

6.

position—retaining my pocket handkerchief, and... We made friends with two little boys in purple church gowns with white neckties...

The chapel of St. Anthony, too, contained a life-size standing wax figure of this patron. Crowds... Men seem to be in their devotion to it. Men seem to be in their devotion to it.

After his knees were all told, each rose from his knees, bowed to the great image, then to the Virgin, then, kissed another bust of St. Anthony in the nave and passed away.

The common men wear mostly blue short breeches and long white stockings, with pointed black felt hats on their heads. Some wear skins, with the hair outside, around their legs, and these with the leather leggings, give the satyr type, needing only hors and pointed ears to make the Pan.

Rome, Ash-Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1856. Rome has scamped through the Carnival, and now its seven hills are on their knees in repentance before high Heaven, receiving the sign of the cross and the solemn admonition, "Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return."

But let us take our place in a balcony about midway the Corso, and see the length and breadth of the fun. We are up one story, and so almost our reach can extend to the street, and be assured it will not trouble you with its weight.

Flowers become for a day or two rare in the markets; they are held in reserve for Flora's great lavishing on the Carnival. And think now for a moment, while you are shivering at twenty degrees below zero, of the delightful weather here, which is cold, too, for Rome. Violets and carnations are in blossom on our balcony.

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Why the carriage-makers are lining their own coaches with red and white ones, with white coats and cloaks. Why this need of protecting so carefully these vehicles? A slight inclination to plaster dust satisfies at once such inquisitive demands.

An hour before the Ave Maria canons sound. It is to announce that only another half-hour remains for the carriages in the Corso. Now the dredding of dust is broken for the day.

Thursday and the last Tuesday of the Carnival are his gayest days. Beneath this ungodly hurly-burly of the tumult there peep out constantly little episodes of sentiment on which to repose the spirit.

The last day's sport is prolonged an hour after the Ave Maria when the last brilliant apparance of the Carnival is added. It is the *Mascolini*. You have already noticed bundles of small tapers hawked about the streets. As night draws on they are lighted; the Corso inflames; from pavement to bonopet it is all glittering.

Rome, Thursday, Feb. 14, 1856. It was like a clear bright May morning at home, the first Sunday of the Carnival on which we traversed the Tiber and entered that proud suburban quarter known as Trastevere.

Music followed the consecration. The nuns behind the grating held long tapers which lighted strangely their calm faces and white robes. A heavy, brilliant diadem was placed on the head of the newly initiated. The choir was of men who stood by the high altar of the church.

At the left, on leaving the Church, are still shown the baths of St. Cecilia. There the young Christian was first arrested and plunged in boiling water, after which she received the wounds of her persecutors. The ancient heating apparatus of the baths is still seen through an opening of the present pavement.

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Within. Elegant baskets of fruits and flowers and confectionery are let down and set up on reeds, and pretty boxes worthy of a Parisian Christmas are constantly exchanged. Many window blinds are filled with bouquets, of which they serve as holders, and the prettiest women before them receive and return the most.

With the precision of pages, and the naïveté of angels and babies, they bore their silken burdens up the nave. On approaching the Cardinal the maiden knelt and kissed his hand, and then with the angels and princess she was seated. A sermon followed, during which true some started, some wondered, some wept.

Then the novice was dismantled of her bridal attire: her crown and feathers and flowers, gloves, bracelets and jewels, one by one were laid off. The draping folds of eternal chastity eluded around her; vows were consummating; her long, black hair hung over the white mantle, then disappeared; one by one, cap and cape of the elastic costume covered her.

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Over the side. Gilded galleries with windows closely crossed by gilded bars. There the nuns come to hear public service in the Church, and during the ceremonies the most and resting distinguished their white forms moving and resting behind them. Opposite the high altar and over the grand entrance is another gallery entirely graced for the organ and singers, and I am told that here the music of the nuns is sometimes extremely fine.

Reckless running of ocean steamers. We left Boston on the 13th of February; had an unaccountably fine run to Halifax—arriving there at midnight of the 14th. Leaving Halifax on the morning of the 15th, it was understood to go to the office of the captain to be sent to the southward, in hope to be blown to the ice.

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North's getting up emigration societies to send emigrants to Kansas, but the people of the North may not be aware that the South is sending men every day. There is not a train of cars that passes over the railroad between this place and Augusta, Geo., that does not have quite a number of men outward bound for Kansas; and they are forming companies all through South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee.

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