

Wellcome Ms 9015

1

Wellcome 8 (Claydon copies) Ms 9015-17, 1114 pages

MS 9015/1 note, 1f, pencil, HCV

1895

4 Jan "Is a gross 20"

meet after 15 March List by Books signed

23 Sept House of Commons

Ms 9015/2 signed card, 2ff, pen [Bundle 192]

My dear Edmund Claydon New Year's Day 1895

Aunt Florence wishes you the
happiest of New Years and many
of them- *Boy Greig*

Blessed Margt. thought that you
would be so good as to look at the
enclosed & interpret the Medical
ophthalmic R. Navy numbers for us -
-also to say whether you would
recommend his applying to the

Mercantile Navy as 'cargo-boy', if
there ~~is~~ are such -

I suppose I ought to return these
documents to Mrs. Greig, the mother,
ought I?

ever your affectionate

Aunt Florence

Thank you so much for your

Jackson book- What I have
been able to read I like so much

FN

MS 9015/3 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Jan 4/95

Baker & Co. May his shadow never be less

My dear Edmund

Tho' I do not thoroughly understand

Baker & Co.'s letter, I gladly engage myself to take half a "gross-is a "gross" 20?- of the first 5 & half of the "seconds". It is an experiment worth trying: tho' I have my doubts as to its succeeding in Hospitals - especially the one with a flat

top σ (which I believe we have chosen) on account of the difficulty of laying it down on its back till it is rinsed. I think it will succeed best among maids, & clearly poor people, provided in both cases the missis leads the way-

Baker & Co. very properly offers you a "drawing to scale"- And this will give me time to ask drivers Nurses' Homes &c whether they will try the experiment. I should be most sanguine about the poor mothers at Lea Hurst, if I had a lady there now who would take pains to start it, which I have not.

"Package extra"- That suits me exactly- because I presume B. & Co would for "packages extra" send a doz. here & a doz - there according to a

List I should give -

[I think the "seconds" will be most difficult to place - One would not like an accident to mar one's magnificent experiment]

How is you Odd man?

your affectionate

F. Nightingale

(official signature)

MS 9015/4 incomplete letter, 1f, pencil

Claydon Jan 8/95

Dearest My best wishes to Ellin on her cold drive to Buckingham & to the poor little thing which she has kept comparatively happy - & well cared for.

I think we will let Dr. De' Ath come - (on Thursday at 3. was it?) He has always something important to say- and perhaps there is something pressing about Milks- How thankful that Harry is better

MS 9015/5 signed letter, 2ff, pen

Claydon Jan 11/95

Dearest I am thankful that you have returned alive from your dissipation- & that you are in your "right mind" about going to London to-day- Mr. Jowett used to say' The World requires a great deal more courage *and* a great deal more caution. The first is by no means lacking- The second is now coming into play

Dr. De' Ath & I had a "go" - I wish I had seen you in your grey velvet gown last night- I was so very sorry to give up James' letters yesterday - but hope you did homage to my Conscience, which all of a sudden has begun to grow- I suppose the letters are gone??

As ~~my~~ Conscience - Which Mme= Mohl said was harder to keep than "a coach and four"- ~~I suppose~~ is beginning to grow, I suppose I must begin to pay my debts -
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/6 {1 note, 1 letter} {perhaps envelope?}

Initialed note, 1f, pen
This simple beautiful little letter was
read by me to self & afterwards to
Harry, & by the parents, who I dare
say read it to the girls. We
return it with many, many thanks
& the keenest interest in the
good fellow & your influence
over him Miss Nightingale.

F.N.

18/1/95

incomplete letter, 1f, pencil {letter has border edges}
Jan 14/95

James' most interesting letters
returned with many thanks-
It is impossible for his mother not
to feel very anxious - but I think
I should be less anxious than
when he was horsing, & rampaging
about London- He is a *man* now.
But the places sound unspeakably
dreary

MS 9015/7 signed card, 2ff, pen **[1:730]**

Claydon Jan 21/95

My dear Harry

Ay de me, ay de me, for losing
mother & Lettice -"Let us sit upon
' the ground & tell sad stories of
'the fate of kings'-

How is your paw?

Please tell father that a Thomas
Tit, rather smaller than an
undersized Walnut, comes to my

windows for his luncheon, dinner
& tea, but says he can find
nothing which suits his digestion,
(which he is obliged to be very
careful of)- And he requests
that a mutton bone, with a
good deal of nutriment upon it,
should be hung up for his special
refreshment-

ever your loving Aunt Florence
Are you going to
Father's lecture
tonight- you &
Ruth?

MS 9015/8 {2 letters} signed letter, 1f, pencil [1:673]

Jan 26/95
Mr. Battersby will come tomorrow
(Sunday) at 4.15
unless he hears "to the contrary"
Will this suit you? & Ellin?
Thanks, my dear Edmund, for your
letter

Aunt Florence
Would Ellin come & see me, without hurrying
herself, for a bit before starting this afternoon?

initialled letter, 1f, pencil
Dearest blessed Margaret
God be with you & dear
Lettice every moment-
I hope Vol IV is not going
with you-
ever your F
Jan 21/95

MS 9015/9 signed letter, 2ff, pen Claydon Jan 27/95 [1:673-74]

{lines through
printed address:} 10. SOUTH STREET,
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

We are expecting you
home. The house looks
like a 'spelunca' without
you. But Ellin is
efficient maternally.

We look upon the first
stage of Convalescence not
as an eagerness to do, but
a willingness not to do.
So may it be with dear
Lettice.

The sea housemaid! We
know there are Sea nymphs,
Tritons, Sea Serpents,
Amphilrite & all her maids.

But you have discovered
the Sea housemaid,
who sweeps up the snow,
the foam, the shingle,
shavings & paper, &
deposits them in her
dusthole, the Hotel, &
your bow window -

Harry Lloyd came [1:716]
last evening, as you know.
And as he was moping
in his own room, I
asked him to visit me.
"O," says he, "Ellin is
"getting quite dissipated"-
"Ah", says I, in a tone
of extremest melancholy,

"She is not like you
& me, quiet, steady
people, who always
stick to our work, &
never go stravaging
about the country
after balls & parties".
'Stravaging"- What's that?
Stravaging is ___ stravaging
It's a word of high
antiquity, before the
time of Dictionaries -
probably derived from
the Phoenician. Stravaging
is Harry Lloyd- & Harry
Lloyd is stravaging.

But - no more nonsense
now-

[end 1:716]

Only heart's love-
to you & Lettice
ever your affectionate
Aunt Florence
I've got a formal
letter- offering me
the "first Hony.- Membership"
of the "Matrons' Council".
Good luck- What fools
we be!

MS 9015/10 initialled letter, 2ff, pen [1:674]

Claydon Jan 30/95
Thank you very much, my dear
Edmund, for your note & your
newspapers-
I should have asked to see you,
but- I have a conscience
"Tho' you may not think it"-
And that tells me, that, as you
are in the midst of experiments

(not, I hope, explosions) to-day
& are going to-morrow to Lettice
 which will delight her, *I may not*.
Please don't say that Margt- looks
"every inch an authoress", in her
pretty gown- The hat of an
 "authoress", especially of a female
journalist, is hideous to behold-
the profile of her figure is ridiculous

to contemplate-

 Say rather that Margt- is "every inch"
a Saint & a hero, a genius & a
 heart - And her beautiful gown
was 'according'-

 ever your affectionate

 Aunt Florence

There are 3 or 4 blackbirds
 looking so miserable on the snow
on the lawn now- I favour them

 as much as I can on my balcony-
But the sparrows & the starlings
 drive them away- Could you
give them something meat-y
somewhere?

 F.N

MS 9015/11 signed letter, 1f, pencil

May I see you to-day? Feb 1/95

Dearest

 You were so good in enquiring how I was
getting out of my scrape that I venture to
ask whether you approve the enclosed. Or
shall I write it again?

2 "Lord Kerry" (in Mr. Jowett's original
 letter) is the "big fish"- Raison de plus
for that passage going out. For I *think*
that is the present Ld Lansdowne 30
years ago- & the rest of the passage is like
what he is still. ever yours Aunt F.

MS 9015/12 initialled letter, 2ff, pen

Dearest I hope you have good news
of all

I can't say, if it were not for the
honour of the thing, that I can
uphold the "thaw."

ever yours F.

I have looked over the 4 portraits you
sent me to identify- The only one
I know that has not a name is

M. Mohl in pencil
by Hilary Bonham Carter
(very like) -

(2.) I was also looking over yesterday
some sketch books which you kindly
sent up- There is one, not very good,
scratches of Shore & his sister Bertha,
& their childish sayings, age 2 or 3 & age 4 or 5,
when they lived with us, by Parthe, I think

[You could always tell Hilary's masterly
stroke, even in a scratch-]

There is another book with two water-colour
sketches of Lea Hurst "in a poetical mantle",
very good; by "Aunt Patty", my mother's eldest
sister- And also some pencil sketches
of the Middle Hurst, the high ground
opposite Lea Hurst, where the cows always
went to bed, & I have so often sat. A ridge
of ground slopes down some hundreds feet
to the river- Then there is Crich Tower at the

top over every thing, hundreds of feet higher-

But all the books seem to me full of
only Lea Hurst, or it maybe Snitterton &
Stanbridge.

There are several sketch books of water
coloured sketches by Hilary Bonham Carter
of the two babies, Shore & Bertha, very
spirited_ but not here-

F.N.

MS 9015/13 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil [1:674-75]

Feb 2/95

Dearest Will you accept a few flowers

-you who have given me so many-
from some sent me this morning by
Shore's Louisa & the 4 children- on
the anniversary last night of my Mother's
death 15 years ago- You know she died
in Shore's house- he was the most
faithful son to her in the days of her

decadence as she was the most
faithful mother to him in the days
of her brilliancy

Your F.

I have heard from Fred. He says he
is "practically well". Maudie not yet
so. He says nothing about Seaford!!

He sends me the accompanying
proof (which *he* says is mine- I believe
it is *his*) of the Preface to the Sanitary
Conference at Aylesbury- He desires
me to send it on directly to the "Editor"
there, *if we approve it*. O Lady of my
heart & Sybil of history, it bites me

to take you away from "Vol IV"- & ask
you to read this- But I *must* -
Might we not ever your F.
leave out the "Miss"?

Goodhart has a good name
It seems to me that the commas & full
stops are sometimes p misplaced -
commas e.g in Para 2- full stops for e.g.
p. ii, line 2. Also p. ii, para 2, last line but one
ought not *damnosa hereditas* p. 1- to have inverted commas?

MS 9015/14 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Feb 3/95

Do you think you could have time
to look at Miss Bartlett's Syllabus?
enclosed in your own excellent Syllabus,
p. 11 of Health at Home -

I am immersed in admiration
of my own excellence at not having
sent it you before-

I have not received any from Miss

Rowland.

[I am thinking we must be tightening
the instrument for poor Dr. De'Ath.]

This is what Dr. De'Ath calls
Miss Bartlett teaching Barlett.

May I see *Ruth* to-day - on no
account to prevent any reading with
you

And may I see you?
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/15 {2 letters} initialled letter, 1f, pencil

Feb 5/95

Dearest Thank God Mrs. Battersby's
trouble is over. And I trust now
she will go on swimmingly - good
soul -

What train is Lettice coming by? "E. & M"?

In future, I shall sign my letters on those
subjects M. & F

Maudie FN

Maudie is always
of my opinion:

Then I shall be some match for you

initialled letter, 1f, pencil [8:940]

Might I telegraph to Maudie or to Lettice
by the morning postman, if you have not
written already, that Lettice *is to take*
a *through* carriage to Claydon
Bletchley is the Land not of Cakes but
of draughts, and it is so cold
Pray let me - FN
Maudie is always on my side
Feb 4/95

MS 9015/16 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil [1:675]

Feb 6/95

Dearest Thank God Mrs. Battersby
is going on pretty well -
About Kate Jones: I am so provoked [3:508]
that you should have all this
botheration about her being a
Dissenter - I would say "*Welsh*
"Dissenter" You know better than I
what that is - I should say from
what I heard both from Kate & from

my dear little Nelly Owen that it
was a much fuller & more serious
preparation from their ministers
~~than any~~ both for Confirmation, whatever
they call it, & for the Sacrament
than any we give in the Ch. of Engd? -
But of course they were right to
Crucify *Christ* as He was not in
the Ch. of Jerusalem exactly.

Kate went (alternately with the cook)
morning or evening on Sunday to
OUR Church; she also took the
Sacrament there - And I had a
regular certificate from her Minister_

But when a cousin came to live
in London I encouraged Kate going
with her to the Welsh Church
occasionally - ONLY *occasionally* it was
she went to that? polluted? place -
She spoke & read English imperfectly

when she first came to me - And
I encouraged her to translate Welsh
Scripture & sermons & Welsh hymns to me -
What a beautiful language it is!

Kate would *like* to be in *London*
& I should like that sort of place
for her which I believe she is quite
competent to fill better than any
other - F

May I see you to-day?

MS 9015/17 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil [1:676]

Feb 10/95

Dearest blessed Margaret

I *approach kneeling*, as Sheridan
recommends-

Would you, could you, will you look over
this letter asked for ~~my~~ from me for the meeting
(Lord Mayor's) to raise £100 000 for
St. Thomas' Hospital?

I have written it out in pencil
with the diabolical intention of asking

for *your* criticism, *your* omissions, It is too long
your additions

Our Secy-, Hy Bonham Carter, insists
on my introducing myself, as you see -

The only good part of the letter is
yours.

ever yours with great love

F.N. repentant to her
benefactress

The distress over the country with our [5:262]

unthrifty habits seems appalling -

I receive cries for help from people

I cannot refuse, including the

Lea Hurst agent, who says The quarrymen
are another industry out of work -

May I hope to see you to-day?

MS 9015/18 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil [1:676-77]

Feb 12/95

Dearest blessed Margaret

I do indeed feel with you
this day_ And what a gallant fight
you have made this last long year - I have a
beautiful little St-George (Fra Angelico)
on my table - But that is nothing to
the holy heroic Sta Georgina whom
I sometimes have the privilege to have
in my room very alive indeed.

Thank you, dearest, for what you so
kindly say about my staying till it
is Sanitary to go - Indeed I am
quite virtuously disposed to do what
I like (there's virtue?) & stay with
my Saint till I have no excuse for
staying any longer-

What time do you expect Dr.

De'Ath tomorrow?

And what time may I expect you
to-day?

ever your

F

*The letter was properly received by
"Mr. Treasurer" yesterday*

MS 9015/19 {archivist: incomplete} initialled letter, 2ff, pencil

Feb 11/95

[1:676]

Dearest benefactress

It is a twelvemonth to-day (by the
week) & tomorrow (by the month)
since our dear Sir Harry's resurrection
Perhaps he is not far off us- [end 1:676]

I hardly know what to say
about Dr. De'Ath's letter- It is not
dated- The post-mark seems to be
yesterday - If so, "next week" means
the week *after* this - If it was

[2]

are there people at Steeple Claydon
out of work besides those who
are thrown out of work by the frost?

woman at Lea Hurst - a woman
with every anxiety under the Sun -
a little older than me - She writes to
me every week she can't spell- & always with a blessing.
"Our loving Saviour is never bankrupt-
"always full of blessings xxx We do pray that
"our Lord may enrich your Soul with Heaven's
"highest blessings - & ~~that~~ you may feel *our*
"ever blessed Redeemer's arms around you
"& His holy Spirit to soothe & comfort you xx
I need not wish this to you because you
have it- ever yours F.N.

MS 9015/20 {2 letters} incomplete letter, 1f, pencil

Feb 13/95 I really *must* see you
to-day -

Dearest I can't thank you enough for
~~giving~~ telling me *what to think*.
It is of much more consequence that Dr.
De'Ath should see you than me -
How do you choose to map out the
afternoon - will you see him first and last?
Shall I see him in the middle & at what
time? or how? Will he stay to tea?
"A forlorn & shipwrecked brother"
On the De'Ath Shore -

initialled letter, 1f, pencil

Feb 14/95 blessed day!
Dearest I shall so hope to see you,
as you are so good, if only for a minute,
after the Bishop.
ever yours
F

MS 9015/21 initialled letter, 1f, pencil

Feb 15/95

Dearest You were good enough
to say that you would look at
these the last Extracts from Mr
Jowett that Mr. Abbott has
sent me - I think a good
deal will have to come out -
e.g- that part about his sister
becoming a R. Catholic _

// Could you kindly tell me
how you order the blankets from
Pryce Jones - whether must you
send the sizes of your beds
or whether they only have
certain sizes (numbered)?
& what is the address of the
great man, Pryce Jones, factory
ever your F

MS 9015/22 initialled letter, 1f, pen

Feb 18/95

Dearest You are so very good,
so much too good, to me. But as
people don't mind having what
"is too good for them", I proceed.

Are not my uncertainties an
inconvenient item to you? I did really
announce myself at South St. for
"Tuesday or Wednesday"- and they
will have everything ready- But
I had a letter yesterday from my cousin
strongly insisting on my not coming

till somewhat at least better weather -
I am amazed at my own pusillanity
- the effect doubtless of your own goodness
Now, be a little sincere -
//We were talking yesterday of the Irish
disestablished Church. I have a letter
from a poor Irish clergyman's wife
Co. Cork, asking me to send some of my own
knitting "& other needleworks, with my
autograph", "appended to each" for a Bazaar
Alas! I had a needle once-
every your loving & grateful F.N.

MS 9015/23 signed note, 2ff, pencil [1:677-78]

Claydon Feb 20/95
The Tomtits have sent
to me a Deputation
headed by the little
one who if it were to
take off its clothes would
find a roomy dwelling
in a walnut. They
present a humble
petition that Sir Edmund
will cause mutton bones
with some meat & more
fat to be hung up-
They state that two
gigantic black parties

called, they believe,
rooks, have feloniously
carried off their two
best bones -

F.N.

"Haste for thy life, post,
haste, haste, haste"

I dare say Margaret
was so good as to ask
Sir Edmund kindly
to send a man to look
after *three* chimneys
for me at the

Joseph Coleman s

Steeple Claydon

The two poor old folks
are both now, or ought
to be, *in bed* -ill- Dr.
Benson orders a fire
night & day- But if
there is the least wind,
they are obliged to

wriggle down - stairs;
because that room
smokes mildly while
the bed-room smokes
furiously.

Aunt Florence

20/2/95

MS 9015/24 signed letter, 2ff, pencil **[1:678]**

Claydon Feb 20/95

My dear Edmund Thank you very much
for your note- & for your kindness
in proposing to go yourself to the Joseph
Coleman s about the smoking Chimneys
Yes: I would gladly put in the "Marlborough"
grate into their Bed room if that
is the only way of curing it. The
chimney is short & straight. They
boil a kettle there.

They sit *and* cook in the parlour down-stairs which has an oven for the purpose, & therefore the Marlboro' grate would not, I suppose, do there. [They only use the kitchen fire, when they do not require a fire in the parlour]

They themselves think that three chimney pots would do their business better than grates -

Thank you a thousand times
your affectionate
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/25 unfinished letter & envelope, 1f, pencil

Claydon Feb 21/95 Dr De'Ath

Dearest Do you think I had better see Dr

De' Ath first - & you have your talk with him when he comes down to tea? not but what your talk with him is much more important than mine -

If you think I had better see him at once, could you be so very kind as to let me have Miss Deyns & *your comments* on it very soon this morning?

I have all the other papers for Dr. De' Ath. But I dare say he will have

{envelope}
21 Feb 1895
Lady Verney

MS 9015/26 signed letter, 1f, pencil

26/2/95

Dearest How is Ellin?

I almost hope that you are not going to the Sunday School tea, tho "you will be sadly missed- But it is such a fatigue -

And anyhow, please to reserve a corner

for your everloving

F. Nightingale

Could you kindly ask Mr. Perkins

this evening what *sort of diet* Müller gives his orphans at Bristol to" maintain their health." Is it oatmeal & milk & that sort of thing?

MS 9015/27 signed letter, 1f, pencil

Burn March 1/95

You were so good as to say, my dear Edmund, that you would tell me what Mr. Stow thought of your last night's subject-

Might I ask you- I know how **[1:680]** careful of blessed Mt= you are - not to say a word to her to-day about it. People see her splendid heroic

saint's armour - Few or none know how much she suffers within-

She sent me word yesterday that she was "*thinking of nothing, doing nothing*" which she knew would please me - Whether it was true or not, I can't say.

As for my "going away without "seeing her", I should have to borrow a knife to cut off my head -

Your affectionate Aunt Florence

MS 9015/28 signed letter, 1f, pencil

March 2/95

Dearest blessed Margaret You said to me to please me that you were "thinking of nothing, "doing of nothing"- And it did please me: - whether it was true or not I can't say. But it showed an ideal better than callousness.

Are you still following that ideal?

I send some Extracts from Mr. Jowett which I have had a day or two; & which will not, I think, interrupt that ideal.

I am not packing up -

ever your loving Aunt Florence

MS 9015/29 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:680-81]

March 3/95

My dear Edmund I owe you all sorts of apologies which I hope you will kindly receive.

I wanted to hear more about blessed

Margaret from you, who is I am afraid tired, last evening

Also: I suppose you have no tidings of Fred It will be a great pity if he is not on the London County Council - won't it?

//But about the pigeons & the 2 1/2 ladders:-

You were not at home, & I sent for Milsom!! because the only place he could see the two

(apparently) banished creatures was from my window. The night before last & I believe for some nights previous, a yellow pigeon had roosted on the bottom ledge *outside* the false balcony- And a lilac pigeon, attending upon it & trying to keep it warm, roosted close to it & on the very rim of the ledge- The day time they spent, I regret to say, on my balcony- I thought the others had driven these two ~~before~~ away- Yesterday the lilac attendant appeared in the greatest distress how to feed his friend- He flew after you, then he

thought better of it & returned to his friend who I thought was ill [I have seen two pigeons die] And I sent for Milsom who proposed the ladders- But lo? the yellow lady had laid an egg in the false balcony- They will not follow their egg to the Dormitory- Your pigeons are of the *aristocracy* & not of the *Parish Council*.

