transept, and there pulled vigorously at a rope that depended from the ceiling.

The distant clang of the bell was heard, and then all around became wrapt in perfect silence for several minutes. At length a door opened from above, and in a small balcony appeared a figure dressed in the habit of the Order of Poor Clares.

A brief conference (of course, in Italian, and therefore not understood by the strangers) took place, the nun retired, and again the sisters stood waiting with their aged conductor. Very shortly an unobserved door quite near to them opened, the sacristan pointed to it, and withdrew, and the sisters entered the precincts of the convent. The door closed between them and the outer world, and advancing up a passage well-lighted by windows placed high in the wall, the two ladies entered for the first time the reception-room of an enclosed Order.

It was a large apartment, divided near the centre by a "grille," or grating, at which the Poor Clares received the visits of their friends, the Order being one of strict enclosure.

Both portions of the apartment were simply furnished, and the inner one contained a small oratory, in which stood a statue of the beloved Madonna and Divine Infant, before which was placed a vase containing a bouquet of fresh flowers. Their delicious odour extended even to the outer portions of the room, and was most welcome to the pilgrims, who had for many weeks been deprived of all their old favourites.

In a few moments the enclosed space was crowded with smiling nuns, many of whom spoke French. The conversation commenced with inquiries respecting the unknown countries on the reverse of the great globe, inquiries by which the pilgrims were often provoked to smile. So surprising did it seem to the Italians that a land so far remote from the rest of the world should be in all respects so similar to it; possess the fruits, vegetables, animals, and flowers of older countries, and even extensive railways, Catholic churches, cathedrals, archbishops, bishops, and every rank of inferior clergy.

They were particularly interested in all they heard about the various religious communities, schools, colleges, &c.

In the meantime the hospitality of a religious house was not forgotten. Wine, guest-bread, and delicious biscuits were placed near the visitors, and they were courteously invited to partake. The luncheon was very acceptable, and while they refreshed themselves the Italians told of the woes of the Church of Italy.

On learning that the sisters had left a companion on board the steamer, the superioress caused paper bags to be filled for her with guest-bread and biscuits. From time to time sisters withdrew and others arrived, as if it had been kindly arranged that all the sisterhood should in turn obtain a sight of the "Inglese" who had crossed the globe.

At length the strangers took affectionate leave of their kind sisters in religion and returned to the steamer, bearing in triumph the present sent to their companion by the "Poor Clares" of Brindisi.

This guest-bread was very nice porous cake, and the biscuits delicious, for both were made of the best flour in the world.

Before the nuns had recited half their adventures, the captain approached to welcome their return, and was immediately offered a share of the present.

"What?" he exclaimed, "may *I* touch it? may *I* taste it?"

The ladies gave a laughing assent, but they observed that he carefully carried away the small parcel made up for him, probably to be deposited among the *curios* he was collecting for home.

While the process of coaling detained us we conversed much on the new experiences of the day. We had not realised, from the scanty information that had reached us, the present state of Italy; all whose industries appeared to have been more or less paralysed by the oppressions of the Church and the heavy taxes. How remarkable it is that oppressive taxation and a burdensome national debt always follow sacrilegious plunder! We were not slow to recognise that the real difficulties of our pilgrimage were about to commence.

Having indulged sanguine anticipations of obtaining ready and warm welcomes, with ample assistance everywhere, the doubts that first chilled us at Brindisi will never be forgotten. We did not land there, because without additional expense we could proceed to Ancona, whence the railway journey to Rome is much shorter.

"Whatever difficulties arise," said the counsellor, after a long consultation, "do not lose your courage."

"I have often lost my health, but never my courage!" was the calm reply.

When we resumed our voyage all anticipations were put aside while we enjoyed our delicious trip up the Adriatic. We were always within sight of Italy, and a few interesting spots were pointed out to us. Being now in Europe we could fully realise that we should shortly meet with friends whom we had left some twenty years ago, and were thus led to indulge tender memories of those who during that long period had passed away from this world. Of the latter we dwelt long on recollection of the great English cardi-

nal, for he had given the Sacrament of Confirmation to two children just before they departed for Australia, whose parents had been honoured by his friendship. The ceremony was performed in the cardinal's private chapel in Golden Square.

One of those dear children died on the voyage; and on hearing of the cardinal's death the still sorrowing mother was deeply moved, and found relief in writing a few lines to his memory.

We read them on the Adriatic while nearing the scenes described in the beautiful tale of Fabiola, as they existed centuries ago.

A MEMORIAL.

They knelt before the altar,
  Both pure and undefiled:
One was a stalwart, ten-years' boy,
  And one a meek girl-child,
O'er whom a light veil shimmered,
  Like her spirit, undefiled.

They knelt before the altar
  In that simple, small chapelle;
Down through the open casement
  June's rosy streamers fell;
And with them came the city's voice
  Like a warning ocean-swell.

He blest them, meekly kneeling,
  And imposed his hands revered,
With rites due to his dignity,
  In that broad land unpeered,
With solemn ceremonial,
  Which princes might have shared.

He blest them both alike, yet how
  Dissimilar their doom—
One was for earth, and one for heaven!
  Within that narrow room
They knelt, 'twixt whom, full soon, alas!
  The boundless waves shall boom!

To him earth's stern bread-battle,
  To her heaven's fields of light;
To her the seraph's choral song,
  To him life's doubtful fight.
Yet free to each the conquest,
  And the victor's chaplet bright.

Yes, although blest the early freed,
  Ere yet the passions rage,—
They who have borne the noontide heats
  Shall also win their wage;
And noblest they, who to the last
  Are faithful to their gage.

But now the stainless priest of God,
  Who on that summer day
Blest the sad widow and her babes,
  And knelt with them to pray,
Departeth from the mourning Church
  Unto eternal day.

Ended his tasks, his labours done,
'Tis harvest with him now,
When ransomed souls, like brilliant gems,
Are crowding round his brow;
And, it may be, that spirit-child
Near unto him may glow.

Oh, it may be that 'mid the light,
Which makes even heaven look dim,
The joy of the triumphant Church,
The blaze of the seraphim,
Pure infant souls may participate
In the glorious welcome-hymn!

Then may the Prince of the House of God
Serenely recognise
The child he blest for a sea-girt grave,
And pity her mother's sighs,
And pray for the mourner, yearning still
For her darling's loving eyes!

Our intelligent captain proved to be a very amusing companion, and on one occasion informed us that he had no prejudices against Catholics, adding—

"I once had a passenger of your faith who landed at every port and visited its nearest church. As she was alone, I often escorted her. She was a highly educated woman—in fact, a Jesuit!" His hearers could not choose but smile, and afterwards agreed that of all the misrepresentations they had heard respecting that much-calumniated Order, our captain's was the drollest.

We were now drawing near to the termination of our ocean journey, and with feelings of tenderest gratitude remembered that we had crossed the globe without experiencing a storm or being detained by a calm. Our voyage had been a pleasure-trip throughout, unruffled by a single mischance. Wherever our nuns had landed they had found friends, and knelt at altars where they were perfectly at home. Even the most capricious of seas bore us with unusual gentleness; and the wintry skies of the North displayed only the most light and lovely clouds. We could, without additional cost, have proceeded to Venice; but pilgrims are not sight-seers, and though the nuns gladly inspected everything worthy of notice that came in their way, they were never diverted from their course by any attraction.

Just before reaching Ancona the captain pointed out to us the Church of Loretto, saying that it was "a spot of great interest to Catholics."

Early on the morning of Sunday the 19th of November we anchored in the Bay of Ancona, and the sisters hurried ashore in the hope that they should obtain a place of refuge, and return for their companion in time to secure the Mass of Obligation. But they found their object of difficult attainment, and only secured for themselves the High Mass in the cathedral. They found that all the convents in the city (in one of which they had calculated on easily obtaining a night's hospitality) were either wholly suppressed or

deprived of the greater part of their revenues and unprofessed sisters, the latter being crowded with plundered refugees. The morning was thus lost, as they could not see the archbishop till after his mass in the cathedral. The venerable prelate received the nuns with gentle courtesy, and after inspecting their credentials, listened with much interest to the recital of their mission and their present need of one night's hospitality. He replied that only one convent in Ancona remained unpillaged. The Sisters of Charity had a large hospital for men connected with their house, and as their services were required for sick and wounded soldiers, they were spared, as their Order had been, for the same reason, by Napoleon I.

The archbishop remarkedth at he knew not how soon he might be as destitute as his Grace of Brindisi. He recommended the nuns to apply at the convent with his introduction, though, as he knew they were very crowded, he feared that they might not be able to accommodate so many.

But when Mother Cecilia cheerily replied "that there was the alternative of an hotel"—

"No," answered his Grace, "if the sisters cannot receive you, do not go to an hotel; for Garibaldi's soldiers are everywhere. If disappointed at the convent, come back, and I will have accommodation prepared here for you."

The sisters made grateful acknowledgments, received the archiepiscopal blessing and departed; but the convent was far more easy to find than to reach. It stands close to the cathedral, which occupied the site of a once famous temple of Venus, on the loftiest rock in Ancona.

The hope of being taken ashore in time for mass was soon relinquished by the friend they had left behind, and she had to supply the loss, as she had already done many times, by the help of an ancient book that had been in her family for at least three generations. It had probably comforted her forefathers, in successive editions, during a longer and fiercer persecution than either of the five great ones of pagan times. This duty done, she found infinite delight in her beautiful and novel surroundings. The city of Ancona rises on successive terraces to a great height, and on the extreme summit is easily distinguished a noble cathedral. The lady remembered that only a few years ago, "Cialdini," the revolutionary leader, had "shelled" this fair city, which has been described as "one of the eyes of Italy." Cialdini had since descended to his grave, with many another leader of the revolutionists, while the venerable pontiff against whom they warred still ruled the Universal Church; and from the uttermost ends of his sway three pilgrims were now hastening to prostrate themselves before the reverend Father of Christendom.

The waters of the bay were broken up by the unceasing traffic of various kinds of boats and larger vessels into minute wavelets of extraordinary purity and brilliance, that displayed opal tints and prismatic hues, and fringes of foam as white as snow. Far above towered the rock-built city, unobscured by a symptom of smoke. In fact, the crowded houses that rose in terraces to a great height,

did not seem to own a single chimney. The erections were very similar to those of Brindisi, varied by a few public buildings and many towers and domes.

The salutation that greeted the returning sisters was—

"What a mark for Cialdini's cruel guns did this stately city present, with its terraces mounting to the skies!"

"And to the skies we have to mount," replied the smiling nun. "But have courage. It is like the way to heaven."

The pilgrims were now to become partially deaf and dumb, for the French language was their only foreign tongue. It seemed desirable, therefore, to the aged pilgrim to try to recall the words of such Italian songs as she had been familiar with for many years. The phrases that occurred to her, however, were not easily adapted to everyday usage, and the most fitting word might not be available at the call of a sudden emergency. But while preparing for departure, she collected in her mind a few Italian phrases, and hoped the one required might respond to her need. As she and the novice sat in a boat awaiting Mother Cecilia, who stood at the top of the gangway taking leave of the captain, and feeling impatient of the delay, she thought it a good opportunity for commencing the use of Italian. With a loud whisper she said, "Andiano, andiano, mio bene!" The words were lost upon the nun, but an intelligent look of delight was exchanged by the boatmen.

How strange it seemed that such men should understand Italian, and evidently recognise the words of the opera.

"I'm like the English lady who was astonished when she heard the little street boys of Paris speaking French," she merrily remarked. Then she remembered having heard many years ago that the humblest classes in Italy are judicious musical critics, are very severe on a piece that does not end on its keynote, and frequently decide the fate of a new opera.

When we reached the quay ready hands assisted us up the slippery stairs, and we found ourselves on a wide esplanade (probably the only level ground in the city) on which stood the custom-house. Thither we followed our luggage, and every idler on the quay joined us, for "English ladies" and "nuns" excited the utmost curiosity where religious orders were under persecution.

We waited for a considerable time in a very low but large room. The only ventilation of the apartment was obtained at the entrance-door, which was not very wide; and when the open doorway was crowded by eager, excited faces, who were imbibing large gasps of our scanty supply of oxygen, we began to feel stifled. One of our party, who is especially affected by a vitiated atmosphere, found it at last unbearable, and suddenly starting from her seat she walked swiftly to the door, saying—

"Is this your Italian manners?" Being far too excited to remember a word of her Italian songs, she continued rapidly in plain English—

"Do you grudge the air of heaven to strangers? Do you forget the rules of courtesy while indulging your vulgar curiosity?"

To the surprise and amusement of the whole party, the mob, to whom her words must have been utterly unintelligible, fled like a flock of sheep at the sight of a strange dog, and on looking out she found not one remaining within her range of vision. In a mood not quite subsided she returned to her companions, and finding that the custom-house officers were unstrapping the portmanteaus and asking for keys, she scornfully exclaimed—

"Oh, they think we are smuggling tobacco!"

In an instant the keys were returned, and the straps replaced. The men understood the taunt, for the word "tobacco" is nearly similar in all languages.

CHAPTER XIV.

START FOR ROME.

The way to Heaven—Il Papa—"Giorno d'Orrore"—Hospital—Fountains—Frescoes—Welcome to deaf mutes—The cornet cap—Convent parlour—Refresio—Astonished Sisters of Charity—The Superioress—Chapel—Recreation—Mutual delight—A good night's rest—Hospital pictures and central altars—All the draperies white—Unrivalled nurses—Ancona chiefly stairs—Missed train—Real "Giorno d'Orrore"—Hall of Pilate—The bambino—Start for Rome—Slept well—Awake in the Appenines.

A CONVEYANCE was brought, in which our luggage was placed and ourselves seated; but as our vehicle was always at an angle of 45 degrees, the progress we made was slow and far from pleasant. In fact, the floor of the street was bare rock, and we wondered how the horse kept his footing. Every moment we expected to slide backwards down to the quay.

The driver did not urge his horse beyond a walk, to the great satisfaction of at least one of the party; and another man walked beside us, who glanced up at us now and then with amused curiosity. The whole procession appeared to us so ridiculous that the droll far exceeded the terrible, and probably the recovery of firm land caused the exhilaration common to those who have been long at sea. But sometimes the horse seemed to falter, and on one such occasion the voice that would never sing again exclaimed,* "O Giorno d'orrore!" The two men exchanged merry looks of intelligence, and it was easy to see that they were familiar with the opera of "Semiramide," and recognised the words of the duet between her and "Arsace."

As we slowly toiled up a steep street, the bright-faced driver turned to us, and pointing to a small close carriage said, "Il Papa."

"It is the archbishop!" exclaimed Mother Cecilia; and we noticed how glad the man seemed to indicate to strangers the presence of the revered "Father." This trivial circumstance was recalled

* "O day of horror!"

to us afterwards by the sinister use made of the beloved term "Il Papa" (the father) in the notorious Antonelli will case.

We supposed that the second man accompanied us from a friendly companionship with the driver, but soon discovered that we were mistaken. Our vehicle stopped at the foot of a flight of broad stone stairs that stood between us and our haven of rest. To the gaze of one of our party they seemed, she said, a full English mile in length, and she regarded them with dismay.

"I told you it was like the way to heaven!" whispered a voice at her side, whose tones would have encouraged her to attempt the "Jungfrau," or even "Adam's Peak;" and she replied—

"I can do it, if I may rest often."

The two men, who had divided the luggage between them, went nimbly up the ascent. But they had been careful to place the horse so as to relieve him of the weight of the car during their absence, and before the ladies commenced their ascent he had fallen asleep. The dwellings we had to reach were so far above us that they looked like the toy houses in a child's "village," only of far more irregular form and arrangement. When we commenced our ascent (after lingering for a few moments to gaze back on the town and the bay) the men and luggage had nearly reached the top of the stairs, and they appeared to us like crawling insects.

For one enfeebled by illness, age, and long travel, and also habituated for many years to dwellings having no upper storey, the task before her appeared very formidable. But there was every facility for frequent rests. The stairs were broken at intervals of about twenty steps by narrow terraces, and on reaching nearly every one she seated herself, and looked back with ever-increasing interest on the scene below, which, of course, broadened as they ascended. But it followed that their progress was very slow.

"We shall soon be there now!" said a cheery voice, when they had climbed about half-way; and the speaker indicated the entrance to the convent.

"What! that small slit!" exclaimed the panting lady. "I shall never pass through it!"

But they found the door, though not very large, of convenient size, and the men who brought the luggage waiting patiently in the vestibule. As we neared the convent, its front grew into great height and width, displaying no architectural beauty, but a multitude of small windows irregularly placed. We had thought the men very wasteful of time, because they did not descend to meet us to obtain their hire, but were soon thankful that they had waited to give us further help. We had to ascend past all the lower stories of the vast establishment, which consist of sick wards, the dwelling of the nuns being above the hospital.

On every flight was a wide lobby with benches, on which the weary travellers never omitted to rest. Every landing was the vestibule of a sick ward, and near each entrance we observed a tap with an iron cup, secured by a chain, and a shallow basin to catch the droppings. During our brief pauses more than one convalescent

availed himself of the accommodation, which must be invaluable in summer time. At this first introduction to Italian life, the strangers were reminded that they had entered a country renowned through all ages for its love of the arts. A simple painting in fresco surrounded the water-tap, which made it appear to be fixed in a rocky eminence on the border of a clear and flowing stream.

At length we reached the storey devoted to culinary purposes, where a delicious odour of newly-baked bread saluted us. Not till we had climbed up two more flights of stairs were we in the convent proper, and there we were met by several smiling nuns wearing the quaint "cornet cap," which seems incapable of soil, and is the distinctive mark of the most renowned of the active Orders. We knew that they were uttering a kindly welcome by the expression of their faces and soft brown eyes. But even if we had possessed breath to spare at that moment, we had no intelligible words wherewith to answer their greeting.

They conducted us to a small reception-room scantily furnished, where we were thankful to seat ourselves for a long rest. The room had no fireplace, and as it was the depth of winter, and we had just arrived from the tropics, we felt rather cold. The ceiling was low, and, like the walls, coloured blue. Of the same colour was the cotton cover of a simple sofa; and the small panes of the narrow casement, having the rudest of fastenings, looked out into the sky. This was our first experience of the discomforts of Italy. But we remembered how many a lady reared in luxury had left an elegant home for just such a one as this, and found there happiness which she had never known before. A welcome meal of hot chocolate and bread and butter, all of excellent quality, was soon placed before us on a small round table, and when thereby warmed and refreshed, we felt very happy. The air of the place seemed redolent of peace, and the eager attentions of the nuns made our meal quite delightful. There was a touching tenderness in the ministrations of these smiling girls with whom we could not exchange a word, and an air of pity, as if they were attending poor dumb creatures, which in truth we were. One of the sisters devoted herself especially to the eldest of the pilgrims, imploring her to eat with such wistful looks as made the eyes of her guest grow dim. They reminded her of the soft brown eyes she might never see again; and she thought that the nun probably likened her to some aged relative whom she had left in the world. Mother Cecilia declared that she reminded her of one of her own community, "Sister Winefred." She seemed quite grieved when at length her slices of delicious bread and butter remained untasted.

During this first Italian meal, that ancient songstress strove in vain to recall a few Italian sentences. None presented themselves that were suitable to the occasion. The first that occurred to her was "Mio vel diletto,"* but she rejected it as not respectful. "Vorei, e non vorei"† became useful as separate replies; and at last she remembered "E di contento,"‡ which caused a general smile.

* "My beautiful delight." † "Yes, and not yes." ‡ "And of content."

At length the superioress entered, who spoke French a little. Then a lively conversation was carried on between her and Mother Cecilia, which was often interrupted by translations for the benefit of all the mute spectators. Those given to the Italians provoked exclamations of astonishment, which were accompanied by the expressive national gesticulations, so graceful and significant, which we witnessed for the first time.

Sisters retired occasionally, and others took their places, to inspect the wonderful "Inglese" who had come from the uttermost ends of the earth. We read this clearly in their expressive brown eyes, of uniform tint, and in their eagerly expectant smiles.

At length we were invited to attend an office about to commence in the chapel, and gladly assented. As we left the reception-room we passed through a crowd of young nuns, probably novices, who had evidently obtained permission to see the "Inglese," and the wondering gaze with which they regarded us made us feel as if we had strayed from some unapproachable planet. Again we had to mount a flight of stairs, but we were well rewarded, by reaching a spot where we felt once more at home, and experienced no more the difficulties of an unknown tongue. Of course the services were conducted in the universal language of the Universal Church, and we were quite at ease in our Father's House.

Here we could make our thanksgivings for having been safely and tenderly conducted through many perils, for we felt that the wind had been, in our case, "tempered to the shorn lamb!" We had also many to pray for whom we had left behind, and to take in a large stock of hope and confidence for the difficult tasks that had yet to be accomplished.

When we left the chapel a rare favour was accorded to us. It was the recreation hour, and we were invited to share it. The proposal was joyfully accepted. We were now refreshed and rested, and, with stout hearts, encountered yet another flight of stairs. How high we were when we reached their summit deponent cannot pretend to state. Probably half-way to the moon!

The recreation-room was a large apartment, chiefly furnished with chairs of very simple form. But one was dignified with arms, and into that the aged pilgrim was placed, though she protested against the honour, for she guessed it to be the seat of the superioress. That lady took the chair beside her, and on each side of these two our New Zealand sisters were placed.

A crowd of snowy cornet-caps assembled round us, some crouching at our feet, others seated on chairs, and many standing, for the better view of the visitors over the heads of their companions. Every face was lighted with a glad smile, and all the bright brown eyes beaming with intelligence were fixed on us.

There was incessant talking and quiet laughter, but of course the remarks we provoked were not often understood. Our contribution to the evening's amusement was easily given. We had only to sit, quietly smiling on the excited spectators, which required no effort; for the fans were all charming, and many lovely. The simple nuns

seemed pleased by our benignant reception of their attentions, and totally unconscious that we were enjoying a similar pleasure in a far greater degree. There were a few old sisters, but scarcely any of middle age, and we concluded that experienced nuns were drafted off as superioresses to branch establishments. The far greater proportion appeared to be in early womanhood, though, as nuns always look younger than their years, we may have been mistaken in this respect. We did not see one whom we could call plain; their regular Italian features wore a universal expression of cheerful sweetness. But we were much struck with the uniform colour of their eyes, having been accustomed to every variety of grey, blue, brown, black, and even orange-tinted orbs. There was one, whose age we guessed (with the above reservation) at about twenty years, whose complexion was as fair and cheeks as rose-tinted as those of a lovely English girl. In fact, the general complexion was by no means dark, which may perhaps be owing to the protection of the cornet-cap, for they go much abroad at all seasons—as our Victorian belles, on the contrary, sacrifice their complexions by adopting the European fashion in bonnets, which give no protection whatever to the face.

When the first novelty of the scene had a little worn off, we began to inquire the names of the sisters, and the query being made by one of our party to a fair girl crouching at her feet and leaning caressingly on her knees, the rev. mother replied in French, "Oh, that is the Angel Gabriel," which remark caused much merriment. One of the youngest sisters, who was seated beside our novice, began to display a little curiosity about her dress, touched her veil and gamp, and peeped at her coif. Observing this, our chief permitted the removal of the veil, and all the sisters gathered round our shy-looking yet gently-laughing novice to examine the details of a habit as new to them as their "cornet-cap" was to us.

The interest thus excited caused our chief to amuse them yet more. She removed her long sleeves, turned up her cuffs, and began, in dumb show, to dust a chair. Then resuming her sleeves and letting down her train, with hands folded in her large sleeves and eyes downcast, she slowly walked across the room. It was quite evident that she had made it plainly understood how well her habit was adapted for active duties or for those of ceremony. Many animated remarks and much merry laughter were caused by this kind exhibition, during which the gentle superioress looked in with a serene smile, like a loving mother watching the sports of her children. The time passed rapidly, and again we noticed the coming and going of those who had duties to resume or relinquish. It did not occur to us, however, to propose to retire, until at length, on inquiry, we learned that the recreation had been unusually prolonged on our account, either from regard to the laws of hospitality, or perhaps to give opportunity to absent sisters to share the rare pleasure.

We were conducted to a large chamber, decorated with a few engravings illustrating sacred subjects, and had reason to believe that the kind superioress had relinquished for our use her own spe-

cial apartment. The pilgrims were very weary and slept soundly, forgetting for awhile that they were suspended between friends of the New and of the Old World, and thousands of miles from all!

We rose early in time for mass, and breakfasted, like pilgrims, in haste; for our train to Rome was to leave Ancona at 8 A.M. We were kindly urged to revisit the convent on our return journey, but could not give the required promise; and the superioress offered to accompany us to the station, and make up for our ignorance of the language.

On our descent through the convent we visited the bakery, again fragrant with hot loaves that were cooling in great numbers on wide dressers, and also peeped into one sick-ward. We observed that every bed was covered and also draped at the head with fabrics of spotless white. There were more pictures on its walls than we had seen in the entire convent; and a small oratory was decorated with statues, candles (now unlit), and fresh flowers. The quaint cornet-cap was moving noiselessly about, or bending over the sick with looks of tenderest sympathy. We took thence a brain-picture that will not fade while memory lasts!

There was some delay in getting men to carry down our luggage and procure a cab, and still more in trying to change our colonial coins for Italian paper, which our chief was anxious to do at a proper office, as she was quite unacquainted with the coinage of Italy. But the offices of money-changers were not yet open, and only by the intervention of the rev. mother was the accommodation obtained of a tradesman whom she knew. In passing through the steep streets and between rows of lofty houses, one of our party remarked that the "people of Ancona must spend half their lives in ascending and descending stairs." It was impossible to proceed very quickly, and we had lost precious time in seeking for the change of our sovereigns for dirty paper. Therefore it happened that just as we had taken leave of our kind friend, sending her back in the carriage, our train for Rome started on its way. This was a terrible dilemma, for we soon ascertained that no other train would leave for the imperial city till 10 P.M. We had now to consider how we should spend the long day. To remount those interminable stairs was just impossible, and the way thither was long; for the station stands in a suburb remote from the side of the city that overlooks the bay where the convent is situated. There was nothing for one of the party but to spend the day in the station, and, in fact, prudence required that guard should be kept over the luggage, which stood carelessly placed in a waiting-room, common to ever-changing crowds. But there existed no necessity for the sisters to lose the entire day. It was therefore speedily decided that they would visit such churches as they could reach, and present a few introductions.

Had we been rich we might have visited "Loretto;" but that would have been almost a pleasure-excursion, and we had no money to spare in self-indulgence. But we determined to make the best of our first mischance, and the sisters departed. Surely nowhere else in the civilised world is a public place so destitute of comfort

or convenience of every kind as we found the railway station of Ancona. The waiting-room is very long and very narrow, with a door at each end, which open respectively into the outer office and on to the platform. Half of the latter was glazed, and formed our only window; but as it was always locked, except when trains were departing, ventilation was very imperfect. A partition extended across this long room, which did not reach the ceiling. It divided off a small space for third-class passengers, whose shrill voices pierced the air when trains were expected or about to depart. We had been content to take second-class tickets for Rome, and this was the second-class waiting-room. Just beside the partition above mentioned extended a sofa, which the lady secured with her wraps, and spent most of the day reclining upon it; but whenever trains were on the move, the shrill yells that rose beside her made her brain throb with agony. She could not solace herself with the pleasant people who came and went, who were all deaf and dumb to her, except by forming amusing conjectures about them. One family party consisted of parents, with two children and an infant; and as there was something in common between the speechless babe and the lonely traveller, she ventured to address it, though she possessed but two words,—"Piccolo bambino" (little baby). Her timid advances were well received, being accepted as a homage to the infant prodigy. She gave the deepest attention to the mother's long recital, the nature of which it was not difficult to conjecture. When the mother smiled, she replied with the same; and when sadness overspread the maternal face, it was answered with looks of tender sympathy. The father meanwhile looked on with complacent gravity, and doubtless believed the ladies to be mutually exchanging maternal experiences. When that family departed, and they did not linger long, the traveller tried to find amusement in preparing an enigma to puzzle the sisters on their return. On a few leaves of her memorandum-book she pencilled the thoughts as they occurred to her, unconscious that, while relieving the tedium of the hour, she was increasing her brain-weariness.

ENIGMA.

I am long, I am short, angled, oval, and square,
I'm ugly, and hateful, most charmingly fair;
I have wings in the air, I have sails on the sea,
No place is too distant my dwelling to be.
You play with me, work with me, by me are fed,
And when you walk out I am placed on your head;
No numbers can measure the sum of my worth,
I am found beside man from the hour of his birth.
I fence round the fields, I feed the young lambs,
I am formed of the fleece that was shorn from their dams.
In Europe a large one we frequently meet,
With a clock on its head, and graves at its feet.
You see me in ivory, silver, and gold.
I am courteous, abusive, brave, timid, and bold.
With my aid you bring down the bird from the sky,
Where I'm large as an eagle, and small as a fly.

I'm soft, hard, sleek, rugged, oft piebald, oft bare,
I'm naked, and feathered, or covered with hair.
I swim, grovel, fly, like the leopard I prowl:
I am female and male, insect, beast, fish, and fowl.
I'm a model of neatness, I'm tattered and torn,
And my name given to man is a mark of great scorn.
You hear, eat, and smell me, you trample me down;
I am poor with the beggar, and grand with the crown.
Wherever your thoughts be, you gaze on me now;
Oft I stalk through the world with disdain on my brow.
My colours are various, radiant, or livid,
The faintest of stars I can render quite vivid.
When I am invisible you can produce me;
Some praise, and some blame, while many traduce me.
I course with the hounds, and I run with the hare;
My skin's thick and thin, black, yellow, and fair.
You knead, slice, divide, bruise, and break me to pieces,
You mould, shape, and polish, destroy me with creases.
While powerful for good, I am mighty for evil,
Yet an angel is not me, nor yet is the devil.
To man's highest aspirings I have not a claim,
His talents or energies bear not my name.
An artist depicts me in whole or in part,
Yet I am not his genius, I train not his art.
Though there is not a clime where I have no place,
Two letters can drive me from time and from space.

The nuns returned, after a day of fatigue and disappointment, to find their friend suffering from severe nervous depression. They were all hungry, but no food could be had till the *table d'hôte* at six P.M., where our party had no intention of presenting themselves. With considerable difficulty Mother Cecilia procured for the invalid a small slice of meat (of what animal it would be rash to conjecture), and as its exterior was grey, and its interior blue, while it proved difficult to masticate, dry, and without fat, the morsel was very reluctantly accepted.

We missed our regular and plentiful meals on the steamer now, though less as a comfort than as the means necessary to keep up our energies. This was but the first of many experiences that the land was less kind to us than the sea.

We tried to forget our misery by means of the enigma, which answered the purpose well for a while. The sisters guessed the solution after reading the first few lines, but derived much amusement from the applications. Their companion, however, could not so easily shake off the effects of fatigue and privation. A diet of biscuits and a juiceless morsel of animal food did not impart the strength she needed.

Meanwhile, with every arriving and departing train arose shrill voices and laughter, or shriller voices and woe; they were equally distressing, and scarcely distinguishable. But no words could do justice to the scene when the last suburban train was about to start. The narrow windowless room was crowded, and as the door was locked the air became stifling. "The Black Hole of Calcutta" could not have been much worse, and we had the extra misery of

the din of screaming voices. The illness of our invalid became excessive. She could scarcely obtain air enough to continue the functions of life, while her brain was overwhelmed by the clamour. But for a kind lady she must have sunk under the sufferings of that hour.

By an appeal to the stationmaster the English ladies were removed to the first-class waiting-room, which was totally unoccupied. The door was open to the platform, and the fresh night air and quiet soon relieved the sufferer. When the train for Rome arrived, she was able, with assistance, to walk to the carriage, which contained only the English ladies. One of them always calls that waiting-room at Ancona "The Hall of Pilate," because, during her excessive sufferings she had endeavoured to strengthen her patience by the recollection that shrill-voiced Italians surrounded our Lord during the worst portion of His sacred passion, and with their insulting yells agonised the sensitive nerves of the Virgin-Born.

The effects of that terrible day long remained, which was truly a "giorno d'orrore," without "e di contento."

It was an immense relief to rest in a comfortable railway carriage beside an open window; and the continuous rumble of the wheels and throbs of the piston were trifling inconveniences compared to the clamour of a shrill-voiced populace. Even the occasional steam-whistle was very endurable, and as ours was an express train its shriek was seldom heard. We soon forgot our hunger and our woes in the sound sleep of utter weariness, and did not awake till day-dawn, when we found that we were crossing the Appenines.

Book III.

CHAPTER XV.

ROME.

Misty morning—Tame scenery—Stations and mileage—Rival ruins—Desolate farmhouses—The Tiber—Jeremiah—A ballad—The Campagna—Walls of Rome—Roman St. Swithin—A "Miss"—Ruins—Fountain—English hotel, and breakfast—A wolf at table—Rest for the weary—The Sisters' mission—Dismayed, not discouraged—St. Mary Major—Homes awaiting us in the healthiest part of Rome—State of the city—Comparisons—"History repeats itself."

Our waking was welcomed by the dim light of a rising sun shining through a grey fog, that considerably bounded our view. But we were thus reminded that it was the winter season, and we must not expect to see the luxuriant leafage or flowers of Italy. With the exception of the stone-pine (with which we had been rendered familiar in Victoria) and a few evergreens, the trees were all bare.

The invalid was very weak, but much refreshed by the pure air and her long sleep. She soon began to smile at her past sufferings, but for a long period they returned, more or less, after excessive fatigue or long abstinence from animal food.

There was no sign of frost, although it was mid-winter, and as the sun rose the fog lifted, and enabled us to enjoy glimpses of the country between the hills. To one who had dwelt for a quarter of a century in the flat country of Victoria, the scenery was interesting; but the New Zealanders were disappointed, though we occasionally descried a lake in the distance, or passed a ruined fortress. The finest part of our journey had probably been passed in the night, and of course the engineers of the railway had selected a route possessing the fewest difficulties. Once we saw two ruins in such near proximity that we attributed their ultimate destruction to the struggles of mutual rivalry; and at long intervals we passed tall white stations, on the upper part of which the mileage was printed in large black figures at least four feet high; so that we could easily ascertain our distance from the much-desired destination. We found this arrangement far more convenient than the small posts placed near the rails, to which we had been accustomed, bearing figures that are scarcely

perceptible as the train rushes past. We often saw a farmhouse, looking naked and bare in its white Roman cement; without a tree near it, or a blind or a curtain to denote human habitation, and possessing neither porch nor verandah. In such a climate we had supposed the latter to be indispensable. Within they might be very cosy dwellings, but the exterior did not indicate this.

We crossed a narrow, sluggish, muddy stream, and one of our party exclaimed—

"Surely this must be the 'Yellow Tiber!' the historical 'Tiber,' so lauded by the poets! 'Old Father Tiber with his yellow hair!' Well, we must hope that he will improve upon acquaintance." We crossed the river more than once, but without perceiving any improvement in his very uninteresting though venerable features.

The scenery was so tame that we had to solace ourselves with the assurance that we were certainly in the Appenines, though not in a picturesque region, and rapidly approaching the city of cities—venerable old Rome!

Much of our route was covered with low bushes, which reminded us of the "scrubby ranges" of Victoria; but as it was the winter season, the beautiful wild flowers of Italy still reposed in their silken sheaths. Had Victoria the roots, tubers, and bulbs of Italy, they would blossom during her genial winter, as do those from England, Tasmania, and the Cape.

We found very few external attractions to prevent our thoughts from reverting to our own prospects, which the experiences of Brindisi and Ancona had rendered very uncertain.

"We were far from anticipating the confusion we have found!" remarked one to Mother Cecilia. "The struggle before you may be far severer than you expected."

"It is too probable," was the calm reply; "but God rules all things. Relying on Him, whatever my difficulties, I shall not lose courage."

"But your strength may fail."

"That must be as God wills. I can perceive that the lament of Jeremiah for the ancient Church applies now to that of Christ. 'How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is the mistress of nations become as a widow! The princess of provinces become tributary.'"

"In one respect, at least, your quotations cannot apply. We enter Rome in the height of the season. The crowds of strangers will not be sad because she is oppressed, but flock to the courtly revels. No; your prophecy cannot apply to the imperial city."

"We shall see!" replied the nun gravely.

"But even if the court be gay, the Church resembles the lady in the ballad you used to sing to us, which seemed to be broken by sobs. Can you recite it now?"

It required very little persuasion to induce the lady to beguile the way with her

BALLAD.

The lady sat in her lonely hall;
'Twas still and dreary, still and dreary!
All her loved ones had followed the battle-call;
And her heart was weary, weary!

She watched the sands of the hour-glass run;
They trickled slowly, trickled slowly!
And pondered which, ere the day was done,
Might lie full lowly, lowly!

Still, still it came, to her lonely heart,
That solemn pleading, solemn pleading!
"Ah, which can you bear to behold depart
All pale and bleeding, bleeding!

"Is it he of the open and jocund brow,
With bright locks waving, bright locks waving!
Who marks the hart, but spares the doe,
All weak things saving, saving?

"Or is it the boy with the downy cheek,
So frail and slender, frail and slender;
With the dove-like eyes, and the aspect meek,
So fond and tender, tender?

"Or say, is it he with the raven hair,
And glance of fire, glance of fire!
With the stately port, and martial air,
So like his sire, his sire?"

"His sire!" She rose with a gesture wild
Of pale despair, pale despair!
"Take, if Thy will, each prayed-for child,
But *him!* oh spare, oh spare!"

The lady sunk down in her lonely hall;
'Twas still and dreary, still and dreary!
All her loved ones had followed the battle-call;
And her heart was weary, weary!

The wide Campagna, which was anciently covered with the villas, gardens, and pleasure-grounds of wealthy citizens, only presented to us an extensive treeless plain, dotted with black cattle and sometimes mobs of horsea. We remembered the time when the blowing of a guard's horn on a stage coach sent all the cattle in English meadows flying in frantic terror; but the roar of a railway train was evidently familiar to the denizens of the Campagna, for they continued to browse or ruminate without even raising the head to gaze at the rushing monster.

Our first glimpse of the works of the grand nation that subdued the whole civilised world was of an ancient aqueduct, with its countless arches of solid masonry. Then we passed the walls of Rome, and amused ourselves by imagining the consternation that would have been caused in pagan times had we thus rushed into the city with a roar and a shriek that pierced to the interior of the most stately dwellings. We knew that we were crossing the site of the

famous gardens of Licinius, now utterly demolished, and passing near the ancient church of St. Bibiana, one of the oldest in Rome, being erected on the site of her house. We afterwards ascertained that a marble sarcophagus forming the altar contains her remains and those of two members of her family, who were also martyrs.

A statue of St. Bibiana, by Bernini, is considered his masterpiece, for his style did not improve in his later works. This saint is the "St. Swithin" of Rome, for if rain fall on her feast the people expect it to continue, more or less, for forty days. The fine new street, formed by the demolition of many relics of antiquity, a reservoir, and several religious houses, was then incomplete, though already named "Principessa Margharita," after the wife of Prince Humbert, heir to the iron crown of Sardinia.

We could scarcely realise the fact that we were really entering Rome, the city that for 2600 years had been historical, and was long the military centre of the world. Great names of men who have ruled the destinies of nations occurred to us—men whose prowess, skill, and energy changed the aspect of the times in which they lived; whose patriotism saved their country when all seemed lost; whose magnificence had dazzled the world! But our tenderest recollections were of the lowly preachers whose teaching subdued even Rome itself, and whose deaths by martyrdom effected more for humanity than was conferred by the mightiest conquerors or the most powerful kings. We were in streets through which St. Peter and St. Paul walked, unregarded by the proud, the learned, and the gay —they who taught to wondering pagans a system of pure morality hitherto undreamt of by the most revered philosophers, revealed mysteries that human intellect could never have conceived, admitted thousands of humble believers into the One Fold, and sealed their mission with their own blood.

Who can enter Rome without remembering that therein thousands of martyrs gladly died to hand down to us the blessings of Christianity, which, but for the perversity of evil wills, would have rendered our period of probation on earth a foretaste of heaven? Christianity gave us the seventh day of rest, the indissoluble sanctity of the marriage tie, and the end of slavery. But all are menaced in these evil times, and the danger commenced with the apostasy of the sixteenth century.

As we slowly steamed into the station the porters shouted, "Roma! Roma!" We had had several times the opportunity of noting how unlike that name sounds when uttered by Italian and English lips. But now it was given with so peculiar an accent that we experienced how Italian can be only perfect when spoken by the Tuscan tongue and the Roman mouth.

Our luggage had been taken from us at Ancona, and we did not feel quite easy respecting it till we found all the portmanteaus and packages together on a wide table extending through the entire length of a spacious hall. To guard against accidents (of which we had a specimen later) Mother Cecilia always kept in her own charge her portfolio and desk.

The station is large and commodious, with very complete arrangements, as befits the capital city of the world. A large surrounding space has been cleared of buildings, and, with the extensive erections of the station, goods sheds, and numerous lines of railways, the whole occupies a fine site on the summit of the Viminal, one of the seven hills of Rome. The "Piazza" (or Place) formerly named "Aqua Felice" (happy water), from the fountain so called, is now called "Di Termini," in reference to the railway terminus. It also extends over a portion of the site of the "Agger" (or rampart) of "Servius Tullius," who was the sixth king of Rome, and lived 578 years before the Christian era. These works were so massively constructed that remains of them are found in thirty-one different spots, and they are very useful as indicating the exact dimensions of ancient Rome.

Our first experience of Rome was very agreeable, for the hack carriages of the city are the easiest, pleasantest, and cheapest in the world. We soon found ourselves seated in a low barouche, with movable head and well-arranged springs, which can accommodate four persons conveniently, though by closing the front seat it is made suitable for two.

When we quitted the railway station with our belongings, our destination was quite unknown. We were content to gaze around us with ever-increasing wonder, not doubting that we should be taken near some hotel which we could make our temporary resting-place. We soon found ourselves crossing a wide and bare space of waste ground, which looked very strange in an old city.

A portion of it was at that time occupied by the wooden circus of an itinerant equestrian troupe, and exhibited the usual glaring placards and advertisements. It was just such an exhibition as we have seen at a country fair in England, but the name of its principal equestrienne had for prefix the English word "Miss," probably for the same reason that "Mademoiselle" or "Signora" are considered attractive with us. This trivial incident heightened the effect of the scene as we contrasted an English village green with the desolate-looking spot, once covered with palaces, but now displaying only an unoccupied waste.

We observed quite near the circus a ruin which had plainly been a portion of some important building. It was a wall forming part of a semicircle, in which were sunk arches at short intervals. Although built of brick, it must have been faced with marble and the niches occupied with sculptures. So much we guessed, but we little thought that we were crossing the site of a part of the celebrated Baths of Diocletian, in the erection of which 40,000 enslaved Christians perished.

The first work of art we beheld in Rome was the fountain of this Piazza, which is celebrated by the poet Tasso under its original name of "Aqua Felice." This is one of the many changes of old names for new ones that is taking place extensively in Rome, which is much to be regretted, because never an improvement. We admired the abundant and ceaseless flow of water, and thought the idea of its

gushing from a rock struck by Moses singularly suitable, and its execution grand.

But the figure of the prophet is said to have been so severely criticised on its erection as to have caused the death of the sculptor. On each side of Moses, in separate niches, stand Aaron and Gideon, all the figures being life-size. The plenteous flow of water is caught in a wide bason, protected by a wall about breast high. Here the neighbouring inhabitants obtain an unfailing supply of water, which is one of the chief necessaries of life in warm climates.

Shortly after passing the Fountain di Termini, we saw, on a large building, the words, "Bristol Hotel," and concluded that our chief difficulty would disappear there, as of course English would be spoken. We engaged a chamber, and thought the Anglican style of its accommodation most delightful. At breakfast we noticed that the butter bore the device of the wolf and the twins, and the "chops," being the first animal food we had tasted on land, were very welcome. Many a long day passed before we again experienced the English mode of enjoying the pleasantest of family meals.

The nuns had duties to perform that admitted of no delay; but for their companion, none of the glories of Rome, ancient or modern, possessed attractions to rival the enticements of a comfortable bed. She took immediate possession thereof, and slept for many hours.

It was late in the afternoon when she awoke, and by the time she had dressed, summoned a quaintly-dressed attendant, wearing a charmingly novel cap, and obtained a plentiful meal of chops and coffee, the sun had neared the horizon. She had been each hour growing more anxious about the sisters, and was much relieved when, just as she sat down to her meal, Mother Cecilia entered alone.

To the inquiring look that greeted her she hastened to reply—

"I have left dear little sister to rest, for we have had a most fatiguing day."

