

the heat does not affect me as much as Hamilton heat. The climate is just the thing for me. Well, after our excursion among the Sculptors, we set out to look for a room. The Italian was well posted in the business, and after a thorough search, he found us a decent room, two beds and all the furniture for 19 francs (\$3.80) a month, (after beating down the landlady), with use of kitchen, pots, pans, etc. We can live on about 12 or 15 cents per day at present, but when I sell some pictures we will go in for a few luxuries. I will be at work in a day or two, when I get settled on some sketches of St. Peter's, Fort St. Angelo, etc., on the muddy Tiber. * * * *

Yours affectionately,

JAMES KERR LAWSON.

ROME, Aug. 21st, 1879.

In continuance of my last letter, which was penned in as much hurry as I do this, (somehow or other I have been in a hurry ever since I landed in Rome), I will try to tell you something more sensible and definite than in my last. We are now in very comfortable quarters, with a couple of beds that a prince might sleep in. The landlady is a very kind and decent woman. The next room is fitted up for a painter's studio, and will be occupied as soon as the weather becomes cooler—then all the English and

French painters flock back to Rome. The Academy doors will be thrown open, and I will be in Elysium. In our neighborhood there are whole streets of studios. The British and French Academies and Sistine Chapel are also in our neighborhood. There is also a beautiful public garden of immense size, full of busts and statuary, which commands beautiful views of different parts of Rome. There I have been the last two mornings, from six until it gets hot, making a drawing of the Vatican which is about two miles off. There are many other magnificent pictures to be seen from this point, and I will be engaged at them every morning for some time to come, and when I get a pad for water-color paintings you will have all the pictures you want and perhaps some to sell. * Yesterday D— and I found our way to the Coliseum; I will not tell you what it is like—I cannot—but I will send you a picture of it. The heat, while we were there, was terrible, and we were glad to take shelter in one of the lion's dens or dark cells where the victims were kept of old, where the echo of your voice is like the groan of a dying man. I will write no more now, but in some future letter I will make you all hold up your hands in holy horror when I tell you how we were mobbed in Pisa, and how the military turned out to our rescue. I will write again shortly, and send some sketches.

Good-bye for the present, my love to you all.

Yours affectionately,

JAMES KERR LAWSON.