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THE HOMILETIC REVIEW.

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REVIEW SECTION.

I.—ROME FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE LATE PROF. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D.

(Extracts from his Journals.)

[The following pages record some of the fresh and vivid impressions made upon Dr. Schaff's mind in Rome during the winter and spring of 1842. He was a young man of twenty-two, and had just finished his studies in the University of Berlin. He was in the company of Frau von Kröcher, a lady of the Prussian nobility, and her son Heinrich, to whom he bore the relation of tutor. For several weeks during their sojourn in Rome Dr. Schaff acted as pulpit supply at the chapel of the German Embassy on the Capitoline. Portions of his journals are given here. They are written in a very small German hand and with many abbreviations. In many places I have been obliged to decipher the manuscript with microscope in hand. The translation is an exact translation of the original. The renderings of Latin and Italian words and sentences, included in brackets, I am responsible for. Dr. Schaff made a second protracted sojourn in Rome in 1890, living over again many of the experiences of fifty years before. He went to the Trevi fountain the day before his departure from the city, and he thus writes in his journal: "May 25, 1890.—Mary drank from the fountain. I did not, and shall never return to Rome, but shall always keep it in grateful remembrance." It proved to be his last visit. Some of the most ancient things are never old. It is so with Rome. The descriptions which follow will be recognized, it is believed, as coming from a mind quick to discern the teachings of history and the beauties of art, as well as to observe with sympathy the movements of living men. They have an interest of their own. D. S. SCHAFF.]

ROME, 1842.—Arrived in Rome Jan. 20. Among my acquaintances in Rome are Thiele, preacher at the embassy; Herr von Buch, Prussian ambassador, with wife and mother-in-law, who are artists; Thorwaldsen, with his white hair, his cap, his morning-gown, and his large winter shoes, in which he also received a large company. He is now working on the Apostle Andrew. His picture gallery is very valuable, his personality very amiable and winning, by his cordial and modest nature. Overbeck, Palace Cenci, not so approachable as Thorwaldsen, but still quite cordial; somewhat mystical in his appearance. He has just finished a cartoon of a fine Burial of Christ, which he is making at the order of the city of Lübeck. We also saw his Apostles, pictures of other biblical subjects conceived in noble spirit.

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Bendemann, the painter, director of the academy at Dresden, tarrying here with his wife on account of a bad eye, a very cultivated Christian man and a diligent churchgoer. M. Boussiere, a good Protestant, with his wife, from Strassburg. His brother is the Catholic who converted the Jewish banker Ratisbon, of Strassburg. Cardinal Patrizi baptized him on Jan. 31 of this year in the Jesuit church with great pomp. . . .

What I have thus far seen in the Catholic Church strengthens my Protestant faith. The Catholic has more of the historical element in his faith and ritual, but he needs very little to be a Christian. The Mass suffices. He holds unalterably to the fact, has trusting assurance that at the moment of consecration the miracle of transubstantiation takes place and his sins are forgiven. The Catholic Church seems to be like a Capuchin general, who, however well he looks in the upper part of his body, cannot hide the bare feet of his monks.

FEB. 21.—Again in the Vatican Museum and stand with awe and wonder before the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvedere, before the picture of the Transfiguration, Raphael's Madonna, and Domenichino's Jerome taking the Communion.

FEB. 22.—Passavant came to-day—a dear, good, tried friend. Got a room for him in the Casa Tarpeja [on the Capitoline Hill], where the Archeological Institute, of which Metternich is the president, Bunsen a director, and the King of Prussia the patron, and the Protestant hospital have a part in this metropolis and tomb of the world's history. Visited with him Monte Pincio and the Forum, that dusty memorial of the world's history.

FEB. 23.—This evening I visited the Colosseum by moonlight—a great delight. The custodian went in advance with a burning torch, which filled the solemn spaces with a magic light. Into the gashes and sockets of the gigantic structure the moon sent its soft radiance. From the top of those wounded walls we looked upon the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars; the remains of Hadrian's Temple to Venus and Roma; the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine; the Caelius Hill, with its dusky cypresses; and in the background, to the east, the towers and statues of the Lateran, and to the left, the baths of Titus—not one world, but many worlds at once, full of great memories. And the Colosseum itself—founded by Romans, built by Jews; the arena of the gladiators, the platform for martyrs to die on; in the Middle Ages, the fortress of bold knights or the shelter of pious orders; in Leo X.'s time, a quarry of noble palaces and the ornamentation of modern Rome; at the time of Sixtus IV., a cloth factory, and now the longed-for goal and a source of wonder to lonely pilgrims! And the holy Benedict has turned it into a Christian temple, with fourteen pictures of the Passion and the crucifix erected in the center; and twice a week in Lent the Word of the Crucified is proclaimed and the Franciscans from the neighboring convent of Ara Celi pass round in

