healthy, although the Tiber often encroaches on the latter; and the circumstance that the Roman earth exhales the sicknesses, and one is most exposed to them on the heights and in the gardens, shows that one cannot easily evade the evil on Roman ground and earth, unless one is willing to sanction the frightful axiom that a young, experienced and thinking doctor recited to Herr von Bonstetten in 1808: "In Rome no place is entirely healthy which is not paved."

[p. 148] It is remarkable that the women are far less exposed to all these evils than the men. Their bloom is more lasting than I have seen anywhere else. But among the children there reigns a frightful mortality, which the great fruitfulness of the mothers cannot bring into the customary equilibrium. To hear that out of seven children born, a woman has brought up only three, and out of ten only four, is a rather common affair; bad diet (polenta baked in oil often serves as the diet of quite young children), damp and chilly residences (whose harmful influence can be combated only by hearth fires, which are often lacking and anyway are considered unhealthy by the typical Romans), and the unhealthy fire-pots (Feuertöpfe) doubtless contribute greatly to this result. Taken as a whole, foreigners are less exposed to Rome’s illnesses if their life is well-ordered, and older and aged people feel particularly well in Rome. But strong, full-blooded youths making a longer stay must almost always survive a more or less significant illness.

April 18, 1803. Trip from Rome to Palestrina [the ancient Praeneste], with Reinhardt.

[p. 149] Thanks to dust, heat, and impatience with the coachman, who with mulish obstinacy drove us at half-speed through deserted fields and under a burning sun, we saw and heard nothing until, nine miles from Rome, we were electrified by the proximity of the lake of Regillus and the ruins of Gabii.

There to the left in a hollow depression lie the granaries and farms of Pantano, and squeezed in a cuplike green the little lake of Gabii; there rises the far-off brown ruin which even Romulus may have seen as a temple of the highly revered Gabinian Queen of Olympus; there stands the high tower of Castiglione above the lake. We, however, on this occasion drive past and gently upward. The mountain chain reveals itself as more interesting with every step. On the right, the Alban Mountain recedes and the chain of hills of the Algidus, with the high Tuscanian meadow-brow in the middle, aligns itself within the garland of Roman villas, palaces, cypresses and oak groves. Gently descending from [p. 150] Mondragone onto Monte-Porcio, the hills then rise again in a triangular pattern (im eintretenden Angel) with the high Monte-Compiti and Rocca Priori, two small mountain townlets which hang upon the steep summit, and close ahead of us rises the fruitful hill-wreath of Colonna with the little town. This round volcanic string of pearls lies on our right. On the left, the Apennine limestone mountain rises abruptly, with sharp back and shades of reddish blue. Closer at hand, the three Monticelli hills come forward, with little towns and cloisters. Tibur lies on the steep foot of the mountain, and Praeneste overhangs the green valley. We are at the lake of Regillus, a little round crater lake, surrounded by a dilapidated volcanic stone wall. Marsh birds live there, marsh plants bloom on
it, and the lovely Judas tree on the bank. Bonstetten found the marsh flowers of Sophienholm,\textsuperscript{28} heard the birds of Bagswerde [here in Italy] where the Romans conquered the world with the victory over Latium.

At the foot of Monte-Colonna we alighted at an Osteria, that is, a large horse, donkey and hinny barn [Pferde-, Esel- und Mauleselstall] without accommodation for human beings. I got onto a donkey [Esel], and the good-natured curate of the village on the Colonna mountain, on [p. 151] whose summit lay the old Labicum, accompanied us. I rode up and around the little town. The view is as wide as it is pretty. One looks out over the Campagna and into all the opened mountain masses. Thunder clouds loomed over the mountains of Praeneste and Tibur; soon the thunder rolled through them, and the little towns hung as on a blue-gray wall of clouds, veiled by the rain. The nearby lake of Regillus and the remoter one of Gabii were greeted.* We had a very modest meal under elms that had just turned green. The good curate brought us wine and eggs from his humble dwelling, and brought me also his little niece (Nipote), an intelligent and original little girl of four or five who suddenly embraced me with passion and cried loudly on leaving me. Everything here is still volcanic, tuff strata, lava pavement, cinders; but this mountain is the last fire-vent that the hills of the Algidus across the valley to the Apennines. The little town is very miserable; the air, it is true, is never unhealthy, but hunger and privation rule. No peasant is himself a property owner; yet the Colonnas have never seen this fine property of theirs; the population declines every year.* From Colonna, the way is ever more interesting and charming. One travels gently uphill [p. 152] and soon finds oneself on a valley ridge, gently elevated from the Campagna between the volcanos and the Apennines; the former behind, the latter powerfully heaped up and confronting us in great masses; on the right, green meadows and tilled fields, and on the left the valley, gently declining into the lap of the hazy Campagna, and all the mountain distances of Tuscany and Viterbo.* Soon we were on the lava-paved road to Palestrina. Charming is the little wood of Zagarolo, where we were received after the thunderstorm with all the delights of spring and an Hesperian heaven. The maple, elm, and oak grove had just put on its green (war eben grün entschlüpft); still blooming were violets, Sinngrün, anemones, and already woodbine, hedge roses, Lychnis, Spartium. We had imperceptibly been climbing through the little wood, and on leaving it found ourselves on a high, still ancient stone causeway, raised as in an Alpine land. To the right were splendid verdant meadows, crossed by elm alleys surrounding a country house of the Barberini family; on the left, a well-built structure in which stood blooming fruit trees over budding, half-green grapevines. The vines here are kept low and drawn around reedy terrain as on low trellises.* Ahead of us the thunder clouds were drawing sideways from the [p. 153] Praenestine Mountains, and from Tibur in the deeper Apennine valleys toward Subiaco, and far off there still appeared deep snow amid the confused jumble of clouds and hills. The high, steep, naked mountain summit above Praeneste and the little hanging town lay in evening sunlight, and the summits of the Monticelli glowed and then suddenly faded, and we were in the land of the Aequi, Praenestini and Hernici, who with their conquerors made their way downward to the shadows, and with them the proud goddess of Fortune of Praeneste, who was feared even by the

\textsuperscript{28} The country seat of State Councillor Brun near Copenhagen.
impudent Tiberius – down to where her lying lots are no longer valid and no longer deceive.\footnote{Who would not have thought, surrounded by the ruins, hearing the names of these ancient cities of Latium, of their enumeration in the seventh Canto of the Aeneid?}