This is a long story - But you must have been surprised to see Milsom crawling up your house-

ever your loving Aunt Florence
Ellin better this morning

MS 9015/30 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

March 4/95

Dearest blessed Margaret Thank you so much for the remarks on the Extracts from Mr. Jowett.

You kindly talk about coming up to see me to-day. How blessed that would be for me. But we nurses should peremptorily say that you ought not to move off your own floor for 3 days at least= & to keep *quiet*-

I should not wonder if you had a nefarious intention of coming down to the Concert tomorrow- In that case it is my duty

to provide a pair of hand-cuffs

a magistrate to read the Riot Act

a troop of horse whom I shall

quarter in the museum to enforce it-

And they will come "prancing down the staircase of honour to the horror of the old Verney's who will refuse to lie quiet in your Volumes or to come into them any more.

But as I am unwilling to proceed to extremities & willing to come to a compromise, if you will do *what I like*, I will do *what I like* & stay here

till I can see your blessed face

And done & done's enough between two gentlemen.

There is a deal of Influenza (name for medical ignorance) everywhere- a great deal at Embley- Shore's Louisa is there, doing much good. They have got a trained nurse.

Poor Prince- let, Rosalind Nash's child, has been very bad at Hampstead- [I provide Brandy!! for its table in milk & egg-] It is fed every hour - Its Aunt Barbara is gone to Ventnor ever, dearest, your loving Aunt Florence

Claydon March 4/95

omitted in this morning's note-

You are, dearest, a model
of virtue & no mistake
And when the Cap'n cum for
to know of it
He very much applauded
her for what she had done
(in the words of the immortal
Shakespeare)

MS 9015/31 {2 letters} signed letter, 1f, pencil

March 6/95

Dearest You were so good as to say that I might expect a blessed visit to-day. But don't you think you had better put it off till tomorrow & take a "little "go" down-stairs instead? I don't mean to let you off 'me' I shall stay till I can see you-!!

ever your loving
Aunt Florence

incomplete letter, 1f, pencil

March 9/95 *Mr. Jowett's letters*

Dearest You kindly said you would
look at these- the last Extracts we
shall have from Mr. Abbott here-

I must have many letters of a later
date in South St- but very much doubt
~~the~~ my finding them-

Were you at prayers? (in an awful voice)
contrary to my orders? Now you know
you ought to be very quiet for a day

MS 9015/32 incomplete letter, 2ff, pencil

March 10/95 [archivist: to M.M.V.]

Dearest- You were so good

as to say that I might
send you this syllabus
which I received from
Dr. De'Ath- Here it is-

What shall I do with
all the Syllabus's &c
when I go? *Had I
not better leave them
here with you?*

But I hope you
will not let them add
to your labours. Let
them sleep while you
are away.

When I thought that Dr.
De'Ath was so valuable
because he was "original",
I did not mean that he
was entertaining, but
that everything he planned
or said was the result
of thought - hasty
perhaps- but still thought
&, to some degree, of
experience. Such a man
makes progress, however
often he may be wrong-
But E.g. *Burns* fills one
with fear, because he
does what Sir J. Herschel

said we all do - viz -
forms & enunciates
opinions *a priori*, without
the slightest enquiry: has
"this been tried? What was
"the result?"

I think I told you
the history of Wilton,
Sidney Herbert's Borough,
which he told me himself,
- that there were so
many charities in the town
that people came flocking
in, a miserable population
and the rates were in
consequence of the charities 20/in the: £.

[Probably there is a
 good deal of this in
 the flow now of the country
 populations to the great
 towns]

The charities now in London
 are enormous. Free
 dinners among them- [It is
 so difficult. One can't let
 the children starve].

But- you know that
 Burns has said seriously
 before an Exam -" that he
 "should view without alarm
 "a rate of {illeg} 20/in the £."

ever dearest yours
 No more about "Milks" yet from
 Dr D.

MS 9015/33 signed letter, 1f, pencil [1:678-79]

Claydon March 10/95

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address crossed out:}
 PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret
 How good of you to let
 me see these letters.
 How sweet & peaceful
 they are - worthy of the
 good man sinking to
 rest - "The peace of God"-

I return in another
 Envelope some more
 letters of yours _ But
 you know I have, if I
 have not returned to you,
 a more precious letter,
 Dean Fremantle to
 Edmund. If not returned,
 it is all safe, & you
 shall have it back again.
 I hope to see you this afternoon
 ever your loving
 Aunt Florence

Do you remember Watts?
"Just such is the Christian
 X X X "then
"he breaks out & shines &
 travels his heavenly way
"but when he comes nearer
 to finish his race -
"like a fine setting sun, he
 grows richer in grace
"and bids a sure hope at
 the end of his days
" of rising in brighter array

MS 9015/34 signed letter with envelope, 2ff, pen

{front of envelope}

March 11, 1895 3 enclosures

 Lady Verney

Lizzie was so overjoyed with
 the Photo's you so kindly
 gave her that she felt
 she did not thank you
 properly FN

{writing on back of envelope seen in MS 9015/35}

Dearest

 Letter from Dr. De'Ath -
Please return

 How are you this
morning? I think of you on
Wednesday.

 No tongue can say
how sorry I am to go -
 God bless you - And
He will, He does

 ever your loving

 Aunt Florence

Read in Fowle's Poor Law

 p.p. 70, 1

the deterioration of
Winslow!! So early as
1795, owing to Gov't nostrums
which have been reviving
lately - not paying people
according to their earnings

MS 9015/35 unsigned back of envelope, 1f, pen

I am so very sorry that I
have not had eyes to look
thro' Parthe's drawings
properly for the
purpose of naming
them - But those I did look
at I was not sure of knowing-
I now return them

Thanks, thanks for
the books for Bertha
Coltman. They have so few
recollections of that time

MS 9015/36 signed letter, 2ff, pen

March 12/95

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address}
PARK LANE. W.

{up left side margin
Love to dear Ellin & Ruth, Let}
Dearest blessed Margaret

We came all night - **[1:681]**
very steady- beautiful
day. But the wind here
is East - the water-supply
still frozen. And our
hearts were wae at
leaving you -

May you not be
troubled with tomorrow.
I think of you hourly
before the Father; but
there is no occasion
to remind Him of His
love for you.

Poor Mrs. Fremantle
will probably be rather
glad that he will lie
in the Cemetery rather
than in the Church yard.
And I don't think
he will have any
objection to lie so
near Sir Harry -
But what does it
matter after all
where the cheerful
old man, old no longer,
lies, except for
disturbing you. But
I wish oh how I wish
I could do any thing

to make your life
less of an effort-
But it is splendid,
the way you live
your life. Mr. Jowett
used to say: we ought
to thank God for His
magnificent gift of life
Aye, & thank him
every moment- not
once but every moment
_ because He is caring
_ for us not-once but
every moment.

"Dieu le voit: Dieu
le sait - Dieu vous aime"
this was the only

answer made to a
French nun, a great
friend of mine= who
was laying her great
trouble before her advisor
& who told me this
Story herself.

But we might all
learn a lesson from
you -
I will not take up
your time now -
You know, I dare say /
the Bishop of Ripon_
He is a man worth
cultivating
Fare you very well, &
take care of your health
blessed Margaret Aunt Florence

MS 9015/37 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Private March 13/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret,

Don't let me worry
you- But might I just
say: would you not
go away with Maudie
just for one short
week on Monday to
some quiet bracing
place you like - you
liked Seaford - out of
all "arrangements" & as
far as is possible
from all letters &

troubles- before you
go to Rhianva -
This can do nobody
any harm- And it
might do your dear
Saint ship good.
We old Nurses
should recommend
this strongly- nay, humbly
insist upon it if
you were our, Patient-
Forgive me
& believe me
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/38 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:682]

March 15/95
10, SOUTH STREET {printed address}
PARK LANE. W.

How good you are, dearest
blessed Margaret, to go away
like a 'lamb' (here view the
real lamb with all 4 feet
in the air) with Maudie.
I hope it will be to a sea
-somehow there is nothing like
the sea to make one
forget one's cares & one's
arrangements. To see the
big waves rolling in & know
that all one's arrangements
won't make the slightest
difference in theirs is very
soothing, provided it is
not too cold
"Peace be with you & let

Him say: "my peace
"I give unto you"-

We have had the most
comical upset: yesterday
was seen (luckily it was
when every body was up)
the water trickling down
the walls of my dressing
room - The builder's man
was in the house & instantly
turned off the water which was already in 4 stories- And
to- day they have been
pulling down walls &
pulling up floors till
they found the rent (in
the main pipe which goes

thro' the body of the house) -

The men were chivalry
itself - & cut out the peccant
part of the pipe to present
to me- [And I thought of
presenting it to E. for his
lectures] I believe there
are Brobdignag fairies,
tho' they are not down on
the map- And in these days
they probably have their
cutlery from Sheffield-
The rent in the pipe was
cut with the utmost precision
-as neat a job as I ever
saw- with a good curve-
But many, many gallons
would have passed thro' it

in two minutes- And in a short time every ceiling in the house might have been washed away- The men are working as hard as they can, putting in fresh pipe- & hope to finish late to night. They are obliged to deal with five stories (including Attics) There is a long story _ we can't be too thankful it is no worse. The men say that for several weeks they have been working by relays night & day- Every body was bursting pipes.

in haste

ever your loving

Aunt Florence

The drawing-room ceiling looks as if Mr. Jackson's dog had drawn its dirty tail over some part.

MS 9015/39 signed list, 1f, pen

The fairyland of Science
 6/ by A. Buckley 4/6
 Stanford
 (Last edition)
 Text book of English History 3/6
 4/6 by O. Airy Longmans
 Student's English History
 12/ by S.R. Gardiner 9/
 1/6 Longmans
 Baxter's Second Innings 1/=
 Our Nature Songsters 4/6
 6/ by Anne Pratt S.P.C.K
 Saunders' Illustrated Manual
 of British Birds 17/
 21/ Gurney & Jackson

and to me here
 - White's Selborne 3/9
 - Our Coffee Room 2/8
 More about our " " 2/8
 Lines of Light 2/8

& oblige

yrs ffully

Florence Nightingale

MS 9015/40 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:679]

Ash Wednesday / 95

Dearest blessed Margt= - blessed Saint
to stay in bed & rest. Now mind you
keep up your character -

The children at Steeple Claydon were
more pleased to see you than even to
have their long looked for Tea.

Of that more Anon

The audience last night were
delighted with "Sir Edmund's beautiful
address-" Of that more anon -

I want to ask a question:

Of course you will have to go to London
on Monday if Ellin is to be presented
on Tuesday. Can 10 S. St be of any
use to you?

I think you will naturally want to
get rid of me *before Monday*

[-do you know that I have been at
your blessed home 4 months
to-day? -]

if you go on Monday

[1:823]

I have some scruple about taking
Lizzie away from her mother just
now- [I think the sister so sure to
break down -] And I am rather shaky

But this is the way I could
easily manage - go up to London on
Friday, keep Lizzie the night to
unpack for me - & get out some
papers which have been asked
for, locked up there - & send her

back to her mother on Saturday

[end 1:823]

What sayest thou, my Saint?

I have some letters to show you
by & bye -

ever your loving

& troublesome Aunt Florence

[shorthand symbols] Zillah!!

MS 9015/41 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:683]

April 17/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Thank you very much for
your letters, my dear
Edmund- It is only
now a fortnight to the
Trial- And I trust the
matter will then be settled
in as just a manner as
can well be- We must be
very anxious to hear.

I have heard about the
(so-called) Strike at Steeple
Claydon - that a number of
men were engaged at 3/6 a
day from 6 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.
& had too little Physique for
the work. It is very pitiful-
But at least they do not seem

to have interfered with the
liberty of others to work, as
these boot-men do. But
I should like to know
what you think about the
strike.

I hope you will put your
hot air right-

You will have a hurried
time at Claydon- and
I shall not expect to
hear.

Blessed Margaret seems
picking up at last,

thank God.

I fear George is not really
much better- But as you
know he varies very much
-a bad night & a good
day- & vice versa- But
he is glad to have James
at home-

God for ever bless you
& keep you-

Your affectionate

Aunt Florence

I had forgotten to say that
I have not yet been able to
settle about the Sanitary

pottery, which you kindly
write about- But I am
writing to two other Infirmeries
to which we supplied
Matrons- St- Thomas' I
find we supplied long ago.
-I have one applicant
settled- And I will
write to you- if you
will allow me very
shortly- I shall be
glad if you will
kindly write to the Maker
for me when I send you
the address-

FN

MS 9015/42 incomplete letter, 2ff, pencil {archivist: Trial of Revd Llewelyn Davies} [1:683-84]

April 24/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Thank you very much, my
dear Edmund, for your
letter.

1. Its first part I hardly
know how to answer-
But may I say what I
think men who love you
would say? or rather suggest
-viz that you should as far
as possible keep yourself
in the back ground. e.g.
not go into the Court at
all - not attempt to see
any one in connection
with the case- but take
a room within call (on
the 30th=), & leave entirely

to the discretion of the
Counsel for the prosecution
whether or not to call you.

[The Counsel should be
told the reasons against
your being called.]

Then at any stage in the
case you may be called
-or the Counsel ~~may~~ for
the prosecution may-
in his judgement- say
at the proper time that
rumour has been busy
with other names, & he

may challenge the
other side, if he
thinks fit- Is not
this the way that
would seem most
dignified, & most like
the conduct of an
innocent gentleman?

//About Harry Lloyd, I **[3:334]**
regret more than I
can say that *she* is
a R.C. But they are
much in love with
one another. Morfy
is terribly distracted about

it. And I think it *is*
distracting, with her
husband in this state,
to be called upon
to do wedding = joy -
Why should we not
hope - we can't undo
the engagement - that
Vera may come over
to her husband's faith
But if all her family's
backs are set up,
there is the chance
of *his* falling into their
arms - is there not?-
instead of *her* into his

Any how, George's life
depends upon his being
kept quiet- does it not?

MS 9015/43 {2 letters} signed letter, 1f, pencil {archivist:
Llewelyn Davies} May 1/95 [1:684]

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Thank God, my dear Edmund
that that terrible trial
is over, as far as we are
concerned- And thank
you for writing to me
As for the poor wretch
himself, it is better even
for him that he has been
found out-
I trust that blessed
Margt= will be better.
ever your affecte
Aunt Florence

incomplete letter, 1f, pencil

May 13/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret
You are, as always, holy;
You will always "cheerfully
"accomplish" what you think
God would have us do:
I could only have wished, if
I might wish, that you
could have a few more
days before George arrives.
I fear for you- But
"Fear not, for I am with
"thee", saith the Lords, as a
poor old woman at Lea
Hurst always reminds me.
And I think as you do

MS 9015/44 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:684-85]

May 25/95

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret
blessed art thou among
women-

I do so rejoice at the
good news that Mr. Stow
has Steeple Claydon -
I rejoice for them, for you,
for us, for himself-
It is like St. Paul
saying to us: "Rejoice
& again I say unto you,
Rejoice."

And so I suppose I must
rejoice over George coming

to you. He cried over
your beautiful welcoming
telegram- And then I had
a note from Morfy, & she
too seemed to have a heart
full, as well she might,
at receiving such extreme
kindness from you-

And so you see, I crumble
into dust- or rather I
am melted by the Sun
of your love to man-
God will look after you-

I hope Morey is come
back to help in the house.

ever your loving
Aunt Florence

I will write a little note,
as you wish it, to Mr. Stow.

I suppose he is not gone
to Davos yet. But I
will send it to you with
your leave to direct -

F.

MS 9014/45 {archivist mistake in labeling} signed letter, 3ff, pencil

May 27/95

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

Your dear letter arrived
this morning- How I wish
you were not in all this
scompiglio, & better &
stronger- But Morfy
write to me in gratitude
for "the great kindness of
"Margaret & Edmund", as
well she may, "all of which
"she cannot tell in a letter"
& she says it is "doing
"more for George than
"any thing else could do"-
And this is I know your
doing & your great
reward.

2. I do wish I could
send you letters of Mr.
Jowett's, because I think
you liked to see them-
And Mr. Evelyn Abbott
has written to me for
the latter ones- And I
have not answered his
letter - For only twice
since I came back, 11 weeks, have
I been able to look over
a drawer or two- And
I have found none-
And there are such
mountains of letters-
enough to cover Australia-
and America has taken to write
to me nonsense.

3. I am so sorry about
Mr. Stow's St. Claydon
troubles. And worst of all
seems to me the allotment
affair. That is truly
grievous - & the consequent
unpopularity among the
labourers.

I send a Cheque - I wish
it could be ten times more-
But there is Lea Hurst-
And there are my own
boys, &c &c If, later on, a real
Coffee & Reading room could
be organised, I would give
£50- as I promised Sir Harry
-but not- I am sure you
would not wish it- if it is

to be given up unconditionally
to the Working men. Experience
tells what that comes to -
And St. Claydon is the last
place where it could be
tried-

I do so hate troubling
you with all this

4. I have had a nice note **[1:716]**
from Harry Lloyd- but,
as you say, it is so difficult
to help him.

God speed you - **[end 1:716]**
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

[2]

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

5. Mr. Payne,
is that the name!, of
? Aylesbury, who did the
photograph of me for
Sir Harry, has written
to ask me to give my
consent to his publishing
& selling my photograph
[He says: it is "very hard"
upon him not, for they
"are selling it in America"]

I really cannot: there is
a perfect fury this year
of writing to me for my
photograph, autograph
& "a few lines"- And a

very large number of these
are from America - as
many as 17 by one mail_
The greatest number I
throw away, hardly reading,
& never answering.

But if I have some one
whom I *must* answer, I
can only say, 'I *have no*
photograph of myself - &
I don't know where to
buy one' -

As I have begun troubling
you, you see I go on to
5. you dear soul -

What shall I do? Shall
I NOT answer Mr. Payne?

F.N.

MS 9015/46 signed letter, 1f, pen

June 6/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.
Dearest blessed Margaret
How delightful &
beautiful Fred's little
address to Mr. Stow is-
especially the good words for readier
"use in DAILY LIFE "-
the test of all 'good
words'.
May it be a new
beginning for Mr. Stow's
activity- God bless him
in great haste
ever your loving
Aunt Florence
I have done your behest.

MS 9015/47 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

June 11/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.
My dear Edmund
I am so very sorry
to have been so troublesome
about the Sanitary Pottery-
You have been so kind
about it.
May I ask now for
4 doz. to go to
Miss Gordon
St. Thomas' Hospital
Lambeth
London S.E.
one doz. to me here
one doz. to Miss Bartlett
Buckingham

6 doz.

I hope your kindness
will accept my excuse
- that the 3 Training Schools
with which I am most
concerned had been
provided already
-that I have been much
driven since my return
& that we have absolutely
no Lumber room here.

Besides paying the half,
I must of course pay for
the trouble of packing.

I trust that blessed
Margt= is pretty well
-& that George is not
worse but something better

your affectionate
Aunt Florence

Thanks very many
for your letters -

MS 9015/48 signed letter, 1f, pen [1:685]

June 13/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

Thanks for writing
to me. You would have
been quite justified in
claiming from me the £82
instead of £30.
Pray let me send £50.

Has the unfortunate
man left Ste= Claydon?
And is it true that he
has been further punished?
But it is perhaps as
well not to ask.

I thank God that it is
over as far as Ste= Claydon
& Margt- & you & yours
are concerned

I hope blessed Margaret
is really resting
And it is good that
George is as much
better as he is-
Thank you for writing
your affectionate
Aunt Florence
Has Mr Stow given
up Davos? I have
not written to him yet
to congratulate all upon
having him at S. Claydon
But I will-

MS 9015/49 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

June 15/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

Thank you very
much for your letter
& for the £20 cheque,
which I have received,
many thanks.

I trouble you with the
Acct= & Cheque for
the Fenton Potteries,
because I think it
possible that I may
owe it to you & not

to Mssrs. Baker -

I shall be glad
to have the Acct=
again for the sake
of the address.

It is a sad
news, tho' not surprising,
about poor George -
or rather poor Morfy.

I trust blessed
Margt= is not the
worse for her expedn=

to London -

your affectionate
Love to all Aunt Florence

MS 9015/50 signed letter, 2ff, pencil **[6:667-68]**

July 13/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Sir

I am obliged to you
for your kind care of old
Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Coleman,
who are much better -
And I trust you will
kindly continue it for me
when necessary- The old
lady's breathing is often
very bad.

Your professional opinion
of Col. George Verney
grieves me very much,
as it does us all. The

father & the son will not
long be parted- If you
are kind enough to
acknowledge this, will you
say what you think of
his life?

I was sorry, not to be able
to see you while I was
at Claydon- I did not
leave my room. But I
had no Medical advice.

I venture to send you
the report on two Bucks
Health Missioners, in whose
work I think you were
kindly interested.

[end 6:668]

Pray believe me
dear Sir
Yours faithfully
F. Nightingale
Philip H. Benson Esq MD

MS 9015/51 signed letter, 1f, pencil

July 13/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest

I shall be so happy
to see you to-morrow
(Friday) if it will not
tire you too much-
Would 4 o'clock suit
you?

ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/52 unsigned letter, 4ff, pencil

Aug 6/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

I am so glad you
are going to Rhoscolyn.
It is a "sight good for
"sair e'en". And you must
be so tired.