their processions. Thus, the Colosseum, this half-rent floral wreath, the living culmination of so many centuries, the dumb witness of the Pagan world, is made to serve the crucified One! How many curses of toiling Jews, how many psalms of praise or *Dies Iræ* from dying martyrs, or sighs of expiring gladiators, did they not hear!

FEB. 27.—With Passavant and Frau von Kröcher to the Church of St. Gregory the Great. The marble table where he daily fed twelve poor people and two famous frescoes of Domenichino, the Flagellation of St. Andrew, Guido Reni's St. Andrew on his Way to his Crucifixion, and finally the statue of the mother of St. Gregory. From the square in front of the church a unique view of the Colosseum and also of the Caesar palaces and the Palatine. Then we go to Sts. Giovanni and Paul, an antique church and a cloister. In the cloister garden a beautiful palm, and an opening through which one sees down into the vaulted passageway, where the beasts were kept for the Colosseum, and which later was turned into a prison for Christians. A genial monk acted as guide. Then to the Church of St. Maria in Domenica—very old. The frieze by Giulio Romano, a picture ascribed to Raphael. Perhaps originally a temple of the Emperor Claudius. The frescoes represent martyrs dying all kinds of deaths: tasteless as a piece of art, but making a profound impression upon the mind.

MARCH 1.—Visit the tombs of the Scipios, the arch of Drusus and the Columbaria near by; Sebastian's Gate, the Church *Domine quo Vadis*, where Peter, fleeing from prison, met the Lord and received to his question, "*Domine quo vadis?*" [Lord, whither goest Thou?] the answer, "*Venio Romam iterum crucifigi*" [I go to Rome again to be crucified], whereupon he returned and joyously submitted to crucifixion. In the church is a footprint of St. Peter. The original is, so they say, in the St. Sebastian Church, a little farther on. It is on the Via Appia and connected with the famous Catacombs. The Circus of Maxentius (or his son, Romulus), very large and still pretty well preserved. The noble monument of Cecilia Metella, the Church of St. Urban, and the Grotto of the Nymph Egeria, very picturesque. A most interesting but tiresome walk.

MARCH 4.—To the Protestant Cemetery, where there are many fine marble monuments and the stone of the celebrated poet Shelley. Most appropriate that it should be situated at the St. Paul's Gate and outside the confines of the jurisdiction of St. Peter's.

MARCH 6.—To the Dominican church on the Aventine St. Sabina, with the trees planted by St. Dominic and enclosed by a low marble wall. Eight Spanish monks now in the convent. The chapel of Dominic is shown, and in the church is a small chapel built by the pope to commemorate that once the popes lived here. In the priory of Malta, or the villa of Lambruschini, we saw the cardinal minister of foreign affairs, Lambruschini, a man of most interesting face; we also saw Angelo Mai, an old, white-haired man, but still he seems quite active.

Go to St. Onofrio: the Madonna by Leonardo da Vinci in fresco, very lovely, but somewhat damaged. Here is the room in which Tasso died, and the library, with Tasso's death-mask in wax, very much blackened by age, but making a deep impression. Even in these features of the great, unfortunate poet, who sojourned in the cloister in much pain twenty-two days, one still sees a noble poet's brow and a gentle grace and softness. The mask is in a glass case and rests on a pedestal of wood. At its side a number of articles, among them a vessel which served as an inkstand, and a sort of looking-glass which he used to spare his eyes; also two Italian letters which he wrote to a friend in Naples, the handwriting not very legible. There is also a good bust of the English skeptic, Barclay, who died in the cloister. Tasso's monument in the church, a very plain piece of marble, with the inscription, "*Torquati Tassi ossa hic jacent*" [Here lie Torquato Tasso's bones]. We then had a good view from Tasso's oak in the midst of the eleven cypresses, which are made celebrated by the remains of St. Philip Neri. What stirring reminiscences! How the past and the present touch each other here, poetry and reality, Christianity and paganism!