At sunset we were by the town walls of Praeneste [Palestrina], i.e., the circumvallation of the temple of the most honored goddess. One now sees a bit of old wall with niches, then a stretch of the wall of the Barberini garden, and looks through its grated gate into hollows of old infrastructure. Then follows a bit of very ancient rustico wall, and \footnote{March 19 [sic: April 19]. The hill journey through the little town began; it is miserable. Nothing is more dismal than these Italian country towns of heaped-up stone debris, where nothing is kept up, everything is sinking together, where the smoky walls seem and are caves of poverty, where through unglazed window frames, dirty rags of misery announce the interior, and where only some deserted show palace, a neglected garden, in which felled and pruned trees are the only traces of culture, complete the picture of moral degradation.} then one is at the end, where the town gate stands in a corner of the wall; it looks old from inside. But we had left the letter of recommendation from Professor Rehberg to Signor Constantino Ruffino Rischia sticking in the mirror frame in Rome, and since there is no habitable inn in Praeneste, we were feeling very anxious. The house was not far from the town wall; the forgetful friend was inside; I trembled out in front. We were received, and I was still able to survey the fine view from the window balcony in the dusk. We hung, with the whole town, on the steep Apennine foot above the fruitful valley in a depression of the limestone mountain, which extends to left and right and provides shelter against rough north and east winds; and we looked to the south and west. To the right and high up before us, the ridge of the Algidus, behind which the higher Monte Cavo Albano raises its wooded head. In front of us, the broadening and flattening valley as far as the sea; below us from right to left the mountain spine of Cora, as I think, here called Montagne di Segni. Between them passes the way to Velletri. On the left, a rising valley toward the Rocca-Cava hill and the foothills where Anagni lies; on the right, the sinking valley and the Campagna.

\footnote{Hither returned the three hundred loyal Praenestines after the glorious defense of Casilinum. Hither came Augustus in two short days’ journeys (which I unfortunately could not do because of lack of accommodation); here died Marius, the son; here Sylla raged; here Horace read his Homer; here lived the beloved Marcus Aurelius – and now the poverty; for within the last few years the population has declined from 5,000 to 4,000.* This whole villa is honeycombed with vast infrastructures, in which the stopped-up water mains trickle and create swampy patches, and the former spring of health becomes a}
pestilential nuisance. In the huge conduits (Wasserhallen) beneath the garden terraces, the pure sources streamed directly out of the mother rock. How fruitful, among us, is the valley gently extended between the hills, full of wine, fruit, grain and meadows. When one compares this somewhat better culture with the unpopulated countryside and the empty towns, one still does not understand how the poor still cultivate (bestellen) so much land. Our gaze was attracted by a distantly viewed, deeply eroded, dry meandering riverbed, green immersed in green. Strabo is said to speak of the Verresis, which flows past Praeneste; they now call it the old bed of the more distant Osa.

We climbed up farther, still within the town and inside the circumvallation of the old temple, to the point where, in the highest, semicircular [p. 157] tribune, the huge old family palace of the Barberini, the lords of the town and the surrounding country, is now built into the old foundations. But one sees the form, walks and moves within its space, without seeing old foundation-walls, which have been painted over. The view has now broadened out further, and is astonishingly wide and commanding. Directly before us extends the Intervallum of Praeneste between the Alban and Algaidan chains to the right; on the left a parallel chain in volcanic form, Montagne di Segni, in which we thought we recognized the other side of the hills of Cora, extending down to the seashore. At the foot of these hills is the little town of Segni. To the left of Praeneste rises a greenly wooded and meadow-covered mountain called Rocca di Cava; on the right slopes down the fruitful terrain of the Praenestian mountain. Above us rises the bare limestone crown where the original Praeneste still subsists in a few huts and a cloister. Beside us to the left the valley gently and pleasantly rises in hills and green stretches as far as the foothills of the Apennines. Behind the mountain of Cora rises a powerfully built mountain with a limestone skeleton called Monte-Fortino; at its foot lay [p. 158] the old Ferentinum, and there lies on a green foothill the old Agnani. Through it runs through the mountains that fine road via Beneventum and Monte-Cassino to Naples. Here in the neighborhood one enters the mountain pass to Subiaco.* The air in cool Praeneste is still always healthy. We looked at the famous old mosaic; it was located in a real abyss of a cellar, to which light has never penetrated, as enigmatic in location as in content. It is a painting, so madly [scattered] like a thousand pictures mixed together as in a confused dream. Crocodiles, seals, rhinoceroses, lizards, horses, lions, tigers, serpents, tortoises, ostriches, ducks, sheep, pigs, boats (? Böte), rivers, wreathed temples and arbors, bacchantes, Ethiopians, etc. swarm together, well preserved as though finished today, and a riddle today as perhaps formerly. It is 18 feet long and 14 wide. The idea of some scholars, that it represents Hadrian’s arrival in Upper Egypt, is not improbable. * We rode from the other side down to Rocca-Cava; in passing, one sees on the outer walls of the old tribune some fragments of Corinthian entablatures and capitals. The view, [p. 159] when one rides down by way of the palace gate, is very nice, past the cypress groves of the cloister toward Rocca Cava, where delightful little stairways creep up the hill through little hilly woods. We rode down to our house along the ring-wall of the temple, undergirded (? substruirt) and patched together with old stone blocks.* In the afternoon we clambered around for a long time in the ruins of the old city, which lies far beneath the new Palestrina (which, as mentioned, is completely contained within the circumvallation of the Temple of Fortune), and in the vineyards. An insignificant ruin here is called a Temple of Jupiter; fine red granite columns lay there, and
torsos (Rümpfe) support the stone table close to the vintner's hut. This so-called Villa of Marcus Aurelius exhibits baths like the Sette-Sale of the Baths of Titus in Rome, and a walled-in Piscina still retained its form completely; everything picturesque under blooming fruit trees. We also visited the site where was found the splendid colossal Antinous, which is now the main component of the collection of antiquities of the Braschi Princes.* I rode to the left of the town (where, as always, the lazy, spoiled Italians spurned any paths), relying on my own instinct. One comes immediately, by nice little serpentine paths running up and down hill, along [p. 160] a mountainside, to that romantic lonely way to Rocca di Cava. Everything is happily unfolded after all the snow of last winter: hazelwood, elms (Ulmen, Rüstern), oaks are green; Cytisus, hedge-roses, honeysuckle, Spartium, sloes, hawthorn are in bloom. This side of the Palestrina mountain is bestrewn with limestone fragments. One passes over a deeply eroded gully in which a wild mountain torrent has carried down bits and pieces. It flows only in winter; beyond the brook I suddenly found stratified tuff walls, and Bonstetten, who followed the ever more beautiful path for a long time through delightful groves, kept seeing this volcanic tuff. This side of the mountain faces directly toward the mountains of Segni; the view into the lowlands bathed in the evening light, toward the reddish mountain and out into the hazy Campagna, toward the setting sun, was enchanting. Our hosts are good, friendly people; but the swarms of fleas are pitiless.

