



**This PDF is part of the
Philadelphia Water Department Historical Collection
Accession 2004.071.0001
Frederic Graff Jr. Scrapbook, 1854-1857**

**It was downloaded from
www.phillyh2o.org**



Germantown & Norristown R. R.—Depot, 9th and Green.
 6, 9, and 11 A. M., and 3, 4.45, 6.45, and 11 15 P. M., for Norristown. **115-1**
 6 A. M. and 1 P. M., for Downingtown.
 6, 8, 9, 10, and 11.30 A. M., and 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9 P. M., for Chestnut Hill.
 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11.30 A. M., and 1, 2, 3.10, 4, 5, 6, and 11.30 P. M., for Germantown.

Chester Valley R. R.—Leave Philadelphia 6 A. M. and 3 P. M.
 Leave Downingtown 7 1/2 A. M. and 1 P. M.

STEAMBOAT LINES. **115-2**
 2.30 P. M., Richard Stockton, for Bordentown, from Walnut street wharf.
 10 and 11.45 A. M., and 4 P. M., for Tacony, Burlington and Bristol, from Walnut street wharf.
 9.30 A. M., Delaware, Boston, and Kennebec, for Cape May, first pier below Spruce street.
 7.30 A. M., and 2, 3, and 6 P. M., John A. Warner and Thomas A. Morgan, for Bristol, Burlington, &c.
 9.30 A. M., General McDonald, for Cape May, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from Arch street wharf.

SUMMER FESTIVALS AT ROME.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. **115-3**
 ROME, July 2, 1857.

June, beside its sunsets, blooming oleanders, pomegranates, and summer roses, brings in a succession of fetes. The 11th was consecrated to the Corpus Domini; the 21st, the anniversary of the Pope's coronation, with three nights of public illumination; the 24th, St. John's Day, and the vigil, the revel night of the witches; the 28th is the fete of St. Peter; the 30th, that of St. Paul. When you recollect that these days are required to be kept as Sundays, except the coronation day and St. Paul's, when labor is permitted, you will see these people have much more repose or play than we; and besides, you can faintly imagine the vexations to which an uninitiated heretic may be exposed, when three times in one month, on week days, he finds the shops all closed, workmen all on spree, and the execution of any project deferred until another day. If he desire a carriage for an excursion, its price is exorbitant; and if he wish his trunks removed he must wait or run the risk of the gens d'armes seizing them in the street. The laundress dare not bring home his linen. He has no redress, no solace but in patience. It is a festa, and, no matter how often, comes as natural to these people as Sunday once a week with us, or Fourth of July and Thanksgiving once a year.

St. Peter's Day begins Easter in public displays; then we have the cupola illuminated, and the grand fireworks on the facade of the Pincian hill. To pyrotechnic lovers, no shows can be more charming. St. Peter's and the dome is a great pyramid of light set up against the sky, whose usual starry blue it turns to darkness, though this time the lingering hues of the scarlet sunset fought long with the first faint fire lines; but when, later, the gold light came out, its intenser burnish put all other tints to flight. The change to the yellow light takes place about an hour after the first illumination, and is caused by the simultaneous lighting of pans of pitch and shavings, arranged on the church from the top of the cross on the dome down to the columns of the colonnade around the piazza.

It is conceded that Rome surpasses all other places in its fireworks, and every time they seem to outdo themselves. But you can make them brighter in imagination than I on paper, with Bengal lights, rockets, balloons, bouquets, fiery fishes, flaming temples, fairy palaces, foaming fountains, golden fleeces; then crackers, cannon, lightning—bangs—claps and applause of the multitude—music of the bands—the silent observation of the obelisk and the Egyptian lions; then a sudden rush out from them of streaks of flame that light red fires all round the piazza to light us home. It is a grand display, and to satisfy our national patriotism we set it ahead a week in our almanacs, and called it Independence Day.

During all this time of fetes, processions, illuminations and fireworks, the Pope has continued absent on his tour, sending us daily bulletins by the *Giornale di Roma*, which by the way is somewhat larger than your two palms and costs five cents—the only Gazette of the town. You would think me profaning sacred words should I repeat the titles and epithets applied to the Pope, when it is told how His Holiness, or the Immortal Sovereign, or his Divine Majesty, or our Sacred Father, administers the Apostolic benediction in various cities, comforting communities with his words, and above all solacing them with a kiss of his toe. And nothing is more amusing than to imagine the Secretary of the Bureau of Protocol, behind his desk, with one hand scratching his head for these adulatory titles, and with the other fumbling his breast for a stiletto to dispatch the Vicar and all his Levite crew—so thoroughly repugnant the priestly government seems to every one who ventures to speak of it. To rule the altar and the confessional are prerogatives willingly allowed to the Apostolic succession, but the helm of State all parties but the present proprietors of it would wish in other hands.