"You also need rest, I can see. Take it now and share my meal, for here is far more than I require."

The invitation was accepted, but years elapsed before it transpired that the sister had eaten nothing since her early breakfast. Being in haste to relieve the solicitude of her beloved chaperone, she would not stay for the evening meal of the community.

The entire day had been spent by the sisters in seeking for hospitality, which they had expected to obtain at the first convent they found. The venerable houses that would have warmly welcomed them were converted into barracks or jails. Being at length directed to a house where they were told that nuns lived, they found several different Orders occupying a single flat; half of the number sleeping on the floor, and all suffering from scanty fare. What living must be in a land where full rations would starve an Australian, may be imagined.

It was the Feast of the Presentation, and the sisters had heard mass at the first church they found; but desolation during the whole of that weary day seemed to derive poignancy from the distant chants that occasionally reached them in their wanderings.

Hotel expenses were quite beyond their means, and had not entered into their calculations, and yet the hour of the Angelus was approaching without their having found a place of refuge. Though dismayed, they were not discouraged, but remembered Bethlehem, and hoped they might at least obtain such poor shelter as sufficed for Her who was refused admission to an inn. They were also growing faint with hunger, and on finding themselves in the noble Piazza of St. Mary Major, they decided on placing their case before the altar, and there rest for a while.

Mother Cecilia's anxieties are always for others, and now she was chiefly concerned for her little companion, and for the uneasiness that must, by this time, afflict the one left at the hotel. But they felt at home at the foot of the altar, and their glorious surroundings seemed like a dream of heaven.

"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," the Saviour said; why should they fear? The depression passed from their spirits; they rose from their knees refreshed and reinvigorated, and left the beautiful basilica with renewed trust and confidence.

On the lofty range of steps they were accosted, in French, by a dwarf-girl, who was attracted by their habits, and perceived that they were strangers. On learning their mission and their immediate and pressing need, she advised them to apply to a certain number in "Via Quirinale," and ask for an English lady known as "Mademoiselle Marie." The fact of her being English raised the hopes of our sisters, and having no other resource they at once acted on the counsel of this stranger.

By the mere mention of the words "Via Quirinale," they obtained direction when at a loss; the distance was not very great, and the number was easily found, being quite near to the "Quirinal" Palace. It was a large building, with a carriage entrance leading to a spacious courtyard, to which, however, during their stay in Rome, the sisters never penetrated. The entrance to the mansion was on the right hand of the gateway, and in the vestibule they waited till "Mademoiselle" was summoned. Her heart warmed at once to the English sisters, for whom she procured hospitality in her own house, and the exclusive use of one large room during their stay in Rome. The first floor of the mansion was occupied by a lady of rank and her family, the basement being used by her servants. The upper stories had been taken by a few ladies, who lived in community, and devoted their means and time to the succour of the destitute whom the confiscation of church property had rendered friendless. In all countries there must be numbers of helpless poor. The sick, the crippled, the aged, the maimed, the widow, the orphan, exist everywhere. There will also be times of scarcity or commercial depression, and even the wasteful and improvident must not be allowed to starve. The distress in Rome was now excessive, being much increased by the absence of foreign visitors; the rise in prices resulting from heavy taxation, and the cessation of the beautiful ceremonials of the Church. To

these afflictions must be added the sudden destitution of those who had hitherto been the refuge of the poor. The good done by this new community was very great, and they hoped to be undisturbed, because, although they observed the rules of a religious order, they wore no distinctive habit, but were clad in black clothes of ordinary make, though very simple and inexpensive.

By the introduction of Mademoiselle Marie, the nuns had also secured apartments for their lay companion exactly opposite to their own.

Thus were our pilgrims comfortably located in the healthiest district of Rome, quite near to "the Quirinal," which had long been the favourite winter palace of the Popes, but was occupied now by the family of Victor Emmanuel, his horses, and his dogs.

When the anxieties of the invalid had been relieved, Mother Cecilia imparted the information she had gained during her long quest.

The news she met everywhere was most heartrending. In the course of six years ninety-three monasteries and convents had been suppressed by the Government, and their revenues appropriated to the support of a luxurious court, and a standing army of 300,000 men. The plundered religious were overcrowding such houses as were spared, and many of these had been robbed of part of their revenues. Numbers had died of heartbreak and privations, and the afflictions of the poor, sick, and infirm, thus deprived of unfailing friends, were lamentable.

We now realised as we had never done before the state of our own land three centuries ago, when her religious orders became the helpless prey of the spoiler, many being so far from rich that it took thirty to content one of the plunderers. Most unexpectedly we found ourselves amid just such a scene of sacrilegious spoliation, for in this one city more than 3000 harmless people, whose lives were useful to the poor—some sick, and many very aged—had been oppressively deprived of home and revenues. Not yet, however, had the extreme rigour of English "Commissioners" been imitated in Italy. We did not hear of abbots being hanged opposite their own doors, as were those of Colchester, Woburn, Glastonbury, Reading, &c. But we doubt if all Italy yielded so precious a relic of antiquity as the four autograph letters of Edward the Confessor, seized by the plunderers of the Augustinian Priory in England. The letters were burned, and the silver box that contained them melted down.

The Government of Italy allows to choir nuns a franc per day (8d.) by way of maintenance, and the lay sisters half that sum. But it does not appear to be enriched by its plunder, for the fine coinage of the Popes has all disappeared, and been replaced by paper, even to the value of a few pence, and the empty state of its treasury is often alluded to by the public press. Thus it was with England after the wholesale plunder of the churches and altars, religious houses, chantries, guilds, &c.; the exchequer became so destitute that the coinage of leather money formed one of the devices contrived by the government.

Mother Cecilia reminded her friend that the morrow was her feast, gave her all necessary directions for reaching her new home, and before the Angelus rang had left her to enjoy a night's undisturbed repose.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXPERIENCES IN ROME.

Roman mansion—View of the city—An Italian home—Parting—Irish colleges—English cardinals—A Monseignore—Propaganda—A Briton—Jesuit noviciate—One of its novices—State interferes with us—White squall—Public sufferings—Heavy taxes—Paper currency—Gloomy court—Church of St. Charles—The cowl—Saying grace—Our neighbour—The stand of an assassin—Church of Jesuit Noviciate—Tombs—Capuchins.

Our cares and joys always meet us with renewed poignancy after heavy sleep. The awaking of the aged traveller after her first night's rest in Rome, one long sleep, which was untroubled by shrieks of screws or pumps, thuds of pistons, the scouring of decks, or oscillations of ship or carriage, was saluted by a pleasant remembrance that the most pressing necessity of the sisters had been relieved. To one who had latterly been so much hurried to and fro, it was also a comfort to feel that she was at liberty to rise when she pleased; and much as she desired to see the wonders of Rome, she was thankful to avail herself of the privilege. Yet she breakfasted in her own room (a full hour before the *table d'hôte* meal), and then drove with the luggage of the party to the address left by Mother Cecilia, where she was warmly welcomed in the vestibule by the sisters and Mdlle. Marie. They led her up shallow stairs, in several flights, which were none the less fatiguing because formed of beautiful white marble, until they had passed the apartments of "The Countess."

In the large chamber kindly granted for the use of the English sisters during their stay in Rome, the gentle hostess received her guests with refined courtesy. The interview was most interesting, though the Italian lady did not speak English, and the French of her visitor was nearly forgotten through disuse. But it was a pleasure to be permitted to behold a noble countenance, which, though past its prime, was still lovely, and illumined by an expression of grave sweetness. The conversation was occasionally facilitated by the intervention of Mdlle. Marie; and words of kindly welcome and warm gratitude are not easily misunderstood.

We learned subsequently that the lady who had given our sisters hospitality had devoted herself and her property to the foundation of an Order that should be suited to the exigencies of the times, and the foundress was the first superioress of the community.

After a long conversation, during which one lady imparted information respecting Australasia, and the other described the present state of the Holy City, the superioress withdrew, and our English

friend proposed to give us, from the roof of the house, a bird's-eye view of Rome. No proposal could have been more acceptable; but we had to mount again, stair after stair, and right glad was one of the party when we emerged into the open air.

The flat roof was of considerable extent, and many arrangements thereon denoted that it was useful to the laundry. There was also a small erection like an observatory, similar to those we had noticed at Brindisi.

The prospect around us claimed all our attention, for it is unique in the world. In front, and not very far distant, the pinnacles of "St. John Lateran" arose on the Cœlian Hill; to our left we beheld "St. Mary Major," on the Esquilino; the vast bulk of the "Coliseum" showed darkly on our right; and even the dome of "St. Peter's" was discernible in the extreme distance against a pale-grey winter sky. The view was bounded by a long line of hills, and among the crowded buildings flashed at intervals the winding Tiber. On beholding a remarkable scene for the first time one often experiences a sense of recognition. The sensation has been frequently alluded to, but never explained. It was so vivid at that moment in one of our party that she must have betrayed it, for "Mademoiselle" exclaimed—

"This is not your *first* visit to Rome!"

Roman scenery has certainly been popularised by the arts, but not thus can we account for the curious fact, for it is quite as remarkable in connection with scenes less familiar.

Many interesting places were pointed out to us, which we afterwards visited; but one of the audience of Mdlle. Marie was so deeply absorbed in reflection on ancient and modern times that she took little share in the conversation going on around her.

We descended the broad marble stairs, and were conducted by our English friend across the street to a narrow back door, which we afterwards learned to be the back entrance to a large mansion, the principal part of which is now used as a college. The vestibule into which that door opened was rather dark, and filled with steam, having a strong odour of soap suds. The floor was of brick, and behind a wooden partition not reaching to the ceiling the operations of the laundry were being vigorously performed. Narrow brick spiral stairs, with railings of iron, ascended in many windings to the very top of the mansion, and on arriving there we were rewarded for our toil by finding a warm welcome, light and airy rooms, and the kindest of entertainers. A portion of the upper storey of the large mansion had been taken by Signora Lucia for the reception of lady-boarders; and though all the floors were made of brick, and the entire suite of apartments did not possess a single fireplace, yet the rooms were so clean and well appointed and airy, that we were content, and ascribed all shortcomings to the customs of a strange land. In the salon we were presented by Mademoiselle, with much ceremony, to the noblest of our fellow-guests, a German baroness, who proved a charming and highly beneficial companion.

Then the pilgrims who had crossed the globe together must separate. When the nuns had satisfied their friend respecting their com-

fort, and pleased her with the description of the pretty chapel in the highest storey, where they had heard the mass of St. Cecilia's Day at a very early hour, they went on their way, for time was precious to them.

Mother Cecilia, having experienced the want of Italian, therefore resolved on first seeking friends among the British residents, to some of whom she had special introductions. Her first visit was to the rector of the Irish College, Monseignore Kirby, whose active kindness can never be forgotten or sufficiently acknowledged. The first donation the mission received in Europe was from him on St. Cecilia's Day; and he also undertook to procure for the sisters an early audience of the Holy Father.

Mother Cecilia's next visit was to the English College, where the nuns were received with paternal kindness by Cardinal Manning, who was on a visit to Rome. His first remark amused the nuns, as conveying the prevailing idea respecting Australians.

"So," he said with a surprised smile, "you, like ourselves, have need of money!"

He granted all their requests, which included the permission of a visit from their lay companion.

The next call the sisters made was at the dwelling of Monseignore, who was rapidly descending the stairs as they entered his vestibule. He must have recognised them at once as countrywomen, for he exclaimed as he made a sudden halt—

"Aha! where do you come from?"

The reply caused him instantly to lead the way back to his salon. As he was a dignitary of high rank, and of noble lineage by birth, the sisters were surprised by the extreme simplicity of his surroundings. Their credentials were produced and rapidly scrutinised, and he at once proposed to give them a donation, adding with a significant smile—

"And how will you have it?"

Mother Cecilia had been long enough in Italy to learn the value of its present currency, and she promptly replied, "In British gold!" He laughed as he handed to her the precious coins, saying, "I see that your bishop knew whom he was sending when he gave credentials to you." Thus encouraged, Mother Cecilia made many English friends, who proved most valuable.

She had several special petitions to present to the Pope, and ascertained that this could only be done through "The Propaganda." One of her visits, therefore, was made to the office into which they had been obliged to crowd all their documents, archives, &c., when the Government seized their proper buildings. Some confusion was thus rendered inevitable, and delays were frequent and prolonged.

Mother Cecilia's applications to see the secretary were unsuccessful, until one day she descried among a group of ecclesiastics one who she felt sure was a Briton. She ventured to approach him, and was rewarded for her courage when he addressed her in English, having the least tip of the brogue—

"Well, sister, what can I do for you?"

"If you will please to introduce me to the secretary I shall be so grateful. I have already been disappointed three times!"

"Ah, poor sister!" he replied, "I see. Yes, to be sure I will. And where do you come from?"

The letter of Dr. Redwood, bishop of Wellington, was rapidly examined, and the champion led the sisters through what appeared to them a labyrinth of passages, roused attendants, knocked at doors, and at length reached the secretary. Then their kind friend acted as interpreter, for Mother Cecilia found herself mistaken in depending on French being universally spoken. After this interview, which proved of great importance, the sister inquired the name of her impromptu friend, but he replied—

"Oh, never mind my name; but whenever you want aid, come here and ask for the 'Irishman.'" She had occasion to do so many times, and never without avail.

The aged traveller found her two special rooms, consisting of an unfurnished ante-chamber and comfortable bed-room, airy and cheerful. Meals were taken in a dining parlour. Though the floors were paved with brick, all the ceilings were adorned with flowery wreaths and scroll ornaments; and the English lady was so satisfied with her bright apartments that she seldom visited the salon, which was large and cold, and only commanded the buildings opposite and a narrow street. The window of her chamber faced the west, and commanded an extensive view over city and country, terminating with a long line of serrated hills; and it required little imagination to picture beyond them the blue waves of the Mediterranean. Between those historical hills and the pilgrim's chamber lay the city of twenty-six centuries, the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major rising grandly above the crowded buildings and a fair share of the three hundred churches of Rome. The prospect from the ante-room was commanded at right angles to the view from the bedroom, and overlooked the house and extensive grounds of the suppressed Jesuit Noviciate; a wide sweep of buildings ending with the dome of St. Peter's, and in the middle distance the vast ruin of the Coliseum rising like a black mountain into the wintry sky.

The Jesuit Noviciate is a plain, large, many-windowed house, which at that time looked desolate and unoccupied, as unhappily it was. The numerous windows had no blinds, and displayed no light at night, with the exception of one glimmer near the roof. The grounds, let to a market-gardener, were only partially cultivated, and showed in every portion the want of careful supervision. There were several marble fountains of simple yet elegant design, but not one of them was in action, and the walks were all neglected and grass-grown. But the orange-trees, loaded with fruit, grew luxuriantly in every part of the grounds.

Hereabout formerly stood the magnificent baths of "Constantine the Great," which were erected on the site of the ancient temple of "Quirinus," built by Romulus, the founder of Rome. Only the memory of that ancient pagan temple remains, being commemorated by the name of the palace, street, and district. Its far-famed glories

and the yet more magnificent erections of the first Christian emperor have been swept away, leaving not a vestige behind.

Three palaces have been erected on the site of the baths, beside the house and grounds of the Jesuit Noviciate. A few busts, bas-reliefs, statues, inscriptions, and the colossal horses standing in front of the "Quirinal," were rescued from the ruins, and are all that remain of a work achieved by imperial power.

The window overlooking the neglected garden and desolate house was a favourite resting-place of the travellers, who soon learned many particulars respecting its late inmates from the Baroness and Mademoiselle Marie. A few years ago the place was the home of learning, earnest study, and busy occupation; the house was well-ordered and full of inmates, the gardens trim, and very remunerative in supplying the wants of the community. When the property was seized, the novices were commanded to enter the army, and many were compelled to do so, those who escaped to their friends or foreign lands being regarded as deserters.

One of these fled to Malta, where he obtained the situation of tutor in an English family named S——. He remained with them, beloved, respected, and happy for several years, until he was informed that his father was dying. Relying on the lapse of time, and desiring exceedingly to embrace once more a revered parent, he hastened to his father's deathbed. The son had the consolation of receiving the father's blessing, and of assisting him in his last hours; but before the funeral took place, he was discovered, arrested, and conveyed away. His family have hitherto striven in vain to learn his fate or obtain access to him; and his English friends have also used every endeavour to obtain tidings of one deservedly esteemed; but up to this date no information whatever has been obtained of the unfortunate youth.

The Jesuits had been warned of the proposed seizure of their property, and took the precaution of letting the house on a long lease to an American gentleman. By this means they retained a place of refuge for a few Fathers, who remained in the house as guests of their tenant; and thus their flock in the neighbourhood were enabled to obtain their ministrations in the Church of the Noviciate, which will be described later on.

Our pilgrims took advantage of the opportunity of finding an English-speaking confessor, but very soon they were deprived of this consolation. An order came from the Government, about a fortnight after our arrival in Rome, forbidding the Jesuits to exercise any functions in their own Church of the Noviciate. This might have prevented our access to the sacraments; but we soon learned that an English-speaking confessor sat every Saturday afternoon in a church not very far distant, where the Fathers had obtained permission to hear their penitents.

Such vexatious interferences were very frequent, and can only be explained by supposing that the State desired to wean the people from the regular use of the sacraments. It is a cunning artifice, similar to that which expunges all religious teaching from State schools, and

also, where it cannot suppress a community, sends adrift all unprofessed inmates. Each oppression possesses the well-marked features of a common origin.

The only inconvenience the traveller found in her chambers consisted in the clumsy and ponderous fastenings of the windows, which opened like doors, and possessed no arrangement for graduating the admission of air. Fresh air at night being necessary to ensure for her unbroken sleep, she contrived to fix her window partly open with a bit of string. But just at the first glimmer of day she was awakened by a loud noise; the windows had burst open, and all the curtains were flung to the ceiling.

"A white squall from the Mediterranean!" she muttered, and being too drowsy to contend with it then, she accepted thankfully the fresh pure air, and sunk to sleep with a rich baritone voice ringing through her brain and awakening her dreams of Victoria.

But not wishing to have her slumbers so rudely disturbed, she secured her windows the next evening with tape. It answered well for a few nights, but the first "white squall" tore the tape like paper, and she had to obtain strong rope to guard her sleep.

The Baroness, to whom Mademoiselle had introduced us with the most formal etiquette, had for many years devoted her life to the succour and consolation of the afflicted in every land she visited. She was a great traveller, speaking the English, German, French, and Italian languages equally well, and she assured us that never since the Irish famine of 1848 had she witnessed such extreme misery as then existed in Rome.

Yet Victor Emmanuel had at that time a standing army of 300,000 men, maintained 300 horses, and had made extensive erections for their use in the grounds of the "Quirinal Palace." The distress is not surprising, since from being the most lightly taxed country in Europe, Rome now groans under a fiscal system that does not even spare the corn of any kind sent to the mill to form the bread of the people. As an inevitable consequence, provisions, &c., have become dear, and they who formerly chose Rome for their winter sojourn, because it was the cheapest capital in Europe, visit it no more. The king was in Rome during our stay, having quite recently got over the feeling that caused him to avoid occupying apartments at the "Quirinal." Remembering how the London tradesmen grumble if Queen Victoria prolongs her stay at one of her country palaces, we concluded that the presence of the court must improve the state of Rome. But we were informed that the king's tastes are chiefly for horses and hunting; and, like all men deficient in polish, he detests social festivities. His free manners and general air of good-nature, called by the French *bonhomie*, endear him to those about him; but even this grace is wanting in his heir, who is rendered far from popular by his morose temper. The Princess Margharita, wife of Prince Humbert, enjoys great popularity, but she has always a look of deep sadness, and her health is very delicate. However, on the few ceremonials that occur she acts as queen, the king's wife not being presentable at court.

While relating these facts of general interest, the reader must suppose that a long rest is being taken, which was rendered imperatively necessary by that fearful sojourn in the "Hall of Pilate." For several days our traveller only descended the eighty steps leading from her lofty dwelling to the street, in order to gain morning mass at an adjoining church. It is small, circular, and surrounded by chapels, and, with the adjoining convent, escaped sequestration from belonging to a Spanish foundation of the order of "Redemption of Captives."

The habit of the Brothers is white, with a broad crimson cross in front, extending the whole length of the robe. It was very surprising to the strangers to witness the facilities for approaching to Holy Communion. Not only at the usual time, but before and after every mass, a bell-pull beside the sacristy door promptly summoned one of the Fathers to obey the Lord's command, "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs." Here, for the first time, the cowl was seen covering the head of the priest till the altar-steps were ascended, and replaced before turning to descend them. The last mass was at half-past eight, and was easily gained after the morning meal; but the baroness went earlier, and always brought with her to breakfast the fresh morning air, after which she lost no time in commencing her daily visitation of her poor.

While the nuns were making arrangements for their interview with the Holy Father, their invalid friend was enjoying a most welcome rest, familiarising herself with the habits of an Italian family in middle life, adapting herself to their meals and customs, and trying to make the best of everything. The cold air of the numerous rooms, passages, and ante-rooms was but little moderated by a large glittering brazier that stood in one of the corridors, but a pan of charcoal was provided for the feet of each guest at meal hours. The one who had enjoyed a coal-fire in England, wide log-fires in Australia, and a gas-fire in Sydney, always carried hers off to her chamber, and found it a great comfort. Her ignorance of Italian was scarcely felt, for the signora soon won her heart by her sweetness and beauty. Though certainly past thirty, the soft brown eyes, regular features, red lips, and complexion of pale olive, were rendered charming by an expression of earnest desire to please, and a most winning smile. She had also a sympathetic voice, and as she chatted gaily at table, the liquid tones of the South were enjoyable, though not understood, and the inability to share in the general conversation became sometimes very trying.

The courtesy of the baroness, however, often led her to speak English, and remarks ensued which she would sometimes translate for our hostess. But occasionally our English phrases were untranslateable, and on one occasion, when we had been unusually merry over a double conundrum, and the signora's eyes constrained the kind baroness to oblige her, the remark the Italian made excited more mirth than the riddle did. The conundrum may be commonly known, and if the reader has met with it before it can be skipped. Here it is.

"Why is an unprincipled lawyer like a sleepless man?" "Because he lies first on one side and then on the other, and is wide awake all the while." "What becomes of that lawyer when he dies?" "He *lies* still." It had to be explained to the signora that in English the same word means to tell a falsehood and to recline at full length. To which she naïvely replied—

"What a poor language English must be!"

The baroness (by birth and marriage) had ample means of obtaining accurate information on all Roman subjects of interest. We owe to her rare gifts much related here, and also many a pleasant hour in the cheerful ladies' boarding-house in the Via Quirinale, where the intercourse, in its perfect ease and tranquil gaiety, resembled that of a family circle, and was especially charming to a lady dwelling among strangers. In a few days she became well acquainted with her surroundings, and fully realised the charm of living with the children of one mother, who were alike free of her sacred functions and welcome at her solemn feasts.

One day the strangers, being perfectly aware of the purport of the grace they said in Italian, which ended with the "Gloria Patri," thought she might as well make the responses aloud in her own language, as she could not speak theirs. She did so without a thought respecting the sound her beloved words might have to foreigners. Her first grave response was answered with a low chuckle, which she scarcely noticed; the second provoked a half-stifled titter; and the third was scarcely begun, for on raising her eyes she perceived a smile on every face at table. There were two young girls of our party, and we all know how easily "such small deer" are provoked to laughter. Of course the lady apologised, and though she continued to make the responses in English, she always took care to keep them under her breath.

Every morning the eighty steps were descended, and the last mass heard by the pilgrims from the antipodes. It softened the heart to reflect that in each place they had visited in crossing the globe they had found the Perpetual Sacrifice and "Clean Oblation," predicted by the last of the prophets. The church she attended was dedicated to God under the patronage of St. Charles Borromeo, and is built in the Italian style, without windows, but well lighted from above. The walls and floor are all of marble of various colours, and it is adorned with many fine pillars. In any other city it would be considered probably a gem of architecture, in Rome it is nothing. Over the high altar is a painting of St. Charles carrying the sudarium through Milan, when the plague, which had been ravaging the city, ceased immediately.

The cupola is one of the highest in Rome in proportion to its diameter. From the tower of this church the aim was taken that killed Cardinal Pasca, who, during the tumult preceding the revolution, was looking out of a window of the Quirinal.

The re-ascent of the eighty steps was very trying, for in the middle portion the light received from below and from a small sky-light in the roof reached but dimly. At a back door, about mid-way, the

lady often noticed fragments of lettuce and other vegetables, as if dropped by vendors of such things, and she concluded that the servants of the college received there the requirements of their calling.

In a day or two the lady began to extend her walk before remounting the toilsome stairs, and her first discovery was the Church of the Jesuit Noviciate, which occupies the site of the "Temple of Quirinus" before mentioned. It stands in the grounds of the Noviciate, but the front is on the foot-way of the "Via Quirinale," and nearly opposite the side entrance of the palace. It is attended by people from the court; for no ecclesiastical functions are authorised in the usurped dwelling of the Popes. It is a small but very elegant building, with a Corinthian façade, and semi-circular portico of tall Ionic columns. The interior is of an oval form, and richly ornamented. A small square space in front of the high altar is enclosed by long benches for the use of the court. The floor is paved with large squares of grey and white marble, highly polished, and on each side of the high altar are beautiful marble columns. The crucifixion of St. Andrew, in whose honour the church is dedicated to God, is represented over the altar. There are several side chapels. In that of St. Francis Xavier is a painting representing the saint in the act of conferring baptism on an Indian queen, and another showing his death on the sands of an island near China, where he perished, like Moses, with the land of his hopes in view. The chapel of St. Stanislaus, the patron of youth, possessed great attractions for a mother whose children were far away, and led her often to visit it and pray for them. It contains several interesting paintings, and beneath the altar the saint's remains are enclosed in a sarcophagus of lapis lazuli. St. Stanislaus died in the adjoining convent, where his room remains as he left it, being arranged as a chapel. Strangers are admitted on obtaining special permission. It contains a curious statue of the dying saint, formed of different coloured marbles, the head, feet, and hands being white, the robe black, and the couch yellow. Another tomb possessing especial interest for the stranger is that of Charles Emmanuel, king of Savoy, who abdicated his throne in 1802, became a Jesuit, and died here in 1819. His bust stands on the tomb, wearing the dress of a general, but his face is that of a saint. The incongruity between the rapt features and the warlike attire is very striking. The House of Savoy has been remarkable for the holiness of many of its members. The mother and the first wife, as well as the younger sons of Victor Emmanuel, were distinguished by their blameless lives and genuine piety.

Having taken a long rest at St. Andrews, the stranger strolled further along the raised foothpath of the quiet, well-paved street, until she found an open archway, which she did not hesitate to enter. She found herself in a large narrow court, having on each side low buildings, and at the end a small and very simple church. It was the house and church of the Capuchin Friars, whose poverty had proved their safeguard. We often met the Fathers in their dress of sackcloth, and with sandalled feet, going on their duties of charity. Their church is very neat, but totally without ornament.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VATICAN.

Perpetual adoration — A noble Englishman — Our three cardinals — The "Duke's" funeral—Absence of Roman nobles—Church of St. Agatha—Tombs of Lascares and O'Connell—The rector—His kind encouragement —Attiring for the noblest court in the world—The Corso—Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo—A marvellous disappointment—Courtesy of noble guard—Swiss guards—Loggia of Raphael.

TIMID creatures gradually venture further from their nests as they gather strength and confidence, and our aged pilgrim daily extended her wanderings in Rome.

A little way beyond the Capuchin Convent is a church in which the Divine praises never cease. All the day and all the night prayers arise for the necessities of the human race, and especially for those who forget to pray for themselves. The doors of the church are open from sunrise to sunset; but the beautiful interior is protected by a screen of heavy matting, like all the Roman churches. It belongs to the nuns of the "Perpetual Adoration," and probably few who pass that way omit to spare a few moments to join their prayers with the melodious chant of the unseen sisters. While the pilgrim enjoyed there, one morning, a dream of heaven, a countryman of her own entered. She recognised him at once from the description of Mother Cecilia, whom he had received most courteously and assisted in many ways. He knelt at the prie-Dieu for a short space, and the lady afterwards learned that he visited that altar every day.

The noble Monseignore has since been raised to the cardinalate. After that event he was recognised at a solemn function in the Vatican by an English lady, who had last seen him commanding a troop of Life Guards at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. The recognition was not surprising, though the dress and surroundings were altogether changed, for a form and presence so distinguished could not be mistaken under any circumstances. We learned afterwards that this noble Englishman is remarkable, even in Rome, for his proficiency in many languages.

It is worthy of remark that of our three English cardinals two were Anglican clergymen, and the third had been an officer in "the Guards!"

Shortly after the funeral above alluded to, which cost so many lives, two ladies, a Catholic and a Protestant, were conversing on the pageant, when the latter expatiated on the psalms that were recited and the hymns that were sung. At length the Catholic inquired—

"Were they giving thanks for the Duke's death?"

"No, certainly," replied her friend.

"Were they praying for him?"

"No, no!" was the indignant reply.

"Then we can only conclude that whatever the motive of these prayers, it was *not* to help the poor dead, to whom all the honour and glory of this world was valueless."

Of course the reply was evasive.

Scarcely a day passed without a visit being paid in the early morning by Mother Cecilia to her aged fellow-traveller. But the interviews were very brief, and only sufficient to content each loving heart respecting the other's wellbeing. Time was precious with the sisters, whose work was far more arduous than they had expected. On one of her first visits Mother Cecilia said—

"'The lady sits in her silent hall,' and though 'her loved ones' are not slain, they are captured and plundered, and bleeding at every pore."

Each day she had some new experience of the sorrows of the Church and the poor, and the general depression pervading all classes.

The Roman princes had not occupied their palaces in the city since the usurpation, which must have diminished its prosperity. Neither public nor private fêtes were given, and the nobles only came to Rome for the transaction of business. The hotel-keepers murmured bitterly, and several assured the sisters that they contemplated closing their houses. The only sign that the city was receiving benefit from the new order of things appeared in the extensive building operations. Some were conducted by private enterprise, others by the municipality or the state, but as the influx of strangers was checked, neither were likely to prove remunerative.

On the first Sunday after our arrival the three pilgrims attended high mass together in the Church of St. Agatha, which is attached to the Irish College. It was a great treat to hear once more a "Missa Cantata," and we found the choir excellent, though chiefly, we understood, conducted by the students. After mass we walked round the church, which is said to have been originally founded in 460 by Rieimar, the leader of the Goths. Having been polluted by the Arians, it was abandoned, but re-established by St. Gregory the Great in 693. No part of the ancient edifice, however, remains, the present church as we see it having been erected in 1633. It consists of a nave and aisles, separated by twelve columns of grey granite, which were originally formed for some more ancient building. The only monuments worth notice are those of "Lascares" and "O'Connell." John Lascares was a Greek refugee. The inscription (on his slab near the principal entrance) is in his native tongue, and was composed by himself. It was translated for us:—

"Lascares lies here, in a foreign grave; but, O stranger, he does not regret, but rather rejoices on that account; yet is not without a pang, being a Grecian, that his fatherland cannot afford him a spot of emancipated earth!"

Far more interesting to us was the tomb containing the heart of the illustrious man who not only liberated all British and colonial Catholics from a most oppressive bondage, but also caused our statute-book of England to be freed from the infamous laws that disgraced our nation in the eyes of all Christendom. The tomb of O'Connell

is formed of white marble, and has two bas-reliefs. The upper one represents Ireland with her harp, the lower illustrates the most remarkable incident in the stirring life of the great "Liberator." He is represented at the bar of the House of Commons refusing to take the "test oath," for reasons that were perfectly just, and should have been accepted by every man of honour.

His noble words shamed the gentlemen of England into repealing the Act that had hitherto excluded Catholics from the Senate House of Great Britain, and also into expunging the penal laws from the statute-book. These laws had become almost a dead letter; but we should never forget that Dr. Johnson pronounced them worse than any edicts enforced against Christians during the ten Pagan persecutions. With all respect for the donor of the monument, and unbounded admiration for the act it commemorates, we could not admire it.

We afterwards visited, by invitation, the rector of the college, whose kind words were especially encouraging to the aged pilgrim. He exhorted her never to lose confidence in God, whose tender care is so minute that He knows the number of the hairs on our head, and never forsakes those who firmly trust in Him. Those kind and consoling words often recurred to the infirm pilgrim in moments of care and anxiety, and always imparted strength.

From the doctor we received exact directions respecting the regulations to be observed at our visit to the Pope's audience, which was appointed for the morrow. He also presented to Mother Cecilia a full-sized half-length painting of "The Sacred Heart," which safely reached New Zealand.

The following day was one never to be forgotten, for at one o'clock we were to be presented to the Supreme Pontiff and Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius IX.

Some little preparation was necessary. The habits of the nuns were perfectly admissible; but other ladies were required to dress in black, wear neither bonnets nor gloves, and have their heads covered by a black lace veil. A large lace mantle suited the purpose admirably, and Mother Cecilia seemed to take just such an interest in decking that faded sexagenarian as she displayed in attiring a blooming doll for a bazaar. As Mademoiselle Marie had requested permission to accompany our party, she and the novice departed at an early hour, having commissions to execute on the way, and promised to await us on the steps of St. Peter's.

We drove through a considerable portion of "The Corso," the principal street in Rome, that divides the next district of the city into two parts. Like all streets formed in hot climates, where shade is a first consideration, and at a period when carriages were little used, it is narrow, but not without its fountain for the abundant supply of the inhabitants. We noticed a wide round flow of water falling silently from the wall of a house into a shallow basin, whence it flowed noiselessly and rapidly away to swell the perpetual contributions of surplus water that furnish with motive power the flour mills of the city. We soon reached the bridge of "St. Angelo," so called

from the colossal angels that stand on its balustrades. We counted five on each side, and, in addition, two statues respectively of St. Peter and St. Paul. The bridge is very ancient, having been constructed by the Emperor Adrian (on whose medals it is represented) to lead to his mausoleum, now known as the Castle of St. Angelo, and certainly far more like a fortress than a tomb. The castle is crowned by a gigantic figure of St. Michael in the act of sheathing his sword. At the close of the sixth century, when St. Gregory the Great was engaged in a procession going to St. Peter's for the purpose of imploring, at the shrine of the apostles, that a pestilence raging in the city might cease, the Pope beheld the figure of the Archangel standing in that attitude on the summit of the castle. The Pope accepted the vision as a promise that the prayers of the people would be granted, and on the immediate cessation of the pestilence the event was commemorated by the erection of the statue, which gave its name both to the castle and the bridge. The ashes of many emperors were deposited there, and it was originally highly decorated; but it suffered much from the incursions of barbarians, and from internecine wars.

Procopius relates that during the incursion of the Goths the statues of Hadrian's mausoleum were torn from their pedestals and flung on the assailants. Doubtless this was the case with many a stately palace and temple, whose fragments have raised the valleys between the seven hills of Rome.

While we have been gossiping our vehicle has been slowly and easily bearing us on our way. It took a sudden turn and stopped. Then a voice exclaimed—

"Now feast your eyes!"

But no word of joyful surprise or of warm admiration followed. In utter silence the traveller sat, gazing on the scene that all her life she had desired to behold. She was not unprepared for the effect produced by a first view of St. Peter's and its surroundings, but it far exceeded in degree her half-incredulous anticipations, and she was really ashamed of her disappointment. She found it scarcely possible to believe that she really beheld the great St. Peter's of Rome, its unrivalled colonnades, piazza, and fountains, with the gigantic features of which she had been familiar from childhood. If she had not remembered that others have suffered in the same manner, though surely not in equal degree, the depressing thought would have been entertained that she was incapable of appreciating the noblest work of men.

Before we reached the centre of the piazza we descried two black dots on the top step of the basilica, and one of them displayed a white speck, which we concluded to be "the gamp" of our fellow-pilgrim. They also noticed us, for they began to move slowly down the steps looking to us, like two minute crawling insects, though, as we afterwards learned, they were really moving rapidly. We entered the Vatican by a very simple doorway, which led to a lobby near the court of St. Damascus, in which stood a few carriages that must have passed through a wider entrance. We paused there a moment to

gaze up at the continuous walls of glass that have been erected to protect the treasures of art on the walls of galleries that were originally quite open, and therefore exposed to the action of the elements. Near the entrance of the court stood a group of gentlemen clad in military undress. They were all above the middle height, of fine feature, and unmistakably gentlemen. One of them quitted his companions, and approached our sexagenarian, who was walking rather beyond her pace (for we were a little behind time), and courteously said in French, "Gently, gently, madame; you have ample time." Then he indicated a bright hand-rail of brass fixed against the wall, which was of great assistance, and she was glad to find a similar accommodation on every successive flight. But the steps being low and broad, the ascent was comparatively easy; and between each flight was a lobby that permitted of breathing time.

At the foot of the last flight of stairs we were startled by seeing on their summit two sentries pacing past each other, backwards and forwards, and at each footstep striking the marble floor with their tall halberts. This dress was quite new to us, for both jacket and full breeches, reaching just below the knee, were formed of broad alternate stripes of yellow and black. We found them less formidable than they appeared, for they courteously pointed out our way as we passed them. We were now within the walls of the Vatican, probably the largest, and certainly the most interesting, palace in the world.

It is a vast storehouse of unique treasures in art and literature, for its successive owners have for ages exercised the most beneficent influence over the arts and sciences that refine and elevate the human intellect. Here are preserved treasures that were hidden or mislaid during the fierce inroads of devastating barbarians, and when brought to light were carefully repaired and secured from further wrong. When the arts revived, after a period of general anarchy, they were here encouraged, and every effort of the human mind found under the Papacy protection and reward.

A palace existed on this site in the time of Constantine in the fourth century, which was attached to the Church of St. Peter, erected over the spot where he suffered martyrdom. Charlemagne resided in it when he was crowned by Pope Leo III. in the eighth century, but it was not then a papal residence, as, for upwards of a thousand years, the popes occupied the "Lateran Palace." Having become dilapidated, the Vatican was entirely rebuilt by Innocent III., who here entertained Peter of Arragon in the twelfth century. Pope Gregory XI., on his return to the Holy See from Avignon in 1377, first occupied the Vatican as a papal residence. Since that time it has received many additions in every age in order to accommodate the ever-increasing accumulations that are so valuable to the arts, sciences, history, and general literature. It possesses, therefore, no uniformity of plan, and its exterior is totally without adornment. The irregular pile of buildings covers a length of 1151 English feet, by a breadth of 767 feet. It possesses 8 grand staircases, 200 smaller ones, 20 courts, and 2244 rooms, of which the Pope occupies only four.

We supposed the fine staircase we ascended must be the "Scala Regia," but it is only one of seven equally handsome.

By this time we have passed along a lobby overlooking one of the twenty courts, and entered a spacious hall, which we supposed to be the "Hall of Ambassadors." This hall was of immense size, and its walls seemed to terminate about 12 feet from the floor, where a terrace open to the sky surrounded the apartment. The terrace was divided by elegant columns, decorated with vases and other works of art, and also life-sized statues representing the sciences, seated in various graceful attitudes, as if reposing after study. It was not easy to realise that this open terrace, with its columns, ornaments, and statues, its bright sky, and marble pavement, were all the cunning work of the painter. We had time to assure ourselves of the fact, for we enjoyed a long and welcome rest in this vast and noble hall. We were fortunate also in finding a small settee unoccupied, for, with that single exception, not an article of furniture was to be seen.

We were thinking much but speaking little, when we perceived a "major-domo" crossing the spacious area in our direction, and we easily understood his courteous invitation to proceed.

We followed him across the hall and along a corridor, till we reached a wide opening, over which a scarlet curtain depended from rings strung on a brass rod that rested on the cornice of two tall pillars. Our conductor raised this for our admission, and we found ourselves in the beautiful "loggia," whose decorations are unequalled in the world. This long gallery was formerly open to the court on the right, but it had been enclosed by glazing the spaces between the pillars. We found about fifty ladies and gentlemen waiting there, and several little children. Chairs of mahogany and horse-hair were ranged against the walls, and, at the end of the loggia, on a raised dais, stood a scarlet chair and footstool simply mounted in white and gold. We seated ourselves like the rest, and were the last on the left side of the loggia. Near to us was a large brazier, which kept the place comfortably warm, for it was now the depth of winter.

When the wonder at finding ourselves there had a little subsided, we began to study our surroundings. The loggia is a miracle of art. It is divided by pilasters into a series of alcoves, the ceiling of each being groined; and in the interstices thus formed were small but exquisite paintings, giving the entire history of the Redemption, from the "Annunciation" to the "Descent of the Holy Ghost." Near to our place of suspense was one group that can never be obliterated from the memory. It depicts the scene when our Lord stands before Caiaphas, with meek submissive attitude, and cord-bound hands. The high priest is seated on the chair of authority, and the voluble accuser stands near him. But another, on the right of our Lord, exhibits only too vividly the action about to follow his insulting words. His left arm is extended across his own person, and the spectator reads in his angry features and flashing eyes that, in an instant, the sledge-hammer fist will swing with accumulated force on the pale drooping face. The impulse to arrest the impending blow is absolutely painful.

The decorations of this loggia are indescribably beautiful, every atom of space being covered with works of art, executed with the most wonderful skill. Every product of the vegetable kingdom is represented with graceful variety; and above and around and beneath them are grouped birds of every kind and country, with their nests and young in every stage and growth, and all true to nature. The feathers of the birds and the downy covering of their progeny are finished with the greatest care. In the lower portions appear varieties of the larger fowl; and, above, birds of every known species, either on the wing or at rest, with glowing or sober plumage, are seen in countless numbers. The pains displayed in the execution of vegetables is very remarkable, and the fruits are deliciously tempting, including those of temperate and tropical climes, all having their respective foliage. There are also paintings on the walls, but we could only give divided attention to our surroundings, for our eyes were ever turning to the scarlet curtain in expectation of the desired audience.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE POPE AND ST. PETER'S.

The audience—Little children—The address—The plot deferred, not relinquished—German Archbishop and Confessor—St. Peter's—Colossal statues—The raising of the obelisk—English sailor—The fountains—Sunbeam—Colossal symmetry—Tomb of the Apostles—Pope Pius the Sixth—Statue of St. Peter—Its genuineness—Dome—Inscription—Temporary resting-places of deceased Popes—High altar—Baldochino—Tribune—St. Peter's chair—Monuments—Canova's masterpiece—The Stuart Princes' monument—The Chapel of the Council.

HOWEVER long may have been our anticipation of an event, it always happens suddenly at last. Thus appeared to us the crash of the brass rings when the scarlet drapery was drawn back and revealed a semicircle of gentlemen ranged round the entrance to the loggia.

A few long moments of breathless silence followed, and then appeared walking slowly, by the help of a stout cane, the illustrious Pope and Confessor, whose reign alone has exceeded in years that of St. Peter, and has fulfilled the mysterious prophecy of Saint Malachi,—"Cross upon cross." His dress consisted of a white kerseymere soutan, with small cape; a broad girdle of white silk secured by golden hooks and appendages of a very simple kind, scarlet slippers slightly embroidered with gold, and a white silk skull-cap.

The features of Pope Pius IX. are familiar to the whole world, but the highest efforts of art have failed to give the expression of the gentle spiritualized face. How then can the pen hope to describe the mingled sweetness, dignity, ineffable peace, and universal loving-kindness that lighted up the noble lineaments to which the extraordinary vicissitudes of his long reign had failed to add a single

wrinkle. The peace in the saintly face was so perfect that a share of it seemed to be bestowed upon the spectators.

As we had purposely placed ourselves at the extremity of the lines of visitors, we were the first reached by the slow steps of the Holy Father, and when he approached nearly to us Mother Cecilia's innocent plot was executed. She had long cherished the hope of obtaining for her convent in New Zealand the small cap worn by the Holy Father, and had procured a similar one to offer in exchange. In pursuance of her design she knelt before him, presented her little offering neatly placed on a cambric handkerchief, and preferred her loving prayer.

The Pope smiled, said a few words in Italian, and taking up the gift by the loop on its summit, placed it on his head. He then returned it, saying in French—"That will do!" Then giving his blessing he passed on, taking the opposite row of auditors. A considerate order caused every one to resume their seats when the Pope had passed. Rosaries, crucifixes, and medals were presented all along the line to receive the Pope's special benediction, and thus he went slowly up the right side of the loggia, presenting his hand to each visitor in turn. He was attended by only two of his court, and one of these was an Englishman. The Pope delivered an address in French, and his voice was remarkably strong, clear, and sonorous. He exhorted his hearers not to rest content with being merely nominal Catholics, which would not ensure their salvation, but to be steadfast and earnest in the performance of every duty, and practically children of Christ's Church.