May you have had
a good day for Bank
Holiday! And may
poor George have been
well enough for you
to have the people on
the lawn, as I believe
you always have

{PRIVATE}

But I am writing now
purely on business - Miss
Masson & your Miss Phillips
You wished me to find out
[Miss M. has been, I
regret to say, in a
disagreeable Hospl= tangle
for some little time now,
in which none but herself
& the Treasurer are quite
right. But] this has
brought her here - & also
occasioned a correspondence
between us. And Miss Phillips
has also been one subject. Miss M.

does not give a good
account of her. It is not
much, but it all amounts
to this that Miss Phillips
does no more work than
she can help- & Miss
Masson is strongly of
opinion that she had
better go & get at least
a year in some other
Civil Hospl= before she
goes to a Military one
[To this F.N. adds that none
but a thorough, accomplished,
& fully self-sustained &
active Nurse should go
to a Military Hospl= at
all]

Miss Masson was so
wisely in favour of a
second Civil apprenticeship for
Miss Phillips that I was
rather started by receiving
this letter from her:-
"I have spoken to Miss Phillips
about Netley (in preference
to Haslar)"- [F.N. did
recommend Netley rather
than Haslar, if she was
to go to one] " And she has
"written & obtained the
"Application Form, & hopes
to send it in in ~~the~~ a
few days. Lady Verney
said she would write

[2]

"write on her behalf,
"so I have told Nurse
"to write & ask her
"if she may give her
"name for the Lady's
"reference required,
"& she will send the
"original testimonials
"required" [Then comes
a request for my "aid".
But I could not do
that- I have never
recommended any
Nurse there; tho' we
have some of our

best Nurses there-
But I think it is the
last place one should
make interest for; &
possibly my interest
would tell for more
than it's worth -
And you see the
position is so desirable
that one can't *prevent*
any one from trying.]
"If she has to wait long
"after next January, she
"will look for a post
"elsewhere, unless we
"can keep her with us

"for a time. I think
"it possible we might
"keep her on here
"if she can make £20
"do".

[*That was one thing: Miss
Phillips has made
debts out of sheer
helplessness- And I
believe Miss Masson
has paid them out of
her own money- This
is another thing wh_
wd never do in a Military
Hospl= Please not to
tell Miss Masson I have
told you.*

I am sorry to
trouble you -
interrupted
with dearest &
anxious love

MS 9015/53 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:685-86]

10 S. St Aug 27/95

{*Private*}

My dear Edmund

It is indeed a grievous calamity Mr. Stow's going-

Is it necessary? Do you think he worries himself about his health?

I will of course, make any *enquiry* that is possible for a man for you to make *enquiries* - And I will not mention to any one else the disaster- For it is a real disaster-

But I am so unprovided with advisers now- And the man I always depended

upon to recommend a clergyman is dead-

I may possibly write to a friend & confidant of his-

I think if you knew Dean Paget of Christ Church, tho' he is rather High Church, he would be a good man for you to write to-

You must not hope much from me, I am afraid-

Would that Mr. Stow would re examine his

decision!

You do not mention
how Margt= is - the blessed
Poor George! I do hope
he will be able to go
to Falmouth. Pray
give him & Morfy,
dear Morfy, my love.
That is a sad story about
the Diptheria at
Calvert Station - I
should have thought it

was of all places the
place for a M.O. of
Health & an Inspector
of Nuisances to interfere
Or must they wait for
the District Council?
But perhaps I am
talking nonsense -
God bless you
Believe me
ever yours sincerely
F. Nightingale
Thank you for Morey's
letter

MS 9015/54 {archivist forgot to record} signed letter, 1f, pencil

Sept. 10/95

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dear Sir Edmund

Thank you for your
letter, by which I see with
great satisfaction that
blessed Margt- is still at
Rhoscolyn - And thank
you for giving me
"Chez John Bull" which
seems full of meat. Thank
you very much -

I am obliged to write
shortly, for I am really
very busy. There is all the
dirty linen to wash up.

Best love to all the dear
ones. Yours sincerely,
F. Nightingale

MS 9015/55 incomplete letter, 3ff, pencil

Sept 23/95

[1:686-87]

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

I was so glad to see
your hand again. How
good of you to write!

Ruth has written me a
very nice letter- She seems
to have enjoyed Antwerp &
Brussels thoroughly- Please
thank her when you write-
And please thank Ellin
too- When I hear that
you are really better &
'swimming', it is like new
life to me- I hope you

had some nice conversations
with the sea-gulls- Animals,
especially birds, are so
much cleverer than we are.
Only sea-gulls won't stay still-

How good it is of you
to think of me- & to wish
me to come to Claydon,
where I think I must be
such a burden. I should
have liked to come, as you
so kindly say, before
"the weather gets so cold".
But the object is to see you-
But we have been much

upset this year, as you
know. Not that I care
much who is 'in' & who is
'out'. I think of the time
when Sidney Herbert &
the best Peel-ites worked
just as much for one Side
as the other. But no one
does that now. And, what
is worse, there is absolutely
no one who in the least
takes Mr. Gladstone's
place in keeping up
the worthiness & the
responsibility of the Ho:
of C. Mr. Balfour is

~~quite~~ useless in that
respect. And the Ho. is
like nothing but a set of
Workhouse patients throwing
their tin cups & plates
across the Wards at each
other's heads -

The consequence is that
things have been so put
off. And the Indian
Expenditure Comm: does
not begin its sittings till
November 5- (the "Gunpowder
"treason & plot:) And there
is a good deal to do at St.
Thomas'.

[end 1:687]

[2]

May I write to you
again & ask if it will
be convenient to you
for me to come, perhaps about
the middle of November?
But I cannot say yet- And
I dare say this year you
will have a Christmas
'party'- But you are
having 'parties' all the
year round: tremendous
gaiety. I hope it is a great
relief that the Falmouth
party continues better

MS 9015/56 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Oct 16/95

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

Thank you so much
for your dear letter -
I do hope you are not
going to be worked &
worried too hard -

You mentioned Edith
Morey. I am so sorry -
and curiously enough,
Dr. De'Ath asked to
see me & charged me
with a message for
you- I do not quite
know why. You know
he took her & her mother

up to London on Monday
to see Dr. Goodhart-
Dr. De'Ath's opinion
about her is bad. But
Dr. Goodhart's is worse-
There is serious damage
in one lung- And he
told Dr. De'Ath that
it was quite out of
the question her going
abroad- & the two
agreed, I understood,
that a rather high &
dry situation not far
from Claydon would

be the best- Dr. De'Ath
said he could
recommend such.
I believe that Dr.
Goodhart told Mrs.
Morey every thing -
I am sorry for Morey-
And if I could help
with money, if money
is wanted, I would be
glad.

But I don't want to
worry you more than I
can help -

Dr. De'Ath & I had a

great deal to talk
about- concerning
Health Missioners

&

Milk-trade -

I shall be glad to
have a copy of Ellin's
paper on Public Libraries
- God bless her -

The peace of God is
very near to us

ever your loving (&
dutiful)

F Nightingale

MS 9015/57 signed letter, 3ff, pencil [1:687]

13/11/95

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

As the time approaches
in which I hoped to find
myself turning into a
good old woman
under *your* inspiration,
you will know how
grieved I am to feel
that work I should
be hindering the so
desirable change by
neglecting, will prevent
me from leaving London
this month & I fear
not in the *early* days
of next - But I shall

ask you as soon as

I can whether it
will be quite convenient
to your Goodness to
receive my badness-
And you must answer
truthfully, because you
know it *may* be
inconvenient-

But I still hope

I hope- I hope -

— ever your dutiful
& loving Aunt Florence

We have another glimpse
 of S. Martin's Summer
 but alas! every leaf
 is gone, even the green
 ones- I have known
~~in~~ 3 great November
 storms, beginning with
 the storm in 1854,
 when a great Steam
 Ship went down
 with every man on
 board & all the troops'
 winter clothing, (& nothing
 was saved) within a

hand's breadth of Bala-
 -clava, missing her
 way into the Bonbonnière
 But I think I never
 heard the wind blow
 as it did for a few
 hours on Sunday night.

Love to Ellin. I have
 given the Govt- book on
 Public Libraries, recom=
 =mended by her, to the
 great Mr. Louis, who
 appears to be properly
 inoculated- But I have
 no hope of getting the

[2]

Lea Hurst people to rate
 themselves, where we
 have 3 Private Public
 Libraries & not a "peasant
 "democracy"- when are
 we going to teach it?

I hope still to see
 the 'graduate' (odious
 American word!) Lettice
 during her holidays. *She*
 is to *write* for peasant
 democracies-

& my God daughter---

Aunt Florence

I had a nice note from Ralph
 whom I know you patronise.

MS 9015/58 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil

10 S. St. Dec 13/95

Dearest blessed Margt=

Bear with me -

I heard by - accident that
you were obliged to give
up a good offer for
letting Claydon, because
George was there-

I hear that you are
warming Rhoscolyn with
hot pipes.

Thank you for your dear
blessed letter of Advent Sunday

2. I fear that I am so
overladen with appointments
here which I could not
possibly refuse that it
must prevent me from

accepting your most
generous invitation
before Dec 23 which is
perilously near Xmas Day,
even if you can have me
Strictly and I received a
Private great blow to-day, Miss

Crossland's resignation! I
must do what I can about
that, besides all the other
things, before I leave London -

I should stay with
you about a month, if
you can have me -

I should send down
my Lizzie to her mother's for
Xmas with her parents
(if I cannot go to you so soon.)

at Steeple Claydon
& for your Servant's dance,
if you are good enough
to invite her-

I was so enchanted with
Ellin's address that I have
got 12 copies of it. But,
my dear, the Act without
the *young lady* would do
nothing, and the young
lady without the Act
would do a great deal.
*Where am I to find the
young lady?* Much less, 12 young
ladies-

Please thank Edmund

for his two letters:
I am so thankful for
Mrs. Davidson going on
so well -
I do hope you and Maudie
are pretty well -
Thank God that Dr. De'Ath
thinks well of Ellin:
Amen & Amen -
in great haste
ever your loving
F.N.

I hope your beautiful
book is getting on, & Mr
Stow helping you- O the Rascal
Why does he go away?

MS 9015/59 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil [1:688]

Dec 14/95

10, SOUTH STREET,
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

My Doctor has
quite decidedly forbidden
my moving - now-

Alas for me that I
shall not see my Saint.

But I am not
without hopes that your
own movements may
be facilitated by this.

Some great man
says: Never give two
reasons - I am

disregarding this maxim

when I say that
business here is so
pressing that I do
not see how I could
have gone away & left
it - You would
not, I am sure -

Edmund tells me that
the plans for
commemorating Sir
Harry by a monument
in Middle & Steeple Claydon Churches

are nearly ready &
will wait my arrival.

Pray do not wait
for me - Your
own judgement is so
much better than
mine - but tell
me what you decide
upon when you have
decided -

I grieve not to see
the children

ever your loving

F. N.

MS 9015/60 incomplete letter, 1f, pencil [1:688]

Dec 31/95
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dear Lettice

I hope they keep
you warm & get
you breakfast & lunch.
~~I am~~ Such as is fit
for an ante Dentist
victim- I am afraid
he is rather tiresome-
But you are a hero -
I meant to get up
to see you to-day
But I have a rather
bad cold in my throat

MS 9015/61 signed incomplete letter, 1f, pencil

[2]
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Blessed Margaret! how
I wish she could rest
& recover strength!
My love to the four
& thanks to Ellin
for her charming flower
ever your affectionate
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/62 note, 1f, pen

1896
4 June About M.M.V. Remarkable
testimonial fully signed

MS 9015/63 signed letter, 2ff, pencil, Bundle 193

1/1/96

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dearest blessed Margt-

How good you are -
how good you have been
and how very sorry I
am that I have alas!
increased your fatigues
On Monday 23rd- my
cough was so bad (to
make a long story short)
that the Doctor said I
must not move in my bed
or talk. And it seemed
doubtful whether I ought
to let my Lizzie Coleman

go- But I did. I told
her of your great kindness

But she came back
in a week- And I have
let the other Lizzie
Coleman go for a week.

I am still quite
hors de combat. I have
had to put off every
appointment. But
I ought to have written
to you to thank & to
explain

You are too good -
I hope you are pretty
well. We have lived
in a fog - Forgive me.

May this be a
happy year to you all
is the earnest prayer
of your loving

Aunt Florence

{at bottom at an angle:}

Love to all-

There has

been no

light to

read-

MS 9015/64 signed letter, 2ff, pencil, bundle 193 [1:688-89]

14 Jan/96

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

I heard of your
grand Fete last Tuesday
to the Aristocracy -
the carpeted & lighted
Porter's Hall, the
reception in the Saloon
-and how beautiful
Lady Verney looked
when she was receiving
them at the Saloon door
- & the music - And
then the dancing - &
the Grand Supper &
then dancing again

I hope you were not
very tired - Your Xmas
& New Year's festivities
I suppose are over

I do so want to know
about Mr. Stow &
Steeple Claydon - I
have the strongest
impression that he
would stay if it was
pressed upon him now.
But perhaps - please
God it may be so! - it
has been pressed &

he is going to stay -
Love to all, God bless
you -
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/65 signed letter, 1f, pencil

10 S. St. Jan. 20/96

Dearest blessed Margaret

How good of you to
write, when you are so busy.

I write only now one
line to say: please not to
make any difference whatever
in your plans out of your
great kindness for me.

I cannot imagine that
any Doctors would let
me out before the summer
and then - and then you
know there is the Ho: of C.

How grievous it is
about Mr. Stow & the
debts of Mr. Davies -
One knows not what
to do -

ever your loving
Aunt Florence

I am sorry, not to
see the children

MS 9015/66 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:689]

Jan 24/96

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

Thank you for writing -
May you get all the
benefit from Biskra
that we can desire -
& I hope Margt- will too,
provided she does not
caper about too much -
I think what one
reads of Biskra is
nice - & am of the
opinion of the man in
the poem:

MS 9015/66 "I fly to the desert away
from man"

Only there is much of
man at Biskra -is
not there?
Any how, God speed
you -
You do not say
where Ellin is going -
You will give us
your address at Biskra
With deepest love to
ever blessed Margt-
ever your affectionate
F. Nightingale

MS 9015/67 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:689-90]

Jan 26/96
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.
Dearest blessed Margt=
God bless you
You take our summer hence
The flower, the tone
The music of our being
all in one
Depart with thee
But I hope you will
both come back
refreshed in body &
mind.
Remember to look out
for the mirage - There
are cases, are there not?,

of caravans losing their
way & all but dying of
thirst, & being rescued by
this means- And one
romantic case was told
of a lady who was to
be married at Biskra
to a traveller who did
not appear there at the
time expected, & she
went up a hill & she
saw the mirage
& a figure she supposed to be his & she
interested the French
Governor - And she & her

father set out with
camels & Arab guides
& water & all the rest.
& arrived in time to
save his life when he
was at the last gasp -
& that of his Arab guide's

But don't you go,
camel-ling it about the
desert. The Nubian
desert always had a
great attraction for me.

And now, my very dear,
fare you very well for

two months -

And the children
& Harry the man will
fare well -

And this is the
prayer with affection
for Edmund of your
ever loving

Aunt Florence

MS 9015/68 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Feb 13/96

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Lettice

May each year be more
happy & more blessed than
the last: say the flowers
better than I can -

And Kitchin I hope is
the right Edition

And tho' I disapprove
of your beginning history
earlier than the last week
of last year, yet I would
call thy attention to Vol I
p.132 Where the most
extraordinary change
perhaps in history was
brought about by the most
extraordinary *fiction* {archivist: (over)}

perhaps?} in history -

So much for human
{illeg} - so much for logic
history -
ever thy loving

Aunt Florence

If the flowers are not come
would Ellin the Great
send to Claydon Station
for them?

MS 9015/69 {Letter to F.N. from A.P. Irby Jerusalem 15 March 1896 to FN

MS 9015/70 note & letter, 1f, pencil **[1:690]**

10 S. St.

April 10/96

Anniversary of
1848 the Chartist Petition
& of the Duke of
Wellington saving
London by, putting
every soldier out of
sight, but ready, for
action, & swearing
in upwards of 100,000
respectable men as
Special Constables

Pardon me who saw PARIS and
London for saving up this
wonderful reminiscence-
[Sir Harry was one of the Special
Constables.] Louis Napoleon another **[end 1:690]**

Dearest blessed Margaret
So glad to see your hand
again & to know that you
are "vigorous".
Welcome home.

Aunt Florence's love to all.
And she hopes dear Lettice
is not working too hard.
It isn't the way to get on.
They are very happy
at Claydon, thanks to you,
& very full of the atmosphere
Sir Harry still leaves
behind him -
ever your loving humble
F.N.

[2] 10/4/96 [8:87]

{at an angle} Strictly Anent Buckingham

Confidential "Female Lodge", I have

no doubt that you,
blessed Margaret, & Mrs.
Creighton, have satisfied
yourselves that it will be
sound & solvent.

I have had application
from other places - and I
consulted a safe man
who very kindly consulted
a well-known Actuary -
(*not* on yours.)

His observations were
pretty nearly as follow:
'these people think that
the Female Lodges will

rest on the same
sound footing as the
Odd Fellows *men*-
now it is quite uncertain
whether the women will
not have higher rates
to pay than the men
because they have more
sickness -

Also: tho' the local Odd Fellows men
will very likely help the
Female Lodges over a
pinch - yet the Central
authority does not
acknowledge them -

My 'safe' man is going to
interview the great man
next week to talk it
over & get from him
a final opinion -

In the mean time, it is
quite unfair of me
both to him & to you
to give the *not* final
opinion of the great man.
But I know you will not
make use of this

Of course all depends
in giving one's name
whether one is bolstering
up an unsound concern

or a sound one -

[I have seen enough in
my life, even at Steeple
Claydon, of the misery
from unsound concerns]

I will give you the earliest
final opinion I can get.

But I thought you would
like to know that we
have not been idle -
on such an important
subject -

MS 9015/71 signed letter, 4ff, pencil

April 23/96

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

I am so glad to hear
from Maudie that you
can cycle to Holyhead
& back. My best respects
to Rhoscolyn. I hope
Edmund is better too
Ellin & Harry are now at
Claydon, are they?

Here is a letter from
Miss Irby at Jerusalem
which she asks me to
send you.

Now I am going to

make a request which I

hope you will refuse,
if inconvenient:

I must preface it by a cry:

Honour has departed
from the face of the earth
in the matter of Biographies.
Well might Sir Cornwall
Lewis say: "A new terror
is added to death".

The only *gentleman* left
is Mr. Evelyn Abbott,
the Biographer of Mr. Jowett.
Every page of which I
have supplied the materials
has passed thro' my hands

& no extract has been
printed without my
sanction - You remember
how very kind you were
in helping me at Claydon.

Now I have a fresh
budget - but *very short*
- only extracts from two
little sets of letters I
had let him have - [For
I have been quite unable
for many months to
look for letters]

Every person mentioned
by name except *Mr*
Gladstone is dead. And

tho' he does not deserve
consideration, I am
considering whether he
ought to be left in.

Would you help me, you
who have always too
much to do, if I sent
you the papers? Please
say nay, if it takes
too much out of you.

Why does Mr. Gladstone
not deserve consideration.
The third vial has fallen
upon me: it must be
one of Dante's Purgatories.
Mr. Gladstone & Lady

[2]

Herbert have asked
Lord Stanmore (Sir A.
Gordon, you know) to
write Sidney Herbert's
Life; S. Herbert whom
he did not know &
whom he is quite
incapable of appreciating -
And Lady Herbert,
with whom I was as
intimate as with her
husband, *without my*
KNOWLEDGE *or consent,*
has sent the whole
of my letters to S. Herbert

to Lord Stanmore!, ! who
now coolly writes &
asks me for all
Sidney Herbert's!!
letters to me!!!
My letters to S. Herbert
include all the time
of the two Royal
Sanitary Commissions,
of which he was President,
& during ~~which~~ a time when he
called every day while
he was in London, upon
me; & I wrote to him
upon the matter of those confidential
conversations.

Love to you & yours -
ever, dearest Margt-
your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/72 signed letter, 2ff, pencil bundle 193

10 South St- April 25/96

Dearest blessed Margt-

Thank you so much
for your most kind
letter.

Ruth's envelope I
send the Master's letter
from which come the
Extracts by Mr. Evelyn
Abbott & his letter {& his letter is circled}
in the other Envelope

You feel so much

for the Master that

I hope you will
not think your goodness
a task -

Lettice, you know,
spends to-morrow at
Claydon, as I have
just heard by
afternoon post from
Fred-

Best love to Ruth
& her father -

ever your loving &
humble

Aunt Florence

MS 9015/73 signed letter, 2ff, pen, archivist: Miss N. & shorthand

June 4/96

10, SOUTH STREET,

PARK LANE. W. {printed address:}

My dear Mr. Frederick Verney

You know my opinion
of the present Lady Verney
But it is difficult to put
it into few words, as *she*
would do, if writing of a
historical character -
uncommon common sense
uncommon feeling,
veiled under self-possession
& modesty
strong as gentle
winning gentleness
that subdues far more
than resistance
administrative power
that power of detail

which makes works
succeed & is called
capacity for business
simplicity of nature
tenderness of nature
never spares herself
stedfast in duty but
caring little for the
return & not at all
for the credit
She never say: *I* did that
nor refers to it -
no assertion of self.
She is well-read -
has considerable

literary power, especially
historical power -
but will always
sacrifice it to home duty

All these qualities,
one need not say,
give her great influence
-almost unconsciously
exercised - over the
young - And she
has a wise care of
the poor & of her
dependents

There is no *jerk* in
her character

She inspires implicit
confidence -
ever yours sincerely
Florence Nightingale

MS 9015/74 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:716]

June 16/96
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.
Dearest blessed Margaret
I am desired to send
on poor Morforwyn's
feeling letter to you
You must feel some
happiness at what you
were to that poor fellow
who is gone, winning
him to the paths of
peace: & your work in
God God will now
perfect Himself -
And after you Ellin
did him good -
It was curious what

influence Ellin had over
poor, poor Morfy - I
sometimes thought Morfy
consulted her as if
Ellin were her grandmama
Morfy, I think, will not
want to shut herself up.
She is so like a woman
in the Scriptures who
collects all her friends
to weep with her.
But the person perhaps
I think most of is good
Harry Lloyd- He wrote

me such a nice little
letter from the shaking
train- O that he may
rise now to the
responsibilities of life
- he has such good feelings
The world is a little better
for him being in it, because
he is so full of sympathy
But ~~he~~ it ought to be a
great deal the better
for him. And it isn't -
He is too fond of
popularity -
My heart is full of them

all. So please
forgive me - with
love to all, dearest
blessed Margaret
ever your loving
Aunt Florence
I hope you are pretty
well.