As for Tasso's relations with the Princess Eleanor, the recently found letters, now in possession of Count Alberti, bear upon them. The two lived in relations of fervent love for six years, the princess, by fifteen years the elder, holding the poet and enthusiastic youth by her skill till the wrath of the duke struck them. But the vain, imprudent poet would not restrain himself from revealing the tender relations in his poems, and the duke, to save the reputation of his house, demanded of him a confession that his poems written to the princess were conceived in hours of insanity; and when Tasso refused, he was put in confinement on this charge. The princess pleaded once, but in vain, for the poet. Tasso languished for seven years in bitter despair and under dreadful delusions, from which poetry was no longer able to rescue him. Her wings were wounded. The muse whom he had brought down into the flesh had left him. But who does not feel compassion for the tender but unhappy bard, who in the afternoon of his day was crowned upon the Capitoline before he went [April 25, 1595] to receive his reward for his long sufferings in the presence of another Judge, who, we hope, also gave him a crown—not for his poems, it is true, for which posterity has crowned him with an immortal wreath.

MARCH 11.—At eleven o'clock heard a sermon in the church of the Jesuits on forbidden reading. The preacher said that the Church at all times, from the beginning down, had exercised a well-established right to forbid dangerous books and to distinguish between those which contained truth and those which contained error, and to warn against the latter sort. With great earnestness, he let loose especially against novels, which, he said, make a man discontented with the pres-

ent, induce him to shorten his days, picture before him an unreal world, and estrange him from the truth and the reality of things. In the last part he advised the reading of religious books, especially Thomas à Kempis, but made no reference to the Bible. A considerable orator and, after the fashion of the Catholics, very pious. The sermon full of life, practical. In the delivery he showed power to carry you along and keep hold of you. In gesticulation, extraordinary ease and naturalness. In these externals the Italians far surpass us Germans, and the French too. He had the hearer the whole time directly in his eye, and did not for a moment let him off until he had made his impression. This is a characteristic of a good orator, and in this respect we Germans have very much to learn.

MARCH 12.—See the St. Maria Maggiore. It again makes upon me a very beneficent impression. The Borghese Chapel, built by Paul V., 1611, and the Sistine Chapel, built by Sixtus V. while he was cardinal, are beautiful. The monument of this pope is represented kneeling. See also the Church of Pudenziana, which is said to occupy the spot where the Roman martyr Pudens (converted by St. Peter) had his home, and where the apostle dwelt for a considerable time. He, with his sons Horatius and Timotheus and his daughters Pudenziana and Praxedis, were the first baptized by Peter in Rome. Pius I. transformed the house into a church. From here to the old Basilica of St. Prassede, which is said to date from the second century. The spring in the middle of the church is now dry, where St. Praxedis gathered the bones and blood of the holy martyrs. In one of the chapels is the column at which Christ is said to have been scourged. It was brought by Cardinal Colonna and Honorius III. in 1223 from Jerusalem to Rome. The Flagellation of Christ is represented in fresco by Giulio Romano.

MARCH 16.—To Albano with Passavant. The weather exceedingly beautiful; the coachman in good humor. Just before reaching Albano you come upon a pyramidal mound, which is regarded as Pompey's tomb. Formerly Pompey's and other villas were built here. Passing out of Albano, come upon the reputed tomb where the ashes of the three Curatii and the two Horatii were preserved, but which Livy says were much nearer Rome. On the way to Ariccia, which is most beautiful, one sees the construction of the old Appian Way. In Ariccia is the large building belonging to Prince Chigi, which is on high ground opposite the church, built after the plans of Bernini; from here the path runs under the shade of large Italian oaks and affords most charming views of the country and the endless sea till you come to the Church and the Convent Galloro, said to have its name from an old camp of the Gauls. Turning to the left, we pass through the splendid avenue leading to the palace of Duke Cesarini, and there you see the Lake of Nemi, dedicated to Diana, which, on account of its clear and placid surface, is called Diana's Mirror. It is surrounded by a