April 20, 1803. Return from Palestrina.

I again did not close an eye, and was dead tired on beginning the return journey. The high brow of the mountain of Praeneste looked after us for a long time; the day became very pleasant, and everything went well as far as [p. 161] the ancient road between Palestrina and Colonna, which one cannot avoid. There, in the little wood of Zagarolo, I became deathly sick from jolting downhill, and could not go a step farther. We branched off of the paved road in the grove of Zagarolo; there I found a donkey [Esel]. When he was saddled, and the caravan moved forward, the carriage broke down, having evidently tolerated the ancient paving no better than I did. While it was being fixed, I lay down, more dead than alive, to sleep with my head in Maria's lap, amid spring green and birdsong. It was a half-awake sweet slumber, without fleas. * The Gabii, after the destruction of their city, are supposed to have taken refuge in Zagarolo, and changed its name to Gabii Gabiorum; and an urn with the name of Tarquinius Superbus is said to have been found here. Zagarolo, a friendly little town, lies as lovely as Marino around a wooded valley cleft.* The repaired carriage, and I on donkey-back, continued our return journey as far as the lake of Regillus, which lies in hilly volcanic terrain like a miniature picture of larger volcanic lakes; high but nameless hills rise around it, behind which we thought of the Romans lying in ambush. Just below the lake we branched [p. 162] off to the right in an elm alley leading to the stud and farms of Prince Borghese at Pantano. They lie in the most beautiful meadows I have ever seen; all of the fine little clover varieties of Italy, yellow, red and white, were blooming as though sown and exhaling sweet fragrance. These quiet fields are watered by the Osa. These fruitful meadows were already mown on March 10, and were already blooming against the sickle.* One continues uphill; the high, brown-red, distantly visible ruin of the temple of Juno Gabina comes into view; a littler columbarium by the wayside, and occasional
places where stone blocks have been hewn from the mixed chalk and lava rocks, mark the old highway. Suddenly, one sees oneself behind high peperino walls hewn out of the rock formations; skirting the exterior, one finds oneself on the back of a broad, more or less regularly formed peperino lava amphitheater, in which the lake bottom forms the arena. The very ancient Gabian lake has very largely dried up, so that it now lies like a little round pond amid the extensive marshy meadows, like an egg yolk in egg-white.* What annals of natural and human history! [p. 163] This very ancient Gabii, where Romulus perhaps imbibed Greek wisdom in the school of old wise men! These immense lava masses, stratified in amphitheatric form, are a breccia of formerly fluid lava which broke through the fiery abyss under Gabii and mingled with other newly melted substances. Here are tremendous quarries of peperino; here the Tarquins fetched the blocks for the oldest Roman monuments, and here Servius Tullius obtained his own. The temple is entirely built of powerful cubic blocks of peperino. The longish quadrangle of the old ring-wall stands hugely erect, and where they have not suffered violence, the blocks are intact and expertly fitted. We saw fist-sized clumps of older lava in this breccia. * This lake, too, hangs like a miniature painting of the great volcanic lakes on the old rising fire-land. There is a fine view from the ridge of the hill. One looks over the rising verdant valley, straight between the two rows of hills, and up to the larger mountain amphitheater; on the right is the old fire-world, like islands of primeval times surrounded by plains; on the left rises in the ancient limestone mountains the creation of the sea, and the land of the old Sabines. There is unveiled all the soft charm of the mountain district [p. 164] of Tusculum and the Algidus, and green from green rises from the valley into the treetops of the groves. Here, the more severe forms of the limestone mountains are close at hand; bald peaks, sharp ridges, abrupt precipices, on which hanging mountain woods cast sharper shadows and everything is revealed with more variegated lights. There, a garland of villas, small towns and villages girdles the mild mountain chain; here lonely Tibur looks down from its mountain foot, and the Monticelli rise up, crowned with town and castle. * The asphodel blooms in whole populations around this lake, together with the purple-streaming Judas tree and the rock-loving melilot (Steinklee). I picked the flowers in friendly reminiscence for my Karl, whose nineteenth birthday was today. * We continued around a part of the lake, always on lava strata; below in the marsh-meadows we were shown the place where was located the rich deposit of antiquities that forms the contents of the Museum Gabinum. Apparently the lake shore has sunken, for the ancients could not build where there was ancient swampland or sea water, and history is silent concerning any volcanic revolutions in the Campagna sufficient to turn land into water. * We went a bit farther down on the outermost rocky edge of the lake [p. 165] crater, until we found ourselves on the old Via Labicana, in barren depths where high above the tuff walls, groves of asphodel exhaled a powerful aroma. We soon passed over an ancient bridge, and were then received by limitless empty grain fields, apparently cultivated by gnomes' hands, for one sees no cultivators of the wide fields living above the earth. 30 Single towers, built in the Middle Ages for defense and

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30 Actually, the industrious inhabitants of the Mark Ancona come to the aid of the deserted Campagna as day laborers in the spring, when the land must be plowed, and in summer when the grain must be harvested; and they often become victims of the
offense on the immense ruins of independent greatness, appear here and there. Four or five miles from Rome, the tomb ruins approach, and the setting sun peeps through the overgrown chambers. We were now located near the charming ruins of the Villa Gordians, where the handsome baptistery and reticulated foundation walls rise on the right, while far and wide on the left, immense heaps, pieces of foundations, walls, etc. stand about or lie prone; these are called Roma-Vecchia, and on the former side, Torre de’ Schiavi.

As the sun was setting we drove on the [p. 166] Via Tiburtina and into Rome through the enigmatic Porta-Maggiore. Here around the Porta-Maggiore there is masonry work of all times and styles, beginning with the Stilo-Rustico of the Etrurians and the Republic, straight through the whole chronology of Rome, compressed as far as the patching work of the barbarian Middle Ages, in gates, aqueducts, towers, triumphal arches, up to the battlements of Belisarius, and the whole looks like a neo-Roman beggar’s costume, where often a Hautelissetapete [tapestry?] and an old Capuchin’s cowl appear on one and the same miserable body.

April 26, 1803. With Reinhardt to the landscape painter Boguet. Excursion to Trastevere.