MS 9015/75 unsigned letter, 2ff, pencil, black-edged paper

June 20/96

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

Thank you so much
for your letter.

Your visit did poor
Morfy so much good
yesterday. I return her
letter. Yes: she is brave.
And Morforwyn quite
forgets her little self, &
thinks only of Father &
Mother - & not of her own
share in the grief - She is
quite simple about it

Ellin works hard for
them - I wish with you
the funeral were over.

And I wish, oh how I wish **[1:717]**
that some life could be
made for Harry. He has
absolutely no application
for anything but dancing.

And he wants to play the
rich young man & 'bon parti'

His father did not wish
him to return to Vienna -

And, as you say of the other,
the things he Harry says make
one's hair stand on end
He wants to be a Private
Secretary, but of a Cabinet
Minister, if you please!!! **[1:717]**

Fare you very well, dear blessed Margaret

I hope Lettice will rest from learning
now-

My love to all

MS 9015/76 signed letter, 1f, pencil, black-edged paper

Dearest blessed Margt=

We do so grieve for all Edmund's
suffering & all your fatigue - But I hope
you were able to go to the Harrow Concert
to-day - Heaven's blessings be with
you - ever yours

FN

26/7/96

{printed address: letter written
across 2 pages, address right
side up}
10, SOUTH STREET,
PARK LANE. W.

MS 9015/77 signed letter, 2ff, pencil, black-edged paper

{printed address: letter written sideways, address right side up}

Dear blessed Margaret

How kind it was of you to write -
I am so glad that Edmund is better -
And so you are going to take him to
Buxton - God speed you!
I hope Your Vice gerents, your daughters, will
keep your hands, predatory of work,
off on Bank Holiday -

I had a nice letter from Morfy- but
what pleased me most was that
{printed address: up right side of letter}
10, SOUTH STREET,
PARK LANE. W.

their Vicar's wife said that Morforwyn
was like a "little mother to the village
"children". You have had this pleasure
for a long while, but one never expected
that Morforwyn would turn out so
I have had a dear letter from Maudie at
Lausanne which I never dared ask for.
She is longing for snow mountains, mules,
& snowy air - so glad to have left
London. She gives a very poor account of

poor Julie who had spent the day
with them. If you could kindly ask
Mr. Morey for Julie's address (Maudie
thoughtfully will give me none) I
think I should like to send Julie a
small sum thro' a Banker - I did do this
at Sir Harry's request before -

Love to all the children
your ever loving
Aunt F.

Aug 1/96

MS 9015/78 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil

Aug 15/96

[1:690-91]

10, SOUTH STREET, [printed address]
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

If you were to ask
me to stand on my head
"between 12 & 1 on Wedny"
in order to see you, I should
do it. And I hope as Li
Hung Chang is invited by
Mr. Gladstone, you will
"accept some refreshment".
I am so very glad that
Edmund is able to go
abroad, with Harry as
Nurse, "Philosopher & Friend"
to "Complete his Cure" But

you do not tell me where
I am glad you go to
Rhoscolyn - And thanks
for Ruth's funny little note
// The House is up, as you
see; having done every
thing that it ought not to
have done, & nothing
that it ought. Lord
George Hamilton has
been really abominable.
India is overtaxed & over
assessed to a frightful
degree, as every body
ought to know. And Ld.
G. applauds the state of
its finances!!

//I have written to
Claydon to catch you
at one end or the other.

I am afraid ~~to~~ you
did not have Nurse
Murray at Buxton.

// I am more free than
when the House was
sitting, when we had
Hong Kong plague
Calcutta bad Hospital
& two Hindoos here,
each with a righteous
demand of England -
//But I have still the

terrible business of
parting with the lever
of St. Thomas, Miss Crossland, & helping
to instal the new one
who is nothing like Miss C.
//and- Embley is sold,
or perhaps you know;
and in November there
will be a good deal
of minor business about
this.

Louis enjoyed his visit
to Claydon so much -
God bless you -
ever yours
F.N.

MS 9015/79 signed letter, 1f, pencil

Aug. 15/96

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret
Rather than miss you
"Wednesday - Noon 12-1" - & lunch,
I would give up all engage-
ments. Them's my sintiments
I have written to Buxton
expressing my sintiments
at great length - But
I scrawl this that I
may catch you at both ends.
I am so glad Edmund is
able to go abroad under
the care of Harry.
I hope you will find Edith
Morey better - Your loving
- at Claydon Aunt Florence

MS 9015/80 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Sept 30/96

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret
I hope you think Edmund
entirely on the mend -
Mrs. Callender
Don't think we have neglected
your & good Miss Holland's
recommendation of this very
sad case. But we have
no Fund to help such cases,
and if we had we have no
money. You will let me
send you a small sum -
Hy Bonham Carter says;
*Would she be willing to go
to a Hospital?* Is it worth

while, he says, making
enquiries at the *Cancer
Hospital*, Fulham Road
- or at *Middlesex
Hospital*, which has, you know, a very good
Cancer Ward - whether
Mrs. Callender could be
admitted -
He says that the *Cancer
Hospital* admits Patients
free, except for clothing &
washing;
105 Beds
82 average occupied
a number of Beds are for
Life Patients -

But he does not know
the *Hospital* personally -
Shall he enquire?

Your Harry called here, [1:730]
Harry the good Nurse,
when he arrived in London,
looking so tall & so well,
my Lizzie said; shook
hands with Lizzie at the
door- when he went away,
produced a card case &
handed out an elegant
card for me, like a
gentleman
ever your loving Aunt Florence

MS 9015/81 signed letter, 1f, pencil

10 South St Oct 10/96

Mrs. Callander

Dearest blessed Margaret

Hy Bonham Carter

thought I had better

write: to the Secretary

of the Cancer Hospital

Brompton

And I have done so

this morning- asking

for admission for poor

Mrs. Callander-

And I have asked him

to write to her direct-

& also to me -

Clothing & washing

have to be paid for-

and I shall be too

glad to do this -

It would require

more than apology for

my delay - but that we

have been so over=

busy this past week-

& you would never

guess for what -

with love to all

every yours

Aunt Florence

MS 9015/82 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Callander No 2

Cancer Hosp Oct 12/96

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest

I posted my letter to
you before I received
the Secretary's answer. Then
I telegraphed to you trying
to express it - the answer.

They will admit poor

Mrs. Callander

to the only vacant bed
they will have on

Wednesday next 14th=

Cancer Hospital - Brompton

They have sent the

Admission Order to her

direct - to the address

I gave - see p. 4-

I do hope she will

not have moved again

- & that she will be

able to accept this

unusual chance - poor

soul -

I will gladly pay

the best conveyance -

for her up-

& the washing -

But I shall not be
able to send backwards
& forwards to the Cancer
Hospl= - For we are so
pressed- I fear.

I had a most kind
letter from the Secy-
{bottom half of page, at an angle:}

Visiting Days
Thursdays & Sundays
2 to 4 p.m.
in greatest haste
ever your
F
P.T.O.

The address Mrs. Callander
gave was
Collingshanger Farm
Prestwood
Gt Missenden

MS 9015/83 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil [1:772-73]

Dec 12/96
10, SOUTH STREET {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret
How very kind of you
to ask my Lizzie Coleman
to your Ball & to offer
her a much prized bed.
She was delighted -

I will accept the Ball
for her, but not the Bed,
please: because of the
uncertainty whether she
will be able to come -

She shall sleep at her
parents the night before
& the night after that

great event- i.e at
Steeple Claydon - And I
will see that she has a fly,
if possible -

May all joy attend
your Ball!

[end 1:773]

2. Will you kindly tell
your Ellin how much
obliged to her I was for her
letter from Melchet, &
for the bits of myrtle & other
sprigs which I remember
so well - from poor Embley
- now clean gone for ever -
I was so touched by her
remembrance

3. Would that I knew
how Lettice is - & whether
she is going into the
Schools or whatever they
are called at Oxford
that is whether she is
able to go -

in great haste
yours humbly
& ever lovingly
F.N.

MS 9015/84 incomplete letter, 1f, pencil {black-edged paper} complete in scrapbook Claydon House; for complete use in women [1:691]

Xmas Eve 1896

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Lettice

I was very glad of your letter- I send £2.2 for your Lady Margt- Hall Settlement - I wish it were more; but we are rather hard up

I do think the quotation from the Bp of Rochester is so good, I copied out the first Paragraph & part of the second for our Board Schoolmaster at Lea Hurst, who is, in his way, a Missionary of the best sort, & I am sure is anxious for the future lives of his Scholars when they

MS 9015/85 signed letter, 2ff, pencil, black-edged paper [1:692]

Dec 26/96

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

How can I thank you
enough for the splendid
Holroyd book - It is very
curious that Sir G. Trevelyan
wrote to me from distant
Northumberland that I *must*
read it. But I should
never have got it for myself
And it is such a good print.

And thank you, thank you
a thousand times & Edmund
for the glorious nose gay-
the exquisite white
Chrysanthemums which
make a sun in the room -

& the beautiful reds - the
Italian tricolor -
& your dear letters -

We had an infinitesimally
small dance last night -
Glory to God in the highest
& on earth peace, good will
towards men - How comes it
[I ask you as the wisest
woman I know] that instead
of peace the wars of Christian
times have been the fiercest
we know - & the bitterest
quarrels have been between
different Xtian persuasions -
Perhaps it is because these
wars & quarrels have all
been about dogma_ Now
Christ eschewed dogma.

*His dogma was unselfishness,
love to God & man -
[I can remember when a
clergyman refused burial
to a Dissenter - & when both
Universities were for Church
of England undergraduates
alone].*

Please give Aunt Florence's
love to dear Harry - And
who does he think danced
at our little dance? A large
long-haired Tom kitten - This
cat always tries to do what
we do; And it insisted on
waltzing round the room
to the music with the dancers
- a young maid good naturedly
holding its fore paws, & it

dancing on its hind paws
[Now cats usually abhor
music - & won't be in a
room full]
Please thank Edmund again
for so kindly arranging
that the noble nosegay
should come on Christmas
morning -
I should so have liked to
have heard your Book
lecture -
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/86 note, 1f, pencil

1897

16 Jan MMV Top of Poll for Steeple Claydon
 School Board
 F for Fool
28 Jan M: W.E. Nightingale

10 March Bust of F.N. at Claydon

30 May "Mrs. B.F."

9 July Arthur Gordon

MS 9015/87 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil [1:693]

10 S. St. Jan 16/97
Dearest Will you tell
 Lettice that I did
order her Spencer -
but that the booksellers
have formed a
conspiracy, for which
they ought to be whipped,
to sell {illeg} cheap Editions
(detestable print) & hers
is not the only one which
has been sent me -
 I am expecting a better
Edition every hour, & it
shall come to her.

 But I am sorry for
the delay. For I think
she wanted to read it
before she returned to
Oxford.

 The Booksellers
seem to keep Christmas
till Parlt- comes to
town -

2. My Lizzie Coleman
has desired me over &
over again to thank
you very much for your
kindness to her at
your delightful Dance
& to say how very
much she enjoyed it
Yours in humble love
F.N.

MS 9015/88 incomplete letter, 2ff, pencil [1:693-94]

10 S. St.

Jan 16/97

Dearest blessed Margaret

You ARE gallant to
head the poll of the
School Board, & with
such members on the
Board- And God will
grant you success -

I only wish we had
you in Derbyshire - We
have the very best Board School
Master at Lea I have ever known
& some of the members of
the Board the very worst
I have ever known.

2 - Thank you, thank you
about the American lady.
The weather has been so
dark in London, & I have
had to write so much by
lamp-light that do you
know I was only able
to read her letter yester=
=day by a gleam of
sunlight close to the
window? My dear, I am
a fool, but was there ever
such a fool in the world
as these American Ladies
suppose me? [I have just
had a similar letter
asking me to write a short

"Life" of myself for her.
And I have sometimes
17 similar letters by one
mail]

Your lady, after all these
superfluous phrases
about "soldiers", tops up
with: that they are to be
led - by a Photograph!
their General is to be - a
Photograph!!!

Good luck! -
But, to please you, the
fool will write a
line. I cannot read her
name F. for Fool

MS 9015/89 signed letter, 4ff, pencil **[3:509-10] [1:694-95]**

Jany 28/97
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

I am very sorry for
your sakes that Mr-
Battersby is going -

I have had very little
to do of late years in
the Church! except by
sending in (very
unwillingly) a name
now & then to those who ask
me. I say *unwillingly*-
because I always revert
to my father's thorough -
- going way of getting
acquainted with

candidates when he
had to present to Wellow
living - ('LIVING' it is now
no longer) -
My father was not church-y
(as church is now understood)
- he was a very shy man
- literary, tho' business like
- not given to hospitality
tho' he liked to choose
the ~~men~~ people he liked & fill
his house with them -

But when he had to
present, he would ask
the man with all his
family to stay at Embley

Or when the man stood
alone he would ask the
lady he was going to marry
to stay at Embley - And
I had to make her
acquaintance -

The first result of this
way of going on was
that he got the very best
Parish Priest that I ever
knew or heard of - a
man who doctored every
body in East & West Wellow
body & soul - For he had
walked the Hospitals on
purpose to learn how to
doctor the poor body. His

sermons were so plain
 that on one occasion I
 remember he told my mother
 not to bring us two girls
 to church that afternoon

He & she (the lady he
 afterwards married) have
 long been dead - so that
 I can praise him without
 fear or favour - I can see

him now on his shabby
 pony riding about the
 Wellows - Yet he was
 a highly educated man
 -a capital classic - &
 even gave classical lessons to one of
 my cousins to prevent his
 mother leaving Embley

[2]

He never split hairs
 about doctrine - &
 was friendly with

Dissenters -
 Like the present Archbp
 of Canterbury, ~~who~~, When
 Master of an Industrial
 School (before he was
 Master of Rugby), he
 would have cleaned out
 a pig-sty himself, to
 show the boys how to do
 it - a most episcopal
 act -

I will make a long
 story short; having

depicted this man, whom
 Goldsmith {~~illeg~~} or Browning
 would have made a
 poem of, I will ask

your pardon for depicting
 my father's efforts to
 recognize the Phoenix
 among many geese -

affectionately yours
 F. Nightingale

I had meant to tell
you of failures &
successes, but I think
I had better tell you
of this man &
 this patron -
tho' I did not mean to
do so when I began.

[end 3:510]

MS 9015/90 unsigned letter, 6ff, pencil

10 South St Jan 31/97

Dear blessed Margaret

 I am very sorry

Mr. Battersby is going,
 for I know how you will
miss them, & new
 friends are not like
 old-

Thank you very much
 for the little book on
 the West End. I have
 already looked it
 through. One always
 wishes to know those

 things more & more -

 and I hope they

 will go on to tell us

-the proportion of
 children in Workhouse

 Schools who come

 back to the Workhouse

-and of prisoners

 who come back to

 prison - & how the Elementary

 &c &c

 - schools answer in

 after life

which I should have
 done if I had had
 money.

Sir John Herschel

 said that we English

never look up the
experience of the past,
what has failed &
what has succeeded
& why this has failed
& that succeeded -
but are always
starting fresh things -

Govt- Reports may
tell something- but
not in an inviting
way that common
people may read -
and as a matter
of fact they don't
read them

Sir John Herschel
had a pithy way of
putting his remarks -

He said we had no
Medical Statistics -
The first thing is, he
said, to know *whether*
the Patient has taken
his medicine.

How often I have
thought of that when
I have heard Doctors
congratulating themselves
on the effect of their
medicine-, And I knew
the Patient had not

[2]

taken it -

And the other
extreme, the French
extreme

"Il est *mort guéri*"
(with exultation)
//I was so delighted
that you had enjoyed
Rhoscolyn - & felt well
there - & the children
too.

You kindly ask after
me. We have had & have
a winter on the wings
of misfortune - Two of our

most important outlying
Hospitals have been
outrageously thumped
by their Committees -
One has been decided
already- *against* right-
The other, I hope, will
float-

And we have lost
one of our very best women
who died almost suddenly
in Cairo, where she had
gone on her tour of
foreign service. I saw
her as she went out &
thought she would survive
me 30 years- She had

all the elements of
a great mother
a great leader
a great teacher
which she showed first
as a Night Supt- at St.
Thomas', then in the
Military Service with
the Orderlies- When the
news of her death came,
they cried ~~little~~ like little
children -

We have no more such
at present -(that is, not
already in Hospitals.) But the
"earnest expectation of
"the creature waiteth

"for the manifestation
"of the sons (& daughters)
"of God"-

//Our Lizzie Coleman
is with her mother now
who is very ill, at Steeple
Claydon -

//I send Lettice's book Spencer's Education.
The type is princely, in
comparison with the first
copy they sent me, which
was artistically framed to
ruin the eye sight-But
I am not satisfied- And

I send it to you that you
may kindly not send it to her
unless you approve-

[3]

Poor Mrs. Callander
is come out of the
Cancer Hospital -
better than when she
went in
& strenuous in her
praises of the Nursing,
care & attention there
but with the disease
slowly increasing

I am writing to the
Secretary

Mrs. Callander's address

is

Mrs. Callander
Collingshanger Farm
Prestwood
Gt Missenden

Aunt Florence's best
love to Ruth
Could you kindly
think of a present
for her?

MS 9015/91 initialled letter, 1f, pencil

10 South St. Feb 8/97
Dearest blessed Margaret
Your dear eyes seemed
so bad yesterday (and I
was afraid it was partly
the effect of my Lamp)
that I venture to send you
a bottle of Sir W. Bowman's
Eye Lotion for tired eyes.
It is a very simple ~~Lotion~~
prescription & one which
I have used for many
years every day -
It may be used either by
pouring a small quantity

on a pocket handkerchief
or what to better by
warming a small quantity
in one of those little
douche=glass=egg-cups
standing in a gallipot
of hot (not boiling)
water

God bless you
ever your loving
F. N

MS 9015/92 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil [1:695]

Feb 13/97
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.
Dearest blessed Margaret
Indeed I do think of
dear old Sir Harry (old &
Sir Harry *no more*) on this
day, & of your memorable
words: "By his gentleness
& courtesy, he kept the
"command of himself & his
"room till the last moment"
& of your making his last
years so happy - happier
than my father's - Sometime
after his death, I had to
write an account of the
opening of the Damoodah

Canal (near Calcutta),
of the delight of the people
welcoming it with their
intense feeling as if it were
a Divine Spirit, of the
almost instant springing
up of verdure & crops
on its banks - And I said
to myself: That is my father
in another world-

And in a somewhat
different sense you will
say: that is Sir Harry
gone to another world -
his life at Claydon is now

intensified & full of
blessing
I am afraid I tired you
on Sunday: but you are
so good -
(My father has been dead
23 years, & yet do you
know I often find
myself calling out to
him, as if he were there,
tho' in all my life, I
never can remember
him caressing me -

Ruth's books are coming
-the German ones -
ever your
F N.

I am so very sorry about
Mrs. Broadhurst - But
I fear that with any
serious illness, it would
go hard with her
Dr. De'Ath would know

MS 9015/93 signed letter, 2ff, pencil **[3:519]**

Private {at angle} Feb. 20/97
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

I have been thinking of
your kind letter & of what
I could say about the
Revd= Thory Gardiner
He is worthy of all admiration
He considers himself as
really the Shepherd of his
flock - & gives his life for
them or rather *to* them -

I am afraid his means
are small, & I believe
he gives all to them - but
never begs

I should think, but of
course do not personally know

that the flocks over which
Mr. Gardiner has served
are very different from the
people of Claydon - *his* flocks being sharp
witted Radicals whose
confidence is difficult to
win - & also extreme poverty.
Altogether, I feel myself
quite incapable of judging
whether Mr. Gardiner would
suit Claydon, but he is a
man worth knowing -
He is unmarried, I believe
& that is always a difficulty
Whom will he marry?
Or, will he marry at all?

I am sorry for Mr. Stow's
grievance - but have no remark
to offer

May you hit upon the right
man -

is the earnest prayer
of yours sincerely

F. Nightingale

I hope blessed Margaret *is*
well. I thought her poorly
the day she was so good as
to come & see me - I am
afraid I kept her too long.

Mr. Gardiner is absolutely
conscientious - would not

take Claydon if he did
not feel himself fit
for it -

MS 9015/94 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [6:669-70]

March 9/97

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Sir

May I express how
grateful I am to you
for your great kindness
to old Mrs. Joseph Coleman,
the mother of my Lizzie=
poor old lady - & to her
husband - You have
carried & are carrying
her through a painful
decline -

Might I ask if there
is anything I could send

her from here that you
would wish her to have -
She must be nearly at the
end of her Whiskey do
you wish her to go on
with it, or with something
else?