We noticed that he addressed kindly, and touched with loving gesture, the little children, to whom, we were informed, he always gave a special welcome. The gentlemen who had attended his Holiness formed a semicircle where the double line of audience commenced, and attracted some attention when the Pope was at the extremity of the loggia. We particularly remarked the tender respect with which their eyes followed the feeble footsteps; and one of them was pointed out as the German archbishop, who had been recently released from a two years' imprisonment for refusing to accept "the Falk laws."

Without mounting the dais, the Pope turned to pass down our side of the loggia. In the meantime, one of the gentlemen who had promised to help Mother Cecilia to obtain her coveted boon, remarked, in reply to her expression of disappointment—

"Unfortunately yours is a summer cap, and useless at this period of the year."

These few words renewed the hopes of one who never submits to failure until she has made every effort to avert it. As the Holy Father approached, we kneeled again, and after kissing his revered hand, Mother Cecilia presented the cabinet photograph of her superioress.

"Who is this?" inquired the Pope.

"My reverend mother, for whom I implore a blessing, Holy Father!"

When it came to our aged pilgrim's turn to receive in hers that holy hand, she kissed it for herself and for all her children, placed on it the photograph of one who had been to her for years more like a father than a son, and implored for him an especial blessing. He also blessed our little store of rosaries, crosses, and medals.

One of the children was dressed in the costume of a Papal Zouave, and we noticed that the words he addressed to the Holy Father drew a smile from his Holiness and from all around. We afterwards heard that the child requested to be enrolled among the Pope's defenders when he became a man!

The Pope slowly departed, the attendants gathered behind him, following at a respectful distance, and when the last of them had disappeared, we each began to recall all we had seen and heard, in order to render our recollections indelible. Not only did we garner up every look and act of the grand central figure, but his attendants were also worthy of remembrance; for all were men of known learning and virtue, and many were eminent for their works or their sufferings in the cause of religion.

We hastened to retrace our steps to the court of St. Damascus, where we no longer saw the group of gentlemen whose courtesy had welcomed our entrance. We afterwards learned that they were all members of princely Roman families, from which alone the Pope's "noble guard" are enrolled.

We hurried from the Vatican, for we intended to visit St. Peter's, and soon found ourselves approaching the wide entrance steps. They form three great curves, each of which would be a splendid introduction to a grand edifice. At each end of this majestic approach stands a colossal statue, one representing St. Peter and the other St. Paul. When beside the one we passed we tried in vain to touch the feet of the statue, for its pedestal of granite was probably six feet in height. On the summit of the steps we paused for breath, and looked back at the vast piazza, in which fountains that throw their jets of water 64 feet above the pavement do not look prodigious. The water is caught, after a fall of about 18 feet, in a basin of oriental granite about 15 feet in diameter, and flows thence in great abundance over its sides into an octagonal basin of travertino about 28 feet in diameter. The companion fountain occupies a corresponding position on the other side of a central obelisk of historical celebrity, which stands in the centre of the piazza.

It is formed of a single block of red granite nearly 83 feet high, and is the only one which was found in Rome on the spot to which it was originally conveyed, and probably owes to that circumstance its entirety. It was brought from Heliopolis in the reign of Caligula, and on its lower part is still visible its dedication by Caligula to Augustus and Tiberius. It was then fixed in the circus of Nero, which occupied this site, and stood near the site of the present sacristy of St. Peter's. An inscription on the pavement near the sacristy indicates the exact spot. The cross on its summit contains relics, and from its top to the ground is nearly 133 feet. There are no hieroglyphics on this fine monument of ancient times, which

was probably formed before the city, now two thousand six hundred years old, existed. It was raised to its present position in 1586. About five hundred different plans for the purpose were submitted to Pope Sixtus V., and he chose that of Fontana, the celebrated architect. The operation was preceded by a solemn invocation of God's blessing on the great and perilous undertaking, the celebration of high mass at St. Peter's, and a pontifical blessing on Fontana and his workmen. Six hundred men were employed, one hundred and forty-six horses, and forty-six cranes.

It is said that all would have been in vain but for the cry of a British sailor to "wet the ropes." Unfortunately the claim of England to that bold sailor who gave his warning (when all were forbidden to speak under the heaviest penalties, lest they should distract or unnerve the workmen) is disputed; but we all decided that our Old England has a right to claim this honour, because no Italian would have dared to disobey the strict command.

A few moments sufficed to bring all these facts to our remembrance, while we recovered breath after the long ascent; and just as we were about to turn from the scene a new charm was imparted to it by a sunbeam which streamed through a rift in a low-lying cloud. A slender pencil of rays fell directly on the spray of one of the fountains, and it instantly became resplendent with prismatic hues. The vast volume of falling water was at once surrounded with innumerable intersecting rainbows, which the action of the water caused to appear to be pulsating as if endowed with life. We were informed that this beautiful effect is not unfrequent, but to us it was as rare as charming.

With mingled feelings of awe and expectation we passed the rush screen and entered the "vestibule" or "Galilee" of St. Peter's. We gave but rapid notice to the ancient mosaic extending over the chief portal, and the colossal equestrian statues at each end—Constantine to the left and Charlemagne to the right. Our agreement to pass up the right aisle and return by the left was forgotten as soon as we found ourselves within the nave. The lines of Byron occurred to us, who never wrote nobler words, because never inspired by a nobler theme—

> "Enter; its grandeur overwhelms thee not.
> And why? It is not lessened, but thy mind,
> Expanded by the genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal, and can only find
> A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
> Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
> Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined
> See thy God, face to face, as thou dost now
> This Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow!"
>
> —*Childe Harold.*

Reassuring words! that remove all self-distrust at not recognising at once the magnificence we beheld. Truly it is said that the soul is "expanded by the genius of the spot;" for not till we observed human figures, "showing scarce so gross as beetles," pass the "baldo-

chino" (or canopy) over the high altar, beneath the centre of the dome, could we realise its height of 100 feet, or its distance from the entrance. On the pavement we saw a record of the respective interior lengths of the largest churches in Europe, St. Peter's being 613½ feet; St. Paul's (London), 520½ feet; Milan Cathedral, 443 feet; St. Paul's (Rome), 419½ feet; and St. Sophia's (Constantinople), 360⅓ feet.

The interior height of St. Peter's, near the door, is 152½ feet; the width of the nave is 87½ feet; width of aisles, 33¼ feet; length of transepts, 446½ feet. The external diameter of the cupola is 195½ feet; that of the interior, 139 feet: between which are the stairs that lead to the summit. Only by degrees, and by instituting comparisons, can the colossal arrangements of St. Peter's be realised. Thus the "baldochino" is as lofty as a church, and the infantine cherubs, so child-like and round-limbed, that support the gigantic conch shells formed for holding holy water, would be six feet high if placed in a standing posture. This brief description should have brought our reader into the nave of St. Peter's.

As before remarked, our previous arrangement was quite forgotten, and we proceeded impulsively and silently over the much-worn marble pavement. It was a long walk to the tomb of the Apostles St. Peter and Paul, which is below the high altar. There we prayed for the objects of our pilgrimage, and for all the beloved ones whom we had left gazing after us with loving, tearful eyes.

Day and night burn ninety-three golden lamps, arranged in a semicircle above a double flight of marble stairs that lead to the venerated tombs. At the foot of them, and just before the entrance to the vault, is one of Canova's masterpieces.

Pope Pius VI. had a habit of retiring daily to that spot to pray. He was taken captive by the French revolutionists, and died in a French prison after a long detention, his favourite motto being, "Thy will be done!" When dying he requested to be represented at the beloved spot which he should never see again. Accordingly he now kneels there, in monumental marble, for ever, by night and day, with the look and attitude long remembered by his surviving friends.

Against the last pier, on the right side of the nave, is the celebrated statue of St. Peter in black marble. The figure is seated in a simple chair, also of black marble, with one foot advanced so as to project beyond the pedestal. It has been for ages the custom for pilgrims to the shrine of the great apostle to salute the projecting foot; and, in consequence, a portion of the marble has been completely worn away. No trace remains of the principal toe or of its immediate neighbour, and the disappearance is evidently progressing, for the solid marble has the look of a substance melting smoothly away.

Many attempts have been made to throw discredit on the authenticity of this statue, and attribute to it an unworthy origin. Lady Morgan flippantly asserts that it was anciently a statue of Jupiter. A glance at the figure will prove the incorrectness of this not too scrupulous wit. The features have neither the classic elegance nor

dignity always given to the Olympian Jove, but exhibit those of an ordinary labouring man, of the type that (like the lineaments of Michael Angelo) display more power than beauty. Neither is there elegance in the figure or drapery, for the statue pretends to no advantage but that for which it has been for ages venerated; and no candid mind can doubt the truth of the tradition that it exactly represents the remarkable man who was chosen by our Lord as the chief of His apostles. We know that St. Peter was not elected to this high honour on account of any personal endowments, not even for learning, or the possession of an intellect above his fellows, but because he could truly say—

"Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that *I love Thee!*"

How the Redeemer prizes the love of His creatures He has Himself shown when He said, "Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much!"

From the neighbourhood of St. Peter's statue we gazed up into the unrivalled dome, and easily read the inscription round its base, though more than 100 feet above us, for the letters are seven feet high! Plainly legible appear the memorable words—"Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum."—"Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church. Thou hast the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

Around the great dome are four smaller ones, giving light to the interior, each of which would form a suitable crown to a large church.

The ceiling of the nave is vaulted, and ornamented with sunken coffers, decorated with ornaments, and richly gilded. The nave is separated from the aisles on each side by five massive piers, supporting four arches. Each pier is faced with two Corinthian pilasters, having two niches between them, which contain colossal statues of saints who founded religious orders. Corresponding with these great arches the aisles have chapels. The walls and piers are all faced with marble, and varied with beautiful medallions and sculptures. Over each arch are two recumbent colossal figures representing the Virtues.

Each of the four piers that support the dome occupies a space as large as the interior of the church in which the aged pilgrim attended the daily mass. They are of very graceful form, each resembling a group of clustered pillars, and have each two recesses, one above the other, facing the high altar. The lower ones contain statues ten feet high, representing Saints "Andrew," "Veronica," "Helen," and "Longinus." Above the statues are balconies containing relics of these saints. Over that of St. Helen is all that remains of the true cross; over that of St. Veronica the veil with which she wiped the Saviour's bruised and defiled face, which yet retains the representation of His sacred lineaments. It is publicly exhibited with grand ceremonial in Holy Week. No one below the rank of a canon of St. Peter's is admitted to these depositaries. Even princes who have desired to do so have been admitted to that dignity before obtaining the privilege.

Above the spendrils of the arches are four mosaic medallions of the evangelists, with their respective emblems, which appear to those gazing up from below to be of ordinary size. Their proportions, however, are so great that the pen of St. Luke is seven feet long. The adherence to colossal proportions throughout the entire edifice probably causes its majestic grandeur to be at first unappreciated. The eye forms a false standard of proportions, which is only corrected by degrees.

The dome is divided into sixteen compartments, each with a large window, which affords light to the nave and transepts. But they leave ample space for the most charming decorations, chiefly in mosaic.

We were not prepared to find that St. Peter's possesses neither windows, paintings, nor stained glass. The altar-pieces, which have the effect of fine paintings, are mosaics of exceeding beauty, and the entire edifice is, in reality, one of marble. The niches possess on their roofs elliptical cupolettas, which give them a "dim religious light."

The temporary tomb of Gregory XVI. was, at the time of our visit, occupied by his remains. This spot, in which the remains of every deceased Pope rest until his successor dies, is a vault about forty feet from the floor, at the entrance of "the choir," which occupies one of the chapels. It bears no inscription.

The high altar, with its canopy, or "baldochino," stands exactly over the tomb of the apostles, and beneath the centre of the dome. It is only used on great festivals, and the Pope alone can there celebrate mass, or a cardinal appointed by his apostolic brief. The "baldochino" is of bronze, supported by four spiral pillars, with composite capitals, covered with foliage, and richly gilded. Beyond the altar extends the tribune, or eastern end of the nave. At its extremity, and somewhat raised above the floor, is an elaborate bronze case, containing the chair used by St. Peter during his pontificate of twenty-five years. The case is supported at each corner by a renowned doctor of the Church—two being Greek and two Latin Fathers. The chair is not visible, but it has been minutely described by Cardinal Wiseman, and appears to be such an article as many pagan gentlemen possessed when St. Peter entered Rome.

Its ornaments commemorate a festival of Bacchus, the deity who presided over the banquet, and it was probably used by the senator Pudens, when he sat at the head of his table. He, with his family, promptly received St. Peter, became Christians, and greatly succoured those who suffered for the faith. In one of the "Epistles" kindly greetings are sent to him by name. His house became a church, and may now be found between the "Viminal" and "Esquiline" hills—the most ancient of Christian churches, and the first cathedral in Rome. Portions of the original edifice and marble floors, over which the first martyrs walked, are still to be seen. In it was long preserved the chair on which St. Peter sat, and the simple table at which he ate, with friends who nearly all laid down their lives for the faith. The latter formed the altar of the primitive Church. It is not wonderful that the chair from which the

great apostle preached a pure morality quite new in that age of debased civilisation, and sublime revelations that inspired hopes of immortality far beyond the dreams of "the poets," and received thousands into "the One Fold" who were quite ready to die in defence of their Divine Shepherd's name and teachings, should have been preserved by those who collected with loving care the blood of the martyrs, and that it was by them handed down to posterity as an inestimable treasure.

While we were leisurely feasting our eyes and elevating our hearts in the noblest temple ever erected for God's honour, the time flew rapidly, and we could only visit a few of the monuments.

Over that of St. Leo (surnamed "the Great," and the first of that name) extends an immense bas-relief, representing that pope warning Attila, the Gothic king (who was called "the scourge of God and destroyer of nations"), not to approach Rome. The irresistible warrior obeyed the command of Christ's vicar, and turned aside his troops, who were advancing to the city.

On the bronze monument of Innocent VIII. that pope is represented with a spear-head in his hand, in remembrance that the sultan Bajazat sent to his Holiness the head of the spear that pierced our Saviour's side. In an age of unbelief the genuineness of the gift may be doubted; but such an article could scarcely have been thought worthy of the donor or recipient unless its authenticity had been well attested. We confess to a love for credulity, and a distrust of incredulity. Our Lord often blamed the latter, but never warned us against the former. On the contrary, he tells us, "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

One of the most marked characteristics of uncorrupted childhood is its sweet undistrustful credulity. It is the outcome of a guileless, humble, simple, undeceptive heart, while its opposite springs from pride, deceit, presumption, audacity, self-conceit, and such like repulsive affections.

It was difficult to quit the monument of Clement XII., which established Canova's fame, and cost him eight years of labour. The genius of Death stands on one side of the pope, who kneels in an attitude of prayer; on the other sits Religion, supporting a cross. The figures are life-size, as also are the couchant lions, one sleeping and one awake; and the entire group is executed with admirable perfection of form, attitude, and expression. We could only turn away with the intention of visiting it once more.

Our time had nearly expired, but we could not leave the church without seeing the monument (also by Canova) which was erected by King George IV. of England to the memory of his cousins, the disinherited Stuart princes. It possesses medallion portraits in white marble of the three princes who lost three kingdoms by their fidelity to the Church of their baptism. The title of King of Great Britain is here only given to the eldest of the three princes, but in the crypt below, where they are buried, they are styled respectively James III., Charles III., and Henry IX. of England. The first is

called in English history "the Pretender," the latter are his two sons. No one can behold the three fine faces and not contrast them with those of the race that supplanted them, whose chief qualification for being preferred appears to have consisted in their being without any religious sentiments that might alarm a faction enriched by the plunder of Catholic institutions.

On our way to the entrance we passed the monument to Queen Christina of Sweden, which represents, in a bas-relief of white marble, her renunciation of Protestantism, and also a similar one commemorating the absolution given to Henry IV. of France on his return to the Church, by Pope Gregory VII., in presence of the Countess Matilda.

We likewise paused for a brief inspection of a life-sized picta in white marble, which is one of the earliest works of Michael Angelo, and has his name on our Lady's girdle. It was so greatly admired by Francis I. that he implored, as the greatest of favours, to be allowed to purchase it for one of his churches in Paris, but in vain.

As we passed the chapel in which the great Ecumenical Council was held, we found the door ajar, and entered the place, which is usually closed. A few work-people were engaged there, probably removing dust and preventing disorder. The long array of benches and every arrangement remained as they were when Pope Pius IX. presided over the deliberations of more than eight hundred bishops from every portion of the world, at the largest of all the great Councils. We pictured in imagination the extensive area filled with the venerable crowd of men celebrated for their proved wisdom, learning, and piety, and fancied we heard the voice of the Archbishop of Liège utter the words, said to have been decisive, in allusion to those who opposed the definition—

"What sort of apostles are these who come to us with an escort of all the enemies of the name of Jesus?"

When and under what circumstances will that Council complete its work? The deliberations of the Council of Trent extended over a period of thirty years.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROME: ITS RUINS AND MONUMENTS.

The pavement—The balcony—Colonnades—The Vatican and St. Peter's have the relation of an Abbey and a Church—Fountain of Trevi—Atonement of Belisarius—Column and Forum of Trajan—Statue of St. Peter—Uses of ancient forums—St. Andrea del Fratte—Ratisbonne—Tombs of English ladies—Chapel of Apparition—Adjoining convent suppressed—Our Lady of Victories—Flags taken from the Turks—Confiscated convents of Capuchins and Benedictines—Cloister of Michael Angelo used for military stores—Foundling Hospital.

BEFORE passing the doorway we turned to take a long look through the whole extent of the Basilica, in which not a single inch is bare

and unadorned. Even the pavement was arranged artistically from the designs of eminent architects, and is rendered venerable from being much worn by the passage of countless crowds. Opposite the "Chapel of the Pieta" renovation became necessary, and its pristine beauty there appears. One who has been justly described as "a poet among lords and a lord among poets," writes thus of St. Peter's :—

> "But thou, of temples old or altars new,
> Standest alone, with nothing like to thee—
> Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True.
> Since Zion's desolation, when that He
> Forsook His former city, what could be,
> Of earthly structures, in His honour piled
> Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
> Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
> In this eternal ark of worship Undefiled!"

Our visit had been a very fatiguing one, and the eldest of our party was allowed to rest awhile, seated on the top step of the gigantic stairs, which extend in three great curves the whole width of the front of the Basilica. Above us was the balcony, from which the Pope gives his solemn blessing to kneeling crowds, and to the whole world at Easter. This balcony is thought by critics to disfigure the grand façade, but it is indispensable, while that of the imitation church of St. Paul's, London, is equally disfiguring, without being of any use whatever.

While resting, the traveller remarked that the colonnades, appearing like huge arms extended to offer an embrace, are a most wonderful contrivance to prevent the view being marred by the proximity of meaner buildings. The area enclosed by them measures across it 787 feet, and the distance from the termination of the colonnade to the steps of the Basilica is 296 feet. The colonnades are semicircular, 56 feet wide, and supported by four rows of columns 48 feet high. Between the inner rows two carriages could pass easily. There are 284 columns and 64 pilasters. On the entablature which crowns them stands 192 statues of saints 12 feet high.

Even the Vatican has been wisely excluded by this arrangement, for it possesses no exterior architectural beauty. It was erected at various times for useful purposes, but the Basilica was raised for the honour and glory of God. This is why religious houses have seldom any remarkable exterior, though they possess magnificent churches, for their owners lavished all their superfluous means and highest talent on their *sacred* buildings.

There are few remains left in England of her ruined abbeys, which were easily destroyed, and converted to use by supplying building materials. Not so the churches, to which in many instances the name of "Abbey" is now given. The most ludicrous mistakes are thus occasioned sometimes. We have heard the remark :—

"Those old monks loved to live in grand houses!"

It was a young lady who exclaimed in the church of St. Peter, Westminster, now called "Westminster Abbey :"—

"Wherever did the monks sleep?"

The dormitories, cells, and refectories of the monks were easily destroyed by those who seized their revenues, traduced their blameless lives to justify their plunder, and scattered the contents of libraries that would now be invaluable, because enriched with the noble literature compiled by innumerable patient scribes. Where the simple abodes of the original owners have been replaced by the luxurious dwellings of the spoilers, they often, by some strange fatuity, retain the name of "Abbey," thus bearing perpetual witness to the ruthless wrong.

On our drive home we stopped but once. Our driver drew up at the Fountain of Trevi, and looked back at us with evident pride in this fine work. It is the largest of the modern fountains of Rome, and great art has been expended on its construction. There are no jets flung high into the air and splashing down into successive basins, but masses of rocks are very naturally grouped, from the fissures of which gush innumerable streams and runlets of water in all directions. In the centre of the rocks appears, as if emerging from a cave, a colossal figure of Neptune, standing with his trident in a car drawn by rampant sea-horses, which are restrained by tritons. Behind the group and the surrounding rocks is a façade of travertine, erected against the Palace Piambino, and decorated with columns, pilasters, and statues. Two of the latter refer to the discovery of this never-failing spring in the Appenines. They are the figures of a soldier and a mountain maiden, who pointed out to him the ever-flowing stream. From this circumstance the fountain was formerly called "Aqua Virgo." Another statue represents the Emperor Agrippa, who brought the water to Rome by means of a noble aqueduct, which still bears his name. The flow of water is wonderful, since it never ceases night or day. It is caught in a wide reservoir constructed of stone, and surrounded by a wall of the same nearly breast high. The water is perfectly transparent, the foam caused by the jets is white as snow, and contrasts well with the moss-grown rocks. So abundant a supply of water, which even in summer must be almost as cool as when it left the Apennines, is a priceless boon to the neighbourhood.

Near this fountain is a church founded by Belisarius in expiation of his deposition of Pope Silverius in 537. This sacrilege was, however, followed by heavy temporal punishments, when the great Roman general became a blind beggar.

The nuns had now been fortified by the Holy Father's sanction of their mission, and his special benediction on all who assisted them. Henceforth they devoted themselves to their duties, without regard to the winter rains which were rather frequent, or without being turned aside by the attractions of the Imperial City. Their lay-companion had no such duties to fulfil. She could not brave wet weather, or endure much fatigue, but she often derived advantages from her new companions of far more benefit than the services of a hired guide.

When we were denied a Confessor at the church of the Jesuits'

Noviciate, and had to seek another, according to the directions carefully given, we quite unexpectedly found the column of Trajan, and all that remains of his once magnificent forum. The latter consists only of a few standing pillars broken off near their base, and numbers prostrate in fragments and scattered in various positions. The former continues erect and uninjured save by time-stains, but the figure of the great Emperor no longer crowns it, having disappeared ages ago. We recognised the column at once, for its equal does not exist in the whole world. By its means we knew that the cleared excavation, with its broken columns, on which we looked down, must be a portion of the forum erected by that great emperor as a perpetual and everlasting memorial to all ages of his glory, wealth, and power.

And a most striking memorial it is of the vanity of all that can be accomplished by human pride! One of the most sumptuous buildings bore the Emperor's family name, being called "The Ulpian Basilica," and the debris of this ruined forum raised the entire valley. The path from which we gazed into the excavation is protected by a low wall formed of stones dug up on the spot, some of which bear inscriptions. One of them records that when the forum was opened, all claims for debt due to the State were by Trajan's order destroyed. We learned that in this region the sinking for a well or a cellar still reveals a buried city.

Of all historical columns that of the Emperor Trajan is the most beautiful. Its base has an inscription recording that it was dedicated to the Emperor Trajan, by the senate and people of Rome, in the year 119 A.D. It is composed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, and is of mixed architecture. A series of bas-reliefs spirally encircle the shaft, and illustrate the military achievements of the great Emperor. They are in the best style of art, and form a perfect study of military antiquities and record of costumes. The bas-reliefs are two feet high in the lower part, gradually increasing to four feet. They contain nearly 2500 human figures, besides horses, ships, fortresses, &c. A staircase of 184 steps winds up the interior, having 42 openings. It was originally crowned by a colossal statue of Trajan holding a gilt globe, as emblem of universal sovereignty.

No record remains of the time or manner of the statue's destruction, but the metal globe has been discovered, and now stands in the Hall of Bronzes in the Museum of the Capitol. When Pope Sixtus V. caused a statue of St. Peter, in gilt bronze, and eleven feet high, to be fixed on the top of this magnificent pillar, the feet of its predecessor were found fixed on the block of marble that supported the statue. The height of the entire column is above 227 feet. It was impossible to behold this beautiful monument without regretting that the great emperor in whose honour it was executed never beheld it. He left it incomplete when he went to the Parthian war, whence he never returned. We also were impelled to marvel that one who thought himself very just when he ordered one of his Consuls "not to seek out the Christians, but punish them severely when found," should have been superseded in the highest honour he

attained by the humble and despised leader of the obscure followers of Christ.

As our first view of an ancient forum is here recorded, we may mention that the name was given by the ancients to extensive places of public resort, which were not only used for holding popular assemblies and discussing the politics of the day, but also for transacting business, for oratorical displays and recitations, for promenade and social intercourse. They were surrounded by grand temples, and arches, porticoes, columns, statues, and the highest triumphs of sculpture and architecture. Each successive emperor endeavoured to rival in this respect all the efforts of his predecessors, until a long chain of forums extended from the Palatine Hill to the abrupt rock of the Capitol.

Their united magnificence when Rome was in the height of her glory no powers of imagination can conceive. But all are now in almost undistinguishable ruin. The barbarians valued only the precious metals, and in seeking for them destroyed the priceless triumphs of human intellect, wealth, and power. For ages the ruins of the once magnificent forum, bestowed on the people of Rome as a place of recreation by the greatest of the Emperors, lay deeply buried under the debris caused by its destruction, and a city arose gradually above it. During the French occupation in 1812 the consul caused two convents and several houses to be demolished in the vicinity of the columns of Trajan, the base of which was entirely buried though more than 27 feet high. Thus was revealed about one-third of the space formerly enriched by the splendid Ulpian Basilica which stood at the end of the forum. The remains probably appear as they were left by the destroyer, after having been demolished from the mere love of destruction—an element of human nature found still amongst us.

One of our pilgrims was extremely anxious to visit the Church of St. Andrea del Fratte, because a friend of her youth had known some of the actors in the wonderful event that (as the guide-books of the period remarked) "first astonished Rome, and then all the world!" One fine morning Signora Lucia kindly offered to conduct her thither. The distance was not great, but during their walk we can relate the incidents as revealed to us by a very saintly priest some thirty years ago. In 1842 a young French gentleman of Jewish parentage and education left Paris to travel in the south of Europe in completion of a liberal education. Some years before his elder brother had visited Rome, and been there received into the Catholic Church by an aged ecclesiastic who was greatly venerated for his sanctity. The young convert vehemently desired, and earnestly prayed for, his brother's conversion. But the latter turned a deaf ear to his exhortations, and on his departure from home refused to visit Rome, although his brother gave him introductions to his chief friends in that city. The last effort of the Christian was to beg his brother to place himself under the protection of the Holy Virgin, by reciting occasionally the prayer "Memorare," composed by St. Bernard. Even this request was refused after reading over the words,

but the youth confessed afterwards that the simple appeal seemed to be perpetually passing through his brain like an importunate strain of music that would not be forgotten. It so happened that on leaving a city in Northern Italy a mistake was made, and he found himself journeying to Rome instead of to Naples as he had intended. Although he entered the city involuntarily, he could not omit to pay his respects to his brother's friend, for whom he had a letter, but he resolved that no inducement should prevail on him to see the old priest, to whom he attributed the loss of his brother. He soon learned that this resolution was unnecessary, because the aged man had just died, and his remains were awaiting interment in the neighbouring Church of St. Andrew. The youth felt some remorse at his harsh feelings towards one who was gone for ever from this world, and he did not refuse to accompany his brother's sorrowing friend, who had an appointment to fulfil at the church, where the body lay on a "catafalque." Ratisbonne was left in the church while his friend entered the sacristy and transacted his business. But when the Italian returned to join his visitor, the youth was nowhere to be seen. He visited the "high altar" and divers chapels in vain, until he approached that of "Our Lady," within which stood the "catafalque" of his deceased pastor. There, at length, he beheld Ratisbonne prostrate on the steps of the altar. Of course he apprehended sudden illness, and hastened to succour his friend. On raising the drooping face he found it colourless and bathed in tears; and in reply to the natural inquiries, he only said repeatedly—

"Give me baptism! give me baptism!" When conducted to the priest just before left in the sacristy, he repeated the same request, but was answered—

"That is impossible till you are fully prepared and instructed."

"I am prepared! I am instructed! She has taught me all! I believe! Give me baptism!" was the agitated reply.

By degrees he became calm, and related that he had wandered about the church till he reached the spot where he was found, and that here his progress was arrested by the appearance of a beautiful lady standing on the highest altar step, who, pointing with her right hand towards the "catafalque," said—

"*He* has prayed for you!"

A strict examination followed, which proved that the neophyte possessed a clear and full conviction of all Christian truths, and, after a brief probation, he was baptized. His travels ended in Rome for a time. The world had no longer any charms for one who had been favoured with a vision from Heaven.

Ratisbonne, in due course, embraced a religious life, with the intention of devoting himself to the conversion of his own people.

Before the "religious confusions" of the sixteenth century, the venerable "Church of St. Andrea del Fratte" belonged to Scotland, and was attended and maintained by pilgrims and visitors from that country.

On each side of the "high altar" stands a graceful, full-sized statue, representing an angel with extended wings. They were

executed for the bridge of St. Angelo, but rejected because not colossal. In one of the chapels is a lovely monument, erected to the memory of a young English lady named Falconer, who died in Rome. It is a graceful recumbent figure in white marble, and is the work of a lady. Here also is the tomb of a well-known English artist, Angelica Kauffman.

But our chief interest centred in the "Chapel of the Apparition." It has been customary in all ages and countries to commemorate any extraordinary event (in the hope of keeping alive its memory) by erecting some more or less imperishable memorial. Rome abounds with those dumb records that speak most eloquently to the thoughtful mind. The miraculous conversion of Ratisbonne is commemorated by three paintings. The centre one is over the altar, and represents "Our Lady" standing, with right hand extended, while on one side appears the neophyte's baptism, and on the other his reception of a religious habit. The paintings are not remarkable as works of art, but they answer the purpose intended. We found many persons praying round the spot, and noticed in one open prayer-book a small print representing the extraordinary event.

On the next fair morning Signora Lucia volunteered to conduct her guest to several contiguous churches within easy walking distance from the "Via Quirinale." We hurried first to that of St. Susanna, which is always closed at 9 A.M., because it belongs to a community of Benedictine nuns. It has a very handsome front, and the interior is rich in ornament, with a heavy roof of sunk panels, fine frescoes, and altarpieces. But our time of inspection was necessarily brief.

We next entered Our Lady of Victories, so named in commemoration of the victory over the Turks at Lepanto in 1571. From its roof are suspended many flags taken from the Turks after that and other victories, and especially when they were compelled to raise the siege of Vienna in 1683, by Sobieski, king of Poland, which finally arrested their advance into the heart of Europe.

We did not admire the death of St. Teresa, by Bernini, though it is praised by some writers. The adjoining convent has been seized and converted into an agrarian school for the "Agro Romano."

We were quite near to the Parish Church of St. Bernard, formerly one of the small circular halls (whose original use puzzles antiquaries) that stood at each extremity of the outer semicircle of the magnificent baths of Diocletian. This elegant hall has been preserved by being made into a Christian church, but the corresponding one has become of late years much dilapidated, being used as the vestibule of a prison. The distance between them is very great, and the vast semicircular space that connected them is said to have been used for races, games, and athletic sports, there being in the ruins traces of seats for the spectators.

As we are now on the site of Diocletian's Baths, we will pause a few moments to give such brief account of them as modern research has revealed.

Though commenced by Diocletian and bearing his name, these

baths were completed by his successors. They covered an area of 150,000 square yards, and the ruins are nearly a mile in circumference. Forty thousand Christians are recorded to have perished during their construction. Many bricks have been found marked with a cross, which are regarded as bearing the sign manual of some dying martyr, worn out by merciless taskmasters. When he imprinted the beloved sign, what hope had he that it would ever be recognised and revered? For the sake of the martyrs two portions of these immense ruins have been converted into Christian churches.

Along the wide unformed street crossing the space between the two halls already mentioned, whose former use is unknown, we were driven on our entrance into Rome, and easily concluded that the fragment of a semicircular wall with sunken arches was a portion of some ancient ruin. We now passed it on foot on our way to the Church of St. Bernard, with the full knowledge that it was a fragment of Diocletian's Baths.

The immense structures called "Thermæ," or "Baths," were erected by the most powerful of the emperors (with the tribute money paid by the colonies and the plunder of subjugated nations) to win popular favour.

They were not only provided with all the means and appliances of the most luxurious baths, but also of nearly every favourite amusement of the populace. Therein were contained libraries, tennis-courts, exercise grounds, gardens, lawns, fountains, courses for foot races, and ample accommodation for the spectators of the various games in which the Romans delighted.

One portion of this ruined building was converted into a Carthusian convent, and another into one of St. Bernard. Both have been suppressed and converted into barracks, military store-rooms, and prisons.

The celebrated cloister of Michael Angelo is used for military stores, and is now inaccessible to visitors. The Church of St. Bernard is spared because it is that of the parish. It retains its ancient circular form, and is spanned by a most beautiful dome, decorated with graduated sunk pannels. The marble walls and elegant pavement are also in good preservation, to which the enrichments of a Catholic Church have been added, and several interesting tombs.

After leaving this church we passed a very extensive building of plain exterior, but pierced by innumerable small windows, from which came a chorus of treble voices, piping occasionally, as if giving responses. It was a foundling hospital, where the children are taught to sing the responses at mass and other functions.

CHAPTER XX.

ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS.

Church of St. Mary of the Angels—Tepidarium of Diocletian's Baths—Earth's meridian—Grand interior—Fine paintings, &c.—Michael Angelo's cypresses—Pope's oil cellar—St. Mary Major—Its origin—The obelisk—Two Façades—Interior surpassingly beautiful—Chapel of St. Lucy—Of Blessed Sacrament—High altar and baldochino—Grave of English princess and her children—Campanile—Column of the Virgin—The fall of snow—The pavement.

But for the guidance of her friend, the pilgrim would have found it difficult to discover the entrance to the Church of "St. Mary of the Angels." To it might be applied the words of Holy Writ, "The beauty of the king's daughter is within," for, unlike all the other churches of Rome, it has no distinctive exterior. We entered by a small door in an old wall, and found ourselves in the grandest hall that remains to us from ancient times.

It was originally the "Tepidarium" of the baths, the grand promenade during the cooling process, wherein the frequenters of the Thermæ, refreshed and invigorated by their luxurious bath, enjoyed social intercourse, and conversed on the favourite topics of the day. Literature, the arts, wit, scandal, politics, pleasure and business, were here discussed by animated crowds that have passed away like the snows of twice ten winters ago, and left as little trace behind. Less important were they, if this life circumscribed our hopes, than the metal rings that supported the numerous pendant lamps, for they remain in their appointed place, while the proud human dust, whose revels they served to light up, is scattered to the winds.

This noble hall was saved from utter decay by the genius of Michael Angelo, sanctioned and aided by Pope Pius IV. The water-courses and sewers that had served the baths having been injured, the accumulation of water in the soil was found to be irremediable, therefore the great architect raised the floor 8 feet, thus burying the bases of the eight grand central columns of Egyptian granite, each formed of a single block. Yet even so, these noble columns, which are 16 feet in circumference, are 45 feet high, and the vaulted roof is 84 feet above the raised floor. There are eight other columns which were made (to complete the design) of brick covered with stucco, and painted to resemble granite.

The great hall forms the transept of the church, other ancient halls of smaller size having been taken in to form a chapel at each end of the transept, sanctuary, nave, and vestibule. The length of the church is 297½ feet, and its width 97 feet. There are many interesting tombs, and on the right side of the entrance of the nave is a remarkable statue of St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusians. Its arrangements are most simple. The habit of his Order is gathered round the figure in broad folds, but it is so lifelike that it almost

seems to breathe. Pope Clement XIV. said of this masterpiece that "St. Bruno would speak if his rule did not prescribe silence."

In this church are many fine paintings, including some that were formerly altarpieces in St. Peter's, which were supplanted there by mosaics. The grand paintings in the choir are usually veiled by curtains. On the marble pavement is deeply traced the earth's meridian, which dates from 1701.

We lingered before the paintings in the transepts, and especially noticed the attitude of the mother of the Maccabees, and that of the apostle, in whose presence Simon Magus is in the act of falling with fluttering drapery to the ground.

The cloisters of Michael Angelo (before alluded to) are formed of 100 columns of travertine, arranged to make four corridors. They were barbarously disfigured by paint in 1870, when the quadrangle of the desecrated monastery was used as an exhibition. In its centre are the cypresses planted by Michael Angelo, and their trunks are now 13 feet in circumference. An ancient hall, discovered here beneath the surface, has long been utilised (and called "The Pope's oil-cellar"), by making it the depository of the supply of oil stored for the use of the city, where it is kept in all seasons at an equable temperature. The ancient use of this subterranean hall is unknown.

The nuns appointed a day on which they had no engagement to conduct their fellow-pilgrim to a church that is the very reverse in every respect of St. Mary of the Angels. The latter is formed of and hemmed in by ruins, but St. Mary Major rises in unrivalled grandeur on the highest summit of the Esquiline Hill. Its origin was miraculous, and its magnificence and beauty form a marvel of reverent gratitude.

So long ago as the year 302, Pope Liberius and a wealthy senator named John were simultaneously favoured by the apparition of the Blessed Virgin, who requested that a church might be built on the spot where snow was then falling. As this occurred in the month of August (and even in the winter season snow is rarely seen in Rome), the patrician thought little of the vision, but considered it his duty to relate it to the Pope. While they were comparing the separate command, and wondering that both should coincide exactly, snow, most extraordinary at that time and place, was brought to them; the Esquiline was covered with snow! They immediately accepted the revelation as a command. The Pope went in grand procession to the spot selected so specially, and with his own hands shovelled away the snow and cut the first sod. This event gave rise to the festival of "Our Lady of the Snow," which occurs on the 5th of August; and the church that arose on the Esquiline (which had been saturated with the blood of the earliest martyrs) is one of the four great basilicas of Rome, taking rank after the Lateran and St. Peter's. It also holds a first place among the twenty-eight churches of Rome dedicated to God in honour of our Blessed Lady. This magnificent church has two façades. We approached it across an extensive open space, in the centre of which stands one of a pair of obelisks that were brought from Egypt by the Emperor Claudius, and placed

by him at the entrance of the tomb of Augustus. (Its companion we shall visit later.) This ancient obelisk is of red granite, formed from a single block, but was broken into three pieces by the barbarians, and lay for ages buried under heaps of ruins. It was disinterred in the sixteenth century by Pope Sixtus V., and placed where it now stands. Its height is 48 feet from the base.

The Church of St. Mary Major was first called "St. Mary of the Snow," but the name "maggiore" was given it, because it is the chief of the churches of our Lady. A worthy symbol is this magnificent basilica of the love shown in faithful times to our dear Lord's Virgin Mother!

Its interior is beautiful beyond description, its extent great, its symmetry perfect, and its adornments are most profuse and costly. Not a single spot in the extensive surfaces presented by walls, arches, doorways, ceiling, or floor is left vacant of enrichment. And the general effect is most harmonious. The nave measures 288 feet by 60 feet, and is divided from the aisles by double rows of Ionic columns of white marble. These support an entablature on which rise fluted Corinthian pilasters, corresponding in number to the columns beneath. The roof is flat, and divided into five rows of sunk panel, elaborately carved and gilded. The gold used for this purpose was the first brought from South America, and was presented to this church by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. The side walls and arches of the tribune are covered with mosaics illustrating Scripture history. They are known to have been in existence in the eighth century from a letter of Pope Adrian's to Charlemagne, and are supposed to date from the pontificate of Pope Sixtus III., whose name they bear, A.D. 452. The tribune in these ancient churches is a raised space beyond the high altar, which is ascended by a few long steps. On the walls of that of St. Mary Major are represented in mosaic the incidents of the Incarnation and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

The slab of the high altar rests on an urn of red porphyry, containing the remains of the founder, whose vision has been recorded above. The baldochino (or canopy) over it is supported by four Corinthian columns of red porphyry, encircled by palm leaves of gilded bronze, and surmounted by four angels in white marble. Below the altar is the confession (or tomb) of St. Matthew the evangelist. Like that of St. Peter's, it is reached by two flight of steps, which are richly decorated with coloured marbles. It is said that the remains of Pope Pius IX. will be placed here when the small cell in St. Peter's is required for his successor.

On our way to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament we passed through the little chapel of "St. Lucy," the patroness of four of our family, and paused there to invoke her prayers. The altar in this chapel is an ancient sarcophagus of the fourth century, covered with curious Christian bas-reliefs in two series. They contain ten different subjects, that are often found thus represented at that date. The incidents represented from the Old and New Testaments display the peculiar Jewish physiognomy very distinctly

marked; and the three kings, in the adoration of the magi, wear Phrygian caps. The church we are feebly describing has existed for 1500 years, and been enriched in every age. Pope Pius IX. added much to the beauty of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, which is also called "The Sistine Chapel," because erected by Pope Sixtus V., and containing his tomb and statue. Here also is the tomb of Pope Pius V., the urn of which is a fine specimen of Verd-antique, with bronze ornaments. The altar of this chapel stands in its centre, and has a very handsome tabernacle, sustained by four bronze angels. In the subterranean chapel below the altar is a small one containing five boards from the manger in Bethlehem. They are enclosed in an urn of crystal and silver, with a gilt figure of the Divine Infant. This is called "The Culla," and forms the centre of a solemn procession at Christmas.

Over the high altar is a portrait of our Blessed Lady, attested, by an inscription beside it, to have been painted by St. Luke, who was an artist and a physician. Under his care the Blessed Virgin spent her last years, and his Gospel bears ample evidence of her dictation. This painting was carried through Rome by Pope Gregory the Great in 590, at the grand ceremonial before recorded, when the plague which had devastated the city after the great floods of 589 became stayed.

On the right side of the nave is the chapel of St. Paul, belonging to the princely family of the Borghese, and usually called "The Borghese Chapel." Unsparing expense has been lavished on its adornment, and it displays a wonderful accumulation of gems, precious marbles, frescoes, architectural decorations, and sepulchral monuments. But the most precious and venerated treasure in this gorgeous chapel rests beneath the marble floor. There repose the remains of the Lady Gwyndoline Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and first wife of Prince Borghese. Her life of active benevolence and saintly piety terminated at an early age, to the lasting grief of all who had known and loved her. She was speedily followed to the grave by her three young children, as if the prayers of the loving mother had obtained their timely release from the dangers of the world. The miraculous fall of snow is commemorated in this chapel by a bronze relief, representing Pope Liberius removing it, to turn the first sod. The vision of Pope Liberius is also commemorated by a mosaic of old date on the portico of the church.

We cannot pretend to describe this wonderful basilica, whose growth has been the work of fifteen centuries, but only aim at recording its most striking characteristics. We thought the northern or north-west façade much the finest, and the beautiful campanile or bell-tower is considered the handsomest in Rome. These bell-towers, popularly called campanile, are very beautiful, but do not date earlier than the twelfth century. They consist of several stories of very elegant brickwork, in some cases set with circular or cruciform slabs of red and green porphyry, green and blue smalt or bronze. There is no rule as to their disposition with reference to the church to which they belong, some being quite detached, others at the side entrance, or built at the extremity of one of the transepts.

In the piazza on the north of St. Mary Major's stands the most beautiful Corinthian column in Rome. It is of white marble, and the only one remaining of the basilica of Constantine. It has evidently formed part of a yet older edifice, and is supposed to have been taken from Vespasian's "Temple of Concord." On its summit stands a statue of our Blessed Lady, and the column is called "Colonna della Virgina."

Near it is a small pillar surmounted by a cross, which was erected in commemoration of the solemn reception of Henry IV., king of France, when he renounced Protestantism to return to the faith of his fathers.

We must not forget to mention that on the 5th of August annually occurs in the Borghese chapel a representation of the miraculous fall of snow, by means of the white petals of flowers which are made to fall from the roof of the chapel at intervals during the day, covering the marble floor to a considerable depth and filling the whole church with their fragrance.

After inspecting the northern façade, the campanile and piazza, we re-entered the church; for our route lay through the southern portal, and we were glad of an opportunity to take a deliberate view of the sumptuous *coup d'œil.* The pavement itself is an elaborate work of art, being composed of large alternate slabs of white marble and the most elegant mosaics.