Reinhardt took us on April 26 to his friend the French landscape painter Boguet, to see his large painting, Bonaparte’s crossing of the Po near Piacenza. It is treated entirely as a landscape, and the figures are the most splendid accessories. One finds oneself on a height in the midst of a group of resting hussars. On the left is a view of the city of Piacenza, with its fine groups of buildings appearing prominently behind tall trees, and on the right, the bridge which the hero of the day is just crossing in triumph. Single boats on the stream are still cannonading; on the nearer [p. 167] shore, a lively tumult and the groups of Neapolitans fleeing through the empty terrain. We, however, quietly regarded the green and rolling Lombard fields as though they were reality, and looked as far as the Genoese coastal mountains. The perfection of the linear perspective in this masterful painting, extremely difficult in so powerful a plane surface, cannot be sufficiently wondered at, the Po, in gently bowed, majestic curves, mirrors itself past you and embraces an island overgrown with tall poplars. Under tall and airy chestnuts and oaks, from a height where everything is seen and nothing overlooked, we look across Lombardy. It is so completely her characteristic color tonality, the air and fragrance of this plain rich in details, that one sees very well how the much-to-be-honored artist has here portrayed nature. Reinhardt’s joy in this important picture was a charming witness to his pure love of art. Prominent among the other finished paintings were shudderingly beautiful scenes of the cloister of Valombrosa in the wilds of the Tuscan Apennines.

It was Sunday; in the afternoon we drove across the Tiber to Trastevere, to see the fine world of the Trasteverians at the harbor of Ripa Grande. How your childlike mind delighted in the colorful [p. 168] movement of the crowds, the groups of well-dressed, handsome Trasteverine women with lovely children in their arms, accompanied by vigorous young and old

pernicious fevers that are then prevalent.
men. Here in Trastevere one finds the real, still surviving Romans. They work more, are a more energetic, healthier stock and have retained more of the old breeding and customs. Also, they do not mingle with the other Roman commoners but proudly look down on them. All was life and joy; on the Tiber, in the wine ships from Spain and nearby Ischia, joyous groups were united, such as are often joined by the artists living in Rome. * Beyond the Tiber, the crowd from the reverend basilica of St. Paul was streaming homeward. The steep path up the Aventine, under lightly shadowing trees, was covered with people like a Jacob’s Ladder. * We returned only at nightfall to our lovely dwelling, where Bonstetten had prepared in his large salon the festivities for your farewell to your childish playmates and younger friends. Evening air streamed through the open windows; for this wing of the building is more like a gallery with windows all round, and hangs like a huge bird-cage in the combined shadows of the converging Medici, Borghese and Ludovisi villas. Acacia blossoms and nightingales' songs floated in through the shadows, and within, you dear girls frisked about, dear little maids and handsome Roman young ladies, savoring the joy of the present and unmindful of the impending separation. We have made the acquaintance of several families of the real Roman bourgeoisie, good clean people, and often found more culture (especially among the women) than in the upper ranks, together with a great simplicity of manners and innocence. We shall never forget the most gracious Benedetta.


Our dear Zoega took us to the Palazzo Braschi, built for the nephews of the late Pope Pius VI amid the present destitution of the quarter on the mighty Piazza Navona. The extravagant splendor with which the construction was begun more than once goaded the people to fury. This tasteless display building, a speaking witness of how deeply architectural style could sink even in Rome, is unfinished and may well remain so, since the Papal Chamber is no longer paying for it.

The Cipollini columns of the over-elaborate vestibule, the pillars, walls, and columns of brightly polished Egyptian granite, for me reflected nothing but popular misery. This entrance hall, as well as the stairway, are, moreover, built in as fine a style as that of the whole obtuse-angled triangular building is execrable.

Inside, one finds oneself in rooms which have merely been roughly separated; only the upper (fourth) story has been finished and is occupied by the ducal family. What a contrast to the noble outlook of the present Pope, who, also born of a noble family in Cesena, lets it continue living there in order to avoid even the shadow of nepotism.

In one of these vulgar rooms we found, in what was otherwise a real rubbish gallery of paintings, five pearls, large historical pictures by Garofalo. Your heart was full of joy on seeing these large, splendid works of your dear Garofalo; you looked everywhere for the identifying carnation, his symbol, with childlike faith, as though only he were able to paint them.
I mention to you only the two most beautiful ones: the "Marriage at Cana in Galilee" and the "Feeding in the Desert." The size of both compositions, and the number of the figures, showed us the sturdy old man, whom hitherto we knew only from large or small [p. 171] Holy Families, in a completely new light. Both are permeated by a pure, nature-breathing folk spirit and the inwardness and simplicity which are dear Garofalo's own. Their beauty of color and fineness of execution place them among the most finished of his works.

The antiquities collection of this palace is most remarkable, in part because of the beauty and unusual character of the items collected, and in part also because everything exhibited is in the complete possible state of preservation, with all the accessories and attributes which make this imposing collection very instructive and very valuable to our Zoega. We found the colossal palestrine Antinous [Antinous in the palestra] here exhibited anew. He has been outfitted with all the attributes of Bacchus, and is a masterpiece of art as revived for the last time under Hadrian. Only he lacks soul, and is heavy and cheerless.

I name for you only the principal items, so that you can inquire about them, since I am unaware of the fate of this collection during the various catastrophes Rome has experienced since 1810.31

[p. 172] A sarcophagus with the education and triumphs of the Indian Bacchus, of the most splendid work.

A delightful Diana, and just because of this soft feminine charm which was denied the stern goddess by the ancients, probably in order not to be considered as an ideal.

A beautiful, childishly young maiden, from the bath; a feminine Apollino, so near the ideal.

Agrippina, mother of Nero. She is dressed in one of the finest garments in Rome.

A handsome Julia (I have forgotten which one, from the race of the Caesars, so rich in beautiful women), as priestess with the patera [libation vessel]. The completely preserved arms and hands of most wonderful beauty.

An Etrurian priest of Bacchus, with the peculiar craftsmanlike leather apron and the beautifully ruffled upper garment.

An altar, covered with fine bas-reliefs, five colossal cups of Cipollino, Rosso-Antico and porphyry.

Standing on the bare walls and lying about were all the luxury instruments for the fitting

31My last sojourn in the Eternal City.
out of the future display rooms, such as columns of Lunachello, table leaves of the rarest marbles, handsome \textit{[p. 173]} hearth enclosures with decorative bas-reliefs, etc.