Perhaps you have no
other prognostic to give
me but that, as the
weather improves, she
might get better -
I cannot thank you

enough for your goodness to
her - I trust you will
accept the Cheque I send
- I wish it were more -
& believe me

yours sincerely

Florence Nightingale

Pray excuse pencil -
Philip Benson Esq MD

MS 9015/95 signed letter, 3ff, pencil

10 South St. March 9/97

Dearest blessed Margaret

You are going to
Carriden, I hear- I trust
the long Railway will not
tire you -

Would you kindly
give my love to Morfy
& Morforwyn - & tell
Morfy how much her
letters interest me. I wish
I could help her with her
District Nurse- but alas!
I have no money for what

[13:836]

I *would* do, but only for
what I *must* do -

Mrs. Dacre Craven told
me the other day - I think
she, Morfy, would like
to hear this - that she was
dining out - & she heard
one young gentleman say
to another - 'have you
any nice Attachés at
the F.O. now?' & the
other answered: 'O yes,
'we have such a
'capital fellow - Verney'-

[Mrs. Dacre Craven is
rather a gay lady now -
& has attaché'd herself
to the Princess Register -
but I can never forget
that it was Mrs. Craven,
as Miss Florence Lees,
who really invented
District Nursing]

But the "earnest
"expectation of the creature
"waiteth for the
"manifestation of the
"(daughters) of God," &

in nothing more so than
 in Nursing -
 Such strange screaming
 ladies who know nothing,
 get upon ~~had~~ Committees
 now & stir up 'rows' -
 [Is it not like the
 2nd= Temptation? Casting
 one self down from a
 pinnacle of the *Temple*
 (it was all in the name of
 the Temple) without
 training, without knowledge,
 without enquiry.)

[end 13:836]

2 [2]
 What did you think of the
 "demonstration" in Hyde
 Park on Sunday? [It was
 attended by two of our
 relations!-] without a
 thought of what an
 European War would
 be-now- with all our
 tremendous engines of
 destruction, our long range
 guns, our Maxims &c,
 our Ironclads, which
 sink one another even
 on a fine day in peace
 by *mistake*- It

[1:696]

[end 1:696]

is said that this is
 the consideration which
 holds back the Powers,
 from favouring the "fools"
 on their "way to dusty
 death".

With love to all
 ever, dearest, yours
 "Aunt Florence"

MS 9015/96 signed letter, 3ff, pencil [1:696-97]

March 10/97

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

Thank you for your
kind letter. You know how
delighted I am at your
success in getting the
Claydon's under the Public
Libraries Act - I wish we
could get our 3 *Private*
Libraries at Lea Hurst -
under the Public Libraries Act
But it is said that the
small rate payers, of whom
there is a large body there,
are unwilling - & we have no
one to canvass them properly -
However, I hope we shall come
to it at last -

Bust given me by the soldiers

II. About the *bust* of me by
Steell of Edinburgh, which
is the one, I believe, at Claydon:
it is after this wise:

it was given me by the soldiers
after the Crimean War; and I
sate for it -

it is left in my Will back
to the soldiers, it if were not
given back to them during my
life - and enquiries have already
been made where soldiers
would like it best to be, whether
at Aldershot, or where -

I do not know who told
Lady Wantage of this bust -
it was not I - tho' she had
previously written to me on
behalf of Lady George Hamilton.
When she, Lady Wantage, came

to me, she knew about it -
 And it was impossible for
 me to decline *lending* it to
 them for the Earl's Court
 Exhibition - [I have such a
 respect for Lady Wantage - She
 sometimes just reminds me ~~of~~
 a little of Margaret.] So I did
 promise it her -

[You perhaps know that I
 had previously refused all
 solicitations to give them
 "relics" of 'me & the Crimean War',
 on the ground that the real
 "relics" were:

1. *Sidney Herbert's* R. Commission
 & 4 Sub-Commissions which
 laid the imperishable seed of
 the great improvements in the
 soldier's daily life - direct & indirect

2. the *training of Nurses*
 both in character &
 technical skill & knowledge
 The untrained Nurses sent
 out to the Crimean War
 were - well, it is unspeakable
 what they were

3. the *Hygiene & Sanitation*
 the want of which in the
 Military & Medical authorities caused
 Lord Raglan's death & that
 of thousands of our men from disease -

That frightful lesson
 really, thanks to Dr. Sutherland,
 Sir Douglas Galton, Sir Robert
 Rawlinson & others, began & continued the
 enormous strides which have
 since been made in
 (Civil & Military) science of
 Life & Death.

[2]

Excuse this long story - I only wanted to be assured 10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:} that the bust of me at Claydon PARK LANE. W.

was the original one which the soldiers started
 III *Revision of Old & New Testaments* - I like to hear of it. It has always seemed that some of the alterations in the *New* are unpardonable e.g- in the Lord's Prayer "But deliver us from evil" is or was altered to the "evil one" - We always want to shift everything on to the Devil - That was a wise child who said to his little sister: "The Devil wasn't "thinking of you" -
 Also: in St Paul's Conversion: they have omitted those

memorable words, which have saved so many:
 "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" how short the prayers in the N.T. are: how heart felt
 Excuse again this long story
 I did not have your letter till late last night, because I had a lady with me, & the Servants were all at "Aladdin" But I hope this letter will be in time
 A good journey to you & blessed Margt= - I am so glad she is "well" -
 & love to all
 yours sincerely
 F. Nightingale

MS 9015/97 signed letter, 1f, pencil

March 12/97

Dearest blessed Margaret

I am so sorry, I have
Miss Gordon this afternoon
But I do believe it is
better for you who ought
to rest & not be troubled
with me- Pray rest.

Please tell the maids
what you will have for
your journey - There will
be Cold Chicken for
Sandwiches & Eggs for
hard boiled - And will

you have some cold Tea
or milk in an ~~an Odi-Clane~~ a small
bottle -

God bless you wherever
you go - but I don't
believe He approves of
Night Rail roads -

Can you sleep?
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/98 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:698]

May 28/97

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

How your blessed letter
had a saving life for me -
I wish you could have seen
it. It was the spirit of
Ascension Day -

We have been so driven
with the pressure of work
& various anxieties
increasing month by month
that I have not had a
moment's leisure to ascend
in heart & mind - Your
letter gave me a respite

Do you know I have

not had time to read

but a very little of

Mr. Jowett's Life - And
it seemed to me more
of a book than a life -
But when your dear letter
came, I took up the second
Vol: & read - Some pieces
which seemed like life -

I agree altogether - in
your criticism - The book
is sadly broken up. And
it has not in consequence
the warmth & living ness
of the man who said:

"Life is a splendid gift" -

But now I know you
like it, I shall read it
whenever I have a moment
& feel like you -

ever dearest

your loving

Aunt Florence

MS 9015/99 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil [1:698-99]

May 30/97

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

Blessed Margaret
has been so good as to
tell me some of the blessed
things yourselves are
doing or trying to do at
& round Claydon -

Success will be slow -
but what ripens too fast,
what is 'forced', is not
what last the longest

The people must always
be the most essential
part of our machinery -

the people - but not
fashion -

//May God speed you -
Thank you very much

for your last letter -
& for the copies of
the Abstract -

Do you think I might
have some more printed?
They are very useful.

//Thank you for the
information about Greece.
I have kept it quite
private, & should be

very glad of any more
that you would be kind
enough to give me -

As for what I hear, it is
all of the same complexion
- the disastrous folly of
the Greeks, only to be
equalled by the folly of
the London & Paris
newspapers, hounding a
vain people like the Greeks
on to war & ruin. Of
course the Greeks thought
that all Europe would
back them - If Turkey

had paid Greece to play
into Turkey's hands, it
could not have been better
done -

The indiscipline of the
Greek soldiers can only
be rivalled by the fatuity
with which Nurses were
sent out, picked up from
every place, like specimens
at an Exhibition, without
heads, without coherence
of any sort - & now under a

Mrs B.F.
yrs sincerely
F.N.

MS 9015/100 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:699]

July 9/97

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund & Margaret

God bless Mr. Gordon,
and may he be all you hope
& expect- He is like the
spring- you have waited
& prepared for him long.

Thank you very much
for your offer of more
copies of your "Rural
Prosperity" - And if I am
not too exorbitant, may
I ask for 50?

I have had a letter
from a churlish, disagreeable,

clever man, who cannot
spell, but keeps a
Coffee-room with meals
& Reading & Newspaper
room at an enormously
growing place, all round
Whatstandwell Station,
2 miles from Lea Hurst,
where the masons &
quarry men &c besides
passengers "meal" with
him - I sent him a copy
& he is very much struck
with it- ~~but~~ he says
it wants a good Board

School to lead to its
practice & a Workman's
Bank. We have no real
power there; & the landlord
is an unenterprising man -
But the Lea Board School
is, thank God, almost all
one could desire -

Thank you very much
for the typed copy of a
letter from your friend in
Greece - it does not say
however where in Greece *after* Volo -
I have two letters from [1:717]
Harry Lloyd at the British

Legation in Athens - he
seems getting on very well
& it sets him on his legs -

I only hope the Turks are
not set on their legs too - [end 1:717]
//I am so very sorry about
the abolition of the
Health Missioners of which
Fred told me.

I seem to have a great
deal more to say, but
there is more still to do,
which keeps me back -

Goodbye, blessed Margaret
& Edmund - ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/101 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Aug 23/97

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest blessed Margaret

I do feel with you
& for you with my
whole heart -

Dear Ellin May she
be happy- Every body
speaks well of her
betrothed

But how you will
miss her! & how
she will miss you -
& how the villages
will miss her! & the
books -

She will go to South
Africa first - will she not?
& not straight back
to India at the end
of his leave -

May God bless them
both!

Please give her my
dearest love-
But I cannot help
thinking most of *you*

Thank you for your
news about Ruth's
earnest industry -
but then she had *you*
Could you tell me
some book you would
like her to have?
I have no idea how
soon Ellin is to be
married -

Please thank Edmund
for his welcome letter
which I received
after I had written
this -
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/102 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Sept 24/97
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.
Dearest blessed Margaret
Thank you so very,
very much for your
dear delightful letter -
It throws such a light
- not a glamour - but
a bright heavenly light
on the whole- yes,
even on the "Cape" -
Ah ye mothers, - how
you put self, like a
naughty child, in the
corner-

Please tell Edmund we
have been very busy
about India- The way
the English officials have
worked in the Famine
Districts has been
magnificent- an Indian
who was here a day
or two ago- & whom I
have known whenever
he came to England_ who
was by no means enthu-
=siastic about Englishmen
- said that he did not
believe any one of the

[10:874]

English famine officials
would ever recover his
health- they worked to
exhaustion- & one at
least has met with a
hero's death -
The reason why Indians
won't appreciate English
-men is that Englishmen
won't talk- they will
only work- 'If they
would but call us
"brothers" & accept our
sympathy,' says the Indian [end 10:874]
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/103 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Oct 29/97
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.
My dear Edmund
You were so very good
as to say, in the matter of
the bust of me, that you
would carry out whatever
was thought best- I am
asked to write to you
for it to be sent to me
here from the Victorian
Exhibition- [*It will
not remain here*]
We had the most
extraordinary fog here
I ever saw yesterday

in all my life -
very many thanks for
the lovely lilies of the valley
you were so good as
to send me on the
wedding day - They are
still alive & beautiful

What is the name of
the ship the bride &
bridegroom are gone out
in?

The 60th Rifles is the
home of the 60th Rifles
& its ladies all over
the world -

in great haste
your ever with love
Aunt Florence

Ms 9015/104 initialled letter, 3ff, pencil [1:700]

Nov. 19/97

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Thank you so very, very
much, dearest, for
offering to come up to
me- It is so very kind -
But I will not accept
your kindness now yet -

I have had a
charming letter from
Maude, dated Girzeh,
enjoying so much -
But I dare say you
hear from her very often

It takes me back to
beautiful, absorbing
Egypt, where I have
been so deeply interested
in Auld Lang Syne-
-Egypt which never
grows old-

I am sure that she &
Fred must have done
the King a world of
good- seeing them in
~~such~~ an informal way

Will you, please, thank
Edmund very much
for his letter- I am
so glad he likes Mr-
Gordon so much- Does
Mr. Gordon ever come
up to London for a
few days? I should
like to see him some
afternoon, if he does
& if he likes it.

I am so glad ~~that~~
Teneriffe has a P.O.

[Has Ararat a P.O.?)

Ah my dear when a
daughter marries, the
mother cuts out a bit
of her heart, & with
some of her heart's
blood, gives it as
Holy Communion at
the wedding breakfast
[That is not profane,
is it?]
Aunt Florence's love to
dear Ruth & thanks
for her dear letter-

[2]

There is some day light
in London to-day for
the first time for a
long while-

While they are all
inventing Electric light,
could they not invent
a little day light?

The birds don't get
up now till afternoon
tea- But I have a
little tom-tit which

goes round & round
on the balcony rail
& I hope will be
faithful-

Best love to your
twice a daughter,
Lettice. I do so like to
hear about your children -
ever yours
F.N.

MS 9015/105 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil [1:701]

Dec 2/97

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Margaret

Your birth day is a
birth day of new joy to
all of us.

You were so very
good as to offer to come
& see me, & I was
compelled to decline
from pressure of work
& engagements then. Would
it be possible for you to
come to London & to me

this next week? I
will make no new
engagement till I hear
from you. I hear of you
scattering fruit & flowers
over Wales -

In London 3.30 or even
3 only gives one half hour
of daylight.

Can you tell me a
Christmas present for
dear Ruth?

Excuse pencil & haste
your loving devotee
FN

MS 9015/106 initialled letter, 1f, pencil

Dec 6/97

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Yes, dearest Margaret -
how good you are -
Friday next, please.
And perhaps, if it is
a decent day, you would
choose the thing for Ruth,
& take it back with
you_ What time will
you have lunch, & what
time dinner?- & are
you going to sleep at
Hinde Ho:?

I *shall* be so glad
to see you, or rather
to hear you -

London is darkness
visible.

ever yours

F.

MS 9015/107 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Dec 10/97

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Margaret

I don't mean you to
go out this afternoon -
*I mean you to talk to
me-* Tho' stupid I am
the better for seeing of you
& profit (afterwards) by
what you say -

I only suggested
that you might do things
from here, because you
feloniously talked of
"retiring into the Dining

"room & writing
"'tiresome' letters for" me -
The excellent Fred
was here yesterday, & the
beautiful flowers he
sent me from Monte Carlo
were all set out on the
table in vases -
But I had sent the
maids to a concert.
And the lamp went
out - & we were all

in confusion. Please tell him
I long to see you -
It is very uncivil of the
sun not to come out
when you are coming
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/108 note, 1f, pencil, archivist: ? 1897?

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Of all things, Mr. Croft
wants most to communicate
with Dr. Benson
Thanks for Telegram

MS 9015/109

note, 1f, pencil
1898 - 1899

23 Feb 1899 Vol IV by MMV.

MS 9015/110 initialled letter, 2ff, pencil

Jan 16/98

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

Doctors won't allow
me to see any one -

But I telegraphed to
Mrs. Vaughan Nash to
ask her for any one who
has specially studied
Workhouse Nursing -
And she replies by Telegram

"I think Miss Twining,
Twining (I believe
"Tunbridge Wells, best

"authority- and she
"would be able to name
"others".

If you like to write to
Miss *Twining* using my
name & that of {illeg}
Mrs. Vaughan Nash, pray
do.

I agree that she is a
high authority
And God reward your
quest
Aunt Florence
ever yours
F.N.

MS 9015/111 incomplete letter, 1f, pencil, bundle 371

18/1/98

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

To enquire after dearest
blessed Margaret
& to send Aunt Florence's
love & thanks to Edmund & Ellin
& also love to Ruth
& Harry
& as to Margaret
what can Aunt Florence
send her but a devoted
reverent heart to her?

MS 9015/112 signed letter, 1f, pencil

Feb. 17/98

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest
Is not next Monday
Lettice's birth-day?
And what could I
get for her? There
is scant time
ever yours
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/113 signed letter, 3ff, pencil [1:701-02]

Feb. 24/98

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Margaret
How good, how very
good you are, always
thinking of every body.
I shall be so glad
to see Mr. Gordon on
Wednesday March 2
at 4 p.m., or 5 if
that is more convenient
to him, if he will
kindly give us the
scarament at this house

I think of your
Confirmation to day
but am so sorry that dear Kathleen
could not be at it _

[2]

Feb 24/98

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
we parted with PARK LANE. W.
Sam Nightingale yester-
=day (elder brother of
Louis whom you know
& are kind to.)
Sam - he is a Doctor -
volunteered for Bombay.
We were all very glad
of his Chivalry, tho' they
had just taken a house
for the two brothers
& sister here.
We understand now he is
to be sent on to

Madras - probably
en route to some place
where Plague is worse -
They are very chary
of giving information
where Plague *is* worst
We only knew on
Monday evening that
he was accepted -
[because he has also a
Public Health Diploma
he was very acceptable, but he had to be examined]
& he had to be off

on Wednesday morning
early
The age of Chivalry is
come when people
volunteer NOT to kill
but to cure -
Excuse interruptions

I am so hurried to day
but I will write again
to you if you will
allow me, enclosing
a note to him -
I don't like to
lose my chance by
delaying a day in answering your most kind
note-
ever your affectionate
F. Nightingale

MS 9015/114 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

March 9/98
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.
My dear Edmund
Thank you so much
for writing to me-
I am aghast at Dr.
De'Ath losing an appointment
where he is so necessary, which
he has filled so well
Your "Memorial," I
trust, will have the weight
which it ought to have
with the Local Govt- Board-
I am not a Claydon
"rate-payer" as a I need not
tell you- But I will enquire

whether I might write
to the L.G.B. on the
ground of my acquaintance
with Claydon, & relation=
=ship to its last mistress
(especially if I can find
a name on the L.G.B.-
that I know)
ever yours
Aunt Florence.

We are in a scrape of
the same sort at Lea Hurst.
A publican, notorious for
tempting men to drink too
much, has been elected
on the *School Board!!!*
by a great majority- in
fact is at the head.

But we believe this
Great Scandal can be
remedied-

F.N-

MS 9015/115 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:824]

April 26/98

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

I am writing to you
about a thing for which
it is inexcusable in me
to write at all.

"Lizzie Wiggins", who was
once a maid of mine, writes
to me from Steeple Claydon
that she & her husband
Wiggins "have applied for a
"house at Botolph-Claydon
"which is just empty -
"some people of the name
"of Coker have been

"living there- Leonard"
(i.e. Leonard Wiggins, her
husband) "has asked Mr.
"Robertson for it & he
"says there have been
"several applicants for it
"but that he (Leonard)
"should hear from him
(Mr. Robertson) "Again",
I think it is very unlikely
you should choose to
interfere for such a reason
as my writing to you

but they ask me to
give them "a chance".
ever, dear Edmund,
with love to all
Your affectionate
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/116 signed letter, 1f, pencil [end of bundle 192]

Dec 14/98
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest: Oh how I share
your joy that the travellers
are arrived safe & "jolly"-
And how glad I am that
you can have dear Ellin,
to whom my best love,
to yourself for a time -
My love to her husband
too, you know.

I hope to write again
And I hope to see them
both, God bless them, in

no long time whenever
either is in London -
Please tell Lettice how
much I feel *with* her-
À demain
ever your affectionate
Aunt Florence

S 9015/117 initialled letter, 1f, pencil

[No 2]

Dearest Mr. Clutton to whom I wrote
is, I grieve to say, "out of town" - My
letter will be "forwarded to him", but
they did not know, at his house, to
which I sent, when he would be back.

[re poor Philip Jones]

An ex-St. Thomas' Doctor is
attending me & will be here again
tomorrow - I will ask him to advise
me - but do not feel very hopeful - Your F.N.

{printed address sideways at bottom:}

Thursday

10, SOUTH STREET,

PARK LANE. W.

MS 9015/118 note, 1f, pencil

Suspension of Parliament

1899

p.p. 530 - 41

MS 9015/119 initialled letter, 1f, pencil

Jan 23/99

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}

PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

Thank you so very
much for the corresponde=

so interesting to me -

You are, I know, doing

good incalculable

in this matter, so

interesting to us all

I will not keep you

every your F.N.

My very best love

MS 9015/120 signed letter, 2ff, pencil

Jan 23/99

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Margaret

A thousand thanks
& heartfelt ones for
your book which I
cannot help *pilfering*
in even directly

But a Doctor, like
"An evening grey and a
morning red
"Keeps the traveller in
her bed"

And this rather delays
my operations

Dear Edmund brought
the book kindly
himself - And I wished

I could have seen him -
But the Doctor, like
"The evening grey", as I said
is the only thing except
the weather that gets
itself minded.

I shall read your
book with delight
[And it is a delightful

print] And I hope to
make others delight
in other copies -
I will write again, if
you will allow me,
I think you *must* feel
some satisfaction in
having finished such
a work with such
success.

ever your

F. Nightingale

who loves to
be your "Aunt Florence"

MS 9015/121 bundle 195

Jan 26/99

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

I have never thanked
you, except in my heart
which has been always -
for the beautiful flowers
you were so kind as to
send - at Christmas -
and for the charming -est,
knowing-est little cat,
which I always look at
when I feel dull, & which
I suspect was designed

& executed by Sir Edmund
himself - its countenance
is so intelligent. It stays
by me night & day -

I was very sorry
not to be able to see
you the day you were
so good as to call -
But Doctors are the
only persons who *will*
be obeyed now-a-days

We have very frosty
weather here - What's
called 'Seasonable' weather
when you're all pinched
up with cold -

Love to all -

ever your affectionate

Aunt Florence

Margaret's book looks
most entertaining

MS 9015/122

[1:702]

Feb. 23/99

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

My dear Edmund

I have not yet
thanked you for your
most interesting remarks
on the papers about
Workhouse Nursing
read at the Poor Law
Conference & for your
"Draft" enclosed - -
by commenting upon
them -

But they do interest
me very deeply - And I
hope soon to venture
upon some comments, but
of praise -

ever yours most truly
Aunt Florence

I do not remember whether
you know Douglas Galton
I am sorry to say he is
very ill.