After St. Peter's Day, the Romans retire to their country villas or to the sea-shore. Most foreign residents go to the hills or further off; and so, to those few of us who remain, Rome is undivided and unpossessed, offering us all her charms. The keepers

of the villas are glad to allow us the freedom of the grounds; the fountains and swans, the flowers, orange trees, ilex groves, box avenues and pine-shaded fields are all ours. The long, cool, marble-floored halls and galleries of the palaces and museums will receive us in the heat of the day, and for a couple of pauls we can drive to any of them, or go to the Coliseum by twilight, moonlight or starlight, without fear of meeting a levee of 500 English or Americans with Byron under their arm. In fine, it is all a sad mistake to prefer one's stay in Rome to fall in Winter, unless to avoid a greater evil, in being in some worse place. It needs May and June to make her ripe and luscious, and before that she is to her proper self as a green, hard peach. The "sights" and monuments, which in the fashionable season are overrun with visitors and guides, are now quiet and unfrequented, and in St. Peter's the other day we could, without conceit, claim ourselves lords of all we surveyed. Only now and then a silent monk, or a beggar come in to cool, crept over the glistening marble pavement. St. Peter's is as delightful in Summer as in Winter—as cool now as warm then—as from season to season its temperature changes but a degree or two. **115-4**

We proposed going up the dome. Young America is along, who has walked fifteen miles up hill all day in Switzerland—likes Canova's Perseus better than the Apollo—thinks the dome of the Pantheon too flat—says the dome of St. Peter's is three feet narrower inside and larger outside than that—knows Murray by heart—has been in the ball of St. Peter's five times already—translates all the D. O. M.'s and S. P. Q. R.'s at sight in freshman Latin—looks out for St. Angelo when the gun fires and takes out his watch at every signal—is 14 years old—thinks the mosaic copy of the Transfiguration better than the original picture, and Guido's Archangel better than any of the others—don't recollect any Titians—slides on the banisters—skates on the porphyry—thinks Canova's Clement III. looks babyish—buys mosaics and scarfs at wholesale—is as full of facts as a dictionary of words—a smart, charming boy, who asks what everything costs, and thinks it stupid to pay 10 cents for coffee at Spillman's when you can get it for two at the Grego—full of good sense and good nature for his years, and keeps his elder companions in a constant state of anxious responsibility lest he violate some idol conventionalism and escape without a reproof. Go Ahead signs our ticket of admission at the lower door of the stairs to the dome, and then rushes on, while the rest of us take a slower pace, though the ascent is easy to the roof, up to which chariots and horses might drive, and on it have their circus races; and should Rome turn Pagan again, and so ordain it, it would be no more strange than hundreds of their old Emperors' caprices—all this spiral ascending street being managed in one of the piers of the building. The roof is quite a village, with something like streets and rows of buildings, made of the smaller domes, the canopies of the chapels, the lodges of the guardians and the long back-bone tiled nave, and then the transepts. There is a watering trough up here in an antique sarcophagus, with a continual stream, where we drink a la primeval from our curved palms. The office of keeper of the roof has become hereditary, and, well housed, the family enjoy their lofty position as secure as any castellated lords. After promenades in various directions over the zinc-paved streets and piazzas of the roof, and surveying the beautiful piazza and fountains below, we enter the great dome by a path between its two shells, and pretty soon, ascending and penetrating its thickness, we come to the interior of the church, but far above the comices of the nave columns, whence men seem like locusts on the pavement be-

low, and the burning lamps around the tomb of St. Peter like gems in a ring. **115-5**

The colossal Evangelists just opposite, whose heads are six feet long, seem not over natural size. The balcony below us, over the capitals of the columns, looks wide enough for a man to pass as on a narrow shelf; but Go Ahead knows the dimensions, and declares here we might have another circus, the race course around the dome being 8 feet or more in width. All the pictures about and above us are mosaics, as well as those of the chapels and smaller domes. The size of the building increases at every visit, and most of all expands as we contemplate it from above. And then it seems so marvelously finished for a structure of its proportions, so lavished over with marbles, columns, mosaics, statues, bronzes, gilding and carving in every near and more remote part—so magnificent in appearance, and yet so meager and sham in comparison to St. Mark's, but so rich and splendid after St. Paul's of London, or even the New St. Paul's of Rome. Higher up the dome, we come out upon an exterior balcony, from which we take another view of Rome and its environs, as spread around us. Go Ahead says we are already as high as Monte Mario—the top of St. Peter's being 497 and the adjacent hill 440 feet above the level of the sea. Some French soldiers pointed us the new parts of the city wall toward the St. Pancras Gate on the Janiculum, where they entered in '42—and back under the pines of the Villa Dorico was their camp. This view of Rome, and all its associations, recalled our first one of it from Monte Mario, close by, when a thrill of shrinking fear ran through us in thus standing face to face with the Eternal City. The sky and circling hills make the first great impression. The Sabines, earlier capped with snow, now have blue and purple and rosy mantles drawn around them; the Alban Mount is dim, and the flat stretch of Campagna and the sea are blended together in mist. At our left is Monte