consecrated grove of olives and oaks, and is girdled by beautiful hills. On the opposite side you see the village of Nemi, and beyond it Monte Cavo, with the lonely cloister of the Passionists. The lake is the bed of a crater—a most poetic and idyllic spot. How happily friends of the same mind might dwell on these banks under the protection of an energetic Christian government ready to foster all progress! It was too late to climb the Monte Cavo, and we went on past the Capuchin convent to Ariccia, and from there to the right to another convent, underneath Albano, whence a few steps take you to the beautiful Lake of Albano, or Lago di Costello. This lake also is marked by its placidness and clearness, and, like Nemi Lake, is also probably the crater of an extinct volcano. The hills around it are pretty steep and very lovely and fertile, but they are poorly cultivated; and I saw none of the vineyards mentioned by others, but Italian oak, olive, and fig trees. If these shores were only in the possession of the people about the Lake of Zurich, how quickly would they not put on another dress? But then, it is true, they would be the scene of too much activity to invite to quiet meditation, as they do now, and no longer be so picturesque—not a boat on the placid waters, no house close to the water; only the Bath of Diana and the Emissarium, that gigantic work of the Romans, which carries the waters of the lake down to the Villa Barberini and the modern Albano. But these only heighten the impression of times gone by as we look down at them. Lifting the eyes and looking eastward, you see the Monte Cavo, and under it the Rocca di Papa; and looking farther on and to the right, the buildings of the Franciscan Convent Palazzolo, on the spot where once Alba Longa is said to have stood. Here the figures start out from the shadows of the past—Æneas, Anchises, Troy, and Greece with its heroes. Waited long before we could tear ourselves from this elevating view. Then pass down to the Castel Gandolfo, visiting the beautifully situated Villa Barberini, which occupies in part the site of Domitian's villa, ruins of which are shown. With the exception of some shady avenues, the grounds are much neglected. Nor is there much of interest in the palace. The view, however, over to the sea is fine. The Castel Gandolfo offers a splendid view on all sides. Here the popes since Urban VIII. usually spend part of the autumn. Very entertaining is the dress of the women in Gandolfo and the vicinity, but repulsive is the shamelessness of the countless beggars. I was besieged by a company of them, one of whom laughed, one danced, and a third pleaded with outstretched hands. One was so obsequious and obliging as to suddenly throw off all his clothes in order to awaken our sympathy. Finally I grasped my stick, whereupon one, out of pure or pretended fright, fell on the ground, and the others took to their legs till they were at a safe distance, and then made faces at me. We were back at our quarters at half-past eight, after a day of charming experiences.

MARCH 17.—We saw the pope riding in a carriage drawn by six horses, and the people bowing down on both sides of the street. On account of the state of affairs in Spain, he was visiting the chief basilicas, beginning to-day with the Lateran, to perform his devotions. The way over which he was to go had been strewn with yellow sand and clay. Behind him a carriage drawn by six horses and several other carriages drawn by four and two horses. Before him went several officials on horseback. The sight of so vast a concourse of people, crowding both sides of the street from St. Peter's to the Lateran, and bowing on their knees as the Holy Father passed by, to get his benediction, was exceedingly impressive, and would have been more so if the homage had been to the Saviour and not to a sinful man. The enlightened Catholic does not bend his body before the person of the pope, but before the idea of the Church, which is incorporated, as it were, in the pope's person, he being the representative and bearer of it. The common people, of course, do not make this distinction. I saw a number of Catholic clergy, who had come here with pilgrims from Bavaria and Bohemia to perfect themselves, fall at the feet of the pope and kiss his slipper. I had a conversation with one of the Bohemian priests on the street—a very honest, pious, genial, and cultivated man. He confessed that he was not able ever to come to full assurance of his salvation, no matter how much he might do, and that, if he possessed it to-day, it might be taken from him to-morrow. We got along very well until we came to the Scriptures and their interpretation. He declared that it was not at all proper to put them in the hands of the laity. Every one would draw from them what he pleased and would interpret them according to his own taste; besides, the Scriptures do not contain all that is necessary to true religion. They had been written to meet the wants of the congregations. Tradition is necessary in order to supplement and complete them. As for celibacy, it had its disadvantages, as excellent young men were deterred from the service of the Church by it. To believe in the infallibility of the pope was foolishness. General councils, in whose assembly the pope takes part and whose decisions he confirms, alone are infallible, and then only are their conclusions matters of faith in a limited sense. The worship of pictures and relics is no proof against the infallibility of the Church, for the worship of pictures and relics is a subordinate matter.

MARCH 19.—In the evening heard in the Maria Sopra Minerva a sermon by the Dominican General Cipoletti, who on the 17th preached on the sanctity of the Church, on the 18th on its universality, and to-day on its permanency and in honor of the Spanish martyr, Vincentius Ferrari, whom he at the close of the sermon called upon to bring back the poor Spaniards to the Church. All who heard these three sermons were promised indulgence. How many years it was to last, I forget. The effort to reconcile Spain and bring it back to the fold is very great.