As we slowly repassed the nave our way was crossed by an aged bishop in purple soutane, surplice and stole, attended by acolytes and torch-bearers. We knelt to receive the blessing of the venerable ecclesiastic, whose sad, patient face had the expression that prevailed among the clergy whom we met, which always reminded us that the Church is passing through a period of great suffering. He slowly departed, passing into one of the numerous side chapels (which we had not time to explore) for the performance of some religious duty.

On our way home one of our party, feeling doubtful about our route, remembered a valuable caution given to her in the not improbable case of her losing her way in Rome. It was to ask for the "four fountains," in allusion to the place quite close to her lodgings, where, at the intersection of two long streets, four life-sized female figures represent the four largest rivers known in ancient times. Each figure holds an urn, from which flows an abundant and never-ceasing stream. These fountains give a name to the district, and are well known in all parts of the city. Under the circumstances, and feeling too much fatigued to afford to wander out of her way, the lady stopped the first person she met and said, "The four fountains." Her request was received with a stare of astonishment, and with a shake of the head the man walked away. Then we felt sure that we must have got far beyond our latitude, but had no alternative except to inquire of the next stranger we met. He was probably in haste, for without even stopping to stare at us he shook his head impatiently and walked rapidly away. Presently we met a lady whom we addressed in French, begging her to put us in the right direction for finding "the four fountains." She paused, reflected a

little, and then said, "You probably mean, not the '*forty*,' but the '*four*' fountains." The mistake was easily made by strangers to the Italian language. We were glad to find that they were quite near at hand, and soon reached our temporary house, where the incident became a standing jest against us all.

One morning, as the aged pilgrim was about to descend the long brick stairs for the purpose of attending her daily mass, the baroness issued from her apartment on her usual errand of mercy. Scarcely had the ladies exchanged greetings, when a girl came bounding up the stairs, and passing the first lady she met, rushed to the feet of the baroness, and kneeling before her poured forth rapid sentences, which were of course unintelligible to the silent spectator. The baroness turned back with the agitated girl, and hurried her into the apartments she had just quitted.

The young girl was afterwards found calmly seated at our table, and by degrees her history was revealed, not being considered a secret.

She had resided some years ago in a family with whom the baroness had been on visiting terms, but left it to enter a convent in a country district. That house being poor and remote was overlooked by the spoilers, who had afflicted many such establishments in all parts of Italy. There she lived happy and contented, her only solicitude being to obtain the habit when her noviciate should have expired.

But in the meantime discord arose in the family she had quitted; a lawsuit impended, and as this young girl was supposed to have evidence in her power, she was hunted up, traced to her retreat, and ordered to repair to Rome, where the trial was to take place. As she declared that she had in truth no evidence whatever to give, it was thought that her trouble would soon be over, but she was distressed by the dread of not being permitted to return to her happy and peaceful home. So many convents had been deprived of all unprofessed sisters, that the discovery of herself might not only separate her from her convent, but also cause all the nuns and postulants in it to be sent out into the world. Great sympathy was felt for the young girl and her convent in our little circle. She had flown to the baroness as soon as she arrived in Rome, hoping all things from her protection, and that kind lady kept her with her and gave her light employment with her needle. We met her constantly, and were pleased with her gentle manners and simple, industrious habits.

The rooms of the baroness were elegantly furnished, and the brick floors were covered by carpets secured over thick layers of straight straw. This arrangement formed a good substitute for "Turkey carpet" or "velvet pile." It was a luxury unknown in any other part of the suite of rooms occupied by Signora Lucia and her guests, and was the result probably of one of the many experiences gained by the baroness during her travels in many lands.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TRUE GLORY OF ROME.

Italian diet—Street scenes—Monte Cavallo—Front of the Quirinal—Rospigliosi Palace—Guido's Aurora—Novel treatment of "the Fall"—Largest tree in Europe—Dull streets of Rome—Little traffic—Well paved—Roman scorn of Italians—Not fitted for a metropolis—Tiber unmanageable—Ruins indestructible—Collegiate city of the world—The Angelus.

THE infirm "Inglese" was treated with great indulgence by this family of ladies, all but the German baroness being Italians. She was even admitted into the signora's private apartment, half bedroom, half boudoir, which, in addition to the usual furniture, contained an ornamented oratory, prie-dieu, and large embroidery frame. The signora was a skilful worker, and as her guest's birthday motto is the 22d verse in the last chapter of Proverbs, they had much in common beside their common faith, and exchanged many scraps of information without the intervention of language. The "Inglese" soon acquired the art of preparing squares of lace for ornamental purposes, by stretching fine netting in a frame, and weaving it with a great variety of stitches. The work is very easy and the effect pleasing.

We have heard that if a caged bird be provided with abundant food, which he eagerly devours, he will die of hunger if it be not suited to his nature. This will explain the fact that although amply supplied with diet in great variety, our Australian felt severely the want of a mutton-chop. One a day would have supplied her carnivorous nature, but the savoury morsel was unattainable. Mother Cecilia, knowing how necessary a moderate supply of animal food is to a nervous temperament, had made stipulations, which were carefully obeyed—in a way! Our soup was certainly made with meat, for it was always followed by a few small slices of beef that had been boiled in it till they were hard and dry as chips; but the soup itself resembled greasy water, containing a little rice or maccaroni. The "Inglese" soon found that these dishes took away her appetite without giving any sustenance, so she always waited for her own meat. It came in due course, and being grey outside and blue within, the size of two fingers, and totally without fat, she disposed of it as an act of duty, though certainly not an agreeable one. She never complained, for the courteous hostess took great pains to make her guests comfortable, and the coffee, milk, butter, and bread were delicious. There was also plenty of a light claret wine, and some nice native dishes, especially one, somewhat like Devonshire cream, that must be a popular delicacy, for the strangers noticed it exposed for sale in the streets on small tables. Salads and fruits were very good and abundant.

One day, either because she was unusually meat-hungry, or that

the morsel was more repulsive than usual, the English guest was excited to rebel. Giving to her hostess a smile and a nod, she caught up her plate and hastened to the kitchen, which was on the same "flat." It was a long narrow brick-paved room, extremely neat in all its arrangements, and hung round with shining utensils, but there was no sign of a fire. Even when the lady perceived a stove at the extremity of the kitchen, she looked in vain for the red glow of embers. On approaching it, however, she discovered a well about a foot deep, and at the bottom of it white ashes, which, being removed by a puff, disclosed a small quantity of red charcoal. She turned to the cook, who had followed her in silent amazement, and by imitating the action of preparing the meat, obtained what she required. To reach the cinders with her fork was out of the question, so after blowing away the ash, she dropped the meat from her fork on the handful of fire. A cry of dismay from the cook accompanied the act, but the lady smiled and nodded, and procured a long cooking fork with which she turned her steak, and fished it up into her hot plate. As she carried the morsel to the dining-room, a savoury odour was diffused through the corridor which it had never known before.

She brought her achievement to the table in triumph, and, as in duty bound, offered the first morsel to her hostess. But Signora Lucia turned away from the broiled fragment, which looked so dark and mysterious. However, the dainty was not permitted to be thus despised and rejected; and when the Signora was prevailed on to admit it within her rosy lips, she turned on the baroness a gaze of extreme surprise, and exclaimed in Italian, "It is good!" But the feat only resulted in the necessary morsel being brought to table in future covered with ashes, and often burnt to a cinder.

We were too late for grapes, passion-fruit, and water-melons, but found the pears delicious and the apples good. Roman oranges, however, are very inferior, though the lemons are better.

The elderly stranger soon became familiar with all the neighbouring streets, and daily prolonged her rambles, being much assisted by the directions she received from the baroness, who was far more familiar with Rome than was the Signora, though a native of the Holy City. Merely to walk through the streets was rendered interesting by the novel incidents of the way. The four fountains before alluded to were ever flowing, and near them on a corner building was a sacred picture, before which a lamp burned night and day. Sometimes we saw others, but often the lamp was extinguished. Large frescoes ornamented the smaller churches; and wherever we wandered we found the principal streets well-paved, and with raised footpaths.

The most ancient of the streets (probably made when carriages were rarely seen) were too narrow to admit of that convenience, for which we English have no distinctive appellation, though it is common in our towns and cities; while our Gallic neighbours have the name "Trottoire," while rarely possessing the accommodation. Occasionally a priest was met, known by his wide hat and ecclesias-

tical dress, but always remarkable for a subdued look of sorrowful resignation, which we never before in any land found to shadow the well-known look of peace and recollection common to our clergy. Every day we were thus reminded how great cause they had to mourn for the suffering Church and poor. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," though perhaps not in this world.

In the early morning we often met a troop of boys, walking two and two, and clad in academical costume, on their way to their daily studies, sometimes nuns of a few unenclosed orders, and not seldom Capuchin friars going on their missions of mercy. They always appeared very cleanly, and we would not presume to make the remark but for the term "dirty friar!" often found in Protestant writings. Their dress was a long cowled robe of sackcloth, girt at the waist with a cord, and sandals protected the bare feet.

One who has been for half a century familiar with engravings of Guido's "Aurora," could not find herself in the neighbourhood of the original without desiring to behold it. One fine morning, armed with ample directions, the traveller descended her eighty-two steps with the intention of visiting, after mass, the Rospigliosi Palace.

Passing the noble portico of the Church of the Jesuit Noviciate, and the humble convent of the Capuchins, she rested awhile in the Church of the "Perpetual Adoration," and afterwards continued her promenade to the end of the Via Quirinale.

She found herself on that portion of the summit of the Quirinale hill that is now called "Monte Cavallo," from the wonderful equestrian group in the centre of the piazza. Being also at the front of the Quirinal Palace, she was glad to find a bench of white marble on which she could rest while considering her surroundings. All the public seats in Rome that she had met with were of this beautiful material, which we found sometimes where we least expected it. Building materials of the costliest kind are thrown out of every excavation and applied to the commonest uses, because costing nothing. Several specimens of various stones—porphyry, jaspar, sienna, and other marbles—were picked up by our sisters (the workmen kindly assisting the search) and conveyed to New Zealand. Many of them were mere scraps, but some bore evidence of the sculptor's skill, and were highly polished.

The lady sat on her marble bench, with the wide front of the Palace of the Popes extended before her. It is a spacious and stately building, arranged with beautiful order and simplicity, but with no great architectural display. Its chief ornament is the "papal arms," which the usurper has not presumed to remove from above the entrance. The most interesting portion (to the solitary spectatress) was the wing projecting into the Piazza, at the extremity of which is the window and small balcony where (when the conclave was held in the Quirinal) a newly-elected Pope always presented himself to his people, and bestowed on the kneeling crowd his first solemn benediction. From this piazza a few people used to keep watch on a certain chimney, at which each morning, when no elec-

tion was decided, the ballot papers were burned. When that hour passed, and no smoke arose, it soon became known throughout the city that the new Pope was elected, and the piazza became speedily packed with an expectant multitude.

In the centre of this piazza stands the companion obelisk to that we saw opposite St. Mary Major, which resembles it in being without hieroglyphics, and also in having suffered similar ill-treatment, for when found it was in three pieces. On each side of it stands a rampant horse governed by a man, and all are colossal. The men are respectively called "Castor and Pollux;" and on their granite pedestals are engraved the names of two eminent Greek sculptors, "Phidias and Praxiteles." They are of undoubted Grecian origin, and were found in the baths of Constantine, but are centuries older than his time. The men and horses are quite naked; not even a strap gives the human being an advantage over the animals. Yet the mastery of the man is complete, and the submission of the fiery steeds wonderfully evident. The anatomy and action of all the figures are perfect, the expression of the human features noble and resolute, the clenched hand looks irresistible, the escape of the unfettered animal from his unarmed lord impossible. It was difficult to leave this noble work of art, which forms a portion of an ever-flowing fountain, erected by Pope Pius VII., the basin of which is 25 feet in diameter. But a great attraction led the traveller away.

The approach to the Rospigliosi Palace was through shrubberies and grounds, not very extensive, but, no doubt, lovely in the summer season and when occupied as a princely residence. As these were not the circumstances under which we viewed them, they looked damp and neglected. This palace is one of the four erected on the site of the Baths of Constantine. It was used for a time as the residence of the French ambassador, but it long since passed into the hands of the Rospigliosi family. It shares the fate of all the stately palaces of Rome, the owners of which take no part in public affairs since the usurpation. Even the ministers are all from Northern Italy, and of ignoble origin. If we may rely on the English journals, not one man distinguished by birth or talent has appeared among them, which may perhaps account for the fact that no ministry since Victor Emmanuel called himself king of Rome, has kept in office, without change, for a single year.

On three days of the week visitors can freely visit the Rospigliosi collection of paintings, which are arranged in three halls on the basement. On the ceiling of the central hall is one of the glories of Roman art,—the Guido's "Aurora." Every accommodation is given to artists and visitors, and a mirror is so arranged as to enable one to look down on the painting when wearied of gazing up to the ceiling.

There must be few who have not seen engravings of this masterpiece; but they can give no idea of its colouring, which seems painted with light itself.

The grace of the figures, the loveliness of the faces, the pure tints and graceful flow of the draperies, the exquisite variety of colouring

and arrangement displayed by the silken tresses, the animation of Apollo, whose locks absolutely wave and stream backward in his rapid flight as he stands in the Chariot of the Sun—the fiery excitement of the piebald steeds whose coats shine like satin—the floating dignity of Aurora, goddess of the morning—the slumbering earth, over which her "rosy fingers" are just unclosing "the gates of day"—form a combination of highest art that can never be forgotten. The beauty and energy of unfading youth, so conspicuous in the excited charioteer, contrast finely with the softness and sweetness of the attendant "Hours;" and the robes of Aurora seem to flutter in the morning breeze.

The horses are all piebalds, but vary from light to very dark. The head of one, nearly all white, is tossed in the air, and shows his pink nostrils dilated with excitement, and also the rosy skin under the fine short hair of the face.

We noticed several copies in different stages of completion, which were all of cabinet size, and of various degrees of merit.

In the next room we found a very large painting of "the Temptation," by Domenichino. The treatment of it is peculiar, and the figures all life size. Eve is represented as only taking a passive part in "the Fall." She rests on one knee, holding out a hand for the tempting fruit which Adam has plundered from the tree he is descending. Around them, in various attitudes and groups, crowd a multitude of birds and animals, all painted with the utmost skill. Beside Eve stands a beautiful dog, who appears to watch the fatal act with the intelligent earnestness often observed in his species. Tranquil and happy appear these creatures, and all unconscious of the ills they were to incur by the presumption of their superior.

We have always deeply felt the calamities inflicted by man's disobedience on the animal creation, whom St. Francis de Sales calls "our poor dumb fellow-creatures." Any wrong inflicted on the affection of such as lavish it devotedly on their owners always appears to us a crime, and the smallest unnecessary cruelty a grievous offence against their beneficent Creator.

One of the largest trees in Europe grows in these grounds. It came from South America, and is called "The Schinus Molla."

It was easy for an infirm invalid to pass safely through the streets of Rome, for they displayed none of the bustle of a great metropolis. There was no press of carriages, no hurry of business, no crowd of foot passengers, no concourse of people anywhere. We often remarked that Rome looked like a dead city.

Time was, and only a few years ago, when the Roman winter was the most enjoyable in Europe. Crowds filled its streets, and gay assemblies collected natives and visitors to enjoy ball and concert, or attend family gatherings. The attraction of the cheap prices of a lightly taxed country exists no more; the desire to assist at the most stately religious ceremonials in the noblest churches in the world can no longer be gratified. The church, though not discrowned, is disinherited, and can scarcely succour her helpless poor. The hotel-keepers were very despondent, and all the classes whose

living depended on the influx of strangers suffered severely. Even the court was gloomy.

We often heard the times alluded to when the Holy Father was frequently seen in the streets, taking his long evening stroll with a few friends, and attended by several of his "Noble Guards." The people came forth to welcome him and kneel for his blessing as he passed, and little children ran to receive the caress of his gentle hand. At length these demonstrations of affection were forbidden, and even punished with fine and imprisonment; and the Holy Father, unwilling to subject his people to ill-treatment for his sake, ceased to leave his dwelling. On one occasion a report was spread that the Pope had been seen at a window of the Vatican, and a crowd collected, who shouted, "Viva il Papa Reg;"* but they were rudely dispersed by the king's soldiers, and several were arrested.

After scarcely feeling taxation, the people have now to pay heavy rates, and those levied on grist and tobacco most heavily oppress the poor. We have mentioned the paper currency, even to the value of a few pence.

Never was a greater sacrifice made to an idea than when, for the sake of its noble and time-honoured name, this city of ruins was selected as the capital of Italy. The Roman people never admit that they are Italians, but gave that name in scorn to the intruders from the north. Even during her supreme rule of eight centuries Rome did not form the peninsula of Italy into one nationality, or call herself its capital. She was the capital of the Roman Empire, and mistress of the world, attracting to herself the talent, learning, military skill, and highest human excellence of all nations. Of such stuff were the conquerors of the nations made, and not of the people of Italy.

The unchristian spirit of the nineteenth century strives now to set its seal on the city of twenty-six hundred years. The wolf of the Capitol is reinstated as her emblem, and living ones are maintained in Cæsar's gardens and on the Campidoglio. One of our first experiences was the print on a pat of butter at the Hotel Bristol, which represented twins suckled by a wolf. Efforts are being made to convert the collegiate city of the world into the ignoble capital of an embarrassed and discordant state. They might as well hope to make Oxford rival London!

Millions would not resuscitate the lost worldly greatness of a city, filled in every part with blackened ruins. No amount of expenditure would render the Tiber either useful or ornamental. Its path is tortuous, its stream sluggish, its waters turbid; while its bed is so deeply silted up that it often overflows its boundaries and spreads ruin over the lower portions of the city. As early as the seventh and eighth centuries these floods became frequent, and in one case the whole city was under water for several days. In 1345 the inundation left only the summits of the hills uncovered. In 1530 one

* "Live our Father-King."

equally calamitous occurred, and in later times many similar revolts of the river from its boundaries have been chronicled. The residents of the different quarters of the city preserve tenaciously the memory of the races from which they originally sprung. They have little social intercourse, and seldom intermarry. The streets of Rome, as in all ancient cities, built before carriages were much used, and with a view to obtaining shade, are all narrow, many necessarily very winding, and the oldest are worn deeply by the traffic of ages.

Rome is venerable for its antiquity and historical associations, but little suited for the usages of modern times, and incapable of being adapted to modern requirements. The Imperial city has been so utterly desolate that the wild wolf has bred in her ruins; and had not the Church chosen her as the centre of Christendom, the city of the Cæsars would have been now as desolate as Palmyra or the cities of the Thebaid. We have ample proof that we owe the preservation of what remains to us of the ancient magnificence of Rome to the Popes, whose love of the arts and conservatism of all things worth preserving have always been remarkable.

But Rome has now a government that relies for support on 300,000 soldiers, and also calculates on the fierce and ever restless class that exists in every land and is always eager for change. The peaceful and law-abiding citizens regret the new order of things, long for the restoration of their "Father-King," love their noble churches, and venerate the ruins which prove their descent from the masters of the world. This last feeling is opposed to the making of new straight streets on the modern plan; and foundations, for which men have to go to the depth of 63 feet, cost large sums, and are not likely to pay. Even the Italians have little confidence in the new order of things; for not one of the followers of Victor Emmanuel has made a permanent abode in Rome.

We were not surprised to learn that all the members of the court dislike to live in Rome, and spend much time elsewhere. Its own royal palace is not adapted for balls or courtly festivals; and a city with black ruins cropping up in every direction, no lavish expenditure can ever render beautiful.

Its charm consists in its being the collegiate city of the world—the centre of Christendon—the wonderful treasure-house in which are garnered up, with the tenderest and most reverent care, every memorial that could be obtained in the earliest ages of the events attending the mission of Messiah. At the same time she carefully rescued and guarded every remnant of Pagan civilisation that was worth preserving; thus bestowing on our later times (more remarkable for material than artistic excellence), the benefits to be derived from the study of the highest efforts of the genius of Greece and Egypt and Rome.

Deprive Rome of her noble position as the centre of Christendom, and she is nothing. She has been for ages regarded as a sacred city set apart from worldly struggles and ambition. Her ruler (with few exceptions) a weak old man, without army or navy, deriving from the state an income of about £1000 per annum, and ruling a terri-

tory not larger than many a private inheritance. No gentleman has a better title to his estates than the Pope has to "the states of the Church," and *both are only held for life.*

Although modern Rome has been many times the victim of the unscrupulous and powerful, the evil has passed away, and will do so again, if it be God's holy will.

In England and Victoria we had been accustomed to the chime of the Angelus Bell, and love well the invitation that reminds us thrice a day of the Incarnation; but in Rome we found it was a guide frequently referred to in many affairs. For a few moments, at sunrise, noon, and sunset, chimes, that seemed almost countless, arose throughout the city. In times when clocks and watches were unknown, or were rare luxuries, the Angelus Bell must have been of important use, and it continues still to be so to many. We had one experience that the luxurious barouche, which plies for hire in the streets of Rome, requires double fare after the evening Angelus, and we learned that formerly no woman was seen in the streets after its last chime.

One fair evening, when leaning from our ante-room window, which commands the neglected garden and house of the Jesuit Noviciate and a wide reach of the city, terminating with the black, mountainous-looking Colosseum, the bells of the city suddenly commenced the beloved chorus, as if angels were still singing of a God made Man! The thoughts thus awakened shaped themselves into

A SONG OF THE ANGELUS.

Hark! the beseeching bell
  Echoes o'er city and plain,
And hallows the new-born day
  When it is not heard in vain;
For it tells the awakening world
  With the first pale morning rays,
How God took a human form,
  That man should adore and praise.
Hark to the angels' bell,
  Traveller on thy way,
Sick on the bed of pain,
  Child at thy morning play:
Hark! hark! 'tis the angels' bell!

Hark! 'tis the noontide hour,
  When the doom of a fallen race
Lies heaviest on labour's heir,
  Whatever his dwelling-place.
Again do those chimes proclaim,
  To forgetful sons of earth,
How an angel came from heaven
  To herald the Saviour's birth.
Hark to the angels' bell,
  Traveller on thy way,
Sick on the bed of pain,
  Child at thy morning play:
Hark! hark! 'tis the angels' bell!

Hark! now the sun descends
To the sound of that sweet refrain:
While darkness o'er us bends,
May it never plead in vain;
For even at light and day,
Meet ever the earth's swift roll,
Do they meet those endless chimes
Appealing to every soul.
Hark! 'tis the angels' bell,
Traveller on thy way,
Sick on the bed of pain,
Child at thy morning play:
Hark! hark, 'tis the angels' bell!

CHAPTER XXII.

ART-TREASURES.

Ancient Basilica of St. Paul—Formerly protected by England—Destroyed by fire—Its lost art-treasures and antiquities—New basilica—Gift of Mehemet Ali—Contributions from all nations—Tomb of Lucina—Mosaic portraits of all the Popes—Magnificent interior—Things rescued from the fire—Fine campanile Convent—Beautiful cloister—Celebrated library—Abbots' armorial bearings—Barberini Palace—Beatrice Cenci—The Francias—Library's literary treasures—Church of Trinita di Monte—Taking down from the cross—Gazed till the day waned—Twilight walk—Dusky vestibule and stairs—Startled—Horrible fears—Unable to fly—Following footsteps—Extreme terror.

THE grand old Basilica of St. Paul no longer exists, but it must not on that account be without mention in our record.

A wet morning was devoted to the acquisition of a few particulars respecting it by way of preparation for a visit to its successor.

It was erected without the walls of Rome, and commenced by the joint Emperors Valentinian and Theodosius in 388, on the site of a basilica erected by Constantine the Great over the tomb of Lucina, a noble lady, who was an early convert to Christianity. It was completed by Honorius in 395, and restored by Pope Leo III. in the eighth century. In subsequent ages, when repairs were required, the original plan was always strictly adhered to, because it was the only basilica remaining that was similar in arrangement to the ancient one of St. Peter, erected over the place of that apostle's martyrdom by Constantine in 306.

The ancient Basilica of St. Paul was, before the sixteenth century, under the special protection of England, as St. Peter's is still guarded by Austria, the Lateran by France, and St. Mary Major by Spain. Probably for this reason St. Paul's was one of the first churches visited by British pilgrims; and though we cannot imitate them, the venerable church that was for ages protected by our country shall not be without a brief notice in our simple annals.

The interior of old St. Paul's measured 395 feet in length by 214

feet. The aisles were divided from the nave by four rows of Corinthian columns, twenty in each row. The whole building possessed 138 columns, which were mostly very ancient, and as they were of different kinds, they formed the finest collection of rare marbles in the world. The roof was remarkable and unique, being formed of open woodwork and immense beams and rafters of pine wood.

From the earliest times the tomb under the high altar has been revered as that of St. Paul. The great arch over the tribune was covered with ancient mosaics. The magnificent bronze gates were of great antiquity, and cast at Constantinople. The nave contained an entire series of the portraits of all the popes, and tombs and monuments of the deepest interest. By the carelessness of workmen who were repairing the roof, all these treasures and many more that can never be replaced were reduced to ashes in 1823. The marble columns were calcined, the porphyry pillars of the altars, and even the vast ones supporting the arch of the tribune, were split into fragments. We have seen a rosary made of bits of marble picked up by an English lady who visited Rome shortly after the fire. Each bead was a specimen of a different kind of rare and beautiful stones, displaying a great variety of colours. As the Jews who remembered Solomon's temple wept when they beheld its successor, so those who were familiar with the glories and antiquities of old St. Paul's are moved by the new edifice to recall with deep regret all that has been irreparably lost.

But no such memories diminished the delight with which the aged pilgrim accompanied Signora Lucia, on a fine winter's day, to inspect the new basilica.

It was a pleasant drive of about one and a quarter miles on the road to Ostia, after leaving Rome by the Gate of St. Paul, and passing under so modern an erection as a railway viaduct. We found, near the gate, a well-preserved ancient sepulchre, standing partly within and partly without the walls of Aurelian; therefore, of course, of far older date. It is of a pyramidal form, 114 feet high, and each side of the base measures 70 feet. It was erected about the time of Augustus, therefore is nearly 2000 years old! Though built of brick and tufa, it is faced with white marble. In the seventeenth century, the heaps of debris piled around it were removed by Pope Alexander VII., to the extent of about 16 feet deep; but it is still partly buried, like the greater portion of the remains of ancient Rome. Pope Alexander's works revealed a small central chamber, containing arabesques, with vases and figures, all retaining their brilliant colours. There were inscriptions stating the dignities of the deceased, and also the piety of his heirs and executors, who had completed the monument—records that refer to events and people of a date that the world has left behind for 2000 years! Since then the Rome they deemed impregnable has been many times ravaged and destroyed by barbarians whom they despised, and gorgeous buildings, less capable than this pyramid-tomb of withstanding the terrific shocks of war, have been hurled to undistinguishable ruin.

We entered the modern Church of St. Paul by a side door, and found that the Popes Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. have nobly repaired a loss that was deeply lamented throughout Christendom. Nor were the nations content with only grieving over their misfortune, for contributions for its restoration flowed in from many lands.

The design of the early church has been carefully followed, and the whole of the new edifice is a marvel of taste and magnificence. Again the nave has four rows of stately columns, but they are all made of granite, with white marble capitals. There are eighty between nave and aisle. Each column is a single block, brought from a quarry near Lake Maggiore. The relics of St. Paul were uninjured by the fire, and still rest under the high altar. The baldochino is supported by four columns of Oriental alabaster, which were presented to Pope Gregory XVI. by Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. Some ancient mosaics we saw that were rescued from the ruins: they are more or less injured and repaired; also a richly decorated episcopal chair in marble, and four columns of violet marble were saved. We remarked a very ancient wooden statue of St. Paul, and visited several highly decorated chapels, those of St. Timothy (containing his remains), St. Stephen, and St. Paul. In the last is a fine painting representing the conversion of the great apostle. We were glad to find that so much had been rescued from the fire, and especially that the ancient choir remains quite uninjured. It still possesses most interesting mosaics of the thirteenth century, some of the ancient portraits of the popes, and modern copies of those that were destroyed. One very ancient mosaic represents our Saviour and the twenty-four elders of the Revelation.

In the right transept is a very curious candelabra of the tenth century, covered with rude sculptures. The chief incidents in the life of St. Paul are represented on the walls in fresco life-size paintings, and mosaic portraits of the popes from St. Peter to Pius IX. have been executed in the workshops of the Vatican, the celebrated mosaic manufactory fostered by the Holy See. Each portrait occupied an artist twelve months. The lower windows of the aisles are filled with full-sized representations of saints, &c., in stained glass. Colossal statues of St. Peter and St. Paul stand in the nave near the transept. There is a beautiful campanile, or bell tower, at the extremity of the tribune, the erection of which is said to have cost £20,000. The façade towards the Tiber has a portico of monolith columns of granite, and in front of it extends a square fore-court, surrounded by colonnades that reach nearly to the river.

The north transept, facing the road from Rome, has a fine Corinthian portico, with eight columns of grey Cippolini marble. In the adjoining Benedictine monastery, where Pope Pius VII. was for many years a monk, the principal cloister forms a fine square of arches, supported by complex columns of various designs. It is a fair example of the elaborate architecture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the columns presenting almost every conceivable variety of forms. There are also preserved numerous Roman and early Christian mosaics, inscriptions, sepulchral monuments, &c., which

were rescued from the fire. The library of the Convent of St. Paul contains many precious documents. There may be seen a copy of the Holy Scriptures beautifully written on vellum, which was presented by Charlemagne. The printed books amount to about 12,000 vols. The armorial bearings of the Abbot of St. Paul's Convent are surrounded by "The Garter" and its motto, because the church and convent were originally under the special protection of the kings of England. Before finally quitting the beautiful Church of St. Paul, we re-entered it to take in at a glance the entire length of the nave with its quadruple rows of graceful pillars, and to give a sigh of regret for the deficiencies we recognised, though we had never seen its predecessor. Nor did we forget the noble Lady Lucina, one of the early converts to Christianity, over whose revered tomb the first church was erected nearly sixteen centuries ago. We could not help identifying her with the dignified Roman matron whose character and saintly life are so beautifully delineated in Cardinal Wiseman's charming tale of "Fabiola." That work was so eagerly welcomed in Rome that four different translations scarcely sufficed to meet the demand for copies. Though essentially a story of Rome, it is dear to all nations, and possesses equal claims on the fancy of the young, the higher tastes of the mature, and the critical judgment of the learned antiquary. To Catholics it is especially dear, for to their hearts alone do its loveliest scenes and sentiments come home. Thus, with gentlest memories of our great English Cardinal, who braved the wrath of the statesmen and people of England in restoring the Catholic hierarchy, and of this creation of his genius—which was produced solely in moments of leisure and hours of travel—we left St. Paul's, and not without feeling regret that in these unsettled times the basilica is no longer under the protection of the British Crown.

One cloudy morning the pilgrim thought she might venture to visit the Barberini Palace, as it stood "just round the corner." So, taking her umbrella, she descended the eighty-two steps, and was saluted during the whole process by the dissonant shrieks of a laundress, who thought she was singing, while diffusing around the dusky vestibule clouds of soapy steam.

The Barberini Palace is one of the largest in Rome, and the exterior is neat and elegant. But to one who has seen the showy buildings erected in Victoria, it appeared, like all the other Italian palaces, rather quiet-looking. The contrast was similar to that between a well-dressed gentleman and a showily clad shop-boy, or a lady and a servant girl out for her holiday. The Barberini Palace is chiefly celebrated for its library, and its large collection of curious documents and archives of past ages. It formerly possessed a very fine gallery of paintings, but most of them have been dispersed.

An old man, seated in an unadorned vestibule, received the visitor, took charge of her umbrella, pointed out her way, and then resumed his chair and his book. On leaving the vestibule, the lady passed a curious staircase wholly formed of white marble. It winds spirally round a central pillar of the same material, and reaches to

the highest story of the mansion. It was easy to see the entrances to the different landings all the way up.

The picture galleries are on the basement floor. Of course we never paused till we stood before the piteous portrait of "Beatrice Cenci," and read the calm despair in her beautiful eyes. Clad in her prison garb, dejected and alone, a hopeless criminal, a condemned murderess, she has yet excited universally the profoundest sentiments of pity, and will do so to all time. The portrait of that hapless girl attracts more visitors than the loveliest of the gay and happy. Near hers hang the portraits of her mother and stepmother, and also a repulsive portrait of a half-length nude lady, with the name of Raphael on her armlet, and said to be a likeness of the "Fonarina," but very coarse and unpleasing. It is also quite unlike the well-known "Fonarina" in Florence. It appeared to us to be a mere study of the nude figure, and a portrait of an accustomed sitter in studios.

We always behold with delight a painting by "Francia," whose works are invariably sweet and pure, but far from numerous. Here are two of infinite loveliness. One is a Madonna and Divine Infant, attended by St. Jerome, whose face is superbly painted. The companion picture is a Madonna and Child, attended by St. John, and equally excellent. There are many pleasing pictures; but the celebrated Barberini collection is dispersed among many galleries. The library contains about 7000 MSS., among which are reports addressed to Pope Urban VIII. (who was of the Barberini family), describing the state of English Catholics during the reign of Charles I. Here is also a fine copy of the Bible in the Saxon character, a most beautiful copy of the Holy Scriptures, dated early in the fourth century; a very fine Greek MS. of the Liturgies of St. Basil, dated seventh or eighth century; and one dated 1465, containing drawings of temples, trophies, and arches then standing in Rome, but of which no trace now remains. In one of these is represented a galley having paddle-wheels like those used by modern steamboats. Many of the books in this library are enhanced in value by autograph marginal notes made by eminent men and renowned scholars. Among the portraits in this library are those of Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Pole, and Henry VII. of England. In the convent, behind the palace, is the fragment of an inscription commemorating the conquest of Britain by the Emperor Claudius. Its letters are of bronze, sunk into the marble of a triumphal arch. We were amused by finding in the garden of this palace a full-sized figure of the sculptor Thorwaldsen, which we had been familiarised with by a small statuette that ornamented our mantelpiece in Victoria. It is erected on the spot where the sculptor's studio stood during his stay in Rome, and which formed part of a block of buildings since removed, and now replaced by a tall open iron fence, which alone separates the garden of the palace from the street—to its manifest improvement.

The lady apprehended bad weather when she handed her umbrella to the porter, and when she reclaimed it was not surprised to hear the heavy fall of rain. She therefore signified that she wished to

rest awhile. The old man politely acquiesced, and she sat down, hoping, however, that, as the sun was shining, the shower would soon cease. But the loss of time is always a serious consideration with one whose time on earth must be drawing near its close; therefore she at length determined to brave the rain, consoling herself with the reflection that she had not far to walk.

To her utter amazement, she found the sky clear and the paths dry; the splashing that alarmed her had proceeded from the tall jets of a fountain, falling from a great height into its broad basin of traventine. Being well rested, she prolonged her walk to the piazza, of which the Barberini Palace forms one side, for the sake of its beautiful fountain. In the centre of a wide basin is an enormous conch-shell of stone, in which a life-sized Triton, in black marble, rests on one knee, while blowing high into the air, through a spiral shell, a thick stream of water. The pilgrim was amply repaid for her walk, though she returned home with a greater desire than usual for an unattainable mutton chop.

In the afternoon she made her way to the Church of "Trinita di Monte," that overlooks the "Piazza di Spagna," around which English visitors congregate. It is attached to the Convent of "Sacre-lœur," where young ladies are educated. The stranger was aware that the church is closed at 9 A.M., but she obtained entrance at a side door. The chief object that induced the pilgrim to ascend the fine flight of steps leading to this church was the masterpiece of Daniele de Volterra, contained in one of the chapels. The subject is "The Descent from the Cross," and some connoisseurs consider it the finest painting in the world. One can scarcely gaze upon this grand picture without fancying oneself a portion of the group, so deeply does it enchain the fancy. The figure of the Redeemer, lifeless, but not touched "by decay's effacing fingers" (as was the manner of the old masters), appears to be sinking before the eye, and one is impelled to offer a helping hand, or to assist the group collected round the form of Our Lady, who has swooned with agony. Yes, it may well be rated highly even among masterpieces. The contrasted attitudes and varied expressions, from the rapt face of St. John to the perfunctory earnestness of the assistant workmen, are perfect. The short winter's day was drawing to a close, and the fascinating picture was growing dim before her gaze, ere the visitor could leave the spot. The long descent seemed to realise the idea that she had been actually resting on Mount Calvary, and she scarcely noticed the incidents of the way.

When she reached the dusky vestibule, it was silent and nearly dark; but she easily found the iron balustrades of the Uriela stairs, and with weary feet commenced her toilsome ascent. She advanced but slowly, by help of a tight grasp of the handrail, and had made but little progress when she heard the outer door open. She glanced downward, thinking it might be the Baroness or the Signora, but had only time to catch sight of a man in a wide hat and cloak, when the door closed sharply. She instantly resumed her arduous climb, but with a throbbing heart. No male visitors ever mounted to her

eyrie! Who, then, could that man be? What object had brought him there, at the hour of twilight outside, but of utter darkness within that always dim vestibule? She plainly heard the footsteps, heavily, and without attempt at concealment, crossing the brick floor, and beginning to ascend the stairs. All she had ever heard of "Italian assassins" crowded on her memory; and although she retained her presence of mind, a weird terror crept coldly to her heart. He may have noticed that she was English (such strangers are always supposed to be rich), and tracked her home to rob, perhaps to murder her! Had it been possible she would have flown up the winding stair; but she could not have quickened her step to save her existence. Slowly she proceeded, and slowly the steps below followed her.

The centre of the stairway, so dim even in midday, was now pitch dark, and as she slowly groped her way, and heard the heavy tread regularly following, a creeping sensation between the shoulders seemed to anticipate the thrust of the deadly stilletto!

Just as the lady caught the faint glimmer of a fading sky through the window of the roof, she heard a door open and shut. The sound of following steps ceased, and she remembered the door where she had often noticed scraps of greenery. Then she knew that the dreaded assassin was one of the harmless servants of the college, and pursued her toilsome way in peace.

It is a curious fact that causeless terror excites mirth, even in the sufferer, when the agony is past, however severe it may have been. The fears of the stranger became a standing joke in her small circle, and may be so still.

But when the nuns paid their next visit to the beloved chaperon, she could talk of nothing but the painting of Daniele de Volterra, which she minutely described. It had so deeply impressed her that she remarked, "How inexplicable it is that so wondrous and touching an event has become but a dim memory in many minds! Having once happened, it should be impossible for it to be forgotten for an instant by mankind!"

There was a long silence, until a low voice softly said, "I think it would be far easier for a father to forgive those who slew his beloved son, than to pardon the cold indifference of the obdurate ingrate for whose sake that dear Son consented to die!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

ST. JOHN LATERAN.

St. John Lateran—Chief of churches—Senator Lateranus—Maxentius—Constantine—His gift to Pope St. Sylvester—Lateran Palace—Burned—Rebuilt—Becomes dilapidated—A museum—The unfinished statue—Description of church—Chapel of Blessed Sacrament—Friend of St. Bernard and St. Thomas of Canterbury—Beautiful Orsini chapel—Colossal statues of the apostles—High altar and Gothic canopy—Relics in the sacristy, water-pipes of Lateranus—Beautiful cloister—Sacred stairs—Chapel of the Popes—Fine statuary—Baptistry of Constantine—Monsieur Thiers on "The Roman Question."

THE nuns spared one day for the purpose of making, with their friend, a few special visits; therefore the pilgrims, accompanied by Signora Lucia, drove one morning to St. John Lateran. This renowned basilica is the chief church in the world, as an inscription on each side of the entrance testifies, "Omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput." Its chapter takes precedence of that of St. Peter's, and each new Pope takes possession of it by a solemn ceremonial.

In the reign of the Emperor Nero, a wealthy citizen, named "Lateranus," erected a splendid palace on the north-east slope of the Cœlian Hill, which was so beautiful as to excite the wrath of the Emperor Nero. His complicity in a convenient conspiracy was invented (as has been done in modern times). Plautus Lateranus was put to death, and his splendid palace became an imperial residence. The edict of the last of the great persecutions was published with great state in the chief hall of the palace by the Emperor Maxentius when at the height of his power. He ordered a simultaneous slaughter of Christians to take place at an appointed date in every city in his empire, which extended over all the known world, and also enacted that pillars should be erected in every place to commemorate the extinction of Christianity.

The number of martyrdoms that followed is beyond computation; and several of the memorials ordered were completed. But the haughty Emperor was soon afterwards driven into the Tiber; and the hall in which was decreed the end of Christianity now gives name to the Chief Christian Church in the world.

Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor, after subjugating Maxentius, conferred this palace on the Pope, who received him into the Church. He also commenced the adjoining basilica at the Pope's instigation, and assisted at its foundation with his own imperial hands. The Lateran Palace continued for more than a thousand years to be the dwelling-place of the Popes. When, in 1377, Pope Gregory IX. left Avignon, and restored the Holy See to Rome (which had been deprived of it for seventy-two years), he took up

his residence at the Vatican, because, in the early part of the fourteenth century, the Lateran Palace had been destroyed by fire. The Church was, however, not materially injured; and the celebrated "Sacred Stairs" remained perfect, together with the small private Chapel of the Popes on their summit. The Lateran Palace was rebuilt during the Pontificate of Sixtus V., and converted into an hospital by Pope Innocent XII. in 1693, when it was becoming dilapidated. To preserve it from farther decay, Gregory XVI. in 1843 formed it into a museum for articles that were overcrowding the vast halls of the Vatican. Pope Pius IX. formed here the Christian Museum, for the reception and preservation of remnants of early Christian art, which were discovered in excavating or digging wells, or seeking for foundations, as is the case wherever the surface of Rome is pierced. One piece of sculpture in this museum was found under the foundation of a private house, and has an especial interest. It is an unfinished statue of a captive "barbarian," and still possesses the artistic points to guide the workman in preparing the marble for the finishing chisel of the master sculptor. It was probably an incursion of barbarians which startled the artist from his work, prevented for ever its completion, and buried it beneath falling buildings, on the debris of which was subsequently erected the house beneath whose foundations it was discovered. This relic brings us very near to the realisation of the fact that during her existence of twenty-six centuries Rome has been many times lost and won, buried and rebuilt, and thus acquired an unrivalled claim to the tenderness of all who love the records of the past.

The Basilica of St. John Lateran, having existed as a church for nearly fifteen centuries, has inevitably been many times renovated and restored. The granite columns of the nave have had to be strengthened with piles, which detract from the general effect; and the principal façade dates only from 1734. It is surmounted by colossal statues of Christ and His apostles, who stand on an entablature and balustrade, supported by four large columns and six pilasters, between which are five balconies. From the centre one the Pope gives his solemn benediction on Ascension Day, or rather formerly did so, for all the most solemn ceremonies of the Church are now discontinued. In the vestibule is an ancient marble statue of Constantine, which was brought hither from the ruins of his baths on the Quirinal Hill.

There are five front entrances to this noble church. The bronze doors formed in Pagan times the entrance to the "Basilica Æmelia," which stood in the greatest of the forums. This is one of the four Roman churches possessing a "Porta Sancta," or "Sacred Door," which is only opened in the year of the jubilee. The Basilica Æmelia, above alluded to, was erected in the Roman Forum by Paulus Æmelius, with 1500 talents, borrowed from Julius Cæsar, and its ruins are now scarcely traceable.

In the Church of the Lateran five general councils have been held, and the coronation of the popes takes place there. For 1500 years it

has preserved its rank and privileges, which are inscribed on its exterior—"Mother and head of all Churches of the city and of the world." Within the high altar is a wooden one, at which St. Peter officiated, and only the Pope, or a Cardinal authorised by special brief, can there celebrate mass. Beneath it are deposited the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, which were rescued from the old basilica when it was partially burnt.

In the splendid chapel of the Blessed Sacrament are four gilt bronze columns of vast size, extending from the floor to the roof. They formerly adorned the magnificent temple of "Jupiter Capitolinus," on the Capitoline Hill. They were cast by Augustus from the bronze rostra of the vessels of war taken at the battle of Actium, when the sovereignty of the world was lost and won.

Behind the altar of this richly adorned chapel, the table of cedar wood, on which the "Last Supper" was laid, is preserved. It was formerly encased in silver. Many popes were buried in this church, among whom is Alexander III., the friend of St. Bernard, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, who also canonised Edward the Confessor. Many paintings, mosaics and frescoes, of great interest adorn this venerable church. One represents the baptism of Constantine by St. Sylvester.