I was so much obliged
to dear Margaret for
sending me her book
She has done a great
work-
I am giving it to Miss Irby
who is in England
& to Shore Nightingale's
widow who is a woman
who reads _for a wonder

FN

To-day we really could

see for a few hours -
Otherwise London has
been in darkness -
Could not they invent
day-light?

MS 9015/123 note, 1f, pencil

1900-1901-1902

& one of 1905

Hand-writing still V.G.

Ms 9015/124 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:502-03]

All success be

with you. Feb. 14/1900

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}

PARK LANE. W.

My dear Lettice Librarian

I feel for your pangs,
tho' I can't abide "specimens"
"compendia" et id genus
omne - As Macaulay says
every man ought to make
his 'compendium' for himself
& the only "Extracts" worth
making are those that
every man or woman makes
for him or her self-

When I look at a ~~book~~ big book

called "Elegant Extracts"

which we had to learn

from in my youth, I

think it has left out

all that is worth extracting

& put in most of all what that is not -

But it is not given

to every man, woman,

boy, or girl to have

time or money {~~illeg~~} or taste

to make Extracts- And

therefore I give in,

especially as you recommend
the work; You know a
deal more literature
than I do - And so I
send £3.8, partly in
order to save you
wasting too much your precious
time in canvassing

I hear of your skating-
I hope you don't follow
the example of the man

It so fell out
we *all* fell in
The rest they ran away

N.B. Did you ever in
choosing the Extract to be
read to the household at
morning prayers, leave it
to one to choose for herself
because you were so
hurried - She invariably
chooses something odd,
new or not to the purpose,
instead of choosing one
of the grand old bits in our
sacred Literature that the
household *ought* to know
Adieu, my revered Librarian
ever your affecty=
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/125 signed letter, 1f, pencil

Sept. 2/1900

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address;}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Miss Crossland

We seem never to have
any intercourse now_ But
I saw Mrs. Redpath
(Miss Machin "as was")
the other day- And we talked
a 'very deal', not about
(garden) "roots" but about
you. She said you would
not mind hearing from me,-
I am old & decrepit, but
still cling to my dear old
friends My head is cold (*literally*)
but my heart is hot and
ever yours F. Nightingale

MS 9015/126 note, 1f, pencil bundle 196

Homoeopathic Hospital Miss Brew
Great Ormond St. Lady Supt-
Good Nurses
Nurse Janet
a capital one

Immediate *Wait*
Lady Verney

MS 9015/127 signed letter, 1f, pencil **[1:704]**

Dec 24/1900

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address;}
PARK LANE. W.

Best Wishes to
every body
from Florence Nightingale
To Margaret

MS 9015/128 signed letter with postmarked envelope, 2ff, pencil

Lady Verney
Claydon House
Winslow
Bucks
27/2/1901

[1:704]

Feb 27 1901

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address;}
PARK LANE. W.

My dearest Margaret

Many, many thanks for
your kind letter-

I am afraid I am beyond
doing anything: but you
will do what you kindly
say far better than I can -
And may I leave it to
you?

I should very much
like to see Ellin's letters,
but could not read the
shorthand- ~~but~~ I cannot
read scarcely at all myself

now: but Ellin reads all
my letters to me, & also
papers or anything that
might be sent to me-

How very much dear
Ellin must miss her
baby-

This War is indeed sad-
& not near its end, I fear.

How proud we are of
dearest Ellin- what an
admirable soldier's wife.

Best love to all=
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/129 signed letter with postmarked envelope, 2ff, pencil,
black-edged stationery bundle 196

Lady Verney
Claydon House
Winslow
Bucks

29/3/1901

F.N.

29/3/1901

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Margaret

I am returning Ellin's
letters which you so kindly
sent me to read. They
are most interesting. It
is so delightful to have
news of Ellin.

When one is reading them,
one can almost fancy it
is one-self in person
there

As Ellin says, she misses
the baby very much -
And I am sure she
must do. Is there any

thought of Dorothea
going out to her mama?

Thanks for the news of
the Public Library. It
is a capital thing And
I am delighted to think
that there is about to
be one at Steeple
Claydon.

I hope all are well.

Dorothea who has a
genius for writing, ought
to tell us.

Hoping to hear more
news of Ellin

Yours with love
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/130 signed letter, 2ff, pencil [1:704-05]

June 4/1901

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Margaret

I am returning with
very many hearty thanks
Ellin's letters - that is
some of them. The last
lot which I have
kept- to be read to me
again.

It is good to think,
very good - that she is
returning home.

My compliments to
Dorothea - You must

indeed miss her when
she is with her other
Grandma. I wonder
how she will welcome
her mama.

Now I must thank
you very, very much
- you & Edmund - for
the exquisite beautiful
roses you sent me on
my birthday. They
were loves.

I had a charming
letter from dear Ruth
on my birth day She
seems, I thought, very
happy with Harry at
Oxford.

With best love to
all your ever loving
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/131 signed letter, 1f, pencil

July 3/1901

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Margaret

I return Ellin's letters
with many, many thanks -
They are most interesting.

Thank God, she is come
home safe -

Much love to all -
Will write again soon-

Your loving

Aunt Florence

MS 9015/132 signed letter, 1f, pencil [1:705]

July 23 1901

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address;}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Margaret

How can I thank you
enough for the lovely little
photograph of Dorothea?
She is indeed an angelic
thing in miniature. It
must be delightful to you
to have Ellin & her
together again

In speaking of Dr.
De'Ath, one cannot express
what his life has been -
so full of self-sacrifice

One dare not think of
what the loss will be to
so many.

Thank you so much for
all your interesting news
- how kind of you to give
it me.

I am returning Ellin's
Capital S. African news.

With much heart
felt love to all

Your

Aunt Florence

MS 9015/133 signed letter with postmarked envelope, 2ff, pencil

Nov. 14/1901

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}

PARK LANE. W.

[1:705]

Dearest Margaret

I am sorry not to have
been able to write before
my joy at the birth of
dear Ellin's son.

I trust that Ellin is
going on all right - also
her little boy - & that
Dorothea, whose
approbation is essential,
approves of her little
brother: God bless
them all

I am now

I am now going to
trouble you to do
something for me=
Would you get for me
from Mr. Payne five
photographs of me.
And if you would kindly
send the Bill on to me,
I would then forward
you the money.

I hope I am not
troubling you too much

With best love to all,
hoping that you & all
are well
you loving
Aunt Florence

{envelope, stamped & cancelled} ink

Lady Verney

Claydon Ho:

Winslow

14/11/1901

Bucks

F.N.

MS 9015/134 incomplete letter, 2ff, pencil

Dec 1901

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Miss Crossland

We think of you every day
& feel the loss of you every day

We wish you a blessed
Christmas & happy New Year
With all our hearts & souls-

London is not exhilarating &
is at this moment in a
dark fog.

You are always busy, we
know: & therefore always
happy with such business
as yours, tho' anxious.

My eyes are very bad, & I
can scarcely read even what
I write myself.

Eyes are a great loss
-greater even than ears.

My dear mother used to
ask every day - (even long
after she used to cry
because she could not
recognise me as her
daughter): "How is the

"country? How is England
"is the Country improving?"

Thank you so very, very
much for the beautiful
book=let you sent me.

[bottom half torn off presumably for signature]

MS 9015/135 signed letter with postmarked envelope, 2ff, pencil bundle
196

March 10, 1902 **[1:706]**

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Margaret

Many thanks for your
very, very kind letter - I
shall be more than
delighted to see you on
Wednesday 12th at 5.

I am very sorry to hear
that there is anything
wrong with dear Ellin -
but still I hope for good
news from you.

It is indeed sad about
dear Mr. Rathbone, and I

must thank you dearly
for your kind sympathy

With best love
to Ellin & yourself
ever your loving
Aunt Florence

{envelope in pen}

Lady Verney

Claydon Ho:

Winslow

F.N. Bucks

24/4/1902

MS 9015/136 signed letter, 1f, pencil [1:706]

April 24

1902

10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Margaret

I shall be more
than delighted to see

Lettice on Saturday

26th at 5 o'clock_

I am not quite sure
whether I said anything

to Ruth about coming

on Saturday_ But I

am sure she will not

mind my putting her

off if I did so
for Lettice, as I have
seen Ruth so lately. -

And I will see her
again the first
opportunity -

I was so pleased
to see both Harry
& Ruth

Hoping you are all well
with much love, your
affectionate

Aunt Florence

MS 9015/137 signed letter, 1f, pencil [1:706]

May 15/1902
10, SOUTH STREET, {printed address:}
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest Edmund

One little line to
thank you & Margaret
for the lovely flowers
which you brought me
on my poor old
birth day. Thank you
so very much

I am so glad that
everything is so
flourishing at the
Claydons.

With much love
& so many thanks
for all -

your affectionate
Aunt Florence

MS 9015/138 unsigned letter, 1f, pencil [1:703]

{archivist to M.M.V.} Feb 24 [1900?]

Dear scoundrel of my heart

Why won't you condescend
to say how you are?

I have a most touching
letter of the Gd Duchess of Baden
to show you

a most piteous one from
Sir H. Acland still harping
on the Empress

One from Miss Crossland, who
is well again, thank God. Miss
Beynon was the lady, & now
I remember all about her.

& many others

O how I sympathise with
you that I could do a
good piece of work

much more easily
than answer all these
letters - especially those
which say the same
thing month after
month -
ever your loving
Wisdom of Solomon
& precious Bore

I want to
show you too
a letter from
our Schoolmaster

Ms 9016 microfilm, letters from Rome trip; letters published in Mary Keele, ed., *Florence Nightingale in Rome*.

9016/2 unsigned letter & direction, 1f, pen {postmarked:} Southampton
OC 28
1847 8, Romsey {illeg}

W.E. Nightingale Esq
Embley
Romsey
Hampshire

[7:64-65]

Angleterre

No passport is required

till Paris--quite safe we find

Dearest people - here we are safe at

Havre & such a beautiful morning

& night - I heard poor Mariette

sick - but I adhered like a

pancake to my back, screwed my

eyes tight close, & refused to

hear, see or speak with the Devil.

The secret of the thing I believe is

to take the centre point of the

back of your head by the 3rd

Proposition in Euclid - & adjusting

the same to a horizontal position

by a spirit level, to move it

from the moment neither to

the right nor to the left. Do

you know, after a certain time

I rather liked the feeling of the

motion - my corner 2 ft by 5'

in the Ark was so like one's

corner in the world - & the jumping

up & down on the sea "image
of unrest" so like the jolting in
the world, & the feeling of one's
utter helplessness & yet, confidence
in one's safety so like the feeling
of the *impertinence* of anxiety
in this world, & the being in the
hands of a Providence - I don't
know that I ~~shoud~~ believe in what
the Revelations says that
there ever will be "no more
sea" because I believe that
type of trial will always remain.

No tongue can tell the
rapture with which you
open your eyes at last &
see the morning light.

dear people - no more time
we got here at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 11 - are
off by 3 - Paris at $\frac{1}{4}$ p 10

Mrs. Bracebridge but poorly
Havre -

9016/3 unsigned letter & direction, 1f, pen {postmarked:} Paris 29 OC
47, Romsey No 1 1847 8
W.E. Nightingale Esq
Embley
Romsey
Hampshire
Angleterre

Paris, 29 Oct

Friday

{in the top margin vertical} No trouble
about
getting
the pass
port have
we had
here -

Dearest people I wrote to you in such **[7:65]**
a hurry from Havre, that I don't
know what I said - We reached
Havre a little before 12, set off
again at 2, after breakfasting there,
& reached Paris at 11 - it calls itself
7 ¼ hours, but there were stoppages.
& in 24 hours from the time I
wished my Pa & Ma goodbye, I was
in bed, at Hôtel Meurice - My
dear friend is very poorly, rheumatic
pains in her head & she is very
difficult to take care of, however
last night we did stop quiet,
tho we had 2 delightful invitations
from Mrs. Mohl & Mrs. Austin.
Oh that I had an ink bottle
a foot deep, & a year of time
to describe Mrs. Mohl, & the
dress & state I found her in

yesterday morning, she out-
 Clarkes Miss Clarke but
 good kind God of Hymens, {K. has Hymen} how
 much thou hast done for her
 mentally - how happy she is -
 I spent a most delightful
 morning with her - & this
 morn she & Mr. Mohl &
 M. Botta took us to see the
 new Nineveh antiquities - I
 would not not {K. leaves out one not} have seen
 them for the world, for it was
 like opening a new world to me,
 the world of Isaiah's and
 Ezekiel's cherubim & ideas,
 not of the Italian order of
 divine things - But I must
 describe them au long

I have seen Mde Mojon & her husband
 & Benito & Mlle Julie - all came to see me
 & sent you all sheafs of golden messages -
 Also the little Stanley's maid came to
 see me - they wd not let the little girl
 & I have had no time to go anywhere but
 Rue du Bac - which is entirely new doing
 We leave Paris to night (Friday) at 6 o'clock
 we shall have lovely weather, if this lasts,
 for the sea trajet - & are anxious to get on
 to profit by it - we take boat at Châlons -
 Mme Mojon has given us a letter for Rome - I fancy
 we shall be there about the 6th Everything has

prospered with us, excepting only
 her health - We have had two
 bright sunny days at Paris - the
 Madeleine is quite reformed by being
 darker. It looked altogether interesting
 this mornng when we put our heads in
 dearest people - yours con tutto il cuore -

9016/4 unsigned letter, 3ff, pen [7:66-69]

Lyons Monday 1st

Well, dear people, here we are at Lyons, after a most prosperous journey. The entrée to ~~the~~ Lyons is beautiful quite beautiful. The city sits by her river shore, under her crowned heights & stretches out her hand spanning her stream with her white fingers, like a Queen whose broad brow is adorned, not weighed down, with her diadem - she puts forth her hand & over the bridges of her fingers crawl the "hannetons", as in the Presbytère A city to me is more affecting than any creation of nature - she seems to say, Look at me, with my busy veins boiling with joys & cares & anxieties, which you know nothing of, & my great brain full of thoughts & hopes & fears - I felt it more today, because it was La Toussaint, & all Lyons was in the streets, but I am sure they are infected with the mercantile spirit of Great Britain

for, unlike Paris, which looks as if it was making fête on a worky day, they all carried their careworn faces into the fête day - I never saw an uglier race either. The town is beautiful - there are some palaces not unworthy of Florence - Houses are unlike human beings - for the house depends upon his hat, & no substructure will set him off without a good hat, whereas the female should rather begin handsomely & end neatly but *plainly* at the bonnet - All the hats in Lyons are good with broad overhanging Genoese eaves. I am ill at description, you know, & must refer you to a guide book for the Place de Louis le Grand - & for the Cathedral, whose two tall crosses, towering above the heights, (which were trimmed to night with a blaze of Western sky,) stood out against the golden mist, & vapour, like Saints in ~~the~~ a fiery furnace -

We came from Paris which we left at 6 o'clock on Friday night, by diligence to Châlons, because there was no room in the diligence which went by rail till the 6th We reached Chalons on Sunday morning, 35 hours, but they stopped twice, once for 10 minutes, & once for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour for dinner - I am very glad to have done it - you know I feel so much more at home in what is called the hardside of life - & though Mrs. Bracebridge is very poorly indeed, she says that has done her no harm, We rested yesterday (Sunday) at Châlons, went to mass, & came on this morning by the 7 o'clock boat to Lyons, which we reached at 2. We sent Mariette on from Châlons to her friends, telling her to stay & join us at Marseille, but however she arrived at Lyons before us. We go tomorrow by the $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 5 boat to

Avignon, which is only 12 hours - & we have no more land, as there is rail road almost all the way from Avignon to Marseilles. Mrs. B. is very anxious to get on while the weather is fine - & as for me, I did very well during the diligence trajet by drinking 2 cups of coffee & nothing else all the way - Indeed I think I am the better for it - I am writing in a great hurry, as we must be on board by 5 tomorrow - But to take up the thread where I left it - I observed particularly the rail way architecture on the Havre Railway, knowing Papa's curiosity in such matters, & the stations (Débarcadères) are all like the articles we used to make when we were children, with a pincushion at one end, a yard=measure at the other, & a Savings bank in the middle thus
{drawing of building} This I assure you, was the pattern of not one, but all.

At Meurice's we were *au septième*
By a merciful interference our
apartment looked into the yard,
else, if I had looked into that
garden of the wily spider, I must
have committed some *esclandre* &
been taken up by the police. All
Paris calls him the *Père Oriban*, who
is a gentleman in a play with a great
many *brus*, in short *Père Oriban*
means father-in-law, just as *Tar=*
tuffe means - *Tartuffe* - & Paris
knows *Ls. Philippe* now by no other
name - but I am sorry to tell you
that Mrs. Mohl calls it a mere
regal quarrel & laughs at the nations
for taking it up.
We have had the most splendid
weather - not one drop of rain -
Oh that I had time to tell you of
the Nineveh things & M. Botta.
They have got 2 bulls, Gods with
wings, about 20 feet high, which

stood, as far as I can understand at the door of Semiramis's dressing room - as all the other doors had 4 bulls. They were buried 15 feet, but M. Botta dug them up, rolled them to the Tygris several miles, built them a hut there to live in, till he could bring them home by water, when they were deposited at the very Louvre door - We have got twelve coming to the Brit. Museum - These bulls have 5 legs, because when looked at in front, they were to be seen with 2, & when looked at on the side, they were to be seen with 4, wherefore the ground plan is thus - the other side is walled up {sketch} They have enormous pea cocks wings
Then there is a man, the same height as the bulls, about 20 ft, clawing a lion like a cat under his harm, and pressing its paw upon his heart. The lion hangs helplessly but quite resignedly

against the man's breast, exactly like a kitten. It was the very Ideal of calm force - I never saw any thing which gave me the idea of greatness, greatness without change, without disquiet - in the very excess of strength ~~there~~ was grace, as of one moving in his own element - more grace to me therefore than in Aeschylus' Bia in the Prometheus (or Kratos, is it?) who is violently urging on Vulcan, while this Strength stands serene in his own consciousness of power. There are also processions bearing gifts (chariots, &c) to kings; & Gods, with wings not like those of Paolo Veronese's angels, or Raphael's Pere Eternel, but like those of the cherubim in Isaiah's vision & of Ezekiel's chamber of painted imagery - 4 or 6 wings to each God & big enough to carry him. Here were all the Oriental images of the Bible, & here I understood

Lord Lindsay's theory altho' I should interpret it differently This was the Deification of the Material ~~ism~~, of which I should call the Assyrians the Idealizers, the Greeks the Idealizers of the Intellectual and the Italians ~~are~~ of the Spiritual.

No one has yet been able to read the inscriptions, which accompany these things - they are in the *arrow-headed*, but there are four arrow headed s, answering to the time of the different invasions - the Assyrian, improved upon by the Medes, by the Persians, by the Turks. Now the grandfather of Cyrus was a Turk, & these are certainly anterior - certainly therefore 5000 years old Burnouf is hard at work inventing a meaning for them - they believe they will turnout to be Assyrian - Inscriptions were found BEHIND all the bas reliefs - what faith in the Invisible, in unseen eyes

to write inscriptions for *them* & so beautifully written too. M. Mohl crammed learning into me, but I have not time to write it. He is just the same as ever - but there is a conscious pride, when he says, 'ma femme' - speaking of her - otherwise I thought him a little - shy.

If the Assyrian idol was the ideal of calm force, one of our companions in the diligence was the ideal of violent force - she kicked & struggled & cleared the {K. has a } space for her legs, & reminded me of ~~the~~ an infant I heard ask 50 times for its bonnet at the Rempstone infant School, while the other infants were all waiting in turn for their bonnets. Our other companion was a good humoured fat man Conducteur de Diligence himself I think, & we four, for we were in the Intérieur, & Mariette

was one - made up the number.
Nous sommes complets, as the man
said when the door was shut.

Mrs. Bracebridge has been suffering
terribly from rheumatic pain in
her head, & the more she has, the
more anxious she is to get South.

