



Transcription of *The School Gazette*, a manuscript newspaper, 1855.

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The School Gazette

Feltonville.

Vol. 1 No. 6. June 1855

"Sumite materam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam Viribus." Horatius. Ars. Poet.

Editresses, Kate D. Parker, Carrie G. Fairbanks and Alice S. Hooper.

Foreign Correspondence.

Rome. Thursday evening.

June 5. 1854.

I have been enjoying the last two days more, I think, than almost any others since we have been in Italy. As far as I have seen, all that one reads and hears about the homelike feeling that a stranger has towards Rome is true, at least I feel it more than I have in any other city since we left America.

The weather is so warm here at this season that one has to be out as early as nine of half past if one wishes to accomplish anything before the heat of the day. This morning therefore (for I shall have enough to describe without going back to yesterday), we left our hotel about that time to visit the Borghese palace, which contains one of the finest collections of pictures in Rome.

It was one of the most beautiful days I ever saw. The sky was of that pure, deep blue one rarely sees out of Italy, not a cloud was visible, the air was soft and balmy, the very sunlight, dazzling as it was, had a softness about it different from that of any other place, in a word, it was the perfection of a Roman day. We soon reached the Borghese, which is not far from the Piazza di Spagna, where our hotel is situated. The rooms in which the pictures are hung are ten or twelve in number and quite large. Several of them, have little fountains playing in the centre, which, together with the floors, which are either marble or polished wood, gives a most cool and palace-like effect.

The only pictures that I particularly remarked were two by Raphael, one a portrait of himself at the age of twelve or fourteen, I forget which, the other one of his early pictures, "Bearing the body of Christ to the sepulcher," I think. There are several Domenichinos in the collection, which I believe are considered very fine, and in one of the last rooms are three very pretty little frescoes by Raphael.

From this palace we drove to St. Peters, where (as from its immense size, the temperature, summer and winter, is equable), we expected to find a shelter from the burning heat of noon. Every one, of course, is familiar with the external front of St. Peter, so that it is needless to describe. Suffice it to say, that my first sensation, on entering the place in front of it was complete disappointment. It was pretty, certainly, the two semi-circular colonnades, the obelisk in the center, the beautiful fountains, and the church with its finely proportioned dome but where was the vast size? I had expected to see something overpowering, and instead found nothing but a good-sized, pretty church. We got out, and went in, "there at least," thought I, "I shall not be disappointed." But it was the same with the interior, that tho' beautiful, gave me no more the effect of grandeur than the outside had done.

When we walked up the nave, however, I began to feel that it must be enormous from the length of time it took to reach the baldochino in the centre. And when we stood directly below the dome, and could look up five hundred feet and yet see a roof over our heads, then indeed I began to feel the immensity of this splendid structure, which a no less a man than Michel Angelo would ever have conceived and executed! We were all very much struck, in examining the church more minutely, to discover how rich the material used really were for everything else is so lost in the vast size that on entering on is greatly impressed with its simplicity. The size of ornaments about the church, which contrasted with the building itself, give you an impression of smallness, is also a source of wonder. For instance, the vases of holy water, which are always placed near the entrance of Catholic churches are supported by cherubs, about two feet high, as we supposed, but on examination, we found them to be eight feet in height!

The way, too, in which details are carried out, strikes one very much. For example over each of the altars, and they are numerous, is a large picture, generally a copy from the old masters, such as Raphael's "St. Michel and the Devil," Domenichino's "St. Jerome," &c, and all these were found to be not oil-paintings, but the costliest mosaics. In short, there is no end to the wonders contained in this extraordinary church.

The walls are lined with tombs, chiefly those of Popes, and other religious dignitaries, and profusely adorned with statues. Only two of those, however, are at all celebrated: viz. that of those members of the Stuart family who died in exile, and that of Pope thirteenth something, Clement, I think, both by Canova. The latter is quite large; it is surmounted by a kneeling statue of the Pope, and below are two statues, Religion and

Sleep, and the two lions, the most celebrated of all Canova's works. That of Religion is very ugly and not at all improved by a ring of spikes round the head, supposed to represent a glory. Sleep, however, repays one for any deficiency in his companion, and the lions, one awake, one asleep, are almost as good as the reality. It really required some courage to put my hand in their mouths, and I had a feeling all the time as if it might be snapped off at any minute.

But it is late, and I am too tired to write more. Giottina.

An Epistle.

A pleasant afternoon to your august ladyship, — allow your humble servant to make a suggestion before proceeding farther; that you don't deserve a cruel message from anyone, much less an affectionate epistle from your devoted friend.

But unfortunately you are one of those delightfully sympathetic persons, to whom it is such a temptation to write, that I, a weak mortal cannot resist it.

One excursion yesterday was no failure — we started at twenty minutes past nine, armed with bows and arrows, my charming cousin Tom "the piper's son" and Augusta Elizabeth, — you know what a merry girl she is — the "bud" was not crowded, — an old woman and young woman, being the only occupants, present company always excepted.

The Chelsea omnibus was visiting at the top of Brattle St, into which we ascended with the greatest alacrity, there was one jolly old man in the omnibus who seemed quite amused at Tom's proceedings. To be sure he was rather ridiculous.

At the farm we were welcomed with outspread arms and sponge cake and gingerbread by our dear old maid aunts.

You remember the hills behind the house, as the wind was very strong we thought it would be a good idea to ascend the hills, and then see if by fair means or foul we might not persuade the wind to blow us away.

As we all wished to try the experiment, the wind was obstinate but condescended to blow away Tom's hat to our great delight. He had to run after it, and how I wished he had not succeeded in recapturing the prize.

After dinner the old horse was harnessed, and we set out for Chelsea beach. How disrespectfully we treated that venerable animal, — we whipped him and then were greatly astonished because he did not stand still, — pulled him in, and then opened our eyes because he did not go faster.

When we got to the beach, the breeze nearly carried us away, —