Several of the chapels belong to illustrious Roman families. The finest in the Church, and probably in Rome, belongs to the Orsini family. It is not only remarkable for the costly materials used in its adornment, but also for the exquisite taste that has directed the lavish expenditure. The Orsini family can boast of having given to the Catholic Church a saint, a pope, and a cardinal—St. Andrea Orsini, Pope Clement XII., and Cardinal Neri Orsini. All are commemorated in this chapel by first-rate works of art.

The tribune of the Lateran is covered with mosaics of the thirteenth century. The aisles are separated from the nave by ancient pillars, strengthened with modern piles. Each of these has, on the side next the nave, a niche containing a colossal statue of one of the apostles. Above these are a series of bas-reliefs. The roof and walls are covered with medallions and other enrichments. The high altar stands beneath a magnificent Gothic canopy supported by four columns, three of which are formed of grey granite, and one of marble, which is a curious work of the fourteenth century.

Among the relics in the sacristy we were shown fragments of leaden water-pipes, which were found in the ruins of the burnt palace, and bear the name of the unfortunate "Lateranus," the first builder on this lofty site; whose beautiful work tempted the cupidity of Nero, and caused his own destruction. We also made our way to the cloisters surrounding a small quadrangle, but as they were under repair, we could not proceed far enough to reach the curious old episcopal chair of St. Sylvester, or the three stones mentioned in "Evelyn's Diary," as denoting the exact stature of our Saviour, but never of any other man. We greatly admired the beautiful columns of the cloisters, which are the exquisite work of the twelfth century, and all of different design. Some appear to have been twisted,

or intertwined, or plaited, when in a soft state, and then changed to white marble, but we found no two alike.

The distance from this glorious church to the "Sacred Stairs" and "Baptistry of Constantine" is very short.

The stairs were originally attached to the ancient Lateran Palace, being the only portion (with the small chapel on their summit) that escaped the great fire. These were carefully preserved when the palace was rebuilt, and kept isolated, a portico being erected over them.

On entering the portico we found standing on each side of the door a Passionist monk of the adjoining convent, which has the charge of the "Sacred Stairs." They consist of twenty-eight low and rather broad steps of white marble, at least ten feet wide, such as we should expect to find leading to the audience-hall of a Roman governor. They were brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem at a very remote period, and have always been held in the highest veneration, because they were passed over by our Saviour several times during His sacred Passion. They have never since been ascended except on the knees, from reverence to the sacred person of our Lord. And yet the marble was found to be wearing away so perceptibly that Clement XII. had them encased with boards. The casing has had to be renewed several times, but we found it much worn, bending under the knees, and in one place split across. There is an opening in front of each step, through which we could see and touch the marble on which the Divine feet of the Redeemer rested.

Our rheumatic and feeble sexagenarian had no intention of attempting to mount twenty-eight steps in a kneeling posture. She only hoped to see the stairs, watch others ascend, and resign herself to accept the humble post of custodian of books and umbrellas. But she soon found herself ascending with the stream of pilgrims, umbrellas and books notwithstanding. By placing them on each step above her she proceeded without difficulty. Her companions, who were in advance, observing the process, relieved her of the encumbrances, and she accomplished the ascent without fatigue. There appeared to be a perpetual succession of pilgrims of all ranks, and some very aged; many preceded, accompanied, and followed us, and we met others arriving when we departed. Every age and every country has contributed pilgrims to ascend the "Sacred Stairs," but only in recent times have they arrived from the antipodes.

On the top of the stairs a narrow gallery extends right and left, and on the side opposite to the stairs is a long low window with marble sill. It looks into the ancient private chapel of the popes, which no woman may enter. But probably many have, like ourselves, peered into the window, leaning their arms, as we did, on its sill. The consequence of that act, performed by millions of pilgrims, is that the window-sill is deeply worn for a considerable space in the centre of the window. Towards the ends the depression gradually diminishes, till at the extreme right and left are seen remains of

the elegant mosaic that anciently decorated the entire slab of marble. This trivial circumstance distinctly reveals the lapse of time and the multitude of the pilgrims. In that chapel, which no hapless daughter of Eve may enter, are several curious Christian antiquities.

On each side of the sacred stairs is a flight of white marble stairs, reached from the lobby, for the descent of the pilgrims. Down one of these we went to the vestibule, and could there pause to notice several fine sculptured figures which we had passed on our entrance without observing. At each side of the stairs stands a life-sized group, one representing "The Betrayal," and the other the "Ecce Homo." Each told its tale with painful significance. The drooping, slightly averted head of our Lord, as He stands, with one hand raised in gentle repulsion, and the coarse features and protruded lips of Judas, tell the never-to-be-forgotten tale of treachery. On the other side the closely-cut hair, prominent, stern, and beardless features of Pilate, with his bare throat, arms, and legs, contrast finely with the uncut hair and beard, the meek, patient face, the draped figure, and bound hands of the Redeemer. Even so He looked when He passed, again and again, faint and exhausted, wounded and bleeding, up and down those marble stairs. Truly Christ's widowed Church is a fond and faithful spouse, who garners up with loving tenderness every memorial of her Lord. She uses the greatest precautions to guard against imposition; but even if sometimes deceived, the Beloved will not blame a fault caused by excessive love and reverence.

The Baptistry of Constantine is quite near to the "Sacred Stairs." It is also called "The Church of St. John of the Font," and was erected by Constantine the Great in commemoration of his baptism. It is of circular form, and much enriched by works of art, originally formed for more ancient edifices. At its entrance stand two magnificent columns of red porphyry, with marble capitals of the composite order. Here was formerly the open portico of the baptistry, but it was enclosed by Pope Anastasius IV. in the eleventh century, and those magnificent columns are now half built into the wall. In the baptistry proper are eight porphyry columns, with Ionic and Composite capitals, which sustain a cornice running round the building, and supporting eight smaller columns of marble, on which rests the drum of the cupola, and above it the lantern of the roof. Though occasionally restored, this building is much the same as it was in the time of Constantine. The life of "the Baptist" and that of Constantine are represented in fresco on the walls. The baptismal font, in the centre of the sunk octagon, is of green basalt; and this place has been for ages considered to be the spot on which Pope St. Sylvester baptized Constantine the Great. It was here, in the sunk octagon, that Cola di Rienzi, on the 1st of August 1347, presumed to bathe during the fantastical ceremonies that preceded his public summons to Pope Clement VI. and the electors of Germany to appear before him. Within twelve months his fall occurred, and was ascribed by the people to his desecration of the

revered shrine, which they always held sacred. This small circular church has several chapels, remarkable for their antiquities, curious mosaics, frescoes, and also for fine bronze gates, though they only date back to the twelfth century.

For more than fifteen centuries this building has withstood the wear of time and the ravages of war, and for the last 361 years it has not required repair.

Pope Pius IX. has been a great benefactor to St. John Lateran, and also to all the buildings connected with the world-renowned "Sacred Stairs."

The fall of Rienzi recalled to us the reply of M. Thiers to the Empress Eugenie, who asked his opinion on "the Roman question:" "I am not a good Catholic, but I am a Papist, because I have learned from history that all who have eaten of the Pope, have died of it."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE COLOSSEUM AND OTHER RUINS.

Colosseum—Desecration by the new Government—Saxon prediction—Flora—Meta Sudens—Nero's lost statue—Arch of Constantine—Arch of Titus—Ancient surroundings—Present desolation—The double temple—Refresso amid its ruins—Two churches of St. Clement—Wonderful antiquities—Pagan oratory—Imperial Bishop of Rome and martyr—Tomb of a living man.

Down the broad street of "St. John Lateran" we went direct to the remains of the Colosseum, which is the greatest ruin in the world, though only about one-third of the ancient structure remains. It was for ages a quarry, from which modern Rome was built, until the Popes interposed by encasing the broken places with brickwork, so excellent as to be considered itself a work of art. This marvel of the world has been often described and illustrated by first-class engravings, yet, unlike most other wonders, the reality surpasses the anticipation.

It required the wealth and power of three emperors to complete it. Vespasian commenced it, his son Titus dedicated it, and it was finished by Domitian. The design is said to have been prepared by a Christian martyr named Guadentius.

Many thousands of Jews, captured after the taking of Jerusalem by Titus, were employed in its construction; and under that name, Christians were included by Pagan writers. At its dedication by Titus, five thousand wild beasts fought and died for the gratification of the people, the games lasting one hundred days.

For four hundred years it was the scene of gladiatorial spectacles. During periods of persecution horrible barbarities were perpetrated in the arena. In the reign of Trajan, the venerable Archbishop of Antioch, St. Ignatius, was brought from that distant see, under

circumstances of great barbarity, to be devoured by wild beasts in the Colosseum of Rome. The known martyrs who thus died for the faith are almost innumerable, and crowds perished whose names have not been recorded.

The very soil of the arena, saturated by the blood of the saints, has been for ages venerated by Christians of all nations. The stations of the cross and a pulpit, all made of wood and very simple, formerly stood in the arena, which was much visited by persons who wished to pray on the spot where rivers of blood had flowed, to secure, and prove, and hand down to later generations the truths of redemption. It was customary during Lent for friar-preachers to give lectures on the Passion from the simple pulpit, and many crowded to hear them.

It seems almost incredible that the present Government should have interfered with customs so harmless and consoling. One of their most deplored acts of oppression has been the removal of the pulpit and stations, and the cuttings made in the arena, so as to prevent completely the continuance there of the pious practices observed for many years. We found the arena traversed by deep trenches, partly filled with green, fetid water, which had evidently been set free from sewers that drained the dens of wild animals reserved for the terrible sports. These excavations had been roughly fenced round to prevent accidents, and the general effect was unsightly and offensive. Considerable sums must have been expended on the trenches and fences, and the fruits thereof reminded us of those of the Dead Sea. Certainly their only gain has been the desecration of a spot that during Christian times has been revered by pilgrims from every land. The spirit that has spoiled the Colosseum aims at depriving all Italy of its beautiful religious fêtes and flowery festivals and public holidays, as has been the case in our own native land. Regal processions and military displays form but unsatisfactory substitutes, and often leave bitter feelings behind them.

Our ancient British historian, "Venerable Bede," relates that in the eighth century a Saxon pilgrim, standing on the highest wall of the Colosseum, exclaimed—

> "While the Colosseum stands Rome shall stand,
> And when Rome falls—the world!"

In turbulent times this ruin was used as a fortress; in recent, speculators erected within it factories for the production of woollen goods and salt; but neither proved successful. To protect it, Pope Benedict XIV. in 1750 consecrated it to the memory of the Christian martyrs immolated there, and well worthy of lasting gratitude and veneration; and at the same time cleared the arena of the accumulated rubbish of centuries. Pope Pius VII. built a wall of arches to support the south-western angle; his successors liberally protected the ruins; and the works of Pope Pius IX. to that effect are very extensive. The outer wall consists of four stories, each containing eighty arches. The height of the outer wall is 157 feet,

the form is eliptical; the longest axis is 584 feet, the minor axis 468 feet; the length of the arena is 287 feet, its width 177 feet; the superficial area is nearly six acres.

The flora of the Colosseum was once famous, including 420 varieties; but in 1871 the walls were scraped by order of Professor Rosa, as the vegetation was thought to hasten the progress of decay.

On leaving the Colosseum we paused to examine the ruined fountain called the "Meta Sudens," which is formed of a truncated cone of brick-work, standing in the centre of a brick bason. In the tale of "Fabiola" it is graphically described in action; the water that issued from a pipe at its summit flowing down over its sides, and resembling a casing of glass. It was there that the surviving combatants of the arena washed off their hideous stains and bathed their wounds. The ancient channels of the water supply are visible, but their sources are cut off, and probably have been for centuries. The quadrangular pedestal of the colossal statue of the Emperor Nero still stands near this spot, but no traces remain anywhere of the proud effigy erected to dominate over the city for all time.

Near, also, to the "Meta Sudens" is the white marble arch of the Emperor Constantine, which spans the road once proudly called "Via Triumphalis." It was erected to commemorate his victory over Maxentius, which made him sole emperor of the then known world. The road must at that time have offered a splendid site for such a monument, having the Lateran Palace on the one side and that of the Cæsars on the other, for it extends between the Cœlian and Palatine Hills. Now, however, this noble arch stands alone and desolate in the midst of ruins. The church and palace of the Lateran alone survive of all the continuous architecture once united by the Arch of Constantine, which formed the most magnificent portion of the grandest of cities. Yet though its surroundings are in ruins, and fragments of an Arch of Trajan were used in its construction, it is one of the most beautiful monuments in Rome.

It has three archways, each front having four fluted Corinthian columns. Seven of these are of the rare marble called "giallo antio;" the eighth was removed to the Lateran by Clement VIII. The entire structure is covered with bas-reliefs. Many commemorate the victories, works, and charities of Constantine; but others, of much older date, represent buildings, of which few or no traces now remain. One long horizontal tablet represents the "Roman Forum" as it existed in the time of Constantine, which is interesting when compared with one on a similar subject which was found in the ruins of the "Forum" in 1873.

We were now in the vicinity of the Palatine Hill, the spot where first originated the military genius that made Rome the mistress of the world. There once stood the palaces of the Cæsars, where every successive emperor, for 300 years, added palace to palace, and forum to forum. Hills were covered, valleys bridged over, and the whole space between the Palatine and the rock of the Capitol consisted of a brilliant succession of temples, palaces, forums, arches, porticoes, columns, statues, which art and gold combined to render lovely and

magnificent beyond all else the world contained. The Palatine Hill itself became a city of gorgeous palaces, great in circumference, beautiful in designs and construction, and crowded with art treasures, rare marbles, precious gems, and refinements of luxury procured from many a conquered realm. All that remains of these glories is a few fragments of inscriptions, mosaics, &c., preserved in museums, and acres of black hideous ruins. The site of all this indescribable grandeur was for ages utterly covered with vineyards, gardens, and the luxuriant growth of wild vegetation. It has been built over again and again; but here and there were always found unmanageable blocks of indestructible masonry, chiefly in the form of arches, that once supported elegant superstructures, of which we have no descriptive records. We found the Palatine an inextricable mass of confused ruins, among which we did not care to lose our time.

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower, grow,
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, and crushed columns strewn
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight; temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that learning reaped
From her research, hath been, that these are walls!
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'Tis thus the mighty falls!"

Since 1860 extensive excavations have been made on the Palatine, and the late French Emperor, Louis Napoleon, continued the work on a large scale. He gave £10,000 for a piece of land for the purpose of exhuming the palace of the Cæsars, and the undertaking continued at a cost of £30,000. In 1870 the land was transferred to the Italian Government. A large extent of ruins is now laid open to the public, but to us they would have been a mere labyrinth of broken black walls, and we passed them by.

We proceeded to the Arch of Titus, erected by his successor to commemorate the taking of Jerusalem, and noticed among its reliefs a representation of the seven-branched candlestick, often mentioned in the Old Testament, which was brought to Rome after the taking of the Holy City. It was among the treasures lost by Maxentius in the Tiber when he was overwhelmed therein by the troops of Constantine. As it was formed of solid gold, we wondered that no "spiritist" had ascertained its exact position in the bed of the river, and restored it to the world.

The Arch of Titus spans the highest part of the road, called by ancient writers "The Sacred Way," because it extended through the most renowned portion of the city. It was a favourite promenade of the poet Horace, for its historical associations were deeply interesting, and it passed the finest buildings in the Forum. When this arch was erected, it connected two rows of lofty buildings displaying fine architecture, and probably shops where the costliest luxuries of all countries were exposed for sale. The street was narrow, as we still find them in old cities and hot climates; but the space amply sufficed for traffic, where carriages were only sparely used in grand

processions. We amused ourselves by picturing in glowing hues its vanished splendour: the throng of passing citizens, and the country visitors gazing around them with dazzled eyes,—the patricians with their retinue of clients and flatterers,—the triumphal processions of victorious generals, followed by mourning captives, and fettered Christians being led to martyrdom. Along this street Mark Antony drove a car drawn by two young lions, all unconscious of the use to be made of the rostra of his galleys by Augustus. What a busy, gay, secure, and joyous street was then the "Sacred Way!" How safe from spoliation appeared its sumptuous surroundings!

Look at it now! The Arch of Titus stands alone, across a narrow winding lane, the margins of which are raised high above it by the debris of devastated public and private buildings. On either side extends a wide waste of tumbled hillocks; and far away on the right we observed one of the best preserved ruins in Rome, to which we turn our steps. It is the temple designed and erected by the Emperor Adrian, who caused the famous architect, Apollodorus, to be put to death, because, when the Emperor exhibited his plan, he remarked:

"It is good enough for an emperor!"

The building is formed of two temples placed back to back, and was dedicated to "Venus and Rome." Adrian consulted the oracle as to how long his building should stand, and the reply was—

"Till a virgin shall conceive and bear a son."

Of course the Emperor believed it to mean that his name and work should be immortal. It was commenced on the anniversary of the founding of Rome, 21st April. Less than 500 years did it retain its costly adornments and treasures of art, for it was in course of devastation in 625. Some portion of the pile of marble steps may still be seen, and they are 130 paces long. Numerous shafts of the 200 columns that surrounded the double altar are still standing around, and are calculated to have been nearly forty feet high. The vaults of the lofty apses that enclosed the double altars are still entire, and display the graduated sunk panels in the bare brick work.

No idea can now be formed of the magnificence of this double temple, which covered a space nearly as large as the whole Roman Forum!

We had observed that the Signora carried on her arm an elegant little satchel; and she now led us among the ruins to a shady spot, where she recommended us to take a good rest, as we had yet much to see before leaving that neighbourhood. We easily found seats among the fallen marbles; and the contents of the satchel were soon distributed and found very welcome, especially the delicious Roman pears. Between the ruins we could see an artist sketching, with a lady and little girl seated near him; and more than one small party of explorers like ourselves came and went during our picnic.

The most resolute mind cannot strengthen to action an exhausted frame; and one of our party at least, by reason of her years, found the frequent renewal of corporeal supplies an absolute necessity. The timely rest and luncheon enabled us to fulfil our projected plan, in pursuance of which we retraced our steps to a street leading from

the Colosseum to the Lateran. There we found the Church of St. Clement, which was considered one of the most ancient in Rome, until it was found to have been built on the ruins of a predecessor.

Clement, the third Bishop of Rome, and "fellow labourer" of St. Paul, was a member of the Imperial Flavian family. On becoming a Christian he erected an oratory in his house on the Esquiline, and subsequently became a priest, Bishop of Rome, and an imperial martyr; for he ended his pontificate (as St. Peter and his successors did for 300 years) by dying for Christ's truth. The private oratory of the imperial convert became a Christian church, which must have been of considerable size, when St. Jerome alluded to it in his 32d and 38th Homilies, about the year 600. That earliest church, however, was destroyed, built over, and its very site forgotten.

In 1857 some workmen who were making repairs in the church and convent, long afterwards erected, which belongs to the Irish Dominicans, discovered the buried shrine. They also found that it stood on walls of yet more ancient origin.

The nave and both the aisles of that first Church of St. Clement have now been uncovered. The sole record we have of the buried church is, that it was much restored by Pope Adrian in the eighth century; and it was probably destroyed in 1087, when Robert Guiscard set fire to all the public buildings between the Lateran and the Capitol. The upper church contains many objects of interest—ancient mosaics, paintings, frescoes, statues, sepulchral monuments, and also two very ancient amboines (or pulpits) of stone. But the chief interest of all travellers centres on the venerable lower church, the walls of which bear traces of having been covered with paintings, inscriptions, and sculptures. On the marble pavement are the names of the Roman Consuls in the time of Constantine. Among the mutilated paintings are the feet of a figure reversed, probably the earliest representation of the martyrdom of St. Peter. Some paintings of great interest are in excellent preservation. There is the induction of St. Clement into the Papal chair; and a series, representing the life of St. Alexis, son of the senator Euphemiamus, with which we had long before been rendered familiar by means of the modern art of photography. In this series, and also in the representation of St. Clement saying mass, we find vestments and innumerable ecclesiastical appointments, which are nearly identical with those used at the present day, and under every figure appears his name.

Lights, incense, thuribles, acolytes, the cope, chasuble, stole, alb, dalmatic, mitre, pastoral staff, pallium, tonsure, &c., &c., are all depicted on the walls of a church that has been buried so many centuries as to have become wholly forgotten and lost under superincumbent and vast ruins! In addition to the names under the figures, their action indicates some known portion of their history. Of this character is the representation of St. Clement's martyrdom, who was flung into the sea with an anchor fastened to his neck. The best of the early representations of our Lord is here found, the head being remarkably fine.

The ancient church being totally buried in rubbish (as most of the erections of ancient Rome became at different periods), the more modern church was built nearly on its site about the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century. Pope Paschal II. was titular cardinal of the church before his election to the Holy See in 1099.

Pope Pius IX. was a generous donor towards the excavations, as was also more than once H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. On the walls and square pilasters are remains of paintings, more or less perfect, which are not only interesting as early works of art, but also because elucidating many facts in ecclesiastical history.

The excavations at a lower level have revealed Pagan erections of a far earlier period. Several chambers were opened and found richly adorned with elegant stucco work, and an inscription bearing the name of "Rufinus;" also ancient stairs, leading to several chambers under the aisle of the church. A remarkable discovery was made behind the apse (or semi-circular tribune at the end of the nave), where was found a chamber with an altar. It is a "sacella," or small private pagan chapel, dedicated to the god Mithras; for it contains a bas-relief of Mithras sacrificing the bull. It was probably the private oratory of the noble pagan, who, when he became a Christian, walled it up to conceal it from public view and to prevent all danger of reviving abjured superstitions in the minds of recent converts.

A handsome altar, under a canopy supported by elegant marble columns, has been erected beneath that of the upper church, which enshrines the relics of St. Ignatius with those of St. Clement, recently discovered. There are proofs that the apse of this ancient church was covered with marble slabs. In St. Clement's a handsome monument has here been erected to the memory of a living man, the inscription leaving vacant the date of his decease. It represents Count Basterel lying dead between two genii, one weeping, the other holding the emblems of hope.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FORUM AND OTHER RUINS.

Roman Forum or Cow Market—None of its glories remain—Virginia—Arch of Severus—Temple of Vespasian—Mamertine prisons—Jugurtha—St. Peter—His well—The Tarpeian—The Capitol—Ara Cœli on site of Temple Jupiter Capitolinus—Formed of fragments—Chapel of St. Helena—British pluck—Inscription on a column—Grand flight of steps—Writing home—The Spada Pompey—History of Vatican tapestries.

FINDING ourselves less fatigued than we had expected, and the day not very far advanced towards decline, we once more retraced our steps, and, passing again under the beautiful Arch of Titus, de-

scended into the valley of the "Forum," that celebrated place in which the fate of the world has been so often discussed, and of which Lord Byron writes—

> "And still the air breathes, burns of Cicero,
> The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood."

This stately boast of ancient times, in which the noblest men, greatest generals, and most powerful emperors were proud to have a memorial pillar erected, is called by the people "Campo Vaccino," because it was used for ages as a cattle market. Only one of its almost countless memorial pillars is still standing, which the poet above quoted calls—

> "The nameless column with the buried base."

But it is not now nameless, for in 1813 the base was relieved of the accumulated rubbish of centuries at the expense of the Duchess of Devonshire, and an inscription was revealed, stating that the column was erected by the Senate to the Emperor Phocas, whose gilt statue stood on its summit. The pillar is entire, but there is no record of the statue, and who ever mentions the Emperor Phocas? The valley of the "Forum," extending from the Arch of Titus to the abrupt rock of the Capitol, has been cleared by modern excavations, and its limit and extent carefully defined. Its form is an irregular square, paved with large blocks of traventine, and all around are scattered remnants of the large buildings and monuments which formerly made it the glory of Rome and the wonder of the world. Its state now, however, is such that it required some historical memories and a large share of antiquarian enthusiasm to find any interest in a bewildering labyrinth, consisting of fragmentary traces of foundations, vases of pillars and statues, which have been long since dashed to fragments, and portions of prostrate columns.

We first noticed two half-buried pillars of Cippoline marble, which once formed part of the portico of the small circular temple of Remus, brother to the founder of Rome, and near it was the immense ruin, formerly called "The Temple of Peace," but now known as the Basilica, commenced by Maxentius, finished, as a Christian church, by Constantine, and called by his name. Near the solitary pillar of Phocas is a range of seven square basements of memorial pillars, fragments of which lie scattered around. In one of the bas-reliefs, on the Arch of Constantine, these columns are represented crowned with statues. There are on the fragments holes for the clamps that supported a coating of gilt bronze, and the statues also must therefore have been to match. How grand must that row of gilded pillars and statues have shone beside the "Sacred Way," and immediately facing the vast and sumptuous "Julian Basilica," to the entire length of which they extended. But the portion of the Forum most interesting to us was the pavement forming an ancient road which is said to have been bordered with shops in the time of Virginius. From one of these he snatched a butcher's knife, and in his deep despair plunged it in the trembling

heart of his fair daughter Virginia, to save her from a life of degradation and slavery.

The Arch of Severus still stands in the Roman Forum. It was erected A.D. 205 by the Roman Senate, in honour of that Emperor and his two sons (whom he joined with himself in the sovereignty), and as a memorial of their military successes in Persia and Parthia. We learn from coins of the period that it was crowned with a car drawn by six horses, and containing statues of Severus and his sons, but that has disappeared. The sculptures, with which it is lavishly adorned, exhibit curious details of military life, royal allies, and captives. On the attic is a long inscription, from which the name of "Geta" was expunged by his fratricide brother "Caracalla," when they succeeded to the imperial power, and he had caused the death of the younger emperor. The fragmentary remains of Vespasian's temple are beyond all praise, but we hastened away from the labyrinth of ruins, many of which will never be identified, for we had yet two interesting visits to make while day continued.

The Mamertine prisons stand quite near the Forum, and possessed for us the deepest interest, because in them St. Peter spent two years of dreadful captivity. These prisons were originally formed by Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome, 640 years before the birth of Christ. Thirty years afterwards Servius Tullius enlarged them, by hollowing two tiers of chambers in the rock of the Capitoline Hill, at the back of which they stand. The chambers, which were formerly on the level, are now below the surface of the surrounding soil. From these the rock has been pierced with a series of galleries, penetrating the hill in every direction. Very ancient writers describe these prisons, and especially the two we visited—the farther ones were probably unendurable for even a cursory view. In Sallust's time the filth, the darkness, and the stench were terrific. It was a common thing, in Pagan times, to thrust a criminal into these dreadful dungeons, as Jugurtha was, for the murder of his brother Asdrubal, and left to die of famine. A modern door admits the visitor to the upper prison, which is on a level with the surface, now raised by fallen ruins far above the neighbouring Forum, which was revealed by deep excavations. That entrance chamber contains an altar, and in a corner we observed a pile of chairs for the use of worshippers. On the feasts of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul it is usual to say mass here, in commemoration of their faith and constancy during the long living martyrdom endured in this dismal abode of woe, and to implore the help of their prayers. In the centre is a circular opening, through which some suppose that in the most ancient times criminals doomed like Jugurtha for inhuman crimes were let down into the lower chamber, but as it was then on the surface the opening was probably used to give light and air. There are rude stairs down which St. Peter descended, and his steps are usually followed by visitors. But only one of our party cared to descend them, the others preferring to take the opportunity of obtaining a brief rest. Mother Cecilia had provided herself with a small phial, which she filled with the water of the well at which

St. Peter drank, and from which he baptized his converted jailers. She never forgot New Zealand, and that little phial, with its contents, safely reached the convent in Wellington. The two jailers were named Processus and Martinianus. A more horrible prison could not be imagined, and it was impossible to behold the least repulsive of its cells without a pitying thought of the despairing wretches, however criminal, who had been forced into its inmost recesses. We turned the corner of the Mamertine Prison and mounted a narrow path overlooking the Forum, whose remains lay far below us, the way being protected by a low wall. As we neared the summit of the Capitol a large round ceaseless gush of water emerged from a wall into a basin, and as quickly disappeared. We could scarcely doubt that a strong arm was pumping vigorously on the other side. We were now near the Tarpeian Rock whence traitors were flung, but the valleys of Rome have been so filled by the debris of successive ruined cities that its exact spot is not decisively fixed, and Byron exclaims—

"Where the steep
Tarpeian, fittest goal of treason's race,
The promontory where the traitors leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here?"

In fact, since Crassus was flung headlong from this precipice after the assassination of Cæsar, it has become so little distinguishable among the various half-buried eminences that its exact spot is uncertain, though its neighbourhood is well known.

We now found ourselves on the renowned hill of the Capitol—

"The rock of triumph! the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes!"

On its highest point stands a church of great antiquity, and entirely formed of ruins. It is popularly called "Ara Cœli," but the origin of the name is not known, for, when dedicated by Gregory the Great, in the sixth century, it was called "St. Mary of the Capitoline." This venerable church stands on the exact site of the proudest of Pagan temples, which was dedicated to "Jupiter, the highest of the gods." The interior of this church has a most extraordinary appearance. The twenty-two columns that divide the nave from the aisles all differ from each other in size, material, order, and workmanship. Eighteen are of Egyptian granite, and two are of white marble fluted. Bases and capitals are all dissimilar. Some columns extend grandly from floor to roof, others are raised on pedestals of unequal height and size. One has an inscription (the authenticity of which has never been doubted) which states that it was brought to Rome under the care of a servant of Aurelian and Lucius Verus A.D. 161. The floor is also formed of fragments, encircled by a border of rough mosaic, within which are various specimens of marble, many being of rare varieties, with a great abundance of green and white porphyry. But nearly all have been broken or

otherwise injured, and they are alternated with slabs bearing epitaphs. It was impossible for us to inspect a fraction of the venerable tombs, paintings, and mosaics; but we paused beside the grave of Sigismonde Conti (to whom we owe Raphael's matchless painting called "The Madonna of Faliquo), though the inscription is nearly effaced. That renowned painting was first placed over the altar in this church, but when the Count's sister (for whom it was painted) became a nun in the Convent of Faliquo, it was removed thither in 1565. We shall meet with this painting in the Vatican, and will then relate its further travels. The two amboines or pulpits, standing on each side of the altar, whence the Gospel and Epistle were read, are of white marble, and elaborately decorated with mosaics, which are in some places much worn away by the usage of ages. Near the Gospel amboine is the tomb of Catherine, Queen of Bosnia, who fled to Rome in 1487, when her kingdom was overrun by the Turks. In the left transept stands an isolated octagonal chapel, dedicated in honour of St. Helena; and the altar of red porphyry is the burial-place of the British lady who was mother of the first Christian emperor. She is chiefly remembered on account of her seeking and discovering, on the hill of Calvary, the real cross of Christ. It required British pluck to enable a lady, long past her youth, to take so fatiguing and perilous a journey by sea and land, when navigation was little known, and the use of steam was undiscovered.

We did not fail to remember in the chapel of St. Helena (occupying the exact spot where Augustus raised his grand statue of Jupiter), a beloved one to whom we hoped to be re-united in England, after years of separation. In the reign of this noble lady's son, the persecutions of Paganism ceased, and then commenced the period called "The Peace of the Church;" though in no subsequent age has she been without the testimony of martyrs. In this church is an admirable series of frescoes, illustrating the life of St. Bernardine of Sienna; the floor of his chapel is of "Opus Alexandriuum," and extremely beautiful.

In the adjoining convent, which belongs to the Franciscan order, is the small chapel of the "Bambino," containing a model of the Divine Infant, which is much venerated. It is believed to have been carved by a pilgrim who visited the Holy Land in the earliest age of Christianity, from a tree in the Garden of Olives, and coloured by St. Luke. The people of Rome greatly revere this little image, and like to have it brought to their sick children. As we desired to see it, we were conducted by a monk into a small chapel profusely decorated with votive offerings. The reredos of the altar consisted of folding doors, and on them a lovely representation of the Annunciation was painted, of which we have possessed for many years a much valued engraving. The doors being unlocked and pushed back, revealed a recess representing a stable; and the life-sized figures of our Lady and St. Joseph appeared, kneeling on either side of an isolated manger. It rested on four small wheels, and was easily drawn forth on to the altar. We were then invited to approach and

kiss the feet of the statue, in humble reverence of the Divine Infancy. The features are exactly those of a sleeping new-born babe. Its little cap and robe were decorated with jewels of more or less value, which had been presented by grateful parents. The monks never refuse to allow the little brown carriage to be drawn by one of their brothers to a sick child's apartment; and all who meet it on the way regard with respect the simple procession, and usually offer up a prayer for the recovery of the suffering child. From Christmas Day till the Epiphany, the "Bambino" (or "baby") is transferred to a chapel in the left aisle of the church of Ara Cœli, which is then decorated with green boughs for its reception, but kept closed all the rest of the year.

We noticed the closed chapel, and the arch of dry clay, which is never removed; but as Christmas draws near, it is carefully moistened for the reception of evergreen boughs. The interior is then made to resemble the rocky cave of Bethlehem, with shepherds, magi, &c. Crowds visit the chapel during that season, not only from the city but also from all the adjacent country. During the octave of Christmas a stage is erected opposite the little chapel, on which children declaim respecting the incidents of the Nativity; the young speakers being most numerous on Innocent's day. We were told that it is not surprising to find very young children delivering a recital well, and speaking with admirable self-possession, though surrounded by a thronged audience. We could well understand that this exhibition is extremely popular.

It was when seated in this church, built from the ruins of overthrown palaces and temples, that Gibbon first thought of writing his history of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

We left the church by its front entrance (having entered it at a side door), and descended 124 wide marble steps leading to the foot of the Capitoline. They were brought from the ruins of the temple of Quirinis, on the Quirinal Hill, and an inscription on the left of the great entrance states that they were erected here in the year 1348. The adjoining convent is very large. It was a Papal palace, built by Pope Paul XI., and given by Pope Sixtus IX. to the Franciscans. The library is very extensive and rich in ecclesiastical literature. Here we terminated the labours of the most fatiguing day experienced by one of our party since her arrival in Rome.

She gave the following day to writing letters (as also did Mother Cecilia) to the friends they had left in the south, and those who were expecting them in the north. The nuns' valuable friend "Mademoiselle Marie" had confided to Mother Cecilia the great sorrow of her life, the loss of a dear brother who had emigrated to New Zealand many years ago. Through mutual changes of abode the two had lost each other; and the sister's hopes were revived by the arrival of nuns from New Zealand. In her first letter to Wellington Mother Cecilia set on foot inquiries, which resulted in restoring the brother and sister to each other, to the great happiness and comfort of both.

The aged pilgrim had been disappointed by finding on the Palatine

no trace whatever of the Septigonium of Septimus Severus, a portion of which was standing in the sixteenth century. It was a very remarkable building, and much celebrated by ancient writers. Its name and style of architecture probably had reference to the first name of the Emperor, for it consisted of seven tiers of arcades, rising above each other, and was considered one of the most magnificent ornaments of Rome and of the palaces of the Cæsars. Its uses have not been explained, but it was doubtless enriched with works of art; and it is said that Severus, who was an African, raised this lofty pile to attract the eyes of his countrymen on their arrival through the Porta Capena. But it has vanished as completely as last winter's snows! After relating all she knew on this subject, the Signora proposed a visit to the renowned statue of Pompey the Great. It was found in 1553, and has been regarded for 300 years as the statue at whose base "great Cæsar fell." When discovered, the head was under one house, and the body under another; but the site corresponds exactly with that to which Augustus removed it from "the Curia of Pompey." The proprietors of the respective dwellings were on the point of dividing the venerable statue between them when Pope Julius III. rescued it for 500 crowns. It is no wonder that the genius of our great English poet was inspired by it to give the world these noble lines:—

"And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou, who beheldest 'mid the assassin's din
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe, in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar, from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die?
And thou too perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?"

The French Republicans, during their occupation of Rome in 1798, caused Voltaire's play of "Brutus" to be represented in the Colosseum, and resolved that its Cæsar should fall at the feet of the very statue that was sprinkled with the blood of the greatest of Roman generals. To facilitate the removal of the statue for that purpose, they committed the vandalism of removing its right arm.

The globe Pompey holds is supposed to have been a flattering compliment to the hero, who found Asia Minor the boundary of the Roman Empire, and left it the centre. This noble work of art had a narrow escape during the siege of Rome in 1849 by the French invaders. Several shots from the batteries struck the walls of the palace, and two entered the room adjoining that in which the statue stands. Three of the 30 lbs. shot that entered the palace are still preserved there, and shown to visitors. The statue is colossal, and called "the Spada Pompey," because it stands in the palace of that name.

As the birth-verse in the last chapter of Proverbs bears, for two of the pilgrims, the number 22, we learnt all we could respecting the tapestries wrought from Raphael's designs, some of which were

bought by Charles I. of England, and are now in Hampton Court Palace. We were not likely to see these fine tapestries, but were interested in their history. There were twenty-four in all. At the sack of Rome in 1527, they were stolen from the Vatican and much injured. The Constable of France, Anne Montmorenci, restored most of them in 1553, but some were lost for ever. They were again carried off by the French in 1798, and sold to a Jew in Genoa. He burnt one of them for the sake of its gold and silver threads, but fortunately it did not pay, and he sold the remainder in 1808 to Pope Pius VII. In 1849 two balls from the French artillery entered the gallery containing them, but did no injury. We had to leave much in Rome unvisited, and could not hope to behold half the contents of the halls of the Vatican.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GLIMPSE OF ROYALTY.

Royal worshippers—Court ceremonial—Beloved but not envied—Church of St. Lawrence—Frog and lizard—Brave young deacon—Roman Cemetery—English Cardinal—English college—Tombs—Portraits of English Martyrs—Records—Spanish brothers—Black mass—Church of St. Cecilia—Her tomb twice opened—Body undecayed—Represented in white marble as found—Paintings—Ancient dressing-room—Dominican church—Christian Apollo—Fine paintings—Dead monks—Our little novice—Life and death.

On the following Sunday, when the lay-pilgrim entered the Church of the Jesuit Noviciate to attend high mass, she found it unusually crowded, and chiefly by ladies. But there was not one individual within the enclosed square space before the altar. Three elegant chairs were therein placed, about a yard from the altar-rails, on a small square of rich carpet. There was an air of expectation among the crowd that disturbed the devotions of the pilgrim; for in a strange land any peculiarity forcibly attracts the attention. She understood the situation when two ladies and a little boy entered the enclosure, and seated themselves on the chairs. Three gentlemen attended them to their chairs, and then retired to the extremity of the enclosure. When mass commenced the three knelt at the rails. But the ladies sat during the less solemn portions of the mass, and after the communion, and whenever they resumed their seats, two of the gentlemen advanced, touched the backs of the chairs till the ladies were seated, and then withdrew without turning their faces from the altar. The boy knelt the whole time, and never seemed to take his eyes from his book.

The taller lady wore a long crape veil, which prevented those present from obtaining the slightest glimpse of her face. All were clad in deep mourning, for the much-lamented wife of Prince Ama-

deus, ex-King of Spain, had quite lately died. It was easy to guess that the party consisted of the sole heir (after Prince Humbert) to the throne of Sardinia; his mother, the Princess Margharita, who exercised the few functions in the gloomy court that devolved on its queen, and her attendant. The latter was unveiled, and her face was unprepossessing, though not plain. It bore a pert expression of self-sufficiency, which might explain her interference with the young Prince, whom she several times addressed. But for her, he appeared absorbed in his devotions. At length the boy turned to her and spoke excitedly, and then the Princess bent to whisper a few words to her son, and gently drew him nearer to herself. The scene was as plain to read as a book, especially when, as the party left the altar, the unveiled lady gave an undignified nod to some acquaintance among the spectators. All bowed as the royal lady passed, and many followed her, among whom was our pilgrim, who wished to have her guess confirmed. On the wide space above the semi-circular steps of the church, a crowd of ladies was assembled to watch the departure of the beloved Princess, who soon disappeared within the wide gateway of the Quirinal Palace, which stood nearly opposite. The stranger's inquiries were readily understood, and the words "Principessa Margharita" replied, from many lips. Yes, it was indeed the royal lady, so much respected, but never envied; and as the pilgrim walked home she thought of Anne Boleyn, who, during her brief rule, was so unkind to the daughter of the benefactress whom she had supplanted; and also of Catharine of Braganza, who found it expedient to permit the infamous Barbara Palmer to indulge her desire to be seen in the Queen's carriage.

The royal boy appeared extremely delicate; his eyes, hair, and cheeks were all pale, and nearly of uniform tint. His form was very spare, his cheeks sunken, and his short bridgeless nose resembled that of Victor Emmanuel. He displayed none of the brightness of childhood, and was altogether an unsatisfactory scion for a royal house.

We could now easily believe the statements rife in the city, that the princess was not very choice in the selection of her ladies; for the one we had seen looked more like a milliner's assistant than the dignified attendant of a noble princess.

On that afternoon we went to hear vespers in the church of St. Lawrence, which stands, like that of St. Paul, without the walls of Rome, and after the function spent a long time within its venerable walls. It was founded by Constantine in 330. During its existence of more than 1500 years, it has so many times needed renovation, as to have been partially rebuilt; but it retains ample proofs of its antiquity, by the possession of mosaics, &c., in the earliest styles of Christian art. There are also interesting sarcophagi, white marble columns with spiral flutings, and grey columns surmounted by marble friezes sculptured with foliage, flowers, and lions' heads, and dating from an earlier period than the front, which was built by Pope Honarius in 1216. The tribune is surrounded by ten magnificent columns of violet marble and two of

white marble. All these noble columns were partially buried through raising the floor, until 1821, when they were bared to their pedestals, and are now entirely freed. They must have been removed from a far more ancient edifice. The same is evident in the pillars that divide the nave from the aisles, for they all vary in size and style, as is the case in many Roman churches. The builders evidently made the best of the precious materials strewn about the surface of desolated acres, or dug up from beneath ruins.

The fragments of sculpture on the entablature, which is supported by the columns of the tribune, are yet more ancient. Above this is a second range of smaller columns, equally varied, two among them being of black Egyptian granite. It encloses the gallery formerly used exclusively by women.

There is a subterranean chapel and a descent into the Catacombs, which, however, is seldom used, other entrances to them being more accessible.

In this church and the adjoining convent are curious fragments of inscriptions found in the Catacombs. Two very ancient amboines of stone stand on the Epistle and Gospel sides of the altar; and we also saw a mosaic candelabra, placed on a reversed "cippus" (a short pillar found in tombs and bearing epitaphs, &c.), with an olive-branch and birds sculptured on it.

We were very much amused by an anecdote related of the eighth column of the nave. On it are sculptured a lizard and a frog, which has led to the conclusion that these columns were rescued from the ruins of one of the temples of the Portico of Octavia. Pliny relates that the architects of the Portico of Metellus (which preceded that of Octavia on the same site) were named "Sauros" and "Batrachus," which words signify "lizard" and "frog." Being wealthy, the only compensation they asked for their work was permission to inscribe their names upon it. This was refused, but they introduced them among the ornaments, under the figures named.

Thus, after serving two successive Pagan temples, these columns have adorned a Christian church for more than 1500 years.

Innumerable are the instances recorded in history of the passionate desire that existed among pagans to prolong their memory beyond the period of their mortal existence, and prompted to many an act of heroism. It was the instinctive craving for immortality, which universally characterises the human race, when not utterly debased by worldliness and sensuality.

The high altar of St. Lawrence, with its tabernacle supported by four red porphyry columns, stands above the confessional; where, in a marble urn, enclosed within a richly gilt grating, are deposited the remains of St. Lawrence, St. Stephen, and St. Justin, martyrs. Upon the face of the arch overlooking the high altar, is a curious ancient mosaic, representing our Lord, with Sts. Peter, Paul, Stephen, Lawrence, Hippolitus, and Pope Pelagius II. This Pope, who partially rebuilt the church in 578, is represented offering a

church bearing his name. On each side are the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

Opposite the front of this church stands a handsome Doric column which was found lying at Ostia, as if just landed, but abandoned during a period of anarchy. On it stands the statue of the faithful young deacon who followed his pastor when being led to martyrdom, saying, "Whither goest thou, venerable father, without thy deacon." Thus he won the crown he coveted by a lingering death. Near to this church (which is only about ten minutes' walk from the gate of St. Lawrence, on the road to Tivoli) is the great extra-mural cemetery of the city of Rome.

Besides the great basilicas, there are about 300 churches in Rome, many of which are very small. All are more or less interesting and very old, but we could only visit a few.