I have not time to read what
I have written, as I must rub
her so good night, dear
people, Mrs. B. makes her
Salam - best love to Hillie
Yours ever ever -

9016/5 unsigned letter, 5ff, pen [7:69-76]

In the boat to Avignon, which won't
go, because of the fog - Nov. 2
Dearest people Now I'll take up my
pen, & burn away, till you fa' ower -
On Thursday mornng, the day after we
arrived at Paris, I set off & walked
to Bac 112, how beautiful Paris is in
the morning sun from the Pont des Arts
Well, I rushed upstairs at old cent
douze, & found the salon standing on
its head, all sens dessus dessous, with
nothing but an old chair, a cupboard
& a heap - in came Mrs. Mohl, in
something which looked like part of an
old clean duster, joined to a petticoat
open in front, & heavens! what a head,
it was like Teazer, when in his rough
state before he is dressed, tying a
fanchette over his head to keep his
hair out of his eyes while he is
washing his face - She put wood on
her fire, which she dragged out from
under the workmen's feet, for she is
reforming her Apartments for M. Mohl's
occupation, & we had a comfortable

coze with our feet in the fire, spinning
old tales, she goes every day to Mme
Recamier now, who is blind, & rather
comfortless - M. de Chateaubriand still
going there every day, but he hardly speaks
a word, he is grown quite torpid, though
it is de rigueur at Mme R's to consider
him as in possession still of all his faculties
but he is almost imbecile, & he suffered
very much from his wife's death, tho'
he never cared a mote for her while
she lived - Mme Tastu is doing much
better & happier & not so poor - her son has prospects of promotion M.
Francois has been
ruined by the Revue Indépendante
which he has given up at last, or rather it has given him up ~~& it~~ &
has left him in debt, & swallowed
up his little patrimony - but he does
not care a bit, he had just as soon
be ruined as not - & he is gone to his
uncle at Lyons, who will leave him
his property, so that he never will
be actually poor. His mother is dead -
He had too much imagination & feeling
for a Reviewer, for he never could
crawl to the great authors, but always
accepted the poor little man's articles
who wanted a sou. Now he is well out

of it. Miss Clarke said she had seen a great deal of him, that he was very cheerful, but no one knew his address at Lyons, I might perhaps have raked him out, if Mrs. B. had not been so poorly. He says himself that he has not the *génie des affaires*, & that every thing must go to the dogs with him -

Poor old Havre, when I landed at you just ten years from the time I first saw your face, I felt not as if I had lived but ten years, but as if I was revisiting you in the next stage of existence, as one feels when one walks by the lighted windows of one's own house outside in the dark, as if one were invisible, & no one knew of one's existence & would be so surprised, if they did, because one is returning to one's last world, oneself in a new one -

Well, after Mrs. Mohl & I had prozed & gossipped at length, she asked me to have something to eat (Victorine is gone, she was packed off at the marriage) so she said to the maid, *Allez nous acheter deux douzaines d'huîtres, vous prendrez aussi un petit*

pain, un seul si on en {K. has eu} a encore besoin, vous
pourrez ~~reporter~~ ensuite sortir dans l'après midi,
en acheter un autre - Les Françaises,
ça mange beaucoup de {K. has du} pain, vous ne
vous figurez pas ce que ça mange de
pain, mais vous & moi nous sommes
bientôt satisfaites - ah ça! qu'est-ce
que vous avez à manger là-haut?
je vais vous donner des oeufs & du
raisin, & she opened her little cup=
board -" (the maid's a German) - "Non",
says she, "il y a encore de la viande."
Presently le tout arriva - oysters,
bread, a bit of cheese & a bottle of
wine ~~were~~ all put on the table without
a cloth, & a bunch of grapes without
a plate, & ~~after~~ we lunched sumptuously.
After another talk, she walked
home with me - M. Mohl does not
live there - he has got Rue de Grenelle
till January, & thinks he may as well
stay there - but he dines with her!
She wrote him a note to come to Hotel
Meurice to see us, & he came - He was
not ecstatic, but I thought he was
shy - They went away, asking us to
come in the evening to meet Botta,
but we were {K. has too} tired, & went to bed,

-2-

while Mr. B went to Mrs. Austin's
{illeg illeg illeg} to meet the
Hallams. I was sorry not to see
them, but it was much better not-
The little Stanley's maid came, a
very nice woman, said the little girl
was always happy & cheerful, though
the bandages Dr. Tavernier puts on
are so tight that she is obliged
sometimes to unstrap them - she has
French, Italian & music lessons &
walks into Paris almost every day
but they know no one absolutely in
Paris - I asked Mrs. Mohl to go if
she could. Dr. T. is very attentive,
but Mme T. has absolutely never
spoken to them - There is one little
girl there, who is a companion to her,
but she will be gone at Xmas. However
her spirits seldom fail, though Dr. T.
as yet sees no improvement. She & her
maid play at chess or something in
the eveng - They are obliged to be
very careful lest she shd take cold,
which was the reason why she did
not come

I did long to take her out of the bandages, & Dr. Tavernier, & put her on a prone couch - for she has so much pain at times that they are *obliged* to unstrap her! They do not much like the food they get, though it is better than all the house's, but she is very well in health.

Then came M. Mojon, Confalonieri is dead, as you know, & his widow, who nursed him enthusiastically, & is now spied upon by the wretched Austrian at Milan, may perhaps spend the winter at Rome - Bordieri, Castillia & Porro are all at Milan, but terribly surveillés since the rows! Mamiani is gone back to Rome, where I shall feloniously indict an epistle from you, Papa, to say that you wish him to give you of his news through me. The next morning, as I told you, came *all* the Mojons, & Miss Clarke at the same time! Nothing could be so awkward, they did not speak, but I had done all I could to help it, & they had come at times I had not appointed, so I parted the combatants in separate rooms, & pretended to think they were strangers. Mrs. B. took Miss Clarke in tow in my bed=room, while I had the others in hers - & Mr. B. took M. Mohl

Then we went to the Assyrians with the Mohls & M. Botta, as I told you & at 5 we set off for the Diligence - off at 6 - It did not stop till the next morning at 9, but just before we got to Auxerre, the place where we were to breakfast, all the gentle men got out for a hill & I turned out - Oh what fun it was - We had been two Diligences in company all the way. (I tried hard, as we passed the forêt of Fontainebleau, by moon=light, to fancy brigands & danger & that we were travelling ~~together~~/ in caravan for safety,) from Jericho to Jerusalem, but it wd not do -) ~~walk~~ so the two Diligences turned out, 17 living souls in each, besides a half doz. of babies, & a score at least of dogs, 3 Algerines turned out of the coupé, peasants out of the rotonde, the basket behind, all sorts of humanity cross, flabby & sleepy, dressed in all sorts of bags, formed for night attire, covered the hill in a moment, & we streamed up, leaving the 6 horses (to each vehicle) to walk up as they liked, & as all along they had seemed to consider the vehicles as entirely under their own exclusive care, they were pleased to come up the hill.

We were not allowed to get out much though - as it delayed us.

We reached Châlons on Sunday mornng at 5 o'clock by a beautiful star light & went to bed for 3 or 4 hours - Mrs. B. says we alter Carlyle's maxim of "Know your work & do it," & ~~say~~/read - Know your way & go it - we have gone it ~~and~~ This morning left Hotel de l'Univers at Lyon at ½ p. 4, & came aboard this Belle Poule, but as it was "brouillard", & the Rhone boats dare not run in the fog, we only got off at 11, & shall not be able to reach Avignon to night - most likely, shall stop at Valence - I am afraid for Mrs. B., who suffers so terribly from these Neuralgic pains, that she wants to get on - but, as for me, I had just as soon be in this boat as at Rome, much sooner than in bed at Lyon, whence we shd not, at all events, have been getting on any more. It's all in the day's business, et je ne demandais rien de mieux than to sit as we did in the cabin, there being too much fog for the deck, with a crowd of people talking Arabic, French

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Irish, everything but English, (as we deserted the ladies' cabin, because they were so cross there & the miserable women did nothing but groan at the delay.) We could not well be in any place more amusing. We are now off - the motion does not improve the natural beauty of my hand. We may perhaps not stop at Avignon at all now; but go on to Arles. I am sorry & shall be sorrier still - if the ~~boats/~~ French boat ~~now is very probable don't/~~ (which we shall have to go by now, as the Neapolitan, the best; will be gone before we arrive) *does not* stop at Genoa, but goes straight to ~~Mars~~ Leghorn. The river is so low at this time of the year, that the boats are very uncertain as to how far they can get before night fall. We want letters to radicals at Rome - as the B.s know no Italians, & want to do so, Mme Mojon gave me one to Orioli - Mme Arconati is at Florence, so I shall not see her at Pisa - & Mrs. B. thinks it doubtful whether I shall be able to go there at all. Miss Clarke is going to ask Hillie to come to her to draw, when the apartment is ready. Mrs. Mohl's marriage was after this wise. Nine years ago, M. Mohl was elected to the chair of Oriental languages at the

Collège de France, which, as you know, is a Govt Institution for the "haut enseignement", that is, everything that you can't get your bread by - they elect their own professors - but the King has the veto. Now Joubert who wanted to have ~~it~~/ this chair persuaded the stupid king & put in all the newspapers, that M. Mohl was a Russian spy, & the K. put in Joubert. At which the College de F. was very irate - & last May, when Joubert died, immediately elected M. Mohl. He was unwilling to accept it, as he had then inherited some money from his father, & as it confines a man for 7 months to Paris, being two lectures a week: Miss Clarke ~~too~~, who was just at that time delibe= rating, & resolving, & weighing, whether she shd make up her mind to pass the Rubicon, wished him to do it, not because of the money, for as she said to me, "We really have too much money, we don't know what to do with it, we are throwing it away" but because of the influence it gives with the Govt. e. g. M. Mohl was the means of sending out this M. Botta ~~(illeg)~~ After that, she was still off & on 1000 times,

"Not because of myself, she said, but because of him, I wanted him to marry somebody younger; but he wouldn't have any body else - But I wouldn't have it breathed to anybody, that I might be able to get off the very last day if I chose - And the very hour I was married I would have given the world that I hadn't gone so far tho' now I wd not for the world have it put back again. But I don't know that it's a crown of what you said - perhaps it's a crown of cypress. Well, the Govern=ment has made all sorts of pre=cautions to keep marriages public, for fear of bigamy, but la! I might have been married before 7 times, for I gave away a few five franc pieces, and dérouté'd all their arrangements. Not a soul knew of it but Josephine till the day before, when I told my four witnesses, whom I was obliged to have, M. Roulin was one - (& Mme Tastu went with me) {illeg} And, as I went a little better dressed than usual, I told Virginie & the portier I was going to a christening. God forgive

me for the lie; I went to Mme Tastu's house, to go from there; & coming back, I desired the carriage to set me down in a street, & I rang at a bell, & asked for "Mme Bertrand" au hasard, & then I walked home - Ah que vous nous avez bien attrapés, Madame, said the portier to me, when I came back from Germany. Well, this was on the 11th, I couldn't set off directly, for I was not ready - so I stayed 2 days to make my arrangements, & pack off Virginie, who does not know it till this day - And one of my witnesses prepared every thing for my going, he was more zealous than I myself in keeping the secret, & enjoyed the managing it, for it would have been all over the town that I & M. Mohl were gone off together - So I drove out with this friend to the Barrière, & he was so *enthusiastic* in the cause, he wanted me to sit back in the carriage, that I mightn't be known. M. Mohl joined us out of Paris, & then you know all about my journey in Germany."

Whatever she may say about the crown of cypress, my loves, she is very seriously in love, & has got a white bonnet, and every thing that is German she is

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also in love with, even to the cloaks & garments, which she declares are better than *Parisian* dress! and she is set upon going to Germany next year, instead of to England - & she is ready to kiss you whenever you praise M. Mohl, who she says, is so misunderstood in Paris, where he is thought a "frondeur" whereas he is so benevolent - &c &c." Now, my dears, remember all this story is SACRED between us because it sounds, (all this mystery) like an escapade, & ill-natured people would say it look as if she were ashamed of it, whereas it was only because she was afraid to the last for *him*. and after it was done, she sent Lettres de faire part to all her friends (the whole circle) quite proper, & only think how disagreeable it wd have been for her to have gone on receiving him, if it had happened & got about that she had refused him. Now, all that was said, was "M. Mohl used to manage all Miss C's affairs & now it's M. (the witness)" Well it's done, & it's all right now, & she is as happy as consists with this earth. Do you want to know about your *Parisian* friends? I have a long

story about Mme. Belgiojoso, with whom Miss C. has rather quarrelled, because the Pesse called upon her (in deep mourning! as did all her old friends,) when M. Fauriel died, & she wouldn't receive any of them. And so the Pesse, who always goes wherever there is distress, because it looks pretty, took pique - Also a long & improper story, about M. Thierry, whose "angel wife" the creature you know is dead; Mrs Mohl goes to see him almost every day now, because he is so miserable & ill, though he's made up of vanity, she say. Josephine is out of Paris. Miss Clarke's little girl is gone to school. She has re-begun to see all her friends, whom she had been 3 years without seeing. M. Botta is a new one, - poor wretch, he caught a fever at the Tigris, & cannot get rid of it. Now I think I have told you all about Miss C. I am afraid she won't come to England -

To resume yesterday, we couldn't get on because of the fog, & were obliged to sleep at Valence after all, & this morning, tho' we were on board by ½ p 4, we are not off yet, & the fog is worse than yesterday, & we are lying by Valence now - We don't know when we shall go, I'm very happy & as we've lost already the best Mediterranean

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boat, which sails this evening from
Marseille, we need not fidget ourselves
any more. These fogs get up at sun
rise, for when we walked down this mornng
it was a beautiful a star light as even
I saw. The stars are already much larger
& brighter. My trousseau, which you
all worked so hard at, answers beau=
tifully - every thing was there - the Dump
has been the comfort of my life, for we
have knocked about so day & night,
that we have always travelled in our
dressing gowns, that we might go almost
unlaced, & I have carried my soap &
sponges in my dump in my bag, that
I might undress & wash at any & all stray
times, else we should never have washed
at all. Also all our odd things go into the
green bag. Mariette saw her relations at Lyon,
as well as at home, & as well content.
Yesterday was the Jour des Morts, which
we ~~passed~~/ saw 10 years ago in the little
churcyard at Argele's, with all the
capulets, dressing the graves - & two
years ago, we buried dear Gale upon it.
My best love to Hillie, I hope she is still
with you - God bless her. I have not had
any of your letters, so please mention
where you have written, that I may
write for them, as I fancy we have
travelled quicker than they have - I hope
you had a pleasant party with P. to

whom recommend me, & the Sherbornes.
I hope poor old Elijah Humby's wife has
been persuaded to have a visit from Mr.
Taylor - also I am anxious to know
whether Mary Flint had the medicines
I ordered for her at Clay's just before
I left Embley - how she is going on. She
was on the verge of insanity. Also,
please don't fail to write to Aunt Ju,
to thank her very much for her note &
her offer, & to tell her that I cannot
CLAIM it for the Spine Asylum, as I
went there 3 weeks ago, & all my
own patients were gone, but that, if
she were to find time, she wd be wel=
come there, 84 Norton St, Gt. Portland St
any time, by using my name to the
Matron, Mrs. Cartwell, but especially
between 2 & 4, Tuesdays, Wednesdays &
Saturdays. If Mrs. Mohl has not written herself to her,
tell her too that she was especially pleased
with At. Ju's letter. Mrs. Mohl still calls him M. Mohl, when
she speaks of him! I want to know
all about every body, but especially
about Shore & Fy Hanford. I am
anxious about your Genoese parcels,
being charged besides with 2 big ones
from *Mme* Mojon. The last half-hour
of the Rhone before Valence was beautiful.
Mr. B. reads at every odd moment, if we
get $\frac{1}{4}$ of hour before table d'hôte, he reads
He also sleeps. I cannot say Mrs. B & I have
been lite {not visible, Keele conjectures rary} but stupid. Bless you,
dearest people, all
{written in the side margin}
Forgive me this stupid {page is torn} - Nov 3.

9016/6 unsigned letter, 1f, pen [7:76-78]

Marseilles, Nov 5

You desired improper stories, dear people,
here is one for you - as told me by Mrs.
Mohl. We reached Avignon late on
Wednesday night, too late to see the entrance.
I could but describe the beauty of
those last hours on the noble beautiful
Rhone, which has carried us like
princes for 2 days - the ruined castles
sitting like goats on pinnacles, of rock,
which no other creature cd climb,
the towns like creations of Nature, not
of man so cloudless & smokeless was
their look, they seemed like cities
of the 7 Sleepers, & not habitations
of busy men & the glorious sky over
all. The sun went down behind
a glow like the pomegranate & a
river like the golden laver of Aaron's
sacrifices - Morning & evening are like
our lives - there must be some clouds
to reflect the full glory of colour & the
perfection of beauty of the Sun of Righteousness
~~but when he~~ or He is gone directly &
there is nothing to retain His glow, but
when day, that is, perfect day, shall come
then there will need no clouds to show His beauty.

The long pillars of smoke against the cloudless windless sky behind us, made us look like the Israelites who turned their backs upon the guiding pillar & went the other way.

The navigation of the Rhone is very exciting. there were always 3 men & generally 5 at the helm, undergoing the most violent exercise the whole time, & by the incessant howling of Doucement - En avant - Un peu plus vite they appeared in a perpetual agitation, perspiration & consternation. We were never aground for more than a minute though we made the most extraordinary bobs & turns. But we passed 3 boats aground & turned back to help them - I rushed on deck, though I was enjoying my bottle below, to see philanthropy, I mean philnavvy, but it was a case of the priest & the Levite, & after we had made the turn, we rewarded ourselves for our resolution turned back & passed by on the other side. Yesterday we came on from Avignon to Marseille by omnibus the first hour then by rail road for 3 ½ hours broad gauge - magnificent carriages fitted up for emperors (it was only open on the 1st) when we came to the end, about 19 kilometres from Marseille, we were all bundled into

{part of the letter seems to be missing}
whom every body was raving about Mme
Augustin Thierry's devotion to her husband,
& he most of all, she never could bear
me, so I left off going there. But after
she was confined to her room, they never
let him see her, for fear it should move
him, and then I used to go to comfort him,
& one day, just before her death she sent
to me to come pour me serrer la main,
& I went & she was very moving, but I
wasn't a bit moved - And M. Delpy
the secrétaire was there, whom all the
world knew was her lover & he said to me
"N'ayez pas l'air de savoir que j'étais
là. Well she died & there was such a
scene - I was with M. Thierry, & Mme
Belgiojoso was there, & a great many
other people, when he was to be told that
his wife was dead, & he went into
convulsions, & M. Delpy threw himself
upon his knees, & vowed he wd be to
him a son, & I really believe he was
in earnest - And then they all went
to live at Mme Belgiojoso's, and
Annette who had been Mme Thierry's
maid devolved to M. Thierry. And M.
Delpy interfered with her authority &
she vowed that he shd go. But M. Delpy
had ingratiated himself with the Belgiojoso's
by praising her book - & she supported *him*

so it was the Princess against the maid. Well, Annette to revenge herself on M. Delpy told M. Thierry all about his making love to Madame, & Thierry from that hour wouldn't speak to M. Delpy. But he never ceased lamenting himself about his wife's loss, & what a wife she had been to him & all that. Then all Mme Belgiojoso's heart centred upon supplanting Annette, Delpy had been sent about his business & she cared no more for him, so she sent for M. _____ & asked him whether it would not be better to tell M. Thierry the whole story, & then he wd cease to regret his wife. No, M. _____ said not. However the Princesse persisted & did it. & supported all she had to tell him by letters. It was a long time before Thierry wd believe it, & when he did, he never from that time would let any body abuse his wife to him -she has been a good wife to me, he said, & I shall not quarrel with her now. And so the Princess gained her point, & Annette was turned out, for poor Thierry said he never could believe any body again. but he has, he has believed that Princess, & he lives there still, with another Sécrétaire -

{in the top margin of the first page}
M. de Chateaubriand was bored to death with his wife, because she adored him & dandled every word he said, but he felt her death very much.

9016/7 unsigned letter, 3ff, pen {arch: 11 Nov 1847} Rome Thursday

Yes, my dears, here we are, I can hardly believe it. On Tuesday the 9th of November, 1847, we came here from Civita Vecchia. The last 3 hours were in the dark, & I felt as if we were passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, on our way to the Celestial City. I looked out every five minutes to see the lights of the city on the hill, but in vain - the earth was sending forth her fragrance of night like an incense to heaven, for the campagna is covered with thyme - the stars were all out - there was a solemn silence, not a trace of habitation, all desert solitude & we were feverish & very tired which increased the likeness of the Valley of the Shadow. At last, without the least pre=

[7:86-89]

paration, not a house, not a suburb,
we knocked at a little gate -
"Chi è la" "Carrozza." "Venga" was all
that passed. the door opened
quietly. not a word at the
guard house - we took up the Doga=
niere on the carriage - just a little
stop, during which I heard the
sound of the fountains of St. Peter's,
softly plashing in the stillness of night,
& in a moment we were passing
the colonnades slowly au petit pas,
I saw the Obelisk, the Dome, the
Vatican, dimly glooming in the twilight,
then the Angel of the Last judgment,
we crossed the Ponte Sant' Angelo -
Oh Tiber, father Tiber, to whom
the Romans pray, a Roman's life,
a Roman's arms, take thou in charge

this day - tho' it was hardly 9 o'clock,
not a carriage, scarcely a living
being, as we drove slowly up
Via di Ripetta, (all was solemn &
still like a city of times gone by)
to Piazza del Popolo, where we
silently & stilly went to bed. I
could not sleep for knowing myself in the Eternal City & towards dawn
I got up, scoured myself, & cleansed
myself from the dust of many
days - & as soon as it was daylight,
(forgive an ancient fool, who found
herself for the first time in her
old age in the land of Rome) I
went out, & I almost ran till
I came to St. Peter's, I would not
look to the right or to the left,
(I know I passed through Piazza
Navona,) till I came to the Colonnades

& there was the first ray of the rising sun just touching the top of the fountain - The Civic Guard was already exercising in the Piazza. the dome was much smaller than I expected. But that enormous Atrio. I stopped under it, for my mind was out of breath, to recover its strength before I went in - No event in my life, except my death can ever be greater than that first entrance into St. Peter's, the concentrated spirit of the Xtianity of so many years, the great image of our Faith which is the worship of grief - I went in, I could not have gone there for the first time, except alone, no, not in the company of St. Peter

himself & walked up to the Dome. There was hardly a creature there but I. There I knelt down. You know I have no art - & it was not an artistic effect it made upon me. it was the effect of the presence of God -

In V's I watched the heavens, there is a wife or a mother, I forget which, who devotes her whole life to the object of her *earthly* love - It is taken from her, & she cannot submit. In the next world, her punishment is to have the object restored to her. but she finds that her soul, enlarged by immortality, is no longer filled & satisfied by it - (& she lives, empty & miserable) - This is the effect of St. Peter's (I think somebody has said so) once

to have seen St. Peter's, & no earthly variety can fill the soul again so as to satisfy it. I did not look at anything, I promised myself that I would keep my mind for the whole - the side chapels are like small churches in themselves - but as I went away, I thought the Pietà should be the exception. Let no one tell me that we have had no pre existence - no recollections we cannot account for - the Pietà was within a yard of the place where I expected to find it - if I describe the spot, you will think perhaps that you told me where to look for it -

I said to myself I would be

home by ½ p 8, lest my friends should be in a fidget. the morning was bitterly cold, after St. Peter's, where one enjoys the climate as one will heaven, without knowing that it is not cold nor hot. I went home by the way we came in the night before. I was not more than 20 min. going to St. Peter's, I am sure - I took a glass with me, that I might drink at the fountains of the Eternal City & I did. When I arrived Pia del Pop, my good people instead of wondering & fidgetting, as I had feared only said, Well I am sure I cannot be surprised at it.