Mario, its vineyards, cypresses, villas and one pine; under us, adjoining, are the gardens of the Pope; their fountains, ramparts, garrisons, box, shrubs, flowers, salads and vegetables; then the long, double file of the Vatican Museum, stretching out like a great Leviathan from the Palace of the Pope's bulls; and from the other another wall of fortification, reaching to the great round fort St. Angelo, at the end of the Elian Bridge; and beyond these the city of domes and roofs and ruins, among which we distinguish the crater of the Coliseum, the tower of the Capitol, the great flat mask of Ara Coeli, over the Temple of Jupiter; then, away on to the south, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella and the Appian Way, and the Campagna, with lines of aqueduct, specks of ruins, crevices of valleys and dark patches of forest—all the country and city a healed up wound of former ages—the Campagna a desolate scar, scathed of almost every monument, and the town a scab of modern roofs, through which at intervals protrude the bones of the past—just enough to verify the identity of the Eternal City. It is an excursion of no fatigue to ascend the dome, even to its hot, dark ball at the top, whose entrance scarcely admits a modern hoop; but it is from the balcony below that we have these other views. St. Peter's is in the midst of the Circus of Caligula and Nero, whose every handfull of dust is saturated with the blood of martyred Christians. The obelisk in the Piazza they brought from Heliopolis; 300 years after, the barbarians threw it down; for twelve more centuries it lay in ruins; and 200 years ago it rose before the present Christian church—the tomb of Peter, the fisherman. The Egyptians learned the art of immortality in these shafts, that with the spokes of fortune's wheel turn up age after age to mark some new epoch of history. At our feet are the fields of Cincinnatus; but, wiping my hand across my eyes, and erasing 2,600 years of history, I see Romulus descending from the Palatine and gathering the other hills within his realm—then the virgin hostesses of Porsenna swimming the Tiber, Tarquin having been banished and his growing grain harvested into the Tiber. Later on, these Tarquin fields spread out the Campas Martius; then porticos, gardens, amphitheaters; then barbarian desolation; and from such a soil rose the present web of streets in early Christian history, before Papal authority had consolidated temporal power to street pavements and orderly topography. **115-6**

Like all Rome's present monuments, St. Peter's is mostly pillaged from anterior structures. Its threshold is from the monument of Scipio Africanus on the Janiculum; its baptismal font is the cover of Adrian's porphyry sarcophagus; its pompous high altar Baldaquin, so showily wrought, is a hundred and eighty-six thousand pounds of bronze stolen from the pediment of the Pantheon, Jupiter thunderbolting the giants, melted into fiddling angels and smiling cherubs; and near the pulpit of St. Peter, arches and columns from the Temple of the Sun; and in the tribunes, they say, a spiral column from the Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. From the interior of the dome, we wonder again at the diminutiveness of objects below, the great bronze altar and canopy being an insignificant article of furniture on the immense stretch of nave and transepts, though in fact Go Ahead makes the Baldaquin no less high than the Palace of the Tuilleries. Deception and dissolution are all about us. Life in death is the escutcheon of modern Rome. Time's enemy has left the back of his scythe on all her monuments. Every church is the tomb of a martyr—every baptismal font a heathen sarcophagus. The ruins are haunted by ghosts whose dust and half-burned bones are the play of our breath in the museums. Our footsteps are undermined by catacombs—the graves of Christians. The Columbaria show their pots of ashes, which the guide sifts through his hands—these of Augustus's Court, those of Pompey's—here are the bones of the Scipios, and their tombs. Every fountain and watering trough was once a dead man's bed or a dead man's bath. The fort of Rome is Adrian's tomb—its circus Augustus's mausoleum. The museums are full of dead men's images, bones and tombs. Tyranny reads its doom in the blood-spots on Pompey's statue where Caesar fell, and yet the people dream as little of tyranny as of death. Both are a matter of course, and arrest no special attention. "We must be oppressed, and we must die as our fathers have done before us," is to-day's countersign. They banished the Pope, and, when he came back, kissed his toe—no more inconsistent than any other humanity that prefers peace to principle.