\textit{May 13, 1803. Preparations for departure, delayed for three weeks by Ida’s illness with measles.}

We have come back, only to depart the day after tomorrow. Do you remember the fine departure feast that Professor Rehberg gave to you and us? A troop of lovely maidens crowned with roses was assembled. The alabaster lamps and urns in his rooms burned from floral wreaths; fragrant fruits, strawberries and oranges, light pastries and milk were the lovely refreshments that were served to you [plural], and splendidly illuminated, well-chosen casts of the high sculptures in the artist’s room of antiquities looked down upon your [plural] innocent games. But you, my Ida, were not feeling well, and marred our joy by feeling nauseated.

\textit{May 16.} The coachman had received his deposit \textit{[die Capparra]}, the passports had been signed, suitcases and “Imperials” stowed in the travel wagon standing in the courtyard, when your cough and cold and your reddish eyes troubled me more and more; at noon, the house doctor, Dr. Flajani declared that you could perfectly well leave with us at 7 o’clock tomorrow. But at 6 \textit{[p. 174]} in the evening the spots appeared so unmistakably that we got another doctor and were compelled to remain.

For another three weeks we had to linger in Rome; for the measles are respected in Rome as in Copenhagen, even though yours, while severe, were of the best kind. Meanwhile all communication with the Humboldts’ house on one side and with Bonstetten on the other was cut off, since neither the one nor the other had had this illness, so hazardous for older people. Bonstetten occupies quite separate garden rooms in the Villa di Malta; and Karoline Humboldt, quite desperate at knowing that you, her favorite playmate, were in Rome for another three weeks but [that she would be] unable to see you, was brought to stay with us \textit{[uns ins Haus gegeben]} by her tender mother, since she had long since had measles.

So you [two] were installed together in Bonstetten’s large and airy salon, and you found it very agreeable to be ill in Rome, since you suffered but little and your diet consisted mainly of strawberries and Maltese oranges, while no medicine at all was given you. I spent the whole morning with you, but after lunch I changed completely into fresh linen and other clothes, washed myself \textit{[p. 175]} with vinegar and water, and lived with my friends for nature and antiquity, while the true, beloved Karoline, Benedetta and your nurse Marie watched over and entertained you. And thus the prolongation of our stay in the Eternal City would have been no misfortune, had we not had to pay for the full spring air [we enjoyed] in Rome with the [hot] summer journey through Italy.

\textit{May 25, 1803. Bonstetten’s return from his trip along the seacoast.}

Bonstetten returned on the 25\textsuperscript{th} from a trip along the seacoast of the Roman Campagna.
In the course of it he had visited Nettuno, Antium, Astura and Ardea, in the interesting company of the very intelligent Gmelin, who is much more than a fine portraitist of nature and an engraver. With the sharpest and most practiced faculty of observation, he combines an abundance of the most refined knowledge; but everything is so well ordered in this systematic head, and thus so readily available, that he can immediately apply these collected treasures to every requirement.

The very substantial remarks and intelligent views of the two travelers were communicated to their friend [the author] with the warm breath of immediacy; and no word was lost, especially since a trip through a land so sunk in deep forgetfulness and in need of rediscovery [p. 176] is accompanied by difficulties which I am in no position to defy.

The whole seacoast is one stretch of ruins of old Romans’ villas. One looks down from the bank or from the boat on the foundation walls of ostentatious buildings as on the plan of an architect; so that Gmelin took on the spot a series of these views from ancient times on the sea bottom, since at low tide one can go far out on the old foundations.

Shells and boulders, heaped up on the shore like Alpine debris on the Lake of Geneva, here consist of serpentine, porphyry, verd-antico, Cipollin and Euboean marble: traces of drowned magnificence, in the midst of the scenes of misery which this desert land now offers. There are no swamps hereabouts like those around Ostia, but where there is macchia (serviceable woods which are cut down every nine or eighteen years, depending on growth and species, and are very thick, since new branches grow from the severed trunks), wild cows and oxen pasture, and their equally savage herdsmen confront the traveler. The pirate ships of the Barbary States land and rob people all along this defenseless coast, youths, women and [p. 177] children. Thus the brother of the hostess in Nettuno was recently kidnapped; the handsome blond youth, the robbers hoped, would be bought from them at a good price for the seraglio of some Turkish dey.

Around the turnische Ardea, everything is like Paradise; there is a wood of German oaks mixed with cork oaks, and groves which have grown out of untended Roman gardens, where grapes, medlars, mimosa, fig, myrtle, apple, pear, rose, nut, and laurel trees intermingle, creep, climb, bloom and dispense their perfume. The wild cattle break paths through the thickets like crocodiles on the St. John’s River; and as Alexander Humboldt in Guyana saw tigers promenading on the magnolia trees [sic], so Gmelin and Bonstetten passed through impenetrably overgrown paths, especially myrtle, fig and grape thickets. The fig trees sink their flexible branches to the ground, where they take root like lianas and themselves become trees.

But everywhere in these paradisiacal gardens they encountered the specter of starvation. In a rock cave of the valley around Ardea, a helpless human pair, man and wife, recently starved to death, and shudders of horror drove the wanderers from these romantically overgrown depths.
[p. 178] As they wandered among the ruins on the shores of splendid Antium, whose world-famous Temple of Fortune sank, its pantheistic goddess flew away, and only misery remained, they were told by Neapolitan fishermen, living there like nomads, how they saw statues and columns appear and disappear with the rise and fall of the floods and the quicksands – a magical sight.

On the overgrown mounds of ruins and debris, feral cows, oxen and buffaloes have their camp; there they quietly lie, chewing the cud and sniffing the fresh sea air with visible enjoyment; they alone have made the upward paths; if someone approaches, they rush wildly downward and knock over whatever stands in their way. The buffaloes are never reliably tame. Vipers the thickness of a human arm are numerous in the ruins and abandoned dwellings. In little Ardea, fifteen people died of hunger this winter and spring. Ah, when the poor souls find no more help, they drag themselves into some thicket in the woods or a cave in the rocks to expire alone.

*With Gmelin to the artist Abel.* Gmelin took us to see a noteworthy German artist, the Austrian pensioner Abel, who is also a friend of Reinhardt’s. We [p. 179] saw there the sketch of a nobly conceived painting, Klopstock’s “Arrival in Elysium.” The Zionite (*Die Sionitin*), (the Muse of sacred song) leads the greatest of Germany’s great poets to Homer, who forms a most noble and characteristic group with Orpheus, Pindar, Horace, Virgil and Sappho. Farther off appears Milton, led by his daughters, and farther back stand Tasso and Dante. The very cultivated and well-informed artist seems to have had in mind [Dante’s] fine characterization of the high residents of the subterranean Elysium of the Limbos (*der Limben*), among whom the singer of the *Divina Commedia* is introduced by Virgil, as here the immortal poet of the *Messiah* [Klopstock] [is presented] by his sacred Muse:

Genti v’eran con occhi tardi e gravi  
Di grande autorità ne’ lor sembianti,  
Parlavan rado con voci soavi.  