Having an appointment to pay our respects to our English Primate, Cardinal Manning, we took the opportunity of visiting the church of the English College. A church dedicated in honour of St. Thomas of Canterbury was formerly attached to this college. It was originally built by Offa, King of the East Saxons, in 775; and an hospital for English pilgrims was added by a wealthy Englishman named Sheppard. The church was destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt by Egbert, first king of all England, in 817. Thomas à Becket once lodged at the hospital as a pilgrim, and after his death the church received his name. The church and college were injured and desecrated by the French Republicans in 1798; and the college was afterwards restored, but not the church. Another hospital and oratory had been founded by an English merchant for the benefit of English sailors visiting Rome; and when commerce with England declined, the two foundations were united. Thus arose the present college for English missionaries, which was arranged by Pope Gregory XII. in 1575. The small church was added by Cardinal Howard. The halls of the college contain portraits of a few of the many Catholic martyrs of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.

When the late Cardinal Wiseman was rector of the college, he removed several monuments from the desecrated church, and placed them in the lower corridors of the college. We beheld there the fine recumbent statue of Cardinal Bainbridge, Archbishop of York, and British envoy to Pope John II. in the early part of the sixteenth century. It is a noble figure, represented in full pontificals, with a fine composed countenance of great dignity and intelligence. He was a prelate of the Order of the Garter, and died in Rome in 1514. The tomb of Sir Thomas Dereham is near it. He was a follower of the Stuarts, and died in Rome in 1739. After obtaining for our mission the blessing of our ecclesiastical superior, we visited the small church; and one of our party insisted on kneeling in every stall of the choir, because one of them had been used for eight years by a dear and venerated relative, one of the few surviving friends of her youth whom she hoped to meet on reaching England. In early youth he had often bounded up those marble stairs who was now in

his eighth decade. The pilgrims passed them and the passages with respect and reverence, thinking how many had left them to die for the faith. The archives of the college are deeply interesting to English Catholics. The names of the students occupy one column in a wide page; and opposite each name is the date of the pupil's entrance, academical honours, and reception of the several orders of the priesthood. In the last column is recorded any remarkable incidents of the priest's life and death. Almost innumerable are those who, during 300 years, perished in English prisons, or were "hung, drawn, and quartered" at Tyburn, Tower Hill, or other places in England.

While in the chapel we recalled a certain dim early morning hour when it had been most hurriedly prepared for a black mass. A Spanish student, who was expecting a brother to join him, fancied one night that he saw his brother stand beside his bed with water dripping from his clothes, and saying, "You will not see me arrive. Have a black mass said for me!" To which the other replied, "It's useless to ask me; go to the prefect!" and turning on his pillow, forgot the vision in the heavy sleep of youth. On entering the chapel next morning he was surprised to find preparations that signified a mortuary mass; and as he left it, the prefect addressed him, saying, "Do not again send me such a messenger as you sent last night!" Of course these words recalled what the boy had tried to believe only a dream. It is certain that the ship in which the younger brother quitted Spain never reached its destination.

The interview with our English Cardinal was very interesting. He received us most kindly, and materially helped, both here and in England, the mission of his pilgrim countrywomen.

Of course we could not omit to visit the Church of St. Cecilia, on whose feast we entered Rome. It is erected on the site of her dwelling. Its foundations date from the pontificate of Pope Urban, A.D. 230, but it has been re-built, restored, and re-decorated many times, having always been a favourite church with Christians of all nations. It contains many interesting mosaics, tombs, &c., of venerable antiquity. The tomb of the English Cardinal Adam, minister of the diocese of London, Bishop of Hertford, and titular cardinal of this church, who died in 1398, bears three leopards and *fleur de lis* quartered, which formed at that date the royal arms of England. The body of St. Cecilia was removed from the catacomb of Pope St. Calistus by Pope Paschal I. in the ninth century; but the silver coffin, in which the body was enclosed, disappeared during the occupation of the French revolutionists. The confessional, or tomb, of St. Cecilia is under the high altar, over which rises a very handsome canopy of white marble, supported by four columns of the rare "nero-bianco" marble. The recumbent statue of the saint is most beautiful and expressive. It represents the body as it appeared when the tomb was first opened in the ninth century by Pope Paschal, who found even the rich dress she wore when wounded unto death undecayed. It is related in her acts that when speechless in lingering agony, she turned her face to the floor and made the sign used

by the early Christians to indicate faith in the Holy Trinity, by extending the forefinger of one hand and three fingers of the other. Thus was she found by Pope Paschal, who had the body re-coffined but undisturbed, though he caused the new coffin to be lined with rich silk. In the seventeenth century the tomb was again opened, and nothing was changed but Pope Paschal's lining, which was utterly decayed. On that occasion a clever sculptor, named "Stephano Maderno," was commissioned to represent the body as it was found, which corresponded exactly to the description of her death in her "Acts." The work he produced is probably the Maderno's masterpiece, and is certainly one of the finest sculptures of the seventeenth century.

At the extremity of the right aisle is a painting which represents St. Cecilia indicating to Pope Paschal the spot in the catacombs where her body lay.

There are many fine ancient mosaics in the tribune (which is the oldest part of the church) representing Christ, His apostles, St. Cecilia, St. Paschal, St. Agatha; and beneath them stands a lamb, with six sheep on each side, typical of our Lord and His apostles. There is a chapel formed of a portion of St. Cecilia's house; and it appears, from the remains of a furnace and pipes, to have been connected with a bath-room. This is supposed to be the dressing-room in which the noble Roman lady was found by the soldiers sent to put her to death. The wound inflicted on her throat permitted her to linger on the floor of her chamber for three days. A portion of the exterior of St. Cecilia's preserved unaltered the style of the ninth century. In it are several fine paintings. The martyrdom of the saint is ascribed to Guido. The rooms of the adjoining Convent of Benedictine, which is one of the largest in Rome, possess many interesting articles, which they expose on the feast of their patroness; when also the catacomb, where her remains were found, is lighted up and much visited.

Our little novice was extremely desirous of seeing "the dead monks," of whom she had heard mention. We did not share her curiosity, but, by gratifying it, we obtained the great satisfaction of beholding Guido's "St. Michael," which has been called "the Christian Apollo," from its perfection of face and form, and its serene expression of immortal youth, combined with invincible power. St. Michael's beauty is soft and refined, with the sweetness, gentleness, and juvenescence of a fair-haired angel. Immense strength and untameable ferocity are displayed in the prostrate fiend; yet the former is invested by the gazer with irresistible might and unhesitating command.

We also admired the ecstacy of St. Francis, by "Domenichino," and his representation of the saint's death. Opposite the St. Michael is the Conversion of St. Paul, by Pietro di Cortona, which is a fair specimen of that artist's peculiar style.

The tomb of Prince Alexander Sobieski, son of John III., king of Poland, is near the high altar. He died in Rome in 1714.

As one of our party loved painting, and had no penchant for dead

monks, she preferred to spend in the church the time given by her companions to the sepulchre of the community, which is beneath the church. Here are four low, vaulted chambers, the earth in which was originally brought from Jerusalem. When a friar dies he is buried in the oldest grave, the occupant thereof giving place to the new comer. All are buried in the robes of their order, and several skeletons stand erect, as they were taken from their graves. This was the sight our young novice had always desired to see since her arrival in Rome.

To the young, death and its consequences seem removed to an unapproachable distance; but the aged, who are drawing near to the inevitable summons of "the King of Terrors," find reminders enough in their daily increasing infirmities, and few who are past middle life care to visit the Dominican Cemetery. Yet it is always doubtful whether life in its second decade or life in its seventh may prove the survivor.

Since these words were written our innocent little novice has quitted this world, dying of consumption that had long menaced her, but which was supposed to have been effectually warded off by her travels. She expired on the Feast of the Assumption, 1880.

It is a humbling thought that a soul so simple must now be more wise than the acutest and subtlest of living masters of science, yet it is true; for she has passed the veil which the noblest minds of every age have tried in vain to penetrate. The wisest of them all says, "All that I know is, that I know nothing!" A great and successful searcher into the mysteries of nature compares himself to a child gathering shells on the sea-shore, but totally ignorant of all that its unlimited depths contain. Patience! A little while, and we also shall know even as we are known; for to those who truly love the Great Creator, and do their little best to be faithful to His laws, all His works shall be unfolded, and the secrets of His beneficence shall be made plain. Their dying words shall not be those of an unbeliever—"More light, more light!" because they will find themselves admitted to the effulgence of His glory and the bright ecstatic embraces of His love!

CHAPTER XXVII.

LINGERING AMONG THE RUINS.

Propaganda fides—Detention unexpected—Italian fare—An adventure—Paper currency—College—Library—Museum—Students—Wood of true cross—Campidoglio—Living wolves—Marcus Aurelius—The Tabularium—Discarded pens—Bones of Agrippina—Poppea—Pliny's doves—Precocious poet—Verses for the Baroness—Visitors deaf and dumb—Italian criticisms on English poets.

OUR detention in Rome far exceeded our anticipations. The business of the Roman ecclesiastical courts is necessarily slow, for to

them are submitted the theological difficulties of every country in the world; and matters of grave importance require deliberate consideration. The work of "the Propaganda Fides" was, moreover, much embarrassed by the deprivation of their commodious premises. The sisters were therefore compelled to trespass far longer than they had intended on the hospitality of their kind Italian friends. But the tenderness of the community never varied, and in sharing with the English nuns their simple table, they never guessed that what was ample fare for themselves was semi-starvation to the Anglo-Australians. But for a daily glass of milk, which was easily procured at one of the many dainty shops, the sisters would have been unable to perform their arduous duties. Thus has many a British student or convert endured with silent patience in France and Italy, privations of which their kind entertainers were unconscious. After visiting all the English she could find, Mother Cecilia made a general canvass, and acquired quite a store of dirty paper money. One afternoon being near a Government office, she resolved to levy contributions on those who had so extensively plundered the Church; therefore she entered, and having only French at her command, was passed from one official to another, all alike speaking only Italian. At length she was conducted to the Minister himself, who spoke French, and he received her with polite courtesy. After perusing Dr. Redward's letter, he said he would be most happy to give a donation for the benefit of an English colony, but as all the cash depositories were closed for the day, he begged her to call on the morrow. When Mother Cecilia mentioned her adventure at home, she was earnestly advised not to accept Church plunder, and acquiescing in this new view of the case, she did not repeat her visit.

She did not find it easy to compute her evil-smelling store of paper money, but when it amounted to £50 she took it to the bank, in order to obtain a draft for Wellington in aid of the new schools. Here, to her great annoyance, the rubbishy money was said to be short of the sum by about £1. She had kept so little for her own use, that to make up the sum was impossible, and her trouble was so manifest that the manager of the bank kindly supplied the deficiency. It was a great joy to the indefatigable missionary to write a cheering letter to her loving friends, and enclose the second fruit of her labours, the first having been sent from Melbourne, which was chiefly contributed by her own personal friends.

When, later, the Propaganda presented her mission with a donation of a thousand francs, the little novice was quite exultant, and could scarcely be convinced that it only amounted to £40 English. But even Mother Cecilia was not prepared to find it only realised £36—the Italian franc being about equal to 8d.

The Propaganda College receives and educates students from all nations who have no special college in Rome. We have heard that among its inmates may frequently be found representatives of every type in the great human family. Its library is very rich in Oriental MSS., and possesses more than 30,000 printed volumes. In the museum is the celebrated Codex Mexicanus, and several illuminated

works, having beautifully painted portraits of eminent personages. It also contains an autograph letter of Raphael, and many curiosities sent by missionaries from various remote countries. The printing office is rich in Oriental type, and much celebrated for its production of works of great typographical beauty. The examination of the pupils in January is most interesting, as they give recitations in their several native languages, and also performances on their national musical instruments. There were more than 200 pupils in the Propaganda College at the time we visited it.

During the whole of her sojourn in Rome, Mother Cecilia was endeavouring to obtain for her convent a relic of the true cross, but was not successful, and at length began to fear that the hope must be relinquished. The fragment remaining of the precious wood is now so small that great restrictions are placed on its reduction. When, however, all applications in high quarters had failed, the lamentations of the lay pilgrim to her friend the Baroness procured the much-desired favour. With a handsome donation to the mission, that kind lady spared a duplicate reliquary she possessed with every attestation of its genuineness.

The work of the sisters in Rome was nearly accomplished, and while they were waiting for a final interview of adieu at the Vatican, their chaperone utilised to the utmost her few remaining opportunities.

Signora Lucia, accompanied her to "the Campidoglio," as the populace of the city now call the world-renowned Capitoline Hill, with its buildings and adornments. The Capitol was always the loftiest hill in Rome, and the one most obstinately defended against the invader. Here stood the hall where the venerable senate died on their seats rather than yield the majesty of Rome to barbarians. Here is still the palace of the chief senator or mayor of Rome. It forms the centre of a square of palaces designed by Michael Angelo. The front ascent is easy, by steps "a cordoni," which was opened in 1536 when the Emperor Charles V. entered Rome. Another stairway was opened in 1873, which is ornamented by a shrubbery and flowers. Among these we saw a den, in which drowsily reposed a rough-haired dog. Many besides ourselves stood regarding him, for the animal was, in truth, a wolf, who lazily returned our gaze with heavy, blinking eyes. We were told that a similar animal is maintained in Cæsar's gardens; because the wolf has now become, as in pagan times, the emblem of Rome. At the base of the grand stairs crouch two granite Egyptian lions, and at the summit stand two colossal groups of Castor and Pollux beside their horses. They were found in the fourteenth century, and are supposed to have belonged to the ruined theatre of Balbus. Near to them, on each side, are two celebrated marble sculptures representing military trophies. They were brought from the ruin of a reservoir formed by Domitian, which was perfect in A.D. 222. Next to these, on either side, are life-size statues of Constantine and his son, which were brought from his ruined baths on the Quirinal. At the extreme right is an ancient milestone, which once marked the first mile from

Rome, and bears the names of Vespasian and Nerva, who lived in the first century. It was found in 1584, buried in a vineyard near the Appian Way. A similar one, marking the seventh mile, occupies a corresponding place on the left balustrade. Both have been passed by apostles, martyrs, and innumerable confessors; many returning from distant countries hailed thankfully this welcome intimation that the place of rest and Christian companionship was near; and many, loaded with chains, blessed God that they were nearing their last terrible conflict. We cared little for the victorious generals who passed them, followed by captives who watered the way with their tears.

In the centre of the piazza of the Capitol stands an equestrian statue of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, which is said to be the finest specimen of ancient art in existence. It is formed of bronze, but there are many traces that it was originally gilt. Michael Angelo had so great an admiration for this statue—which he removed hither from the front of the Lateran—that he is said to have exclaimed while regarding it, "Comina."

The noble horse stands on a pedestal of marble, formed of a single block, taken from an architrave in the Temple of Castor and Pollux in the Forum. So highly has this group been prized for ages that an officer was regularly appointed to take charge of it, with the title "Custode di Cavallo." We admired the splendid horse (though his tail is rather scanty) far more than the rider. For though the Emperor Marcus Aurelius was master of the world, his face is commonplace; while his bare arms, legs, head, and throat do not accord with our ideas of imperial majesty. As we regarded his lineaments, we did not wonder that he refused his empress a dress of silk because the material was too costly.

Though silk continues to be the most beautiful of fabrics, it is now within the easy reach of all; but probably few remember, while rustling in silken robes, that the empress of the world desired such a dress in vain! Fewer still feel grateful to the Jesuit missionary who concealed in his staff and conveyed from China, at the risk of his life, the first silk-worm eggs that entered Europe. From so small a beginning the looms of Italy, France, and England have been supplied for 300 years, and hundreds of thousands thereby provided with a lucrative industry. Even Australia is beginning to cultivate the mulberry tree and the silk-worm, and will probably derive immense benefit in the future from the wisdom and self-devotion of a Jesuit father.

The central palace in the Capitoline Piazza—the residence of the chief magistrate of Rome—is built over the ruins of the ancient Tabularium, or Record Office, and on the very verge of the abrupt rock overlooking the Roman Forum. In the Tabularium were preserved the records of the city, engraved on bronze plates. A flight of steps has recently been discovered leading thence to the Forum, and built in the rock, in the style of the Republican period. Through them the Vitellian rioters mounted to the Capitol, A.D. 69, which probably led to the stairs being permanently closed and

concealed by the Temple of Vespasian. It was erected closely against their entrance in the valley of the Forum. At the foot of these stairs, and on the spot where the Roman notaries plied their trade, were found quantities of worn-out styles, or iron pens, which had been flung away 1800 years ago—as lawyers' clerks, in our day, cast down their useless steel nibs. Two remarks were elicited by this circumstance. It is curious that we should have resumed the use of metal for writing purposes after having, for ages, preferred the "grey goose quill;" and it is worthy of notice that such things as these should have survived all that was powerful, intelligent, and lovely, after being cast away as utterly valueless.

The two palaces forming the sides of the piazza of the Capitol remain as they were left by Michael Angelo. Their courts are crowded with fragments of magnificent buildings, respecting which very little is known. Also there are portions of inscriptions intended to glorify for ever some high and mighty personage whose very name has failed to reach posterity. Some of the emperors were not content with being transmitted to succeeding ages as ordinary men. Colossal heads, hands, and feet are collected in these courts of which nothing is known, and they only serve to record the futility of human pride, though aided by supreme power. We ascended to several halls, passing everywhere, on staircase and in vestibule, inscriptions more or less injured, and only interesting to the trained antiquary.

One hall contains busts of celebrated Italians on half columns of Sardinian granite. With far more interest we beheld a cinerary urn, on which was inscribed "Ossa Agrippina" (bones of Agrippina), being all that is left of the wife of the noble Germanicus, and mother of the Emperor Caligula. For her sake we always remember that the young emperor displayed great promise, till his brain was permanently injured by a malignant fever. Had he died of that distemper, his name would have been handed down with that of the young Marcellus, the early extinction of whose fine qualities was deplored by the senate and people of Rome as a public calamity.

In the gallery of bronzes stands the celebrated "Wolf of the Capitol." It was regarded with superstitious veneration by the people of Pagan Rome; and when, in the time of Cicero, it was struck by lightning, the whole city was filled with dismay. Byron thus addresses it:—

> "And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
> She-wolf, whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
> The milk of conquest yet, within the dome
> Where, as a monument of ancient art,
> Thou standest. Mother of the mighty heart
> Which the great founder sucked from thy wild teat,
> Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
> And thy limbs black with lightning, dost thou yet
> Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?"

There is no doubt of the high antiquity of this statue, and a fracture of the leg is ascribed to lightning.

The museum of the Capitol, on the eastern side of the Piazza, contains innumerable exhumed fragments, over which

"Conquerors had heaped their spoils."

Some of these relics of antiquity are very interesting, and among them are the old pens before alluded to, as used by clerks 2000 years ago. We carefully sought for one memorial to which we had been directed, and had little difficulty in finding it, because it occupies the centre of a hall. In 1871 a very old gate, known as the "Porta Salaria," had to be removed because it was becoming dangerous; and the workmen discovered and penetrated into an ancient tomb. In its central chamber they found a funeral "cippus" (or short column, such as is often seen in ancient tombs), on which is deeply traced the face of a boy. There is also an inscription, stating that "Quintus Sulpicius Maximus, at the age of eleven years, won the emperor's prize for a Greek ode from fifty-two competitors." On each side of the portrait is also engraved the successful ode. The Baroness, whom we often credited with universal knowledge, when directing us to this relic, had also informed us that the subject of the ode was Jupiter's reproach of Apollo for entrusting the horses of the Sun to Phæton, and thus causing the great deluge. The incident had taken possession of the mind of the aged pilgrim, and she found it difficult to leave the noble lineaments of the precocious boy, whose early death had been evidently occasioned by the premature forcing of great intellectual gifts. We understand those things better now, and keep back our clever children.

The antiquities that surrounded us were found in gardens, vineyards, wells, cellars, roads, and, most of all, in the public cattle-market (Campo Vacchino), for to such base uses had the glorious Roman Forum been degraded. The Rock of the Capitol or "Rock of Triumph," where heroes and poets were crowned, overlooks the Forum; and, when the latter was resplendent with works of highest art, the view from the former must have been one of unrivalled grandeur.

Although modern Rome is crowded with memorials of her past splendour, it is but probable that a far greater amount of ancient works of highest excellence are buried still.

In the Capitol is preserved a list of consuls and public officers of Rome, engraved on marble, which is much broken and defaced. The list extends from the time of Augustus, and it is extremely interesting. Though not uniformly kept, history enables us to supply the omissions. Additional particulars have been found and added as late as 1820, and some during even more recent researches. One of the halls is that of "The Dying Gladiator," so called because it contains the celebrated statue. It was conveyed to Paris in 1796 with many of Rome's highest works of art, but was restored in 1816. The author of this wonderful statue can only be guessed, from Pliny's mention of "a wounded man by Cresilas, who perfectly expresses how much of life remains in him." But Pliny's statue

was of bronze. It may have been cast from this, which has all the marks of originality.

It is a piteous sight. One cannot gaze on it without experiencing a terrible fear, that, in a moment, the relaxing muscles will collapse, and the man sink heavily to the ground. Although the proportions are beyond life—perhaps seven feet—it is so symmetrically formed as not to appear beyond the usual size. The expression of suppressed agony in the lips makes sick the gazer's heart; and despair seems to deepen the setting of the eyes. The hair is clotted together by the sweat of exertion and the heavy dew of death-agony, and the effects of great excitement have not yet subsided in the rigid veins. This wonderful statue tells a long story. The recent combat in which he fell is plainly indicated; and the rope around his throat proclaims the man a slave, perhaps a noble captive to the Roman arms, or a Christian enslaved because he scorned to accept a debasing superstition. This deeply touching and uncomparable 'statue had the usual fate of all the glories of majestic Rome. It was found in the gardens of Sallust, amidst a labyrinth of ruins and overgrowth.

We admired especially a beautiful relief on a sarcophagus, representing the battle of Theseus with the Amazons. A soldier is dragging an Amazon from her horse, while another seizes his hand and intercedes for her companion. This work was performed for the perpetual memory of some dead hero; but who was he? In the same hall is the single figure of an Amazon, displaying extraordinary dignity, grace, and resolution.

The hall of the emperors contains eighty-three busts of Roman emperors and empresses, arranged in chronological order. We noticed plainly that the wife of Septimus Severus wears a wig. The most interesting of them all to us was the bust of "Poppea," the wife of Nero, whose small aquiline features, formed with the most delicate symmetry, are not easily forgotten. She was the loveliest lady in Rome, and said to be secretly a Christian. Yet her exquisite beauty did not prevent her being killed by a kick from her brutal husband, because she wept over the death of her brother who had been slain by his orders.

Here are preserved "Pliny's doves," that have been rendered popular favourites by paintings, mosaics, sculpture, engravings, china, &c. The original design is in mosaic and formed of natural stones, so small that one hundred and sixty pieces are found in a square inch. It was discovered, in 1737, in the ruins of Adrian's villa at Tivoli.

Ancient tombs must always be interesting, but are especially so when they belong to families illustrious in history. That of Scipio, the noblest of the Romans, was found in 1780, and in it was discovered his signet ring. It was given by Pope Pius VI. to a learned antiquary "Louis Dutans," who presented it to "Lord Beverley." The tomb of the noble family of Sempronius was found in 1864, when the western ascent of the Quirinal Hill was lowered. It lies far below the present surface, is covered by extensive erec-

tions of two distinct periods of the empire, and also by an ancient road formed of black lava. On the corner of this tomb are sculptured palm-branches and inscriptions in letters that fix its date at the last century of the Republic. It had evidently been rifled, for no portion remained of its front.

On the morning after our visit to the Capitol, the Baroness found near her place at the breakfast table a closed envelope, from which she drew a copy of verses that her information had suggested.

QUINTUS SULPICIUS MAXIMUS.

In the first age of Christian years
  Rome held a stately festival,
That was undimmed by mourner's tears,
  Or groans of wretched captive thrall.
Upon the Rock of Triumph, crowned,
  Behold a graceful poet-boy,
His brows with laurel-wreaths are bound,
  His eyes are lighted up with joy.

His form is slight, his limbs are spare,
  And hotly flushed his hollow cheek,
While round his lips a touch of care
  Betrays a soul subdued and meek.
Thousands of faces in the crowd,
  Look up at him with eager eyes;
And voices shout, both long and loud,
  "The boy! the boy hath won the prize!"

"Quintus Sulpicius Maximus,
  With his twelfth summer just begun,
From fifty-two competitors
  The prize for the Greek ode hath won!"
His father's bosom swelled with pride,
  His mother's ached with tender fears,
When, their young poet-son beside,
  They heard a nation's joyous cheers.

For ne'er was known in history,
  Or all the chronicles of song,
The laurel-crown of poesie
  To be conferred on one so young.
But vain! ah, vain, the victory!
  "O mother, take me home!" he sighed;
"My work is done!" Then tenderly
  He clapsed her neck, and meekly died!

"Woe worth the triumph that hath slain
  My gentle boy!" the mother cried;
The father's heart was sick with pain,
  But unsubdued remained his pride.
"What matters though a life be brief,
  That hath secured a deathless name!
Our boy's shall fill the brighest leaf
  On the unfading rolls of fame!"

They gave to him a stately tomb
  Beside a well-worn ancient way,
Near the Salernian gate of Rome,
  That all who entered it might say,—

"Here lies the early gifted boy,
The laurel-crown who nobly won,
From fifty-two competitors,
When his twelfth year had scarce begun!"

For some few years grief's river flowed
Beside the funeral cippus* there,
On which his face, and Grecian ode,
Were deeply traced with faithful care.
But time swept from the rolling world
Race after race of men away,
And even imperial Rome was hurled
To utter ruin and decay.

Above the wrecks of regal bowers,
Temples, and forums, war-destroyed,
Once and again a city towers
To fall, in turn, a ruin wide.
Till now, three cities deep stands Rome!
And daring her successive falls
The wolf hath often made his home
Amid her prostrate palace-halls.

With nobler things—stern ruin's prey,
Beneath the floors of modern Rome
(Things never more to see the day)
Lay a boy-poet's buried tomb.
All pagan power, and pomp, and crime,
For ever passed, and ceased to be;
But one rule shall survive all time,
The Church that rose in Galilee.

Vainly o'er her the war-cloud burst,
Vainly beneath her earthquakes rolled;
She swept away each rite accurst,
And called all nations to her fold.
She meekly claimed her dower of pain,
Her royal robe by martyrs dyed,
And taught how man might heaven regain,
And preached to him "The Crucified!"

The splendid pillar stood through all,
Though with base buried and time stained;
But of the emperor's statue tall
Only the broken feet remained.
Time came, when from the rubbish free,
That noble shaft was made complete,
The "Fisherman of Galilee"
Stood upon Trajan's maimed feet.

Where that proud hand had grasped a globe,
As type of universal rule,
Is seen the simple flowing robe
Of the first teacher in Christ's school.
War, fire, and storm, earthquake and flood,
Combined to shake Rome's circling wall,
But undisturbed St. Peter stood,
Serenely gazing down on all.

* Short pillar found in ancient tombs, bearing inscriptions, &c.

Thus ages passed, when an old gate,
Battered and shook by many a fray,
Became reduced to perilous state
Of unrepairable decay;
While clearing off the crumbling mass
The workmen find an ancient tomb,
And excavate a way to pass
Into its silent central room.

They found, with tender care bestowed,
A funeral cippus, and descried
With name, and face, and Grecian ode,
The date at which the poet died.
Yes, there 'twas writ—"From fifty-two
Competitors, the Prætor's son,
Quintus Sulpicius Maximus,
Eleven years old, the prize hath won!"

The cippus in a hall was placed
Upon the Rock where he was crowned;
The centre of the room it graced,
And to this day may there be found.
There now, the poet's face appears
There may his noble ode be read,
Whose name for twice eight hundred years
Was wholly lost among the dead.

Too early forced, precocious mind,
On the renowned Capitoline,
Thy Jove's sublime reproach we find
For ruin wrought on things terrene.
And races to thy times unknown
Shall give thy lost name tardy praise,
And grieve that earth's vain triumph won
For thee dead hopes and shortened days.

"The Inglese," who at so advanced an age had crossed the globe, formed a subject of wonder and interest to the family of our kind Signora Lucia. She sometimes requested permission to introduce one of her own personal friends to her very accessible guest; and they were always welcomed with smiles, though not a sentence could be exchanged. But feelings of sympathy and kindness are easily communicated without words.

With one exception the visitors were all ladies; and the sole animal of the male persuasion who was introduced, an inoffensive grey man, who gazed on the rare creature he came to behold with dumb awe, the lady understood to be an uncle of her gentle hostess. These mute interviews were enlivened by the production of "curios" that had accumulated during the crossing of the globe, the most fascinating of which was a stuffed fish of globular form, with a large horny beak similar to that of a parrot. It was quite a relief when one young lady was introduced who spoke French; and she was personally interesting, because quite fair, with light-brown hair and blue eyes. On that account she was considered a remarkable beauty, because a novelty among the olive complexions and dark hair and eyes of native belles; but in England or Australia she would have

been scarcely pretty. Another lady was far more remarkable, though by no stretch of courtesy would she have been called lovely. She possessed a highly gifted mind, spoke English and several other languages fluently, and was familiar with their literature.

For one who spent many hours of each day in silence it was quite a relief to receive a visit from the Signora D——, and listen to her pure and accurate rendering of our mother tongue. She had the gift of imparting new ideas on almost every subject that engaged our attention; and when speaking of English literature sometimes astonished her auditress or wounded her national pride. It was to be expected that an Italian should give to Tasso and Dante the first place among modern poets; but the "Inglese" had also a word to say for Milton, and was surprised by the remark that we owe very little of "The Paradise Lost" to the sour, blind Puritan.

"He read Italian," she continued; "and what he did not purloin from Dante (sometimes almost verbatim) you owe to the genius of his gifted daughter, who modestly appears only as her father's amanuensis."

Not being prepared to meet so novel an assertion, the "Inglese" left it unanswered, in order to claim for her country the almost universal genius of Shakespeare.

"Have you always read him with unmitigated satisfaction?" asked the Signora.

"All writers are unequal," replied her friend. "I acknowledge it has often occurred to me that a drama in which a noble passage is followed by some coarse remark, which compels me to close the book in disgust, must be the production of two distinct and very different minds. One is inspired with majestic ideas, exquisite tenderness, wise maxims; the other addicted to coarse jesting, which is sometimes a mere play upon words, and is often unrelieved by either wit or humour."

"We know enough," replied the Signora, "respecting the life of your famous bard to enable us to solve the problem easily. William Shakespeare was a playactor, and for many years proprietor of the chief theatre in London. He had, of course, the absolute control of its properties; and among them was a great chest containing MS. plays, masques, &c., which had been composed for the use of the theatre by forgotten writers. There lay neglected heaps of wise and beautiful thoughts, on every variety of subject, and suited to every possible situation; they had been accumulating for generations, and that old chest was a mine of wealth for a clever and industrious adapter. To these forgotten writers you are indebted for all that raises the dramas of Skakespeare above the works of a mere playwright. He had, no doubt, the poetic mind, or he could not have appreciated the excellence of what he found, or fitted souls of poetic thought, abounding with grandeur, wisdom, and beauty, to suitable bodies. He must also have been an incorrigible buffoon, or he would not have marred his labours by the introduction of course jests and foolish puns, which are doubtless original, and designed to please the vulgar. We may also credit him with the naming of the plays, which, when left

to his own invention, seems to have been attended with difficulty. Most of his plots are derived from history, the origin of others is well known, and some may be ascribed to the forgotten writers whose works had accumulated in the great chest of MSS. You are certainly much indebted to William Shakespeare for rescuing from oblivion the poetry and wisdom of ancient English writers, all of which breathe the pure teachings of Catholic faith and morality. But after gazing on the bust that crowns Shakespeare's grave, it is impossible to attribute to him such noble lines as 'Hamlet's Soliloquy,' 'Prospero's Farewell,' or 'the Address of Henry V. to his Soldiers.' The beautiful lament of Griffiths over his heart-broken master, Cardinal Wolsey, is a verbatim copy, selected from the neglected but elegant writings of 'Father Southwell,' who was most barbarously murdered for adhering to the faith of old England."

"Your remarks are quite new to me," replied the Inglese; "but they remind me that Shakespeare does not allude to his plays in his will, where he makes a minute distribution of his effects. Surely, if the dramas were original productions, they were the most valuable of his possessions."

"He did not forget to leave his wife the paltry bequest of his second best bed! What nonsense has been written about his love for Ann Hathaway, who spent many years of their married life alone!"

"The world's history abounds in instances of its neglect and laudation being misplaced! Your Samuel Johnson was a lion in his day, but his 'Dictionary' has been several times replaced; and who reads his poems or hears his plays? Even 'Rasselas' is chiefly known as a prize book for children, which few of them read to the end. But poor little Goldsmith, whom his contemporaries derided as almost imbecile, will be popular while the English language endures. His comedy keeps its place on the stage; his poems are read with ever new delight, including the most perfect ballad in the language; and his 'Vicar of Wakefield' is unsurpassed as a work of fiction and inspirer of the arts."

The entrance of the Signora, who had been called away by an attendant, terminated the conversation, for the Italians soon afterwards departed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHURCHES IN ROME.

St. Agnes—Grave of English princess—St. Agnes beyond the walls—Its great antiquity—Escape of Pope Pius IX. and his court—Il Gesu—Sts. Philip and James—Curious effect of sunset—Church of Holy Cross—Golden Rose—Jesuit Church—College—Observatory—Museum—All seized—Etruscans—Ancient Bradshaw—Graffiti—University—The Moses—Street of Tullia—Phantoms—Court of Fra Angelico confiscated, and now the Treasury.

THE Church of St. Agnes possessed many attractions for us. One

of the baptismal names of Mother Cecilia was Agnes, and this is the name in religion of a dearly loved novice, whom she had left in New Zealand, suffering from hereditary consumption, and had no hope of seeing again in this world. It had yet another interest for us, being the burial-place of Princess Mary Talbot Doria, whom we well remembered seeing, with her princely husband, in the Cathedral of St. Chads, Birmingham, many years ago. She was an English lady, and eldest daughter of the last Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury.

This noble and most lamented princess died and was interred here in 1857. Since that date her husband has renovated and greatly beautified the burial-place of his family. Like her sister (the Princess Borghese, whose place of sepulture we have described), the Princess Doria was not only one of the brightest ornaments of the Roman aristocracy, but also remarkable for countless acts of benevolence. It was she who established in Rome the Order of Sisters of Charity.

In this church is a representation of the martyrdom of St. Cecilia, and also that of Pope Eustachius, who is represented in the amphitheatre surrounded by wild beasts. This occurred at the end of the third century. The church is erected on the place in the "Stadium" where St. Agnes was exposed, and struck with blindness all who approached her. The interior is rich in marbles and ornaments, and has eight fine columns of red Cotanella marble. Three splendid chapels are decorated with statues and large alto-reliefs. The death of St. Alexius is represented here, and also the martyrdom of St. Emerentiana, the foster-sister and faithful attendant of St. Agnes. In a recess behind the high altar is the mortuary chapel lately erected to the memory of the Princess Mary Talbot Doria.

Another church was erected in honour of St. Agnes beyond the walls of Rome (on the place where her remains were discovered), by Constantine in 324, at the request of his sister Constantia. It contains many proofs of great antiquity, is the least altered of the ancient churches of Rome, and retains still the gallery set apart for the use of women. The walls are covered with inscriptions found in the neighbourhood, and chiefly relating to early Christians. Some give their dates by bearing the names of the reigning consuls. One large slab is covered with verses in honour of St. Agnes by Pope St. Damasus (in 366–385), whose letters are all so beautifully formed as to be easily recognised, and are called by his name. The nave contains sixteen columns of very rare marbles of different kinds, some being curiously fluted. The remains of St. Agnes are deposited here in a confessional (or tomb) beneath the high altar, which is covered by a baldachino, supported on four porphyry columns. We saw several deeply interesting ancient mosaics, and a fine fresco in front of the tribune. An antique candelabrum of white marble, which was found in the Catacombs, stands at the side of the high altar. Pope Pius IX. rendered this very ancient church one of the most beautiful in Rome. On the Feast of St. Agnes

(21st January) occurs the blessing of two lambs, which are placed on the altar, decorated with flowers and garlands. They are afterwards deposited with the nuns of a convent, by whom they are reared for their wool, of which the palliums of archbishops are made. In the convent attached to this church Pius IX., surrounded by several dignitaries, civil and religious, had a narrow escape in 1854. The floor gave way and precipitated all into a cellar. No one was injured, and the event is commemorated, with the names of all present, by a painting in the church, which serves a purpose, usual in all ages, but is of little merit. Here the two Constantias were baptized, the sister and daughter of Constantine.

Signora Lucia kindly escorted the lay pilgrims to "Il Gesu," the principal church of the Jesuits in Rome. It is a comparatively modern building, having been commenced in 1575; and, though richly decorated, and displaying the rarest and costliest marbles, it lacks in some degree the charm of antiquity which renders all Rome so interesting and venerable. A globe of lapis-lazuli, suspended above the altar of St. Ignatius, was long supposed to be the largest specimen ever seen of that beautiful stone, but it has been ascertained that it is formed of several pieces most skilfully joined. Behind that altar is a silver statue of the saint, whose body lies beneath, in an urn of gilt bronze.

Two elegant groups standing on either side of the altar represent respectively "The triumph of religion over heresy," and "The reception to Christianity of barbarous nations," in allusion to the remarkable results of the labours of the sons of St. Ignatius. Though these groups are much admired, we presumed to think them not in the highest style of art. In the opposite chapel of St. Francis Xavier is a painting representing his death on the sea-shore, with the ship approaching in which he had hoped to reach China. Like Moses, he was called from his labours when the aim of his highest aspirations was almost within his reach! Standing between these two magnificent shrines we recalled the time when two men of great attainments and noble birth first met at the college where both were students. St. Francis was holding the position due to his brilliant gifts and high rank, but St. Ignatius was, voluntarily, an unknown, poor student. Yet Ignatius, who seemed to attract to his poverty and humility all who approached him, won the brilliant young noble from the world to join with him in the labours of the Cross.

The cupola of this church is decorated with a fresco representing the fall of the rebel angels. Figures and clouds are represented as floating downwards past the architectural decorations, but the effect is too scenic to be pleasing. The Jesuits were at that time under prohibition, and though we were in their church at vesper time, the service given by "stipendiaries" was but very scantily attended. A marked exception to all our similar experiences in Rome.

Thence we walked to the Church of Sts. Philip and James, popularly known as "The Apostles." We found the building under repair, but our chief object was to pray for a dear relative at the

shrine of his patron saint. We were also able to see the remarkable tomb of Clement XIV., by Canova, when in his twenty-fifth year. It represents the Pope seated with statues of Temperance and Meekness—all worthy of the great sculptor who subsequently became so eminently distinguished. As we knelt in the nave below the transept, we observed in a niche sunk in the drum of the dome a colossal statue of our Saviour facing us, and therefore, of course, looking westward. We also observed where, a little below, and to the left of the statue, the light from the great west window fell brightly. While we prayed that flush of brilliant light passed onward and upward as the sun descended, and at length, on suddenly raising our eyes, we beheld the colossal statue of our Lord standing within an effulgent halo. The stream of light, having the form of the west window exactly, filled the niche, and the effect produced was strikingly beautiful. It must have been undesigned, because there are probably but few evenings in the year on which it could occur.

The adjoining convent of minor friars has been converted by the Government into the Ministry of War, ruling 300,000 troops. In the portico is a fine bas-relief by Canova, in memory of his friend Volpato. It represents friendship mourning before the bust of the deceased. In the same place, rescued from a ruin, is a much admired bas-relief of an eagle, with extended wings, standing in a crown of oak leaves.

The Church of the Holy Cross we could not visit, because ladies are never admitted except on the day of its consecration, 20th of March. It is there that the Golden Rose is blessed, and annually sent by the Pope to Christian princes.

A church was founded by Pope Gregory the Great on the site of his ancestral home, on the Cœlian Hill, and it is now known by his name. Among its sepulchral monuments is one to Edward Carne, who was envoy of England to the court of Rome at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, and, on the suppression of the embassy, was ordered home. But he chose to remain in Rome, where he died in 1561. Being a staunch Catholic, he thereby probably escaped the penalty, under which so many suffered during that reign, of being hung, drawn, and quartered.

The Church of St. Ignatius is attached to the Jesuit College, so celebrated for its contributions to the knowledge of mankind. But that Institution has been taken from the Order by the Government and re-named "The Roman College." It was founded by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582, and continued to flourish under the management of the Jesuit Fathers until 1870. Its library is very rich in biblical literature, Chinese writings, and astronomical studies. But many of the literary treasures for which it was universally celebrated have been removed. Dr. Kercher was a Jesuit, who bequeathed his unrivalled collection of antiquities to the museum of this College, believing, of course, they would always belong to his Order. It is called after him, "The Kercherian Museum," and is only second to that of Pope Gregory in the Vatican. It was

closed for some time after being seized by the "Junta for the Liquidation of Ecclesiastical Property," but is now reopened to the public. It contains elegant personal ornaments of Etruscan workmanship, and innumerable domestic articles of great antiquity. It must be borne in mind that of the Etruscans we know nothing except by their works, for they flourished before the Roman power had risen in Italy. They must have attained a high degree of civilisation, and there are few who have not been made familiar by engravings with their "Temples of Pæstum," near Naples, which are the chief traces we possess of an extinct race of great intelligence. The collection of bronzes, marbles, and missiles thrown in ancient warfare which is contained in the Kercherian Museum is considered unique. Several of the latter bear offensive messages. One has, "We know you are reduced to the last straits," and another bears an offensive and special insult to Octavius, from which their date is fixed, during the siege of Perugia, when he had become the Emperor Augustus. Here may be seen silver vases of great beauty of the time of Augustus, engraved with "Itineraries" from Cadiz to Rome, which give the names of stations and the distances between each, thus being an ancient "Bradshaw" of the deepest interest, and still valuable to geographers. Others, of the later reigns of Vespasian and Nerva, contain stations not inscribed on the earlier ones.

The sword of the Constable Bourbon, who fell in the trenches while besieging modern Rome, bears his name, and also those of two Italian generals, its former owners. Here are many remarkable inscriptions and bas-reliefs from the Catacombs; especially we noticed one of Constantine, with the Cross on his helmet. A figure of Our Saviour, in silver and enamel, dates from the fifth century, and is the oldest specimen of such work yet discovered.

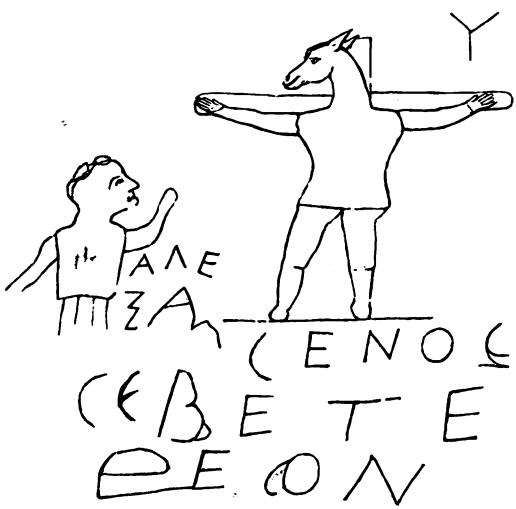
In this museum are preserved the curious "Graffitas," or "scratchings," which were found on a wall in the basement of the palace of the Cæsars. It was probably the hall used by the soldiers in attendance at the palace, and also frequented by the boys from a neighbouring school, devoted to the education of court pages. Many of the "Graffitas" contain only the coarse jeers of the soldiers, but one is evidently intended to scoff at some boy who was supposed to be a Christian. It is curious to remark the coincidence herein between the most ancient and the most modern scoffers at Christ's Church. English Catholics have many similar experiences of the bitter sarcasms endured by Catholic children from their fellow-pupils in mixed schools.

It is well known that a favourite pagan sneer against Christians was that they worshipped an ass's head; and the head of that animal is here represented attached to a human figure nailed to a cross. The Greek inscription translated signifies—"Alexamenos worshipping his god."

It is evidently a boyish caricature of the veneration paid by the early Christians to the Cross; and was probably written in Greek to conceal the meaning from the unlettered soldiery. How remarkable it is that the mocking taunts intended to wound the keenest

sensibilities of a Christian boy, should be so like similar ones inflicted under similar circumstances within the memory of English Catholics, and also that it should furnish us with the earliest representation we possess of our Blessed Lord's Crucifixion. In the original "Graffiti" there are two other figures.

