

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 Cælius 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 Cœli pass round in