

## LETTERS FROM ROME.

*From James K. Lawson, a former Student at this School, who is now studying Art in Rome.*

ROME, Aug. 20th, 1879.

We are at last in Rome, in the best of health, and hopes as high as the dome of St. Peter's. I was as glad to get rid of New York as I was anxious to see Rome, for in New York I had the fever and ague for three days, which returned again with the fog off the banks of Newfoundland. The ship's doctor gave me quinine which cured me. After ten days on the water we sighted the north of Ireland, and enjoyed the beautiful scenery from 5 o'clock till sunset. We arrived in Greenock next morning at 5 o'clock, and had to spend three hours in the dirty, drizzly hole before we got the train for Glasgow, the boat being too heavily laden to go up the river. The Anchor Line Co. in Glasgow sent us to the Anchor Line in London by the Midland Railway. From what we could see of the scenery, the Scottish is exquisitely beautiful, and far surpasses the English. We stopped a short time in each of the large cities, and arrived in London at 11.30 P. M., stunned, dizzy and tired, as if we had dropped from the clouds into the midst of Bedlam. The lodgings cost 9d. each for the night. On Thursday morning the Anchor Line Co. gave us our tickets for Rome. The rest of the morning we spent in seeing the sights. London Bridge we crossed twice, taking in the Thames, Shipping, Royal Exchange, St. Paul's and the curious old monuments, and the magnificent new ones.

Whom do you think we spent the afternoon with? Turner, Rubens, Rembrant, Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Claude and other great painters, in the National Gallery. Turner is a greater genius than ever the greatest stretch of my imagination made him out to be.

It is impossible to describe one of his pictures, or the feeling which comes over you when you look at one of them; and, I think, after looking at the two pictures by Claude and Turner for about an hour, (which appears to me like a short and beautiful dream,) that although Claude's is faultless, Turner's picture is far superior to it. I will not attempt to describe any of the other pictures, but leave it to your imagination.

London we left at 8 o'clock at night for New Haven, where the boat left for Dieppe at 11 o'clock, and occupied seven hours in crossing the Channel, which is wide between these points. One hour in Dieppe, two-and-a-half hours in the train, and we are in Paris, the beautiful city to get lost and bamboozled in. However, after a good deal of fumbling and floundering, we found an omnibus which took us to the right station, having, at the same time, a splendid peep at Paris from the top of the 'bus, during an hour's ride with about twenty soldiers. Saturday night we slept at Macon, Sunday night at the beautiful port of Genoa, Monday night in Pisa, Tuesday night in Rome, where we fell in with a half Englishman who next morning volunteered to be our guide; he took us to one of the gardens which lie round inside the great walls of Rome, where we had a beautiful view of the city; he then led us to St. Peter's. Its beauty no man can describe. Our "Tallian" then took us to some of the Sculptors' studios; there are whole streets of them, and the artists are very kind and polite people. Cardwell, a grand old English sculptor, a fine old man, gave us lots of advice and information. The Academies are free, but none of them will be open till October 1st, being closed on account of the heat. The artists are all fled, but