The observatory of the Jesuits is probably the most complete establishment of the kind in the world. Every modern invention for spectroscopal examination of the heavens was recently added by one of the Jesuits, aided by Pope Pius IX. with funds from his private fortune. The scientific inventions of Father Secchi gained the first prize in the Paris Exhibition of 1867; a golden medal and a premium of 6000 francs. The observatory is one of the most



efficient and really working ones in Europe, and therefore in the world. It was an act of cruel oppression to deprive the Jesuits of their noble college, with its unrivalled observatory and museum. Since we quitted Rome, Father Secchi, the greatest of modern astronomers, has gone to his reward. His portrait appeared in an illustrated London paper beside that of a recently deceased English duke. It was impossible to avoid contrasting the difference between the peevish discontent that marked the features of a man whose whole life was spent in self-gratification, and the sweetness and serenity of the Jesuit Father's face, every line of which was expressive of "the peace of God that surpasseth all human understanding!"

The duke died suddenly without previous suffering; the blameless Jesuit suffered for years from the most painful of all diseases—an internal cancer.

One of the sweetest faces we ever beheld (though far from beautiful) was that of a nun whom we saw slowly sinking under the torture of that fearful malady. But the end came at last, after years of patient suffering, and then she could exclaim with St. Paul—"The sufferings of this life are not to be compared with the glory to come that shall be revealed in us."

The University of Rome was founded in 1244 by Pope Clement IV., and has been largely endowed by subsequent popes. It has a fine library and museum, which have also been frequently enriched by successive pontiffs. Leo XII. bequeathed to it his collection of gems. Most of its professors have had a brilliant European reputation for their literary requirements. After the usurpation, the Italian Government took it in hand in 1871, and removed its technical faculties to the beautiful convent of St. Peter Vincoli (St. Peter's chains), the convent being converted into a technical college. In the church so named the chains are preserved with which St. Peter was bound. They are publicly exhibited on the Feast of the Church (1st of August), and during its octave. Our sisters obtained a special permission to see them. They are kept in a bronze tabernacle in the vestry, and are regarded with much veneration, but not shown to casual visitors without an express order.

In "St. Peter Vincoli" stands the celebrated "Moses" of Michael Angelo, which is said to bear comparison with the finest efforts of ancient Grecian sculptors. It forms only a part of a grand design which was never completed, and consequently suffers in effect for want of suitable accessories. The church possesses also many curious antiquities, and an old mosaic of St. Sebastian, with his name attached, and the date A.D. 69.

There is a tradition that the neighbouring street is the one wherein Tullia drove over the dead body of her father.

We had to cross the Tiber in order to visit the Church of Santa Maria Transtavere, where are many very ancient Pagan and Christian monuments. One of the former, in Latin, of the time of the Emperor Trajan, celebrates a conjugal union that had lasted forty-five years without a single quarrel! This is said to be the first church in Rome that was dedicated under the patronage of St. Mary. The royal arms of England are over the chapel that was restored by Cardinal York, grandson of James II. of England. Like many of the most ancient Roman churches, it was formed of fragments of yet more ancient buildings. The columns are of different height and character. Many have, among their ornaments, heads of "Isis," "Serapis," and "Harpocrites." The Confession contains the remains of St. Calistus and four other early popes. One of the innumerable pious acts of Pope Pius IX. was the erection, in this church, of a monument to the memory of Pope Clement V., whose tomb had only borne his name in Gothic characters, since his remains were removed from a basilica destroyed by fire. The Cardinal, who was

legate from Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII., was titular of this church, and was buried here in 1538. Adjoining is the Benedictine Convent of St. Calistus, the summer residence of the monks when malaria renders their convent beyond the walls insupportable. But the chief portion of it has been confiscated, and is now used as a barrack.

The Convent of St. Balbina, whose church dates from the fourth century, and contains many interesting antiquities, has been made into a dwelling for young criminals. In the Church of St. Maria del Popula is a curious inscription on the floor, stating that it was erected because people were harassed by phantoms, which haunted the spot where the remains of Nero had been discovered and scattered. It has many interesting frescoes, mosaics, sculptures, and inscriptions. In the neighbouring convent St. Augustine stayed when in Rome.

The Church of Maria Super Minerva is so called because erected on the site of a Temple of Minerva. It contains a work by Michael Angelo which was greatly desired by Francis I.; but though a very fine statue, it is not a satisfactory representation of our Divine Lord. Cardinal Bembo lies here, who was the great friend of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Ariosto, and remarkable for his services in the revival of letters. Here also is buried Cardinal Howard, the great almoner of England (grandson of Thomas Earl of Arundel), who died in Rome in 1694. The body of Catharine of Sienna lies in an open shrine, clad in the robes of her Order. In the adjoining Convent of Dominicans lived and died the celebrated Fra Angelico, whose devotional paintings (of unsurpassable purity and loveliness) and blameless life are commemorated on his grave. This monastery, formerly the head of the Dominican Order, is now confiscated and used as the Treasury.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EDUCATIONAL AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

Church of St. Pancratius—St. Pancras in London—Site of St. Paul's martyrdom—Church of St. Peter in Montorio—Site of his martyrdom—Irish chieftains—Stone in Appian Way—Church of St. Mark—Jasper-cased columns—St. Onofrio—Tasso—Convent seized by the State—Cardinal Mezzofanti—Cloaca Maxima—Academies—Colleges—Origin of "Sunday" and "Ragged" schools—Charities—Hospitals—The largest confiscated—Children's Hospital—Deaf-mutes—Two convents now workhouses on the English plan—Donation of Roman Prince very acceptable, and passed on.

In the Church of St. Pancratius, without the walls of Rome, are the remains of that youthful martyr whose life and death are so tenderly described in the matchless tale of "Fabiola." The church was much injured during the siege of Rome in 1849. Under the abbreviate of "Pancras," this saint was highly venerated by the English people,

and a church in his honour, of ancient date, has survived the religious devastations of the sixteenth century. It still stands in London, and beneath its shadow our English confessors sought to be buried together. Many Catholic tombs, of great interest, are still to be found there, though many have been recently destroyed.

The Roman Church of St. Pancratius was erected on the spot of St. Paul's martyrdom, and in its interior are three fountains, which are said to have sprung forth on three spots, which the head of the apostle touched as it bounded from the blade of the executioner. The small marble pillar on which the decapitation took place is enclosed in an iron grating. In a curious old MS. preserved in the British Museum it is mentioned that Siric, Archbishop of Canterbury, visited this church A.D. 990.

A most interesting church, called St. Pietro in Montorio, stands near the spot of St. Peter's crucifixion. It was erected by the Emperor Constantine on the Janiculum Hill, and rebuilt at the expense of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; but it narrowly escaped demolition during the siege of Rome in 1849, when the tribune and steeple were completely destroyed. In this church are many fine paintings. Raphael's Transfiguration stood here before the first French invasion, and for this church was painted the Raising of Lazarus, now in the London National Gallery.

Here are the tombs of two Irish chieftains—Hugh O'Neal, Baron of Dungannon, son of the Earl of Tyrone, and Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel—who both fled to Rome in the seventeenth century, for political reasons, and there died. In the adjoining convent is the exact spot of St. Peter's martyrdom, within a circular temple, which is one of the most elegant works of art erected in modern times. In 1849 a French shell burst within a few feet of it. The view from the platform of this church is to modern Rome what the view from the Capitol is to the ancient city.

We read in the life of St. Peter, that in a sudden panic, caused by an access of fury on the part of the pagans, he left Rome, and was hurrying along the Appian Way, when he met and recognised his Divine Master. "Domine, quo vobis?" "Lord, whither goest Thou?" exclaimed the apostle. "To be again crucified!" replied the Vision and vanished. The apostle retraced his steps and accepted his martyrdom, but stipulated that his unworthiness should be marked by his position on the cross being reversed. A stone is fixed in the Appian Way to commemorate the vision, on which are the words St. Peter uttered at that spot, "Domine, quo vobis!"

In the choir of a church on that ancient road is a marble slab, on which Cardinal Baronius, the father of ecclesiastical history, touchingly implores his successors not to change the building or remove any of its antiquities.

The Church of St. Mark occupies the site of the house of the centurion who gave hospitality to St. Paul. It is a very elegant and interesting church, founded by Pope St. Mark in 337, and built on the plan of an ancient basilica within the palace in Venice. It is much frequented by Venetians in honour of their patron saint, and

they have many tombs here. One, of Leonardo du Pesaro of Venice, was rendered interesting by a bust of the youth who died at the early age of sixteen. Many of the columns in this beautiful church are cased in jaspar.

When on the Janiculum Hill we visited St. Onofrio's, to see the tomb of a very favourite poet, the immortal Tasso. But we found little honour rendered to the greatest of modern poets, who, after a life of turmoil, ended his days peacefully in the adjoining convent. No ladies being then admitted within its precincts, we could not see the simple apartments in which Tasso spent his last days, or the few relics of his sojourn there which the monks reverently preserved. The community has been dispersed since we left Rome, and all their belongings seized. One only of the brotherhood remains. An aged monk, decrepid and slow, now answers the application of the stranger. He is permitted to linger alone in the beloved home, in order that foreigners may be able to visit the relics of Tasso. A recent writer makes pert remarks about the neglected state of that weak old man, but expresses no pity for the forlorn monk whom he found deprived of all the kind help always accorded in religious communities to life's decline.

In the Church of St. Onofrio a simple slab and modest inscription indicate the resting-place of Cardinal Mezzofanti, who either had "the gift of tongues" or was the most extraordinary linguist that ever existed; one, in fact, to whom no language or dialect seemed unknown. He was titular cardinal of this church. Commencing life as a mender of shoes, his virtue and piety procured him admission into a religious community, and he became the friend of the most remarkable *savans* of his time. One of the most accomplished linguists of the present age is an Englishman, Cardinal Howard.

It is, and always will be, a subject of wonder that at so remote a period of time as 616 years before the birth of Christ the necessity of providing an escape for the refuse of a populous city should have been amply provided for by the construction of a network of sewers, of which the "Cloaca Maxima" (or great sewer) is the chief artery. This wonderful channel, through which, in some parts, a waggon piled with hay might easily pass, has remained perfect for nearly twenty-five centuries. Neither wars, nor earthquakes, nor the irruptions of the river, nor the incalculable weight of toppling palaces and columns, have crushed its roof or shaken its foundations. The arch of the roof was originally at least twelve feet above the Tiber at its opening into it, but the silting up of the river has reduced the space to three feet between its bed and the keystone of the arch, so that the opening into the Cloaca Maxima is seldom seen. Considerable engineering skill was displayed, in order to clear the channel by a sufficient fall, at the oblique angle of 60°, by which it enters the Tiber, and the gradual contraction of its diameter. Some of the blocks of stone of which it is composed are five feet long and three feet thick; its length is 500 feet, and its various branches formerly undermined the whole of ancient Rome.

Besides the Roman University and the great College of the Jesuits, now called the "Roman College," there are many academies in Rome devoted separately to music, to history, the arts, and the education of foreign students. The schools of the Christian Brothers are protected by the French ambassador. Rome also contains colleges belonging to various nations, as English, Irish, Scottish, American, &c. One called the Propaganda is devoted to the education of students of all nations not possessing a separate college in the holy city. It is not generally known that in Rome was the first commencement of Sunday schools, and also of those instituted for the ill-clad poor, which we call "ragged schools," for "gutter children." But such opprobrious names are never given to the poor in a Catholic land.

When we consider the contributions made to the art of human culture by the Catholic Church, who invented not only the Sunday-school and school for the ill-clad, but also select schools, seminaries, advanced schools, middle schools, colleges, and universities, we can only but wonder at the sublime ignorance or malice of those who accuse her of being a foe to education!

Probably no city in the world, of proportionate population and size, can rival Rome in its charitable institutions.

Its hospitals are magnificent, and endowed with princely liberality. They can accommodate about 4000 patients, and are large, clean, orderly, and well ventilated. The wards usually converge to a centre, where an altar stands under a dome, which latter greatly contributes to the purposes of ventilation. The largest hospital, "San Spirito," was founded in the twelfth century. It occupies the site of an older charity founded by a British prince, "Ina, king of West Angles." The number of inmates in this hospital is annually about 8000. From all parts of Italy difficult cases are brought to Rome for the best surgical advice and treatment. Attached to it is a foundling hospital, containing upwards of 3000 children. To such asylums, orphans and friendless children are brought from great distances. In the lunatic asylum the female patients are attended by Sisters of Mercy. Cardinal Colonna founded an hospital which can contain 560 patients. It is intended chiefly for aged women. There are many others, and some of them bear names which appear to us very tender. One on the Capitol, founded for surgical cases, is called "La Consolazione," and another is known as "Benfratelli," because over the door is inscribed "Bene Fratelli" ("Do good, brethren"). It stands on the island of the Tiber, and occupies the site of an ancient hospital, which was attached in pagan times to the Temple of Æsculapius. It was founded by Spanish friars in 1538 as a model institution, and happier than some others, because, being of foreign origin, it is independent of the new Roman Government. One ward of twenty beds is fitted up with special comforts, provided by a legacy from a person named "Amici," after whom it is called "Sala Amici." The patients there pay a small weekly board. This was our first experience of paying patients being allowed in hospitals. There is a special hospital for skin diseases in the "Transtavere;"

and one for convalescents who are received from other hospitals, where clothing is supplied to those by whom it is required.

It forms part of the great establishment for pilgrims, founded by St. Phillip Neri in 1500. About 4000 pilgrims are lodged there in ordinary years, but in the year of the jubilee more than 300,000 have been received. In 1625 it accommodated 572,760; in 1725, 382,140; in 1825, 263,592.

The Lying-in Hospital has seldom more than ten inmates; and every care is taken to avoid wounding the feelings or injuring the reputation of the patients, with the hope of reclaiming those not utterly fallen. Neither police nor ecclesiastical jurisdiction is admitted within its walls. As the criminal which alone takes refuge there must have had a partner in guilt, who escapes all the consequent suffering and reproach, we think it but just to endeavour to arrest the weaker one on her downward path, and, if possible, prevent utter degradation, by restoring her to a respectable position, however humble. The Catholic Church always remembers that God hates sin but loves the sinner; and while she raises rigid barriers against sin, and is always warning her children of their peril, yet she is very tender in her efforts to reclaim the fallen. The world, on the contrary, abounds in enticements to vice, but is merciless to the detected criminal.

An hospital for diseases of the eye was founded by the father of Prince Tolonia, by whom it is liberally supported. It is attended by Sisters of Charity, and attached to it is a school for orphans. There are many small hospitals for strangers of different nations. Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Lombards, Florentines, and Lucchese, have each a separate hospital, where obstinate cases can be submitted to the celebrated practitioners of Rome. There is one Protestant hospital, with eight or ten beds, at the Prussian legation.

We regretted to see the vast hospital of "San Michele," in the Transtavere, diverted from its original benevolent purposes. It was an immense establishment, founded as an asylum for very young and very aged poor. It now consists of a workhouse for children of both sexes, a house of correction for women and juvenile offenders, and schools of the industries and fine arts. This mixture of evil and blameless lives on the same site, though of course separated, seemed to us extremely injudicious; and the education offered is very unsuited to the powers or requirements of the pupils; but indiscriminate and over-education is the universal error of the age. Whether it is calculated to promote the virtues or foster the vices inherent in human nature, experience will show. If pride, self-sufficiency, and restless insubordination supplant humility, self-restraint, content, submission, and obedience, we shall look in vain in the future for the royalty, patriotism, and self-devotion of past ages.

A portion of the fine hospital of "San Michele" is converted into a prison, but chiefly used for political offences and the detention of accused persons. Pope Leo XII. founded, in a portion of the ruins of Diocletian's Baths, an hospital for children, which contains usually

about 1000, among which were about 100 deaf mutes. These children are selected to relieve deserving applicants with large families in the different parishes.

The convents of St. Casumato and St. Gregoria have been seized by the Government and converted into workhouses on the English plan for aged people.

Though the sisters' time was fully occupied with their missionary labours, seldom a day passed without a climb up the eighty-two steps in order to pay a hasty visit to their aged companion. They never went out of their way to see sights, but she was at liberty to indulge her propensity for wandering and her love of antiquities and the arts. Mother Cecilia had calculated on being assisted in her mission by the princes of Rome; but she only found one, for they have lived entirely in the country since the usurpation. The single exception was caught in the office of an institution (of which he is president) for the diffusion of books among the poor. Of course she obtained a donation, for her requests were seldom refused. It consisted of 300 small books, which, being in Italian, were useless to New Zealand; but they proved a very acceptable present to the ladies who gave hospitality to the pilgrim nuns, and it was a great pleasure to Mother Cecilia to have a gift to offer which could not be declined.

CHAPTER XXX.

ANCIENT MEMORIALS AND MODERN CHANGES.

Church of St. George—Very ancient—Regret the loss of Roman festivals—The first Cathedral—Why so called—Oldest of churches—Ancient mosaics—Floor of the House of Pudens—The holy sisters—St. Presida's—Rosa antica—Napoleon I.—Unique monument—Chapel of St. Charles—The pillar of the scourge—Claudia—Caractacus—Garden of Paradise—Black porphyry—Roman titles—Palaces—The Quirinal—The desecration—The king's mean apartments, stables, horses, and dogs.

THERE is one church in Rome dedicated in honour of St. George, the gallant Cappadocian soldier whose victory over Satan is typified by an armed knight vanquishing the dragon and freeing a soul. He was the tutelary saint of England under our Norman kings. The church is of very high antiquity, dating from the fourth century; but during an existence of some 1500 years it has of course many times required renovation. However, its original features have been carefully preserved. The sixteen columns that support the arcades, on which rests a wall pierced with windows, differ in size, style, and material, as is the case in all the oldest churches, and are suggestive of much more early buildings. Such antiquities interested the aged wanderer far more deeply than modern erections, though in Rome nothing is modern except by comparison. On the door of this church in 1347 Rienzi affixed his presumptuous document, an act

speedily followed by his fall. St. George attained the rank of tribune, and died for his faith during the reign of Diocletian.

Nearly all the interesting festivals of Rome having ceased since the usurpation, we have none to describe. Not even the blessing of the horses now takes place, which we regret, because we have always loved that noble animal. It occurred in the Church of St. Antonio Abate, near St. Mary Major, during the octave of the feast of its patron, on the 17th January. All the postmasters in and about Rome used to send their horses mounted by postillions in their smartest liveries; and crowds of peasants, with their horses, flocked into Rome for the same purpose. The horses of the Pope, the church dignitaries, and the princes of Rome, were brought at noon on the octave day, decorated in their richest trappings. It was a harmless festival, which rejoiced all the spectators and gave grooms pride in their charge. We can remember how in the old stage-coach times of England something similar occurred always on May Day, when new liveries were given to coachmen, guards, and postillions, and new harness to the horses. It is a calamity to any nation to deprive its people of traditional fêtes, and this is being done now everywhere throughout Italy.

We took advantage of an opportunity to visit a church before alluded to, as being the first Christian church and cathedral, and so called because possessing the pontifical chair of St. Peter. Every bishop's church has since been called a "cathedral," or "church of the chair."

The church, formed partly of the house of Pudens, was solemnly dedicated by Pope Pius I. in A.D. 145, in honour of St. Pudentiana, the daughter of Pudens. It contains the finest ancient mosaics in Rome. They are supposed to date from the ninth century, though some assign them to the fourth, on the authority of an inscription by Pope Siricus, who reigned from 384 to 397 A.D. They represent our Divine Saviour seated on a throne, having on each side four apostles in Roman costume. St. Pudentiana and St. Proxides (or Prassida), the daughters of Pudens, who devoted their lives to the consolation of suffering Christians, and the collection and preservation of the remains of martyrs, are represented in this large mosaic standing behind our Lord. Many stately Roman edifices appear in the background, and above all are the emblems of the four Evangelists.

A chapel on the left is dedicated to St. Peter, and it contains a large marble group representing the apostles receiving from Christ the keys of the kingdom of heaven. The floor of the aisle leading to this chapel, and also of other parts of the church, retain the old Roman mosaic supposed to have formed part of the floor of Pudens' dwelling. Cardinal Wiseman was titular of this church, and presented it with an elegant altar, removing the table of St. Peter to the museum of the Lateran.

The Church of St. Pudentiana has been, in the course of ages, many times repaired and renovated, and the façade was wholly rebuilt by Cardinal Buonoparte, but not in congenial style. The bell-

tower or campanile is one of the most elegant of its kind, and dates from 1130, when the church was partially rebuilt.

The great convent of "Bambino Gesu" ("Infant Jesus") that stands near it, belongs to nuns of the Augustinian Order, who are devoted to the education of young girls. The church of St. Proxides (or Prassida) stands on the Esquiline, on the site of a small oratory erected by Pius I. A.D. 160. The present edifice was built by Pope Paschal I. in 822, and has subsequently had to be many times renovated. Here Pope Gelasius was attacked by the Frongipani in 1118. It was probably on that occasion that the injuries were inflicted which now disfigure the beautiful double flight of stairs composed of large slabs of the costly and rare marble called "Rosa Antica," which extend the entire width of the church. The fractures have been repaired, but of course with common stone. They form the approach to the tribune, and we were quite reluctant to step upon them. Napoleon I. ordered that they should be sent to Paris, but this wrong was prevented by his fall. Extensive and very ancient mosaics remain in this church, as in the sister church of St. Pudentiana. The sisters are here represented in a large mosaic, as being presented to Christ by St. Peter and St. Paul, all the figures being life-size. These pious ladies devoted themselves to the duty of collecting the scattered remains of martyrs, and guarding them till they could be conveyed to the Catacombs, and their acts of mercy are commemorated by a singular monument which stands in the nave of the Church of St. Prassida. It represents the figure of that saint, coloured and life-size, kneeling in a shallow well, surrounded by a brick wall about breast high.

This is said to be the very place in which she concealed the relics of the newly martyred. Between her hands she is represented as holding a sponge, from which she is pressing blood into a vial.

This portion of the Esquiline was in her time a bare hill, and the usual place of martyrdom in the first Christian age.

The column at which our Saviour was scourged was brought from Jerusalem by Cardinal Colonna in 1223, and is kept in a small and richly ornamented chapel, which no woman can enter. But the interior was lighted up for our benefit, and through a window we saw the pillar placed above an altar. It is formed of black and white marble, and not more than 3 feet high, with an iron ring fixed on its summit. When the wrists were secured to that ring, the form of a tall man would be brought into a bending position, which would expose the back to the operation of the scourge and the full force of the scourgers. It was doubtless the usual mode of punishment under the Roman law, which did not limit the number of the stripes. The more merciful law of the Jews restricted the number to forty stripes, and for fear of inadvertently breaking the law, the rule was to give one short. Thus St. Paul says, "Thrice have I received forty stripes, save one." We cannot forget that it was under the Roman law that our Lord suffered His dreadful scourging, which had no limit.

The mosaics and sculptures in this chapel are so beautiful that it

used to be called "Garden of Paradise;" but we could not see them, and therefore concluded that though they were thought incomparable in early times, they must possess little beauty now! The doorway is formed of two columns of rare black porphyry and granite, supporting an elaborately sculptured frieze.

In the Church of St. Prassida are many ancient tombs, bearing renowned names. In the "Confession" behind the high altar are the remains of the pious sisters who, in the first age of Christianity, quitted the world in the city of its highest pomps and pleasures for Christ's dear sake. St. Peter lived in the house of their father, Pudens, from the first year of the Emperor Claudius till the ninth, when all Jews (among whom Christians were included) were ordered to leave Rome (Acts xviii. 2). The apostle returned in the year 62, when Nero was emperor, and suffered martyrdom in 66, having been Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years. During his long pontificate Christianity must have spread immensely, since his first successor, "St. Linus," was a native of Volterra, in Italy; and his second, "St. Clement," was a noble Roman of imperial lineage, and every martyr-pope for 300 years was of pagan extraction, if not born a pagan. One only, St. Evaristus, was born at Bethlehem, but that does not prove him to have been of the race of Israel. We can readily believe that every pure and noble nature, every mind that aspired above mere sensuality and empty vainglory, accepted eagerly the ennobling truths of the wonderful new gospel, which they found infinitely superior in maxims, morals, aims, and aspirations to the teachings of pagan philosophy. Christianity also came to them sanctioned with the irresistible evidence of countless miracles, and was illustrated and confirmed by the blameless lives of the saints and the blood of innumerable martyrs.

Some may be surprised by the multitude of Christian memorials that have been handed down from those heroic times; but we should have had far more just cause for astonishment and for a deep sense of being greatly wronged if no relics had been preserved for us of the wonderful men and women who braved torments, ignominy, and death to elevate and reclaim humanity; whose teachings and example quite changed the practices, motives, and hopes of human life; who taught men to lead pure lives in a licentious age, and preached the sweet, pure, generous teachings of Christ in opposition to the coarse and selfish oppressions of Paganism. Every vestige left by them must have been treasured by their followers, and therefore was carefully handed down to succeeding generations. Hence it is that Rome especially (though not she alone) possesses so many memorials of Christ and His most distinguised saints. Yet how few these are in comparison to the countless objects that have been lost during the course of nearly twice ten centuries!

There is a chapel in the Church of St. Prassida in honour of St. Charles Barromeo, where is preserved the rough table and chair used by him when distributing his daily dole to the poor. The church also possesses a portrait of our Saviour, which was given to Pudens by St. Peter, but the colours have entirely faded.

In the message sent to his friends in Rome, who are mentioned by name in the Second Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, that of "Claudia" occurs. She is supposed to have been the wife of "Pudens," and daughter of the British King "Caractacus," who so long and bravely resisted the Roman arms; and when at length brought captive to Rome, exclaimed, as he was led through rows of glittering palaces, "How is it possible that a people possessed of so much magnificence at home should envy me my humble cottage in Britain!" We were glad to hope that our noble countryman enjoyed the benefits of Christianity in his last years, and loved to fancy him, when his noble head was crowned by the snows of age, among those who were listening with rapt attention to the discourses of St. Peter, which, it is said, were often accompanied with tears.

There appear to be no gradations of title among the Roman nobility, though, of course, they vary in wealth and historical renown. All are called "princes," and their dwellings are called palaces, though all are not important, or even well situated. A few, however, are very handsome, and of great extent. The owner in all cases only uses the upper stories, or a single "flat" that extends around a central court. The basement-windows are mostly secured by bars; and it is left to the use of servants, or even let to tradesmen, or used for stables, coach-houses, or offices. In this ignoble portion of the Pope's Palace of the Quirinal we found that Victor Emmanuel had recently been persuaded to take up his abode, for he persistently refused to occupy one of the Pope's chambers. Since the usurpation great sums have been expended to render the palace of the Pope a suitable royal residence. In the "Sala Regia"—the first of the State apartments—the cross of Savoy has supplanted the arms of Pius IX. on the ceiling, and modern paintings (including two equestrian figures of ladies of the House of Savoy) appear on its walls. The Pauline Chapel is desolate, but has not been disturbed. It is of about the same size as the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. Solemn church services used to be performed there during the pontiff's residence at the Quirinal; and in it the cardinals used to assemble for the election of a new Pope. The walls are covered chiefly with large pieces of Gobelin tapestry.

All the rooms of the Quirinal contained fine paintings, but some have been supplanted by modern works—one of which is a composition representing "The power of Love!" In the room—from the window of which the new Pope was introduced to the populace, and Pius IX. so often blest his loving subjects—the innovators have placed a representation of "The Fonarina!" The Pope's fine Japanese vases remain, but the rooms have of late been draped and furnished in upholstery style, with yellow damask, on the richest crimson hangings, &c., and chandeliers brought from the palace of Caserta. In the Pope's throne room is placed the throne and canopy belonging to the dukes of Parma, which were brought here from that city. Here is also a full-length portrait of the king's father, who was compelled to abdicate, like our James II., in favour of his unscrupulous son.

The Ambassador's Hall is still so called, and some of its beautiful frescoes remain, but others have been covered by a modern one, representing Marius and his assassins, and Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi. Marble busts of Victor Emmanuel and the Princess Margharita stand here. The floor is an ancient mosaic pavement, from Adrian's Tiburtine Villa, representing birds, but it is now mostly covered with carpets.

The Pope's study is so used by Prince Humbert, and the Pope's sleeping-room has now the portraits of the king's mother and the Empress Maria Teresa. The room in which Pius VII. was arrested in 1809, and from which Pius IX. fled forty years later, had a fine fresco by Overbeck on the vault, representing Christ escaping from the Pharisees. Some relenting thought prevented the obliteration of a painting which must have been a reproach to the usurper; but it is no longer visible, a canvas ceiling with cupids, &c., having been stretched over it. This is Prince Humbert's bedroom. In another room the painting of St. Peter's centenary has been replaced by a modern picture of the Port of Naples. Under the rooms of the Princess Margharita (which overlook the Quirinal gardens) and on the ground floor, are the mean rooms occupied by the king.

In one of the Pope's noble halls have been recently erected three very large battle pieces, representing the fierce contests at Valleggio, Castozza (where alone Victor Emmanuel received a slight wound), and Solferino. The Pope's audience hall is now a music saloon, and in two rooms still remain the friezes executed during the brief possession of Rome by Napoleon I., and in anticipation of his occupation of the Quirinal. One represents the triumph of Trajan, but was converted, when Pope Pius VII. was restored, to that of Constantine. There is now a lady's elegant drawing-room fitted up very tastefully with grey satin, containing miniatures of members of the house of Savoy. In the Pope's private chapel are portraits of a king and queen of Savoy, to whom (as an inscription at its entrance records) Pope Pius VII. there gave Holy Communion, when they visited Rome in 1801. Admirable paintings adorn this small chapel, representing the Annunciation, Presentation, Nativity, and Coronation of Our Lady.

A full-length portrait of the princess, who reluctantly resides in the Quirinal, stands in the apartment now used as a dining-room, which is also hung with ancient tapestries.

The splendid saloon, formerly called "the Consistorial Hall," has now become "the King's Banqueting Hall." The arms of the Pope who erected it, surrounded by cardinals, and the theological virtues, which covered the roof, have been painted out by a modern composition representing the triumph of Italy. The three splendid chandeliers in this apartment were brought from the royal palace of Naples. The long corridor leading from the banqueting hall contains other plunder from Italian royal houses—inlaid cabinets of great antiquity, statues, &c. We never heard of the "banqueting hall" being used as such, or of festive gatherings in the "music saloon." The king's private apartments open on a terrace which

affords stabling for forty horses, and he has built on the north wall of the Pope's gardens stabling to receive one hundred and forty more, with a spacious rotunda for schooling them. The air of the Quirinal is often troubled by the bayings and howlings of his pack of Alpine dogs.

The extensive alterations and additions to the Pope's palace, and also the interior decorations and furniture, were designed and directed by Commendatore Cippola, a Neapolitan architect of great distinction, who died prematurely in the summer of 1874.

The information above given was carefully obtained from reliable sources, but no consideration would have induced the pilgrims to set foot in the Holy Father's desecrated home.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FINAL VISIT TO THE VATICAN.

Italian family circle—Final visit to the Vatican—New plot—The attack—Friends in court—Success—The address—A special "Addio"—American converts—Regrets—Scala Regia—French infidels worse than Huns—Raphael's Frescoes—The lost Chapel—Fra Angelico and the two Deacon Martyrs.

AFTER the evening meal, the Inglese, seated alone in her chamber, often felt inclined to join the Signora's domestic circle, when she heard them reciting the rosary in the dining-room. But she had experienced the disedification given by repeating responses in English, and to join the devotion of the rosary without responding seemed impossible.

But one evening, when the voices had ceased, she, armed with a light occupation, presented herself to the family party. She was received with "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"—a chair was placed for her, and she seated herself, a deaf-mute, amid a circle of chattering girls. There smiled the Signora, whose face alone was pleasant companionship, a heavy Roman matron, who acted as cook (surely the worst in Europe), and a lively "Lucchese," whose voice pierced the brain like a knife. She spoke only Italian, and when she found her words not understood, repeated them, with extreme deliberation, raising her voice higher and higher, and expressing the utmost astonishment when her efforts proved useless. Once, however, the Inglese managed to make her understand that the words she shrieked close to her head had pierced from ear to ear, passed through the window, crossed Rome, gone over the mountains, and not been lost till they reached the Mediterranean.

There were also a young girl who had been placed with the Signora to learn housekeeping, and the gentle protégée of the Baroness. All were busy workers, and each in turn acquired from the stranger the art of girdle-plaiting; all but the cook, who seemed incapable of acquiring any kind of knowledge. By the help of Latin the

Inglese brought her mind a little in contact with theirs; but it was dull work, until one evening, after several such visits, it occurred to her to sing. On a sudden she commenced the "Regina Cœli," which was joyfully received by an audience who understood the words, and were easily satisfied. Henceforth the lady was welcomed with cries of "Chanson, Chanson!" and the worn-out voice was occasionally raised to impart a pleasure so easily bestowed. Well-known hymns and anthems formed a common ground, whereon we were equally at home. One evening the lady perceived beside a girl's work a volume in a paper cover. From her experiences in Victoria she was led to expect a cheap novel, or at best one of Manzoni's fictions. But on taking it up she was surprised to see a treatise on Christian duties.

Our sojourn in Rome had been made as comfortable as circumstances permitted, and the highest faculties of the mind had been abundantly gratified; yet, although there was much in the Holy City we had not visited, we were all anxious to depart. Our detention had far exceeded our calculations, and the nuns were anxious to proceed on their mission, while we all desired exceedingly to reach Lyons, where we hoped to receive our first news from home.

Long before the order arrived for our final audience at the Vatican, a cap, suitable for the season, had been provided; for Mother Cecilia adhered to her intention of procuring for her convent a personal memorial of Pope Pius IX. We tried in vain to procure small engravings in Rome, such as are sent from Paris all over the world. But the Baroness kindly procured for us six, and we found they were quite novelties in the Signora's evening circle, to which we exhibited them. Often has the traveller called to mind the different members of that Italian family, with whom she was an indulged and favoured guest, where simplicity and genuine piety seemed to have descended from primitive times. Each of the small family had a special charm; even the heavy cook had patience with a guest to whom her works were not very acceptable. But the lady was chiefly interested in the fate of the young novice, her only relief on that subject being that the girl had a firm friend in the good and kind Baroness.

Our last visit to the Vatican was, of course, an event never to be forgotten; but it was anticipated with deep though hopeful anxiety. Several written petitions had been presented, and the verbal one that had been refused was to be repeated and urged, and no refusal taken. Such was the determination of that persevering little nun, whose love for her convent seemed to increase with her removal from it. Wherever she went her first thought seemed to be what she could secure for her beloved home.

We soon found ourselves, once more, and for the last time, in the beautiful Loggia, with about fifty others, some of whom were little children. We had ample occupation for our eyes during the period of suspense, but at least one of our party was too deeply engrossed by her hopes and fears to be even attracted by the perfection of modern art. We had taken the lowest places on the right-hand side

of the apartment on this occasion, in order that two attempts might be made on the coveted cap of his Holiness. The idea that we alone, of all that crowd, had a plot against the Holy Father, did not trouble us in the least, but, on the contrary, was rather exhilarating, and tended to relieve the tedium of suspense. We were reminded that our arrival from so remote a region was a matter of special interest in the Papal court by one of the attendants, who paused an instant to remark—

"You are from New Zealand?"

"Yes," replied Mother Cecilia.

"Under the feet of Rome!" he exclaimed, with a most expressive gesture of amazement.

As various reports, in our English letters, had alluded to the Pope's failing health (on the authority of leading English journals), we expected to find the Holy Father more feeble than he appeared on our first visit. But when the curtains clashed back, and the aged Pontiff appeared, we observed a marked improvement. He no longer rested on his cane, but bore it lightly in his left hand, and one of the Monseignores who attended him carried a broad-rimmed scarlet hat, the sides looped up with gold cords, which indicated a visit to the gardens after the audience.

Among the following, cardinals and others, were at least two who had promised to aid Mother Cecilia's design, and their bright looks gave her hope, and being the first whom the Pope addressed, she hastened to present her offering and prefer her request, saying—

"It is for New Zealand I ask it, Holy Father! Poor New Zealand, who possesses nothing!" The face that smiled habitually now beamed with an expression of surprised amusement as the Pope drew his hand across his face, with the playful gesture of a father who desires to grant to a favoured child a somewhat inordinate request.

He paused on his way, and the Father and child became so surrounded that we lost sight of them. But we heard the soft accents of entreaty, and the appeal to her friends by name, for the help that had been promised, and also a few male voices saying—

"Ah Donné, Saint Père! Donné!"

In the meantime, though the detention was very brief, it was observed throughout the Loggia, where necks were stretched and heads went forward in vain curiosity. In a few moments the crowd round the grand central figure dissolved, and the beaming face of the Pontiff appeared, while all who followed his Holiness exhibited a similar expression of gentle amusement. It scarcely needed the nuns' whisper—

"I have gained all I asked!"—to assure her companions of her success. But a grasp of congratulation was the sole reply.

The procession proceeded up the Loggia, the Pope giving his blessing to those on his right hand, and to the articles they presented for that purpose.

The first whom he passed on escaping from his unfortunate child, was her aged companion; and she placed on his venerated hand the

six small engravings procured for that purpose. Such small and symmetrically formed hands! They matched well with feet as slender and shapely as those of a young girl. The Holy Father did not ascend the dais, but, as on the former occasion, returned down the opposite side of the Loggia. For the last time we heard the distinct utterance of the clear and musical voice, when he paused to exhort his dear children—

"To fight the good fight—to keep the faith—and earn the promised crown," adding, "And pray that we may all meet in heaven!"

Again were little children presented to be blest by his caressing hand, and as the stately procession neared us, we knelt again. On approaching us, the gentle brown eyes of Pope Pius regarded fixedly the aged pilgrim, who was gazing wistfully on the face she would never behold on earth again.

"Addio!" he said softly and gently, as if pitying age and feebleness, nearly resembling his own.

"Adieu, mon Père!" she sighed, and bowed low, to render the customary act of respect. Then the revered form of the most beloved of the longest dynasty on record passed slowly away.

The chief desire of a long life had been realised and was joined to the events of the past, but it will always stand out vividly among the memories that cannot be effaced even by death.

Exactly opposite to us in the Loggia we had observed two ladies, who were evidently mother and daughter. We were too much preoccupied with our hopes and fears to notice them further than to perceive that they were observing us. The instant after the court had disappeared, these ladies joined us, and an interesting conversation followed. We soon learned that they were Americans, and that on their last visit to Europe they had paid their respects to Pius IX. as Protestants; but having, since then, been received into the Church, they came now as children to offer their homage to the Holy Father of Christendom. Our conference was shortened by the attendants who hurried us from the Loggia, being intent on their own affairs. But we all left together; and as we crossed the corner of the next gallery at right angles, we saw the Pope walking briskly and conversing with his friends. There was a crowd of gentlemen around him, and we were afterwards informed that when tired of walking, the Pope would lead his friends to a favourite hall, where they seated themselves, and where he enjoyed the society of the most gifted minds of the age. The aged pilgrim lingered at the closing door till it shut from her the figure of the Holy Father, whom she will never see again on earth. But in the hereafter that we all long for she hopes to behold again that gentle face of pure benignity, where the word "addio" is unknown.

In the immense Hall of the Ambassadors we parted with the American ladies, though the mother said regretfully—

"I hope we shall meet again after leaving the Vatican," to which we lightly replied—

"If not on earth, we must hope to meet in heaven."

We felt at the time that this was not the answer expected, and it would have been easy then to have arranged another meeting, which can now never take place in this life. The circumstance has been always regretted, but at the time we were preoccupied, anxious to confer on the subject of the sisters' successes, and unwilling to lose a moment, because this was our only opportunity of seeing the paintings of the Vatican, and of paying a last visit to St. Peter's.

We hastily took leave of those very interesting ladies whom we can never hope to see on earth again, and followed the Baroness, who had wished to join our party, as she knew well the halls of the Vatican.

We saw nothing in Rome, ancient or modern, that could compare in point of interest with the interview now past. Whether we consider Pope Pius IX. as a sovereign of the longest dynasty in the records of the world, or as the Vicar of Christ and supreme ruler of His Church on earth, or as the Pope of longest reign since St. Peter, or as one whose long pontificate has borne in every phase the mark of the cross, or as the wearer of the triple crown, indicating triple rule, or as a prince of most blameless life and winning manners, he is, undoubtedly, the most remarkable man of his age.

It cannot be too presumptuous to believe that one so simple, so gracious, so tender to little children, regarded with sympathy a pilgrim whose years and infirmities drew near to his own, and who had crossed the world to offer her humble homage to Christ's Vicar.

On our way through halls and corridors we learned that a fine cabinet photo of his Holiness, containing his autograph, and also a packet of papers, had been placed in the hands of Mother Cecilia. The latter contained special blessings and privileges for the friends who had assisted her mission hitherto; and also a solemn papal benediction on all who should forward its objects in the future.

The Pope's cap was to be obtained by application to the chief chamberlain at his office in the Vatican on the following Monday —this being Saturday.

From the Hall of Ambassadors we were conducted to a portion of the Vatican quite new to us, and mounted the celebrated "Scala Regia," which is said to be the finest staircase in the world. It ascends in a direct line past several stories of the palace; and consists of broad marble steps, alternating with terraces, which also slope upwards. There are two flights of stairs, though they are both in a direct line; the first is decorated on each side with Ionic columns, and the second with pilasters. Between the flights is a broader terrace, on the right of which, against the wall, stands a full-sized equestrian statue of Constantine the Great. The emperor is represented in the act of seeing the vision of the cross in the heavens, with the encouraging words, "In hoc vincis" (by this you conquer), just before his final struggle with Maxentius. The vision also is shown over the stairs and opposite to the statue.

The perspective view commanded from the top of the "Scala Regia," is wonderful. It extends far beyond the foot of the stairs, through the right hand portico of the palace, and far across the

piazza of St. Peter's. The carriages crossing our range of vision appeared like crawling ants, and human figures were mere dots.

It was not in our power to visit a fiftieth part of the treasures of the Vatican, though they are, with few exceptions, freely open to inspection. Our work in Rome being accomplished, we were bound to hasten on our way.

The Pope's palace is a vast museum, in which he only occupies four simply furnished rooms. The remainder belongs to all Christendom, and is crowded with treasures of art and literature, placed there for security, or rescued from destruction by the popes. Even in turbulent times they were safe, under the charge of the one power which the most perverse and reckless Christian of Catholic times usually respected, even though every other influence was outraged or despised.

But the French republican army of 1796 broke through this restraint, because they had broken away from Christianity itself. More barbarous than the Pagan Huns, who turned aside from their design when in the presence of Pope Leo the Great, the French infidels pillaged Rome, sent her most precious art treasures to Paris, took captive the saintly Pope Pius VI., and imprisoned him in Avignon till his death at the end of the eighteenth century. After the fall of Napoleon I. restitution was made as far as possible, but many works of art were irrecoverably lost, and few escaped injury.

Drawn on by an irresistible attraction, we could not linger long in the halls containing large frescoes of Raphæl's, one covering each wall, and only paused before those of deepest interest.

One of the first that claimed our attention was the Triumph of the Blessed Sacrament. Its emblem, overshaded by a dove, occupies an altar in the centre, and around it are collected a crowd of recognisable figures, life-sized, in the foreground, but diminishing perspectively. Venerable doctors, priests and pontiffs, founders of religious orders, writers of profound learning, saints, teachers, and proficients in every art and science, are there assembled, and grouped with wonderful skill. Above them appears, with ineffable majesty, the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, St. John the Baptist, and ten noble figures representing patriarchs and evangelists.

When, in the sixteenth century, the Constable Bourbon besieged Rome and fell in the trenches, his followers made a fire in the centre of this hall (which, like all Italian rooms, has no fireplace); and the paintings, then but newly finished, were somewhat injured by the smoke. In the foreground of the Triumph of the Blessed Sacrament stands a charming group of cherubs, lovely, graceful, and childlike. We envied a lady who was copying them in water-colours, with admirable fidelity, and noticed that she used an opera glass to bring the study nearer to the eye.

These paintings are above the spectator some seven feet, and the lower portion of the wall is ornamented by chiaroscuros, or pictures in light and shade only.

The School of Athens contains fifty-two expressive figures, very

characteristic, and we easily recognised Diogenes, solitary and half naked, Socrates conversing with Alcibiades, and other well-known Greeks. But we passed on to the expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple while in the act of plunder, as related 2d Book of Maccabees, chap. ii. This fine picture is all movement and animation. The high priest Onias stands at the altar in the act of fervent supplication, but the plunderer Heliodorus has fallen beneath the feet of a white horse bearing a terrible rider, while two youths are scourging with rods the flying attendants. It appears to the spectator as if the next plunge of the horse must bring him from the wall, and the thundering stamp of his broad hoofs seemed almost audible. There is, among the numerous figures grouped around, the utmost variety of expression; yet it is finely shown that while they witness the consternation of the intruders, they are totally ignorant of its cause. This painting is said to convey an allusion to the long struggle and final triumph of Pope Julian XI. to free the states of the Church from the oppression of powerful and unprincipled men, who would fain have wrested the patrimony of St. Peter from the weak hands that owned it.

