

over nineteen hundred years ago. The little campaniles which destroy the majestic effect of the façade are the addition, of Bernini, 1640, after whom they are named "ass's ears." As one enters the door, and the great dome—the largest in the world—spreads its vault above his head, he feels the sublimity of the grand old pile. The effect is still further enhanced by the broad opening, twenty-eight feet across, in the centre of the vault, through which pours down a flood of bright Italian sunlight on the shrines and altars and worshippers beneath. Here where the incense arose of old at the altars of the pagan gods it still ascends at the shrines of the papal saints, amid surroundings of gorgeous pageantry surpassing even that of the priests and augurs of ancient Rome. A small plain slab in the wall marks the tomb of Raphaël, and a more sumptuous monument that of King Victor Emanuel.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—  
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,  
From Jovè to Jesus—spared and blessed by time,  
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods  
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods  
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!  
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrant's rods  
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home  
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome.

One other church in Rome I must mention on account of the unique and extraordinary character of its burial crypts. This is the Church of the Capuchins. Its vaults are filled with sacred soil, from Jerusalem, in which the monks were buried. After several years' interment the skeletons were exhumed and arranged in architectural devices—columns, niches, and arches—a figure of Justice with her scales, a clock-face, and the like, all in human bones. In several of the niches stood the unfleshed skeletons, wearing the coarse serge gown and hood the living monk had worn, with his name, Brother Bartholomeo, or Brother Giacomo, written on his skull—a ghastly mockery of life. In all, the remains of 6,000 monks are contained in these vaults. The Government has forbidden the continuance of this revolting custom.

At the Church of St. Clement—the oldest in Rome—I met with the only instance I encountered in Italy of discourtesy from