    Inferno Canto IV.

On it were people with grave eyes and slow,  
And great authority was in their mien.  
They spoke seldom, with mild voices and low.\(^{32}\)

So also appeared in this ingenious sketch these tall figures, though beneath a cheerful sky and lightly shadowing trees. How delighted I was at this homage to my soul’s poet, to whom I had cried a thousand times with Dante:

\(^{32}\)This and the following translated passage from Dante’s *Divine Comedy* are from the verse translation by Laurence Binyon in *The Portable Dante* (New York: Viking Press, 1953).
...Tu sei quella fonte
Che spande di parlar si largo fiume?
[p. 180] Oh degli altri poeti onore e lume,
Vagliami il lungo studio e 'l grande Amore
Che m'han fatto cercar le tue volume:
Tu se' il mio maestro e 'l mio autore;
Tu se' solo colui da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stilo, che m'ha fatto onore!

“And art thou, then, that Virgil, and that well
Which pours abroad so ample a stream of song?”

“O glory and light of all the poets’ throng!
May the ardent study and great love serve me now
Which made me to peruse thy book so long!
Thou art my Master and my Author thou.
Thou only art he from whom the comely style
I took, wherein my merit men avow.”
Inferno, Canto I

On a scale reduced to what concerns myself, this [characterizes] in the strictest sense Klopstock’s effect on me since my thirteenth year.

We closed the day on the farther bank of the Tiber at Ripa-Grande, where once Porsenna encamped across from the hard-pressed Romans, and from where this Lars Porsenna – I can never pronounce the name of this supreme head of the confederated Etrurian powerful states without laughing, because in Danish it is a common baptismal name for coachmen and house servants – could easily have overwhelmed the young Rome if he had truly been a friend of the Tarquins. Today there was a race of Tiber boats, and half Rome was there, especially many Romans from the popular classes. The view of the fully greening Aventine rising on the other side was enchanting. The abrupt slope, shaded by fine trees, was as though hung with colorful crowds of people, and the [p. 181] twilight fell on them picturesquely beneath the golden leafage.

The church of San Clemente. This fine evening was followed by a relapse into the days of storm and rain which characterize this year's Roman May. We visited the old and honorable church of San Clemente, which lies at the foot of the Esquiline Hill behind the Coliseum, where the Baths of Titus begin. The very forecourt shows how this old church was decorated from the fullness of the destroyed splendor of heathen Rome; for all about it stand columns of black and white speckled granite, and the whole courtyard is paved with serpentine. Eighteen granite columns support the vestibule. The three naves of the spacious interior are separated by 16 columns of ancient marble varieties, cippolino, etc., but not one of them stands on its base, and most are damaged. This remarkable church still represents very faithfully the arrangement of
houses of God during the first four centuries of Christianity. It is believed to have been built shortly after Constantine the Great. The high altar, as in the Roman basilicas, is isolated; two rows of seats of Greek marble extend behind it on both sides of the tribune, and two beautifully decorated marble seats or [p. 182] pulpits (Sessel oder Kanzeln), in which the gospels and epistles were read, stand on either side. Near the high altar is a marble sarcophagus, whose sculptures represent a bacchanal; within it rest the bones of Cardinal Rovarella. We would not do this any more in our times.

The Chapel of St. Catherine, near the side entrance to the choir, contains stories from the life of this martyr, painted by Masaccio in the fourteenth century. The innocence and most gracious nature in this saint are beyond expression. The heads and garments of the male figures are handled with the utmost strength and freedom. The garments of the women are less beautiful, as we saw with Greek artists in the Abbacy of Subiaco. The handling of the colors is incomparable. How cold, in contrast, seemed Rafael Mengs' artistic ceiling painting in the church.

We also listened to the quiet expiration of the evening in the lonely Villa Mattei. The air had cleared, and the twilight penetrated the tops of the splendid plane trees in front of the great Casino. How beautiful, how touching was the view from its vestibule, beneath the branches [p. 183] and onto the shimmering purple ruins and dark groves of the Palatine and Caelian.


We have spent four afternoons and evenings in the company of true friends on the heights of the Janiculus overlooking Rome, luxuriating in the enjoyment of nature and in melancholy. We have overlooked with our eyes, overflowed with our soul, the city of eternal longing, the Campagna, the inexhaustible field of remembrance, the northern Tiber valley of the high stream of thought. Here on these western hills, early shadow reigns; when the sun already lingers behind the high Villa Millini, we drive to the gruesome Villa Madama, climb up to the abandoned dragons' nest, whose horrifying view recalls all the bloody weddings of earth, as the saga is supposed to have been hatched here after the Parisian one. The building was erected in a grandiose style after a sketch by Raphael (or, as others say, by Giulio Romano, and more in his spirit) by Clement VII, great-nephew of the great Cosmo [p. 184] de' Medici, for Margaret of Austria, the daughter of Charles V and wife of Alessandro dei Medici. The sister and heir of the latter was the dreadful Catherine de' Medici, and it is here in these gigantic, desolate rooms, where birds of night and nocturnal shudders enter with the dusk, that the bloody council is supposed to have been held that resulted in the [St.] Bartholomew's Night. I never saw this villa inhabited; timidly, as though cowed by anxious apparitions, the castellan opens a little doorway to one side of the entrance portal. I know nothing more ghostly than the burned-out, wind-cloaked, empty locale of this gigantic building, unless it be the high witches' castle, the Villa Colonna above Pallazuoli, high on the Alban Mountain, from which one sees the Alban Lake shudderingly appear, deeply glittering like a colossal Macbeth's kettle.
In the deserted and overgrown garden, from the empty window frames, from the shrubbery nodding to the nearby cliff, from the depths of the blue lagoon, from the colossal bathtubs lying here and there, the belly of the uncouth colossal statue, everywhere ghostly teasing figures in variably loathsome forms seemed to precede me when I lingered there in fading dusk.