We passed from one hall to another, thinking each successive work we beheld grander than the last, but we could not linger long among them.

With wondrous distinctness is the story told of Pope Leo the Great (and first of that name) opposing the march of Attila upon Rome in the fifth century.

Attila appears at the head of his victorious cavalry on the right of the picture, and gazes with awe on the apparitions of St. Peter and St. Paul, who with drawn swords, in an attitude of menace, seem to forbid the further advance of the conqueror. Beneath their floating forms stands the Pope, with two cardinals, the officers of his court, cross bearer, and acolytes. Their calm expression and dignified bearing display a fearless majesty that might well awe the rude barbarian, and contrasts finely with the agitation, surprise, and terror depicted with admirable force on the countenances of the Huns, some of whom are in the act of flying away.

Many consider "The Miracle of Bolsena" as the finest painting in these unrivalled halls. It is the last fresco completed by Raphael during the Pontificate of Julias II. As its name imports, it was painted to commemorate a miracle respecting the Blessed Sacrament, and contains many well-known portraits. The variety of expression in this splendid picture, and the grace displayed in every attitude, claim boundless admiration, and can never be surpassed. The delivery of St. Peter from prison is arranged with great art. Above and around a large window over it is the grating of a prison, illuminated by the presence of an Angel, who is awaking the sleeping apostle. On the right side of the window the angel is leading the captain past his slumbering guards down the stairs from the dungeon, the night scene being lighted up by the angel's presence. On the left the guards are aroused; one holds a torch, which throws a lurid glare over the group of startled men, while a pale light in the dis-

tance comes from the rising moon. We have a fair oleograph of this picture in the Melbourne Gallery.

The paintings in the "Sala of Constantine" were designed by Raphael, but interrupted by his premature death, and finished by his pupils. Each of the wide walls of this vast hall is covered with a painting depicting some event in which Christianity triumphed over paganism. The defeat of Maxentius is the largest historical painting ever attempted. It represents the moment when the irresistible charge of Constantine precipitated Maxentius into the Tiber. In the middle distance the white horse of Constantine is in full career, and a body of troops is flying across a bridge, where the last struggle of despair is represented by a hand-to-hand fight. In the foreground Maxentius is in the act of falling into the river with the plunder he has taking from Rome. The seven-branched candlestick of the Jews was then lost, and remains still in the bed of the Tiber.

The movement and animation in this painting are admirable, and in the foreground are such piteous scenes as are the results of war. We specially noticed a group in the left corner, consisting of an old soldier and a youthful standard bearer. The former is raising the dead boy, and displaying amid the din of battle the "touch of nature that maketh the whole world kin."

Another large painting represents the cross appearing to Constantine before that great and final battle, and it contains several Roman monuments of which no trace now remains.

The Baptism of Constantine gives a view of "the Baptistry," still standing near the Lateran, as it appeared 340 years ago. Another painting shows the gift of the Roman states to Pope Sylvestre by the Emperor Constantine for the protection of the Apostolic See; and it contains a view of old St. Peter's, which was erected by him on the site of an oratory built by the Pope Anacletus, who was ordained by St. Peter. On the same site now stands the renowned Basilica of St. Peter.

On the roof of this hall is painted "The Triumph of Faith." A pagan statue has fallen from its pedestal, and is replaced by a cross. A French bullet entered this magnificent hall in 1849, but did no injury.

Some idea may be formed of the immense size of the Vatican by the fact that a small private chapel arranged by Pope Nicholas V., and decorated with precious frescoes painted by the celebrated Dominican, "Fra Angelico," was completely lost for nearly 500 years. Probably because Nicholas was an anti-pope, and never accepted by the Church (though he resided for a short time at the Vatican) his chapel was completely built up by later erections.

For the sake of the remembered works of "Fra Angelico," a search was made for the lost chapel in the eighteenth century, and when discovered it had to be entered through a window. It is called the chapel of Saint Lawrence, because the subjects of Fra Angelico's works illustrate the lives and deaths of the two youthful deacon martyrs, St. Lawrence and St. Stephen. The upper series concern St. Stephen, the lower St. Lawrence, who was martyred by order of

the Roman prefect Decius in A.D. 250. The subjects are,—his ordination by Pope Sixtus II. (who was also a martyr),—his receiving into his charge the treasure of the Church when persecution impended,—the distribution to the poor,—the arraignment,—and the martyrdom. All these paintings are worthy of the other works of the highly-gifted Dominican.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LAST VISIT TO ST. PETER'S.

The Pinacotheca—Incredulity of St. Thomas—St. Catherine—Fra Angelico—Exchanges with Earl Dudley—St. Sebastian—Perugino—Francia—Guido—Martyrdoms ancient and modern—The three finest paintings in the world—Last visit to St. Peter's—The Sacristy—The Crypt—Church of the Confession of Sts. Peter and Paul—Graves of Stuart Princes—Confessionals of St. Peter's—A rest—A reverie—The Confessor provided—St. Peter's love for his Divine Lord—Last look at the noblest work of man.

THE picture-gallery of the Vatican is called the "Pinacotheca." The paintings in it are not numerous, not exceeding fifty in number, but some among them are the finest in the world, and several have a remarkable history. We could only glance at a few.

"The Incredulity of St. Thomas" contains a head of the Saviour which is incomparably grand. Murillo's "Marriage of St. Catherine" was presented to the Pope by the Queen of Spain, and its exquisite loveliness and expression are unsurpassed. A glorious painting by Fra Angelico, the saint-artist, represents Our Lady and the Divine Infant surrounded by angels and saints. The name of the artist is sufficient to certify the exquisite beauty and purity of this lovely composition. This painting, with another gem of art, and also £1000, were offered by Lord Dudley for a painting in the Vatican by Murillo, which completed a series possessed by his lordship illustrating the parable of the Prodigal Son. Whatever the beauty of Murillo's picture, we think the Pope had the best of the bargain.

We lingered by a noble painting of "St. Sebastian pierced with arrows," because the story of "Fabiola" has endeared to us the gallant young Christian hero and stainless knight. We always delight in the works of Perugino, because his figures seem to represent glorified humanity. Here is a wonderful resurrection by that great pre-Raphaelite, in which he places his pupil Raphael in a corner as a sleeping soldier. The remarkable picture by Sacchi, of St. Romauld relating to his monks his vision of a ladder, up which he beheld his spiritual sons ascending to heaven, is arranged with consummate skill. The robes of the Camaldolese monks being white presented difficulties which the artist has avoided by grouping his figures

beneath a widely-spreading tree, and thus obtaining the indispensable variety of light and shade. In the distance is represented the vision the saint is relating. We greatly admired an Annunciation, painted for one of the chapels of Loretto, carried thence by the French republican army in 1797, and restored in 1816. A copy in mosaic supplies its place at the holy shrine. Guido's Crucifixion of St. Peter is magnificent, and procured for him the order to paint his celebrated "Aurora."

The martyrdom of St. Marcellus and St. Marcellianus might represent an English martyrdom of the fourteenth century, for the executioners are represented as drawing forth the bowels of their victims. As our time was short, we were anxious to reach the rooms in which only three paintings are admitted, but they are acknowledged to have no rival in the world of art. We did not leave that room until we were dismissed by the attendants.

The "Madonna da Foligno" is the lovliest of all Raphael's lovely Madonnas, and though perhaps surpassed in grandeur by his superb Madonna of St. Sixtus, in the Dresden Gallery, yet excelling it in sweetness and in grace. Our Lady, with the Divine Infant on her knee, is represented seated on clouds. The surpassing tenderness of both faces sinks into the heart, while the dignity of a higher nature beams from their gracious looks and stately attitudes. In the foreground stands a group which would alone form a fine painting. The noble face of "Sigismonde Conti," who had this picture painted for his sister (afterwards abbess of Foligno) is evidently a portrait; so also is that of St. Francis, and both are highly characteristic. St. Jerome, the patron of Sigismonde, is commending him to Our Lady with an intense expression of entreaty, and, with St. John the Baptist, completes the group. In front of these lower figures is one of the beautiful infant forms in which Raphael delighted, which stands extending a scroll, and is conspicuous for its ease, grace, and loveliness. The escape of the Count from a falling bomb is commemorated in the background, by the passage of a bomb through the air. We concluded that it was introduced by the desire of Raphael's noble patrons. This fine painting formed a portion of the French plunder, and was much injured in Paris by being transferred from wood to canvas, and (which is far worse) re-touched.

"The Transfiguration" is well known, and we fear to allude to excellence quite beyond the powers of description; it also was stolen from the church of St. Peter's in Montario by the French in 1797. When restored to Rome it was considered to be safest at the Vatican, and an annual sum is still paid to the church for which it was painted by way of compensation. The paint of this marvellous composition was scarcely dry when the great artist died, in early manhood; and his last picture stood beside his remains when they received the visits of his friends and patrons.

The glorious beauty of immortal youth, the dignity of a superhuman nature, the grace and lightness of beatified existence, ecstatic joy, and perfect peace, are wonderfully given in this highest effort of human genius. To behold it is to obtain a glimpse of a higher and

nobler state of existence; but our delight was mingled with the painful remembrance that powers so rarely owned were lost when in their prime. Yet had Raphael survived to the longest limit of human life, and possessed his powers undimmed to the last, he never could have surpassed this glorious work. The group of the three apostles, overwhelmed and dazzled by supernatural glory, is only second in excellence to the dominant subject of the picture. The light that confuses them renders their figures almost ethereal, and their gradations of feeling and variety of attitudes are depicted with exquisite art. In the foreground is a transition to earthly emotions that seems almost discordant. It is painted with wonderful power and life-like animation, but seems to drag one rudely from a dream of heaven. It is probably on that account more true and real; but we did not find it difficult to believe the statement that this part of the painting was finished by Giulio Romani, a pupil of Raphael.

The Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino, is absolutely perfect; yet it was so utterly unappreciated by its first possessors that they gave it, instead of a new canvas, to Poussin to cover it with a picture! We are indebted, therefore, to that clever artist for the preservation of this masterpiece. It was one of the gems of art stolen from Rome by the French republicans, and afterwards restored.

When gazing on this painting, one feels as if assisting at a holy and happy death—the death of one who "has borne the burden of the day, and the heats."

On the ground are gathered the massive but shrunken limbs of a dying old man; in the attitude of one who in attempting to kneel in order to receive reverently the Blessed Sacrament, he has sunk back, through the failure of his powers. His attendants are raising the nerveless head, and the large-lidded eyes are feebly raised towards the Sacred Gift, which is presented to him by St. Ephrem, Bishop of Antioch. The place is Bethlehem, where St. Jerome died. St. Paula kneels beside him, and reverently kisses the collapsed hand. Although the limbs are wasted, and the cloud of death is over the aged lineaments, the expression of past power, both physical and mental, is paramount. We recognise the illustrious saint and pre-eminent scholar, to whom we owe our translation of Holy Scripture, in which, during fifteen centuries, no error has been found. The figure of St. Ephrem is dignified, and that of the young kneeling deacon is a model of grace and purity, the whole forming a perfect work without a single flaw. May those three glorious masterpieces continue in undecided rivalry, till the time when the prediction of the Anglo-Saxon pilgrim of the eighth century shall be fulfilled—

> "When the Colosseum falls Rome shall fall,
> And when Rome falls,—the world!"

Of the three rival paintings, the writer was certainly most deeply touched by the "St. Jerome." It reminded her of a death-scene she had witnessed in early youth, when an aged Catholic, who, having suffered from the difficulties attending a Catholic education in

his early days, had for years neglected his religious duties, was reconciled at the eleventh hour. He insisted on being lifted from his dying bed, and placed on his knees to received the Blessed Sacrament, and faltered forth a hope that this act might tend to counteract the effects of any disedification his negligence might have caused, adding—"Especially to you, my sons!" The three who witnessed their father's impressive deathbed are now dead. May all who read these lines join with the writer in saying—"Remember not, O Lord, their offences, nor those of their parents! Remember not the sins of their youth, or their ignorances, but for Thy name's sake, spare Thy servants!"

We were at length disturbed from our reveries, and hurried away by the attendants, for the hour of closing the galleries had arrived, and we hastened to pay to St. Peter's our visit of farewell.

On our second entrance into the Temple—

"Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,"

we were better able than on our previous visit to appreciate its vastness and comprehend its sublimity. On this occasion our chief (who never forgot her dear convent-home) had brought a small phial, which she filled with holy water at one of the enormous marble "stoups," representing a gigantic conch-shell, that is supported by cherubs six feet high, though they appear perfectly infantine. On this occasion, we purposed to supply all former deficiencies, repair our omissions, and fix deeply on our memories the wonders we could never hope to see again.

Our chief object, however, was to descend into the subterranean chapels, and we had obtained the necessary order, of which a few strangers availed themselves.

The descent is from the sacristy; this consists of three noble halls, and on festivals of high ceremonial, which were frequent before the usurpation, they were all required. They occupy a space as large as a church, and are decorated with eight fluted marble columns, found on the site of Adrian's Villa, and many fine paintings and frescoes. Here are carefully preserved the vestments used at the coronation of Charlemagne by Pope Leo III., with many other extremely ancient vestments and sacred vessels. Among the latter is a gold chalice, enriched with gems, which was presented to St. Peter's by the last of the Stuart princes, the Cardinal of York. Many valuable parchments and deeds of high antiquity are guarded here, one of them being the celebrated Codex of Cicero. The crypt or underground church occupied its present position and usage under the basilica built by Constantine. It contains several small chapels and the most interesting ancient tombs, with curious mosaics, statues, frescoes, and inscriptions of the fifth and sixth centuries. One tomb bears a beautifully lettered inscription of Pope Damasus, in the fourth century, which is easily known by the elegance of the letters. Here is the grave of Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus, who died in Rome A.D. 1487. Pius VI. was buried here (though he died a captive in France), and also Pius VIII. On the grave of the Em-

peror Otho is the date A.D. 983. The sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, prefect of Rome in A.D. 350, was found nearly where it now stands when the crypt was enlarged in 1595. It is covered with sculptures, representing scenes from the Old and New Testaments. Among them is St. Peter seized by the Jews, &c. In the northern aisle are many Papal tombs. That of our English Pope, Adrian, is formed of red granite. The Chapel of the Confession (or grave) of the Apostles is under the centre of the dome of St. Peter's and its high altar. It is in the form of a Latin cross; and here, since the fourth century, have reposed the remains of St. Peter, which were then brought here by St. Cornelius from the crypt of St. Sebastian, on the Appian Way. This chapel is richly decorated, and has portraits of St. Peter and St. Paul, of the time of Pope Calixtus II. (1122).

The three urns of the three last English Stuart princes, who all died in Rome, here receive in death the titles to which they certainly had hereditary right, though they might not assume them in life. Their names are inscribed as James III., Charles III., and Henry IX. of England. The last named was the Cardinal of York, who in his youth entered the priesthood, thus in early life renouncing all his claims to earthly grandeur.

The eldest of our party soon left her friends to their subterranean explorations, and made her way to the nave of St. Peter's, where she found the step of a confessional a convenient resting-place. The exertions of the day had taxed her powers to the utmost, but the quietude of the vast church soothed the weary nerves, and the magnificent surroundings cheered the spirits without exacting additional effort. The aisles of St. Peter's have many confessionals, standing at equal distances on either side. Over each is inscribed the name of the country whose language is understood therein, and thus consolation is readily obtained by pilgrims from every land. The confessional before which the pilgrim chose her seat had inscribed above the door the name of her native speech, and she chose this spot because she hoped to see it entered by an English priest. It was the day of our weekly confessions, and if we could obtain an English-speaking confessor here we should be spared a long walk on our return home. While seated alone, with her thoughts turned to the preparation for the Sacraments, she remembered that all the winning beauty and sublime grandeur around her was called into existence by belief in the "Real Presence." That sublime truth has no difficulties for those who realise the yet more wonderful one of the Incarnation, but seems a part of it. When the Deity assumed a human body and soul, it was not for a single generation of men, or a single race of people, but for all ages and for all nations. Ever blessed be the Divine love, mercy, and power that have contrived a most wondrous way of fulfilling the promise, "I am with you all days, even to the end of the world." Always and easily accessible, always tender, indulgent, and pitiful to the penitent was our dear Redeemer when visible on earth, and He is so still. Patient of our rudeness, unresenting our neglect, comforting our sorrows, cheering our fears, rewarding with sweet welcome and unspeakable consola-

tion the lowly worshippers, here in the Blessed Sacrament He is as truly with us as He was with His apostles and first human friends. We had found Him wherever we went, and knew that we should continue to do so in every land we might visit. So it will be to the end of this dispensation; for He has promised it, whose word stands for ever.

How small a mite did that solitary pilgrim feel herself to be in the lofty expanse of St. Peter's! What then when compared to infinitude! Half forgotten words recurred to her while thus musing—

> "Yet doth Thy Spirit in my spirit shine
> As shines a sunbeam in a drop of dew."

No kingly palace could compare in beauty and splendour with the ecclesiastical buildings which this one wanderer had seen; and how many there were of surprising magnificence which she could never hope to behold! All these were evidences of human love for the Divine Humanity, whose "Name" was to be "great among the Gentiles." They who lavished wealth untold, labour unstinted, highest art, and costliest materials in honour of the world's Redeemer, must have loved Him intensely. And these temples are living monuments, constantly devoted to His service, not like the dead tomb of extraordinary magnificence which was erected by an Indian King to his lamented wife. They are also the emblems of heaven and the palaces of His poor, who are free to come and go and enjoy their beauty and share their privileges, and spend hours if they choose, in their splendid courts. We once heard a lady remark while observing a fine building—

"Ah, that neither feeds the hungry nor clothes the naked!"

She was quite mistaken. All the money ever expended on erecting noble buildings certainly went to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, by giving them the best kind of alms—employment. The soul, as well as the body, requires nourishment; and where can it be fed with more delightful and elevating and imposing food than is found in the grand temples erected for the honour and glory of God?

The feeble sexagenarian knew that her needs were as fully known to the All-loving Father as the aspirations of saint or seraph, and therefore allowed the influence of the place to supplant her anxieties about saving the Communion of the morrow.

Her reverie was at length disturbed by a voice addressing her in French—"Do you wish for a confessor?" The speaker was an ecclesiastic, and she eagerly inquired for the English priest who served the confessional beside her.

"I think he will not be here to-day," replied the gentle voice; "he has gone into the country."

"I have two friends, reverend Father, with a party in the crypt, who also wish to find a confessor."

"If you will go to the next confessional but one, I think you will there find a confessor."

"But I can only confess in English."

"He will hear you in English," and having so spoken he walked slowly away.

This was a great relief, and the lady gave her thoughts to the duty she was about to perform. To her surprise the good father who had addressed her entered the confessional he had indicated, and afterwards waited there till the nuns came from the crypt. We were thus enabled to drive direct home, and rest ourselves after a most fatiguing day. The name of the grave-eyed priest we never heard, but concluded him to be an accomplished linguist, and probably a man of eminent learning. He had evidently come to say his office in St. Peter's, with the intention of serving any pilgrims whom he might find waiting therein. There are always pilgrims in Rome.

We had heard it stated that the pillars which support the dome of St. Peter's covered each a space equal to the interior of the Church of St. Charles, our next-door neighbour, where the lay-pilgrim was a frequent visitor. As it is a circular church with four altars the lady had doubted the accuracy of the remark, and determined now to satisfy herself. She carefully noted the curve of the pillar, and undertook to "step" the space it covered, as she had often seen done correctly; but when she reached forty feet she gave up the point.

Once more we visited the statue of St. Peter, who was not chosen as head apostle on account of his beauty, intellect, courage, or strength, but for his devoted love. Love caused him to fling himself into the sea to meet his Lord; love led him to the hall of Pilate. He could say "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee!" and so won the priority in dignity and in suffering. It was love that arrested his agony of terror, and turned him back on the Appian Way, strengthened his fainting heart, and caused him to increase the tortures inflicted by his executioners. Meekly he moved among the proud and talented and powerful, an obscure teacher; but his pupils soon filled every portion of the state, every rank and condition of life, and even were numerous in the palace of the Cæsars. This statue has been venerated for nearly two thousand years. Trajan's beautiful column only serves to raise his sorrowful face and simple robes to the sky, and his name is given to the grandest production of human hand or intellect. O wonderful old man! teaching with tearful words of mighty power, and dying like thy Master in torment and infamy! In all the wondrous annals of the human race, no history can equal thine!

We looked our last on the altar, the stately baldochino, and the dome, reading easily the inscription round its base, which, seen from the pavement, appears of ordinary size, though in reality eight feet high: "Thou art Peter. On this rock I will build my Church. Thou hast the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

Slowly we re-traversed the marble pavement, which is worn down by the feet of innumerable pilgrims from every civilised country in the world, cast lingering looks on our favourite works of art, that we might never hope to see again, and most reluctantly passed into the vestibule, and thence into the open air.

As we turned from our last gaze at the façade of the grand basilica, the Baroness remarked—

"It is wonderful that educated people exist in the world who are capable of feeling no more reverence during a grand and devout ceremonial in such a church as St. Peter's, than is experienced in a concert hall! I have often heard complaints made to that effect in Catholic countries in allusion to the behaviour of English and American Protestants. And many a wish has been expressed that persons who cannot regard with reverence religious rites which they do not understand would abstain from attending them. They do not seem to appreciate the courtesy that tolerates their presence, or perceive that when they do not observe respectfully the customs of the place, they err against the first rules of good breeding. Surely they should be able to recognise (though their theological ignorance is really amazing) that they are assisting at the highest act of Divine worship (and so recognised by 200,000,000 Christians), in the noblest temple ever erected to the Divine honour. Were they capable of such a thought, it would induce respectful behaviour and a deep sense of their own ignorance."

We made no reply, being shamed by the consciousness that the lady's severe remarks applied widely to our own nation, and were justified by many of our English and colonial experiences. We were reminded, too, of the profane uses made of our most sublime Church music—the piteous "Stabat Mater" sung in a theatre, and the production of "Stabat Mater quadrilles!" In Lichfield Cathedral a party of visitors were walking through its venerable nave, when a young lady exclaimed, "What a lovely place for a dance!"

The German lady was listened to in sad silence.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FAREWELL TO PROSTRATE ROME.

Courage of Roman lady—Brave English lady—No Roman will consent to force the gates of the Quirinal—The receipt of the Pope's cap—Brief visit to Vatican museum—Floor of Cicero's dining hall—Real porphyry sarcophagi—Strange discovery of jewels in a tomb—Subsequent conjectures—State of Rome—Suffering poor—Gloomy court—The royal family of Sardinia and the usurpation—Royal prediction—Fate of such as war on popes—Florence—The greatest blunder of modern times—Struggles of the Papal States—The mission of the Church—The footprints she leaves—Experiences of modern Rome—Pagan Rome and the world.

We heard many interesting anecdotes respecting the last attack on the Holy City, two of which possessed for us a most touching interest.

When the troops of "La Marmora" assailed Rome, and their force was concentrated at the Porta Pia, an attack on that gate became imminent, and several of the Papal Zouaves placed their money and

their valuables in the charge of the lady who gave hospitality to our sisters during their stay in Rome. Shortly after the forcible entrance of the invaders, the lady was informed that their captives were imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, and in want of common necessaries! That brave lady and one companion resolved to reach them if possible; but it was a great undertaking for two ladies without escort.

The peaceable inhabitants kept within doors, and the streets were crowded with foreign troops, camp followers, and the class always numerous in large cities who expect to profit by tumult and disorder. The hearts of the ladies were trembling with apprehension, but they strove to strengthen themselves by prayers for protection and success. Many a time was their carriage retarded by the crowd, and rude gazes often menaced its occupants; but they proceeded slowly, and with many stoppages, till they reached the Bridge of St. Angelo. They were now near the end of their journey, and their hopes rose high; but in the very centre of the bridge a rude voice commanded the driver to stop!

Of course the man obeyed, and a rough head appeared at the window of the carriage demanding of the ladies their destination. The tremulous reply was truthful, and the words were caught up and repeated by the crowd. A Babel of cries arose, among which the terrified ladies could distinguish—

"Drag them out!"

"Fling them into the Tiber!"

The coachman's face became yellow with fright, the ladies grew faint with horrible apprehensions, when suddenly unlooked-for help approached them.

A young mounted officer forced his horse to the side of the carriage, and with a look and gesture of command ordered the mob to "stand back."

On learning the ladies' mission, he loudly shouted—

"Succour to the wounded! Certainly! Brave men do not war on wounded prisoners—nor on ladies. Drive on, coachman."

With a low bow he quitted the carriage, which proceeded without further interruption; and the officer, turning to the crowd, managed by a few words to turn their rage to merriment and applause.

The ladies carried an order to see their friends, but there was much delay and many keys were turned; and after all their trouble and risk, the number of those they came to succour was incomplete, for some lay among a heap of slain at the "Porta Pia."

It is one of these whom our second narrative commemorates.

The near relative of an English Catholic nobleman had for years before the usurpation dwelt in Rome; she was well known by the poor, and universally respected by natives as well as by her own people. Her receptions were the favourite resort of distinguished visitors to the Holy City, but especially of those from England and France. Many young French zouaves found in her a kind friend and wise counsellor, who supplied to them the loss of old friends and family ties. One of these, a young Frenchman of good family, had

become an especial favourite, on account of his many Christian virtues and gentle manners.

On the eve of the attack on the "Porta Pia" he visited his friend, and took leave of her in these words :—

"Our post will be attacked early to-morrow, and I have a strong conviction that I shall fall. I have come, therefore, to thank you for many kindnesses, and to make one last request. It is, that you will convey my body to my mother."

"I promise to do so if it is in my power."

"It will be a consolation to my mother to place me in the family vault."

"You may rely on me as far as my power extends," replied the agitated lady; and the hands were clasped that were never more in this world to exchange a friendly greeting.

By daybreak the next morning the lady was in the Via Pia, the street leading to the gate of that name. With a crowd of spectators she saw the small body of cavalry march to their post, and mournfully remarked that "*her* boy," as she always designated the youthful soldier, rode one of the first.

Full soon she learned that the gate had been forced, the gallant defenders overpowered, many slain, and the rest taken prisoners.

As soon as the great tide of conquerors had passed into the city, the brave English lady went alone on her sorrowful quest (for her servants were all natives, and she would not risk the life or liberty of an attendant). She swiftly hurried down the long street, Via Pia, passing on the way a few straggling soldiers and slow country-folk, who gazed timidly around them with awe-stricken eyes. She fancied they all guessed her errand; and well they might, for they must have passed a pile of dead heaped beside the gates. The lady found the portal wide open, and firmly approached the slain, who had been lifted out of the way of the main body of the invading forces. Shedding many a tear over the ruin which she beheld, the lady tenderly moved aside many a recognised form that was still warm, though the tide of life was stilled for ever. After much distressing labour she found the object of her search, and succeeded in extricating "her boy" from beneath his slain comrades.

To raise him from the ground was beyond her strength; she could only drag the body slowly along the pavement, often pausing to take breath, and sometimes raising an imploring eye to some stalwart passer-by. But fear and the excitement of the time pre-occupied every mind; and she felt thankful that, though no one offered help, no one obstructed her progress. Slowly and painfully she proceeded with her burthen until she reached an intersecting street, along which she saw a private carriage approaching; and as it drew near she recognised the livery of a distinguished foreigner.

The carriage was unoccupied and in the sole charge of a coachman, who reined in his horses at her bidding. She requested the man to convey herself and her charge to her residence; and as he recognised the lady, and knew her house, he could not refuse to obey her request. But the city was in disorder, and he dared not leave his

horses to render assistance. She opened the coach door, but her efforts to raise the body were futile. In vain did she implore the coachman to dismount for one moment; the horses were restless, and he would not relinquish the reins. She appealed to a few passers-by, but they were natives, and dreaded the consequences of interference.

At length a countryman of her own approached the spot, whom the civil strife did not concern. He at once offered his assistance, escorted the lady home, and did not cease his kind offices till every respectful attention had been rendered to the remains of the gallant young soldier. In a few days a confidential servant arrived in Rome, who conveyed the young chevalier to the last resting-place of his race.

When the conquerors arrived at the Quirinal, they found the gates locked against them. General La Marmora endeavoured, but in vain, to procure a smith to force the lock; but no native of Rome could be prevailed on to commit such an outrage on the Pope's dwelling. After considerable delay, a man was brought from a country district who forced open the gates, and the Quirinal was overrun by armed men. But the delay had enabled Pope Pius IX. to make good his escape.

We had one more visit to make to the Vatican, to obtain possession of the Pope's cap. It was received from the chief chamberlain by the glad sister, who never afterwards left her personal charge till she placed it in her beloved convent. This much-desired memorial is a small skull-cap of white moire-antique, lined with white silk, and was probably the last gift of the kind presented by Pius IX. It had not been long in wear, and the strictest scrutiny could not discover in it a single white hair from the venerable head. Its genuineness is attested by the Vatican seal affixed to the cap by a strip of white ribbon.

We took advantage of the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded of obtaining a brief glimpse of the Vatican Museum; but as we had arranged to leave Rome on the morrow, our time was very limited. The treasures of the Vatican have been often elaborately described by those who have bestowed on them months of careful study, for which years of culture prepared them. We can only name a few curios that, in the limited space to which we penetrated, won our especial interest. The halls themselves are marvels of art, many being paved with mosaics of extraordinary interest. We observed that one which was found under the ruins of Cicero's villa in 1741 contained representations of delicate fish, prawns, sepiæ, dates, grapes, asparagus, &c., and concluded that it had once been the floor of a splendid banquet hall. We thought of the noble intellects that once spent therein the hours of leisure and festive enjoyment; the wit, the eloquence, the poetic fervour of minds created to live for ever. Where are they now?

We lingered beside the sarcophagus of St. Helena, our countrywoman, and the mother of the first Christian emperor, Constantine the Great. It is formed of red Egyptian porphyry, and covered with

high reliefs, among which appear portraits of Constantine and St. Helena. There is a companion sarcophagus of Constantia, the daughter of Constantine, and these monuments are the largest known specimens of this kind of porphyry. Both were found in the tomb of St. Helena, beyond the "Porta Maggiore," and removed thence to the Lateran by Pope Anastasius IV., and to this museum by Pope Pius VI.

We were so much interested in a quantity of jewellery found in an ancient tomb that we feel bound to state all that is known respecting it.

General Galassi and Monsignore Bigolini, while making explorations in 1826, found a tomb that had long been buried beneath the surface, and penetrated to its inner chamber. There they found a bronze couch with six legs, a golden breastplate, and a very large quantity of jewellery of various kinds and exquisite workmanship. No modern artificer in gold, whether in Europe or the East, could surpass these specimens of ancient art in elegance of form, beauty of design, or minuteness of workmanship. Most of the ornaments were formed for ladies' use, and their fashion is perfectly compatible with modern tastes and usages. There are golden wreaths for the head, composed of myrtle and olive leaves most delicately wrought, and simple bands or fillets to confine the tresses. Necklaces are numerous, and of infinite variety; bracelets and armlets have mostly the serpent form, either single or coiled, though many are elastic. Large armlets of gold are elaborately engraved with graceful designs or devices. Rings are innumerable, some being set with precious stones, some jointed, or with scarabæi (sacred beetles) set on swivels. The ear-rings are very abundant also, and equally varied, some set with a single stone, and others adorned with the head of a ram or other animal. There are many fibulæ or fastenings for the toga, chains for the neck, gold lace, and various other costly articles, all of gold. With the jewellery was also found a golden breastplate, several elegant salvers, cups, and vases, some of which bear in Etruscan letters the name of "Larthia." It was this name that riveted our attention to the strange contents of a tomb; for the questions by whom and under what circumstances such treasures had been interred with the dead are irresistibly fascinating to the imagination. Without possessing any special weakness for jewellery, we confess to having left the Vatican with a great desire to learn something about Larthia and her tomb.

The pilgrims had promised to spend a few hours of farewell with the pleasant family circle that had become endeared to us by a month's companionship; and when we were assembled together the conversation soon turned on the incidents of the day. The Pope's cap was produced, but not allowed to be touched.

"Because," remarked its owner, "though one lady's dainty fingers would inflict no injury, yet, as it will be inspected by thousands, if handled by all, it must suffer in time. Therefore I have made a rule which will never be broken."

The extraordinary discovery of jewels in a buried tomb became

the subject of an animated discussion, and gave rise to very opposite conclusions. Some one suggested that we should each state our ideas respecting the most probable way of accounting for so curious a jewel house, and the proposal was merrily assented to.

Our hostess, Signora Lucia, was chosen as first speaker ; and after a little hesitation she accepted her task, commencing it with shy reluctance, which, however, soon disappeared. She began thus—

"In pagan times a wealthy Roman senator possessed a beautiful and only child, whom he loved with passionate idolatry. From her earliest years he lavished on his lovely daughter every costly or curious article he met with, whether native or foreign. Even his travels seemed chiefly interesting because they enabled him to discover newer and rarer gifts for his darling "Larthia." But when just on the verge of womanhood the child, on whom were centred all his dearest memories and fondest hopes, was seized with fever of a rapid and malignant kind. No Jesuit had at that time conferred on an ungrateful world the precious remedy, first called 'Jesuit's bark,' but now better known as 'quinine ;' and the most celebrated physicians in Rome failed to arrest the progress of the malady. Larthia died in the prime of her beautiful youth, and her father's heart was broken. He caused to be buried in her grave all his accumulated gifts, built a stately tomb to hand down to posterity her beloved name, and left Rome to die in a foreign land."

The Baroness had had time to arrange her thoughts, and when we turned to her she was quite ready with her history, which follows :—

"Larthia was an orphan and a great heiress, who had been betrothed to one of the noblest youths in Rome. The marriage day was fixed, and bridal gifts of the rarest and costliest kinds were showered on one already richly endowed, as is the custom of this world. Larthia seemed to be the especial darling of destiny,—one whose every wish was realised, and who formed quite an exception to the common lot, as sung by poets and lamented by philosophers. The bridal day approached,—the gallant young lover was daily expected to arrive from the army, with which he had won high renown for his deeds of valour ; but instead of the noble bridegroom came his freedman, bearing his golden breastplate, on the very eve of the appointed day.

"The young hero had been slain in an ignoble skirmish.

"The hapless bride drooped and died, leaving, as a condition of the inheritance of her patrimony, a strict command to bury in her tomb the breastplate of her betrothed, and with it all the jewels and works of art prepared for her bridal."

"You are both wrong," said another. "Larthia was for years the most admired beauty in Rome. Her taste and style ruled the prevailing mode in dress and ornament ; she could decide the fate of the defeated gladiator in the arena ; and to her many a bleeding wretch cast his despairing eyes in vain ! During her reign more than one emperor had ruled supreme and passed away ; but in each successive court the wit, beauty, grace, and varied charms of Larthia continued to rule the tastes of the day. It began to be said that she

possessed the secret of perpetual youth; and various rivals even hinted at magical mysteries, so cleverly in her case did art assist nature. But even the incomparable Larthia could not withstand altogether the ravages of time. When a younger beauty and a fresher wit appeared on the scene of her prolonged triumphs she gradually lost her crowd of worshippers. The arts which she used to arrest the progress of decay only hastened it, and at length she relinquished the contest. Retiring to her favourite villa near the sea she sullenly secluded herself with a few favourite attendants, and refused to permit any of her former friends or adorers to behold the gradual fading of her once pre-eminent beauty. There she died, bequeathing large legacies to her attendants, on one condition. They must, with scrupulous fidelity, bury in her tomb all the adornments she had loved, and the gifts of munificent admirers, because she willed that no other beauty should ever be adorned with her treasures."

"Ah me!" exclaimed our chief, "you are all in the wrong. Larthia was the name of the original occupant of the tomb. To her belonged the vases marked with her name, and the bronze couch on which her remains were laid, because she objected to cremation. Perhaps she was a Christian. At any rate, we know that as Christian habits of thought and feeling extended, cremation ceased to be general. However that may be (and I leave the question to the decision of the learned), Larthia's tomb was in the course of ages encroached upon by buildings; and when they fell it became covered over by ruins, so that it finally disappeared. No memory of it remained when, centuries after the death of Larthia, a Roman citizen when seeking for a foundation came down upon the buried tomb. It was a stormy age. The barbarians had again crossed the Alps, and were ravaging northern Italy; it was even said that they had designs on the imperial city. But in those days there were no newspapers, nor post deliveries, nor telegraph wires, nor railways; so all was doubt and conjecture, and because people wished to be comfortable, flying rumours were generally discredited. But though the citizen referred to had sufficient reliance on the safety of Rome to continue his building, he, with shrewd prescience, concealed the discovery of the tomb, because, as we say to this day, we never can tell what may happen. Too soon the battering engines of the invader shook the walls of Rome, and our citizen was called to join the defenders. He was a skilful worker in gold, and before taking his place on the walls, he conveyed all his most precious wares to the tomb of Larthia. He was careful to cover well the entrance he had made; and very soon a new tier of ruins rose above it, and also in time over the erections but just commenced. The goldsmith probably fell at his post, and his treasures remained buried till the year of grace 1826."

The smile that brightened the gentle nun's blue eyes was reflected in every face around her, and we all agreed that she had given the most probable solution of the mystery of Larthia and her trust.

From the past to the present state of Rome the transition was easy, and many piteous facts were related respecting the suffering poor,

and the yet severer lot of those who had formerly been their benefactors.

It would make our history too sad were we to relate our experiences of ladies who had, in their youth, taken their dowers to their convents, and now, dispossessed of all in their old age, were striving to live on an Italian franc a day, which is equal to eightpence English. Of course they were dying daily of want and privation, as our own plundered religious died in the sixteenth century.

Thence the conversation turned to the present occupants of the Quirinal and its gloomy court. Many members of the king's family have been remarkable for their piety and blameless lives. His mother and first wife were universally venerated for their benevolence and virtue. All his family except Prince Humbert were opposed to the usurpation of the Papal States, and also to the plunder of churches and religious houses throughout Italy. The queen-mother even went so far as to predict that if ever her son presumed to occupy the Pope's dwelling, he would die there prematurely. For this reason, during the first years of the usurpation, the king never slept in Rome. When obliged to make any stay in the Holy City, he was always seen riding from it before nightfall to his suburban villa.

It was only just before our arrival that he appeared to have overcome the repugnance, probably occasioned by the words of his mother; but he only relaxed so far as to occupy rooms on the basement story, which in Italian mansions are never occupied by the families of their owners.

Severe remarks were made respecting the corn supplied to his 300 horses, while the food of the poor was heavily taxed.

We were told that while a committee sat in Turin to consult on the seizure of the Papal States, their sittings were thrice interrupted by royal funerals.

The king's second son Amadeus (the ex-king of Spain) has not been seen in Rome since the usurpation, but is always mentioned with respect and affection; as also is the Princess Margharita, who is beloved by the people, and said to occupy the Quirinal most reluctantly.

Prince Humbert is credited with his father's ill qualities, but none of his good ones. The king's free and gay manner does him good service; and some defend him for his share of the revolution, because they say that he was the helpless tool of a faction, and had he resisted the movement he would have lost his crown.

Little did we think that in a few months his mother's prediction would be verified! But it was remarked how many of the men who combined against the Pope had been cut off in the prime of life. "Cavour," "Cialdini," and "Cepolla" (the Neapolitan architect, who profaned the venerable Quirinal Palace with upholstery, plunder, and paintings of battles, ladies, and cupids)—all had died early, while the aged Pontiff still survived.

Louis Napoleon, who betrayed his trust in order to secure the alliance of Victor Emmanuel in his war with Germany, was in turn betrayed. It will never be forgotten that the King of Italy, in the

supreme moment, went on a hunting expedition among the Alps. When the brief contest ended with the fall of Napoleon, his false ally hastened to make his peace personally with Bismarck, and retained his spoils.

Napoleon has also since died, discrowned and in exile, though the Pope's junior by many years.

While we thus conversed, Victor Emmanuel was in the possession of rude health, and in manhood's prime, within a few yards of us, and likely to survive us all, as well as the venerable octogenarian whom he had wronged. Little did he anticipate that in a few months he and his morganic wife, and "La Marmora," who forced the gates of Rome and the Quirinal, would have increased the fatal list.

The unification of Italy seems an impossibility to those who know the discordant elements of which its population is composed. But if desirable and possible, it could have been secured without touching the states conferred on the Church by the wisest princes for the wisest reasons. What a lovely capital of Italy beautiful Florence would have been, with her fine climate, delicious surroundings, and broad limpid river! But now, through the greatest blunder of modern times (which in choosing Rome as capital of Italy, would resuscitate a corpse, or re-juvenise extreme old age), Florence has been rendered bankrupt, and so deplorably ruined that she has to bear the reproach of having spent the means set apart for the succour of the poor and afflicted.

The states of the Church, though of less extent than many a private estate, have, in all ages, excited the cupidity of princes and warriors, for the reasons that often lead to wrong—they are goodly possessions held by weak hands.

Frequently has the small "Patrimony of St. Peter" been attacked, and sometimes overwhelmed; but the Church has always emerged from the storm uninjured, to enjoy, for a longer or shorter period, an interval of peace, during which the arts and sciences flourish under her protection, and every species of remedy for the ills of mortality (which vary with every age) are liberally founded.

And through every vicissitude of struggle, storm, and calm, the Church never ceases to perform with devoted fidelity her special task of "Teacher of the nations."

Meanwhile, without a single exception, they who have warred upon her have been stricken down, and sometimes in the very height of their pride and presumption. The greatest of her enemies in modern times, Napoleon I., proudly said, "Can the Pope's edict take the swords from the hands of my soldiers?" and the snows of heaven paralyzed the mightiest army he had ever commanded.

Few of the oppressors have lived to see the superhuman institution, which they believed to be dead and buried, rise again, like her Divine Founder, to verify His promise, that her vitality should be indestructible.

She is, as Dryden sings, "Oft doomed to death, but fated not to die!" When hunted from a land she has illustrated by the noblest

works, she takes refuge in other realms, where she recommences her labours and charities; and, wherever she obtains a footing, raises buildings of pre-eminent majesty, and founds institutions to meet every want of humanity. Wherever she has fixed her abiding place, her footprints are majestic and imperishable, even after her books have been deprived of their usefulness by the fell swoop of the destroyer.

We visited Rome in her hour of deep humiliation, deprivation, and sorrow—her ruler disinherited, her clergy and religious plundered and oppressed, her poor in extreme destitution. Institutions founded to succour and to save were changed to barracks and prisons, to awe and to punish, or converted into offices for the receipt and disbursement of most oppressive taxes, or for the superintendence of the revenues that support 300,000 soldiers.

We found the young deprived of the wisest and kindest of teachers, the old bereft of the tranquil refuge provided for their decline. The want and suffering of helpless plundered crowds made Charity herself almost despair; and the frequent deaths of the aged from want and heartbreak were complacently regarded as a relief by their cruel oppressors.

All we saw and heard enable us to realise, as we had never done before, the state of our own native land when the scourge of rapine and plunder passed over its religious institutions and rendered "Merrie England" a land of ruins from north to south, of which many vestiges still remain in every county. Well might a spectator write that England "appeared as if it had been ravaged from north to south by a destroying army." Such violent measures have not yet been taken in Rome, but she is being deprived of her cheerful festivals, and has lost her noble coinage, and cheap markets, and many of her most useful charities, and the best possible guardians of the poor.

A few weeks after our departure from Italy we heard of a singular prediction that floated over Rome, though the origin was not stated. "In January next a catafalque shall be erected in Rome, and in February another shall be required."

All the world knows how it was verified by the death of Victor Emmanuel one month before that of the Pontiff, whom he expected to survive for many years.

As we steamed away from Rome, and on looking back beheld acres covered more or less with ruins, a remark was made which aptly concludes our record—

"All that we know of Pagan Rome proves it to have been a true emblem of the world, for which our Saviour would not pray; inasmuch as while making millions miserable, it never made one happy."

APPENDIX.

Translation.

"OUR Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., on the report of Monseignore the Pro Secretary of the Holy Congregation of the Propaganda, has deigned to give, with affection, the Apostolical Benediction demanded for all those who charitably aid the Sisters of Mercy of Wellington, who join their Institute, or otherwise help them and their Schools."

VATICAN PALACE, *Nov.* 24, 1876.

THE END.

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