[p. 185] We often mounted our beasts (? Silenträger) here and rode above and below the Villa Madama on the wildly overgrown, hollow-filled rocky groups, then through the declining valley of Monte Mario and up to the left, between the already ear-laden grain fields and across the ridge of the hill, where lonely country houses lay in the clear evening light in the midst of fruitful fields; there, one evening, we came out on the great military road and into the Villa Millini, just as the moon was rising over the eastern hills beyond Rome. But we had lingered too long today in the venturesome shudders of the great magic villa. Tomorrow we will come earlier.

There is now going on a great pilgrimage to the Tomb of the Apostles in St. Peter's. The country folk of the Campagna, driven out by the malaria, throng together in the Queen of the Desert around the time of the festival. It is only on this day that women are admitted to the very ancient subterranean church, the crypt, known as le grotte di San Pietro. These people also streamed in today. The statues of the Princes of the Apostles (and especially that of St. Peter, whose body rests where one climbs down into the subterranean church) were passionately embraced with tears and sighs, [p. 186] and the kissed surfaces of the bronze statues were not a little fatigued today. As is known, the statue of the Roman praetor which represents St. Paul in the upper church, to the left of the high altar, has had a toe almost kissed off.

But here below in the eternal twilight (some light falls into the grottoes through air holes), it is gruesome; there rest the remains of the German Emperor Otto II, not far from Boniface VIII, who was restrained only by death. The Queen of Jerusalem and Cyprus, Charlotte, also finally found rest here. Many inscriptions, bas-reliefs, old paintings, surviving from the old Vatican basilica built by Constantine, are preserved here below. As though we had never seen it before, the solemn beauty of the upper church astonished us when we climbed up again out of the dark caverns. The sun had gone down behind the golden Gloria of the tribune, while the moon rose before the opened portals of the immense room; inside, gently entering golden and silver shadow-lights encountered each other while the crowds of people peacefully surged in and out.

We left the basilica, dimly illuminated by moonlight and twilight, at the same time as a procession of orphan and foundling children. There were 200 [p. 187] girls, many of them ill-formed, crippled, all thin, yellow and green, as negligent treatment, bad food and bad habits had mis-developed them; stiff and dull, they looked straight ahead; a piteous sight!

On the following afternoon we made a timely and quick ascent through the groves of the Janiculum. The highest of Rome's villas, Villa Millini, lies on an airy foothill between two clefts
in the hillside. The pleasantest way up is through one of the cleft valleys, down below around the Villa Madama, then one rides for a distance along the ridge of the hill through untended shrubbery and surrounded by the aroma of vine-blooms, of fine purple-reddish clover and the orchis mascula. The Tiber in its majestic bows seemed to be leading the evening light through the valley, between all the hills of riverine debris of the northeastern Campagna. The ostentatious villas and arbors closer to Rome gently blushed. The four old sacred hills, Palatine, Capitoline, Aventine and Caelian, glowed with their ruins or mingled green with gold. The Celimontane Valley and the Esquiline proudly exhibited their Colossi. Beneath Ripetta the Tiber returned the reflection of the shining evening sky. Vaporous and clear stood the Apennines. The Alban Mountain and Algidus [p. 188] were wrapped in purple, and beside us still rose in the brilliant sunshine the equally high dome of St. Peter’s, while the immense lower mass of the world’s largest building disappeared among the evening shadows. We sat a long time on the old wall remnants above the precipice, Bonstetten, Gmelin and I, until the sun had set and Rome was veiled in dusk.

Then we wandered through the majestic cypress alley toward the glimmering moon on the southeastern slope of the airy peninsula of Monte-Mario, and lingered on the pine-shadowed precipice.

The air was aether-pure, warm, still, and refreshing zephyrs breathed about us. Ah, how hung the moon over Rome, how large, how melancholy. Soon a gentle silvery day illuminated the reddishly pale dusk. Thus, immortal Rome, floats over you the sorrowful memory of your vanished splendor. Thus crowd about you the feeling souls, and thus by me are you ever, uniquely loved.

From this high and ideal moonlight world we plunged into the thronging evening scenes of new Rome. When the moon does not shine, the open cook-shops, the little lamps before the pictures of the Madonna, [p. 189] the lighted shops and coffee houses are Rome’s only illumination.

The little lights before the Madonna may grow dim, but certainly not those of the fish-, liver- and polenta-roasting fryeries (Frittaruolo). For there the Roman people sup on the streets; the baskets prettily decorated with green leaves and full of silver-gleaming alici (which we call salted anchovies) are advantageously displayed on hanging scaffolds, the iron bake-ovens flame, the large lamps shine, and Pantheon and Fontana di Trevi appear every evening lit up as for a festival, as indeed almost every street corner produces the finest effects on the big buildings. Small bourgeois, tradesmen, the poor artists buy and swallow on the spot the meager supper, often the only meal of the day. First they go to the baker and fetch the Paniotte (the small, ah, this winter very small wheat roll, then to the Frittaruolo, where the fishes, liver or polenta are laid on the cut bread and the whole thing is wrapped in vine-leaves; then one goes to the Osterie for the Folietta of wine, or even to the Fontana di Trevi for the fine water, though very unwillingly, for the Roman is hydrophobic (wasserscheu). To the credit of the oftenmaligned [p. 190] Romans I must add that the first, indispensable provisions for the poorest
people are kept cleaner, and are of better, unadulterated quality than I have found them to be in any other large city. In general, there prevails in Rome in all buying and selling, profit and money matters, an honesty and good faith as in no other city I know of that is so large and full of foreigners. However, the Spanish Square with its dependencies is a swindlers’ world of its own, a status in statu.

Rome is now indescribably lively; for since the upper-class people and even the bourgeoisie do not visit their country properties until October and November, whereas the country people from the Campagna, from fear of malaria, are now beginning their summer vacations in the city, between the grain and hay harvests, and many of the inhabitants of the mountain towns and region around Rome, herdsmen and peasants, are making a pilgrimage to the city for the impending Peter and Paul and Corpus Christi festivals, this old capital of the world is much livelier in summer than in winter. But all this population lives and weaves, so to speak, in the streets, and there appear here, particularly in the evening, the most remarkable figures and groups, especially from the herdsmen’s families with their nomadic way of life, their sunburned [p. 191] faces, dressed in skins and wandering the streets with the shepherd’s crook or bagpipes. The beggars’ nation has its established place in front of the churches, on the broad ceremonial steps. The artisans appear in their open shops or in front of the houses with their families. The idlers and the always idle women of Rome move up and down in the streets, the beau monde promenades in the Corso and the Piazza del Popolo until deep in the night; and this kind of public life is still available to the Romans.

June 9, 1803. Last day in Rome. Festival of Corpus Christi. Description of the same.

You were entirely well and blooming again, but the cautious Dr. Lupi had not yet authorized you to go out. To keep you company, your beloved Karoline von Humboldt had meanwhile got the measles a second time, and you observed the quarantine together in Bonstetten’s large salon. Do you remember how he, despite his fear of contagion, could no longer seclude himself from the dear sight of you? At one end, in the depths of the salon, was your and Karoline’s bed [singular]; all of the windows [were] open, and we had placed a sofa and chairs at the other end, where the wing of the house on which the room abutted hangs right out into the villas of the Pincio, [p. 192] and the fragrance of the blooming orange trees, mimosas, jasmine and roses permeated the room with the tones of the nightingale, while the sturdy acacia tree spread a gentle shade; here we sat, Bonstetten, who read to us from Molière, Frau von Humboldt, seeking the eyes of her Karoline, and I, while you, tired out with laughing, fell asleep. Then we escaped the sad preparations for leaving our friends in Rome amid the cool shrubbery of the Emperors’ Palaces, in the Baths of Caracalla or on the high terrace of San Pietro in Montorio and in the airy coolness of the Acqua-Paola; with our Humboldt [feminine] we remained at the last-named place until a thousand fireflies shone around us in the darkness.

The pre-summer of Rome is heavenly, still not at all too hot, and I feel better from day to day. In the evening we return with the [female] friend to the salon bathed in moonlight, where the fragrance of flowers, the songs of the nightingale and the far-off plashing and rippling of the
fountains and springs of Rome interwove and sounded. Oh, Rome, who could once expire in your soft lap, where everything is extinguished so gently!

On Corpus Christi Day, the 9th of June, you were allowed [to leave] your charming prison, which, however, [p. 193] though surrounded with flowers and blossoming trees, nightingale songs and whispering of springs, was still a birdcage which you, little nightingale, were happy to hop out of. This Corpus Christi festival is one of the latest but also of the biggest processions, and it was in the Papal state (Kirchenstaate) that the event occurred — that is, at Bolsena, where, in the view of the believing Pope, in the hands of the priests who were consecrating but doubting the [miraculous] transformation of the bread, the cloth in which he held the Host became discolored with blood. In consequence of this miracle, this brilliant festival of the Body of Christ has been established in all countries of Roman Catholic belief. Everywhere the Most Holy, which, enclosed in the shining tabernacle of rock-crystal, holds the presence of the Body of Christ, is followed by emperors and kings, princes and all the great and mighty of the earth, sunk in deepest humility. But here appears the supreme Pontifex, the general Father of the Faithful, the successor of Peter, the representative of Christ on earth, not following in humility, but set apart with the Most Holy (the Host enclosed in the shining tabernacle); he alone presents before the altar the adoration of Catholic Christendom.

[p. 194] St. Peter’s was, as is natural, the center of this pompous observance, and as we approached the splendid square from the Engelsburg (Sant’Angelo) Bridge, we found it transformed into a scene of splendor. The mighty colonnade was hung all round with carpets and bound with green hangings; but the approach on both sides was splendidly decorated with Hautelisse tapestries, among which all of us, on the right where we entered, missed the tapestries of Raphael woven after his cartoons. The tapestries are in Paris, the cartoons in England; and there exists no tapestry, no exhibit-worthy copy of his immortal fresco painting of the Mass of Bolsena, which if exhibited here would be the highest glory of the entire display.

The whole of St. Peter’s Square, the colonnades, the approaches, everything was prettily scattered with golden-yellow puzzolana sand and flowers. In order that the unsightly houses below on the square should not spoil the decoration, these were hung with great scaffoldings and carpets, and adorned with festoons of laurel, myrtle, Lantiskus, viburnum, etc. In all the brilliancy and fragrance, the endless procession passed through the splendid approach to the church, called the Switzers’ Hall, to the right of [p. 195] the obelisk, slowly down through the colonnade and through the Roman people, which, all around the vast space, encamped and pressed together on chairs, benches, tables, columns and portals, filled the most beautiful square of the most beautiful city on earth. All monastic orders, Dominicans, Benedictines, Franciscans, Capuchins, old Pastors, Monsignori, Bishops, Prelates and Cardinals, the Patriarch of Constantinople (long a dread competitor for the highest hierarchical crown) appeared in modest splendor and dignity. Then came the pale orphan children, the pale pupils of the Roman seminaries; then followed all papal office-holders, then all papal tiaras or miters. Finally appeared the Pope himself, swaying on high, kneeling (apparently, for his wide shining garment covered him and the bearers of the exhibition scaffolding), illuminated by countless candles,
shone upon by white peacock fans and muffled in silvery shining white gowns, immobile as though rapt in devotion, the most imposing of all earthly apparitions.

Now followed horses, coaches, guards, and military; these last good only to parade in the procession. We were much struck by the order physiognomies of the monks; they seem like special races of men. [p. 196] The finest heads are found among the Franciscans and Capuchins. The Curati (preachers, country clergy) have an expression of oppressed limitation. There were fine heads among the Canonici. The Monsignori bear the stamp of good living in their round and mostly red faces. Among the Cardinals there were few significant physiognomies. Among the papal officials were particularly unpleasant countenances. The Pope himself has a respectable facial formation and an expression of great integrity, and though he may be less of a representative figure than Pius VI (the greatest Pastizetto\textsuperscript{33} of his time in Rome), I like him all the better in his true piety.

We had stopped at the lower end of the square, and were now fortunate enough to go in through the Switzers' Corridor (the entrance on the right, where the Pope and the procession had come down), [at the moment] when the procession had completed its circuit of St. Peter's Square and passed up the steps of the other entrance on the left, so that we arrived at the same time as they, and the advancing magical [p. 197] apparition of candlelight and incense clouds was positioned opposite to us. Slowly it glided toward us and then disappeared in the portal of the Sanctuary. This group of the High Priest before the altar which bears the Most Holy, and who is mystically separated together with the Godhead made present, is unique on earth and a truly great thought.

The greatest and most splendid house of God in Christendom appeared today in its fullest majesty. Unclouded shining heavens outside, sacred dusk inside, which burning candles spread in the daylight. I finally saw St. Peter's filled with people, heard the majestic sound of many voices; but now when the Pope, descending from his swaying throne, knelt in the dust before the Most High, every sound was hushed, and only cool breezes moved through the sacred twilight.

And this was the last day of our stay in sacred Rome.

\textsuperscript{33}Petitmaitre [fop or dandy].