Rome is to me the Rome of St. Peter's, I shall take the Rome of the Caesars

quietly. We spent the day in looking for lodgings, & saw a vast many, only reserving one little walk on the Pincio, where we saw the sun set, in a golden glow, with a purple mist below over the houses, the pines on the Monte Mario standing against the blaze of light, & the dome of St. Peter's looking like a mysterious spectre, an unearthly shadow, not made by hands - then first I understood its size & grandeur - In the eveng I meant to have written to you but I was doing pauli & scudi for Mr. Brace= bridge & drawing up a table of money This mornng we breakfasted at ½ p 7 & saw more lodgings & decided ! we are ~~Santo~~ Via Sto Sebastianello, 8, out of the Piazza di Spagna - Thank

Heaven we are not in that St. James's St.) terzo piano, with a good esposizione al Sole, 2 doors from Serni's - we looked at At Patty's place - but it was too noisy, too like a/watering place- lodging house, this is very quiet, tho' very unassuming. Now I am come home, to write to you, dearest people, the wonders I am in, & then we are going to the Campidoglio, & to see Pius IX come out of the Quirinale, where he now lives. Lunedì is the great day of liberty, the inaugu= ration of the new council to its office - when it goes to hear the mass at St. Peter's & begins its functions in the Unspeakable Presence - which is there,

The great charm of our lodging to me is that they are real good Pietists, we have 2 busts of Pius in the little room! I have had no letters from you yet - the shortest way for me to get them will be for you, I think, to write to all the places where you have written, to send them on here - Fermo in Posta is our best direction, as it delays the delivery to direct them to where one lives - Mrs. B. is not very well, I am sorry to say, Mr. B's Italian is capital, not only his accent, but his fingers, his gesticulations, his jokes, his look out of his eyes are all first rate Italian, - & the lodging house keepers adore him to the amount of many scudi. Our apartment is

only 90 scudi the month, not more than 18, & all the others were nearer 25 - Mrs. B's Italian is not fluent, & mine is almost nil - except with the Cameriera - I am come out in purple and *clean* linen, proprio stupendo - My dressing box & everything which Parthe packed all came out so beautifully. I must write a long letter about Genoa, Pisa & our voyage, which was admirable,
ever dear people yours
in haste

9016/8 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen {direction postmarked: Roma 13 NOV 47, beau FR 2 DE BAIE AUTRICHE 23 NOV 47, ROMSEY NO 28 1847}

Rome. Nov 11: 1847

[7:90-93]

~~Rome~~ My dears, I have seen him - Pius, you know - I have seen him, & he is more beautiful, more charming than even most fervent Pietists could desire. And we did it in the most perfect way, without bustle, without waiting, without crowd. We heard that he drove out every day at 4 o'clock for an hour, (he is now at the Quirinal), so on our way back from St. John in Lateran today, we said, Stop at the Quirinal. The Swiss Guard was at the gate, but the Corporal was so charmed with Mr.B.'s German that he allowed us to enter. we walked up to the very door - two carriages & four black horses to each & some mounted Guardia Nobili (but not more than 5 or 6) were standing at the door - in a moment he came out, punctual to a second - walking quite alone, with a bland cheerful smile, not the least smirk in it, nor shrewdness, he looked like a man who would gain his object by ~~his~~ earnestness & not by sagacity - He turned round so gracefully to give us his blessing, not too much & yet quite in earnest, just what a blessing ought to be. He walked quick & lightly too, he is only 55 & looks like a man in the prime of life. The most striking part of his countenance is its serenity, one would expect so much anxiety, but he looks like a man moving in his own element & therefore happy. Two priests got into the carriage after him, young & active - he was dressed in a white dressing gown, white cap & girdle -(light brown hair, no grey) I was like a child who expects to see the Queen in her crown & sceptre, & did not the least know what a pope in his undress was to be. Now I *will* go to be present at this man's benediction. I could have knelt to receive it today - the father of liberty - the regenerator of the Catholic Church.

How true it is that what one has been striving for all one's life, in one way, often comes to one in another. What one has been looking for in the East, often comes from the West. Here one has been longing & praying for Italian regeneration ever since one can remember anything, but always looking for it in the way of the re-establishment of the Italian republics, & one would as soon have thought of expecting it from a Pope, from the church, as from an old nurse - and here it is come from the very centre of corruption & conservatism itself. I think it makes it so much more grand coming from the religious quarter, & it will thus extend over all Catholicism. Any how, Pius looks like the man to carry it out. We did well to arrive here in time for Monday, the great day. Mr. B has made us each a present of a beautiful plaster medallion of him. So now we shall have four Pio Nono s in our house. Er hat ein lieblishes Gesicht; said the Swiss Guard.

And now, my people, I suppose I must go back to a place I can hardly remember, the boat ~~into~~ Avignon. There was a distinguished looking man on board, whom I could not make out - he talked English with his daughter, French with her aunt, & Arabic with his son & his friend, He was very kind to me & told me a vast deal in very pure & very fluent English, but with a foreign accent, about Algiers & the Moors. It was not till after he had left us that I found out he was a Swede by birth, ~~but~~ /and the English consul at Algiers. He seemed to speak all languages equally easily. I told you how the boat was driven as though à grands guides; - how we arrived at Avignon in the dark. The next morning I enquired after M. Frossard. alas he has left Avignon, is still separated from his wife, & lives near Toulouse. We took a delightful walk on the hill where the church & the Palais des Papes are, but we did not ~~do~~ / inflict the lions anywhere, we came in too tired, so we never did the business but only walked about to amuse ourselves. Then we set off

for Marseille, the first hour in omnibuses, the next 3 ½ by rail, then ~~last~~ where the rail stops, (at ½ p. 6) we were all turned into Omnibuses again - it is my pride & consolation to reflect that none of you (~~if~~/unless you have ~~not~~ been in America) were ever on such a road & in such a vehicle - the road, viz. from the Terminus to Marseille - If they had but left it in its rough state, it would have been passable - but it is my firm conviction that it was mended, & with a mile stones, one in every hole. The man drove full gallop, which was much better, as short & sharp is a mercy - (~~Illeg~~) The impression on the mind was that 10 living souls, who were therein i.e. in the Omnibus contained, and a baby, would come out 10 ½ living bags, in accordance with Nature's principle of shaking atoms into the smallest possible space - The baby had ceased crying - it had become a jelly - Presently, my friends, the man began to

gallop with the drag on - & here, language fails & the pen is at a stand, - I kept my eyelids & lips TIGHT shut, lest my eyes & teeth should jump out, & I not be able to find them in the dark. Thus We reached Marseille at 10, after 19 kilometres of this road & tumbled straight into bed. The next morning

I wrote to you. (Nov 5) for we were to be on board at 12 & there were pass ports to be done, & boxes to be fastened up. The Serrurier I had to mine had a whole Crucifixion tattooed on his arm in blue & red, with a Napoleon standing under the cross. At 12 on a beautiful hot day, we were all embarked on the Ville de Marseille, a Sardinian boat, small & very nice, but the long armed ape, that's me, had to roll up first one leg in a Cornuammonis, then the other, then each arm, before it could get in to its bed. Well,

a woman, an English peeress, got down before us, & took our berths, & when we claimed them, she said she *must* have them & threatened us that her child should cry all night if we didn't give them up. I wd have surrendered mine, because she was so pretty, but Mrs. B. was resolute & I supposed she had

~~some~~ /her reasons & held my tongue. *Several* three several times did that

woman go down with the Captain, & try to bully him into giving her our berths - but he was booked, & didn't care a pin for her, only showed her our tickets. I confess, when she behaved in this way (Mrs. B. had smelt the Principessa long before) my sinful pride was up, & I wdn't have given up my berth. Well when she found this, the best of it was that she tumbled out bag & baggage, & we had the whole of our division of the cabin to ourselves. the

first night, which was too much luck. I lost my berth after all the second night but not to her, but to a Xtian woman The boat was too small for the passengers. We were not off till 2, & a glorious passage we had, 22 hours to Genoa - At dawn

{address follows}

Inghilterra

Miss Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

England

I scrambled upon deck, - we were just off Nice, - people have talked much about sunrise at sea, but nothing can equal the reality There was an arch of rose coloured clouds spanning the whole vault of the sky, - & just below is as if not daring to touch her, was the

silvery crescent of the little moon, & one morning star more hardy peering thro' the clouds, they gradually rose, the everlasting doors lifted up their gates, that the King of Glory might come in, & when he did come in, "in one unclouded blaze of living light," laying his long track upon the waters, as if he grieved to leave them, how beautiful he was, how sublime the alternation of day

& night, ~~is~~, & yet the ~~steadiness~~/unchangeableness of it- there is nothing I dwell

upon with so much pleasure as upon that ~~unchangea~~/invariableness ~~bleness~~ in which is no "shadow of turning". All the beautiful

{Co}rniche we had by daylight & arrived at Genoa about 12.

{Mo}naco does not look so well from the Sea. In '45 you know that he was given up, poor Monaco

{to} Sardinia.

9016/9 partial, unsigned letter, 1f, pen [7:97-100]

You will know what the first light is, of the land of St. Peter's, the land of

Pius the father of liberty ~~was~~ the sun rose perfectly cloudless just behind the white towers of Civita Vecchia, (not ~~out-of~~/from the Sea, as he did

before, but ~~out-of~~/ from the land of the Rising Sun of regeneration) - & she (Civita Vecchia)

looked, as he cast his bright glory round her tower, like a vestal, tending the sacred fire.

We disembarked at C.V., & washed - & in two hours were off (by vettu=

rino) by the seaside road as far as Palo. It is a desert country, nothing

to be seen but magnificent herds of white goats & bovi, which looked fit & acceptable as an offering to Jove. the soil rich, perfectly uncultivated

~~We~~ It is a solemn entrance, fit for the city of the past - we saw hardly any houses - we were nearly 11 hours reaching Rome, which we did thro' the gate behind St. Peter's. I was very sorry beforehand for reaching it in the dark, but now I am convinced that the entrance by starlight ~~was~~/is the most fitting & the most solemn. For the chastened ~~curiosity~~/ anxiety, as to what one will see, (with which one enters St. Peter's for the first time) I believe, CAN only be equalled by that, with which after death one will ~~enter-upon~~/ be curious about the next stage of existence -

Now, dear people, I think I have told you all, & having been fomenting Mrs. B., wh has interrupted many times this precious composition, I must go to bed. Tomorrow I must tell you about the "Capitoli immobile saxum" -

Nov 12 1847

Palazzo dei Cinque Cammini - (so called because it is the only apartment with that ~~convenience~~ /luxury I have seen)

Via S. Bastianello, 8, terzo piano

Pia. d. Spagna Nov 14 Sunday

My dear people Yesterday we moved into this remarkable mansion, which, tho' Mariette turns up her nose, & finds everything "fort commun, suits us uncommonly well. I spent the morning, first of all, in getting our things from the Pia del Popolo, then in buying our breakfast, pane scuro, *proprio Romano* & grapes, then in perambulating Pia Navona, in search of flowers to make us look a little pretty, & a Mass book - & stumbling upon the Pantheon on my way back. And after we were all

9016/11 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen, postmarked: BO 27 NO 27
1847 ROMSEY [illeg] {continuation of 9016/9}

settled, there only remained enough of that day to call on poor Mrs. Crawford in the Corso. Today we went to the English Church, out of the Porta

del Popolo, which ~~it~~ appeared to me not a Communion of Saints, but a Communion of Bonnets, where the ladies brought Attar of Roses ~~for~~/as an incense to heaven, & the "cross upon the green velvet prayer books" reminded me of the Borromean *humilitas*, emblazoned in

silver, on the Milan tomb - in short, I had great difficulty in seeing Him in the midst of us. In the afternoon, we went to the Gesù, that most splendid church in all Rome for lapis lazuli & precious marbles, & heard a capital *predica* from an excellent Italian, on Mosè, the whole of which I will repeat to you, if you will remind me, & which gave me a great many new ideas - & magnificent as was the tabernacle, the congregation was much more like a *homey* feeling - On our way, we saw the streets hanging with tapestry & scarlet & garlands for the Festa of tomorrow, the great day, to do honour to the Consiglio di Stato, & I bought a nosegay of the requisite colours, red & yellow, to give to Mrs. B. for her to throw - We are to go first to the Quirinal to receive the Benediction at ½ p 8 then to St. Peter's in procession to hear the Te Deum, & must be up with the dawn.

To return to Thursday the 11th, We drove to the Capitol - & Mr. B. & I went up to gain a topographical view of the Forum & the contiguous countries. I need not describe them. There first I saw Soracte & looked down upon the Coliseum. they have excavated considerably behind the Capitol & made it much steeper, the only difference. When I had written the 7 hills on my head. & the Basilicæ on my heart, we came down & drove along the Via Sacra, the very stones of the "treble hundred triumphs", which I tried to jolt into my very brains, & stopped under the Arch of Titus. How spiritedly glorious are the bas reliefs - & to think that we were looking at the very copies of the ~~very~~/actual candlestick & ark of the very Temple of Jerusalem itself, how it did realize

the absolute times of Moses, & Aaron's censer - when, "towering 'er her marble stairs, flashed Sion's gilded dome to summer skies," & when that most

poetic & romantic of all religions still assembled a *whole* nation three times a year under that on dome, & a whole nation joyously shouted her own approach, & then silently knelt to wait that of the Lord of her hosts. When I thought that the man, whose sculptures we were still seeing, had himself seen those very vessels, which David perhaps had used, there seemed but one step between that & seeing himself - We drove under the Coliseum, but would not go in, as I thought we had seen quite enough for one day, St. Peter's yesterday, the Coliseum today was too much, but I am afraid its picturesque beauty will never make up to me for its sentimental ugliness - & the contrast between the blue sky, the type of the goodness of God, shining through the rents of the type of the ugliness of man, made it still more striking. We got out at St.

John in Lateran on our way back - what a pomp of platform - the great doors were open, I do not know why, & seemed to unfold their arms to the whole Xtian world. The inside is the most brilliant interpretation of Xtianity I ever saw. We only just walked thro' & drove to the Quirinal, where I told you what happened After we had seen HIM, we went straight home to meditate. The next mornng I ran off before breakfast to see *my* Guido at La Vittoria near Pa Pia, it is so easy to find one's way in ~~about~~ Rome by the Obelisks - but oh woe, it is a poor little tiny thing high up in a side chapel, out of the reach of all mortal eyes & all light & only a copy, the Original having been removed!

After breakfast, Mr. B & I set like lions at the accounts, & did the whole journey out into English money. When all is done, I believe it will come to nearly 80 for ~~all~~/every thing. In the afternoon

we three had a long saunter & meditation under the aisles of St. Peter's, took our fill of the Mosaics, Canova's Lions, the beautiful Genii of the Stuart tomb & did nothing else that day. I am beginning to accustom myself to St. Peter's but my mind is neither large enough, nor strong enough, I find, to enjoy those things as others

do, by intuition, all at once. It is the same feeling that I always have at the Sacrament, my mind is so overwhelmed with awe & almost terror, & so bewildered, that it is only afterwards, that it rises up to the feeling of full satisfaction in these the greatest works

of Earth. I begin to think that Architecture is, after all, the fittest homage of man to the Deity - words are too precise & limited, painting must be an imitation, sculpture is too intellectual. & music too sensual. But I have no very definite impression about St. Peter's yet, so you will forgive the stupidity of this. Pius IX has set up two new statues in the Piazza - Saturday, which was the next day, I have given the account of its great event,

{direction follows}

Inghilterra

Miss Nightingale
or Mrs. N.
Embley
Romsey
Hampshire

England

the moving into our Palazzo - And it is now Sunday night, & I must be early for the great day tomorrow - I can hardly tell you yet the routine of our days - except that we dine at ½ p 5, and spend the evening quietly - All has gone well with us, excepting Mrs. B's health, which has given her much suffering since she arrived. So that material cares take up a good deal of my time & evenings. And yet it does not seem to me as if we had done little in Rome. She means to be well enough to go tomorrow. Mr. B. has presented me with a magnificent white Edition of a new Nibby in Italian, Roma Antica. 2 Vol. Modena 2 Vol in spite of all that was said by Mrs. B. against Guide Books.

{The following paragraph is crossed out} (We know no one in Rome yet but an unlucky sister in law of theirs, who has pounced upon them, & that goodnatured man Mr. B. actually goes almost every evening to sit with her. I don't know any other man who wd do with it.- Take care how you mention me about this woman.)

I never knew such a man
for reading - Sometimes he says, Give me my book. I must read very hard, I'm

{written in the side margin} so provoked, or I must read
hard, I'm so hungry - or
so tired. And they ARE the
most loving couple -

Goodnight, dear people. [end 7:100]

9016/10 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen, postmarked: ROMA 13 NOV, ROMSEY NO25 1847 {2 others illeg} [7:93-96]

I need not describe the sight of the dear old Lanterna - nor the Quatre Nations, where I tried in vain for a peep at *our* apartment. *that* palazzo was sotto riparazione & they wd not let me in. Off I set for San Lazzaro - it is more than half way to the Lanterna. I walked there directly on landing - a beautiful palace just off the road. I ran the bell - - - she was at Florence, & coming back with Biancheri, who was gone to fetch her, on Monday! (this was Saturday) I shd actually pass her on the sea. I begged Colomba (the Cameriera) to show me the house - & would you believe it? Colomba & I sat down & had a good cry. I saw your letter, dear Pop, lying on the table unopened - Colomba showed me the very spot where poor Carolina died, & all the rooms. Biancheri had never been into Carolina's since, & even turned his head the other way, when he passed the windows - how curious the traces of their characters were I found there - there is a great Salone down the middle of the Palazzo - on one side Scia Lydia had furnished a beautiful apartment for the Biancheris, on the other, a pretty little one for herself. Now *he* has moved into this apartment of *hers* on the other side & *she* has moved into *his* late room, next door to poor Carolina's They breakfast & dine together, & Scia Lydia begins to go out in the eveng again. Colomba gave me the whole history of the way Biancheri managed to 'tice his wife out of her darkness & of the last illness of poor Carolina. Ho pianto più che per mia madre - era tanto buona - I tried to take her Colomba with me to show me where she was buried, but she said, No she had never been able to make up her mind to go there & she could not. We cried again over poor Carolina she showed me the apartments once again - & then I was obliged to go - But I was so tired that I sat the rest of the day in San Lorenzo & afterwards in Sant' Ambrogio & did not go back to the Hotel till dusk.

And now I may as well confess that I have made a most unequal distribution of the presents, owing to not being able to get things out, or on land; at particular places - Miss Clarke has got the two Lewises - Miss Bird the Prince, & I must send her Parthe's drawing for her by a private hand. I could not get those to land Mme Ferrucci Parthe's one drawing of me & the Scotchman & Rosa the candlestick, for which all send pretty messages - And M. Frossard's paint box I still have & the paper knife, because Antonio had such another The Bixios, for whom I had parcels from Hilary & Mme Mojon, were not at Genoa either unluckily - so that Genoa was a regular catastrophe.

Sunday Nov 7 was a grand fête day - the King having come to the town for a month. He is disposed to go even farther than is demanded - & it is said he is quite sincere - The Genoese are enthusiastic for the Pope. they have had a Thanksgiving day for him, have subscribed 12,000 fr for the Civic Guard, the ladies have embroidered it a banner, & the young men subscribed for 2 cannons with the Genoese arms to be presented to it I went to morning mass at Stma Annunziata - after breakfast we went back to San Lorenzo, took one look at the divine Guido at San' Ambrogio, which was quite full of people, (S. Lorenzo was overflowing waiting for the King, whom we saw pass to mass) then a glorious walk over the Ponte de Carignano, & stole into a lovely garden for the view & back by S. Stefano, to see the picture, & by a picturesque little Porta Portoria, which I had never seen before into Piazza delle Fontane {M}orose - I was glad to see old Genoa under a brilliant sun, & we took our time & enjoyed ourselves & sat down everywhere & stared into gardens & over walls & then at the palaces in the Strada Nuova - I too stole about the dear old streets about Strada di Banchi & behind Quattro {Na}zione (the front so altered I cannot bear to speak of it) to take one more look at the heavenly Madonna, which speaks {mor}e to my heart than 20 S. Stefanos, & the Loyola in Sant Ambrogio-

But the church was so unnaturally dark that it was impossible to see their beautiful old faces. I cannot describe the glory of that sunny walk on the bastions, which I have mentioned

At 6 o'clock we were to be on board again - we had another beautiful voyage - & au petit jour found ourselves off Leghorn - I was so sorry to see none of that Spezia Coast but I kept up to see the revolving light of the Lanterna as long as I possibly could We made a desperate rush at Leghorn to get to the rail road by 8, but all in vain, the train started under our very noses, (there is always delay at Doganas) & we were obliged to take a carriage to Pisa (2 hours) if we were to have any time there at all. I left Mrs. B. washing at the Ussero, & ran, all dirty as I was, to the Ferruccis. I had had no letter from her, & was so disheartened by my ill-luck at Genoa, I hardly expected to find her. I met M. Ferrucci & Antonio on the stairs & stopped them to ask the way, without

knowing them. They recognised me, kissed my hand & Mme Ferrucci came screaming down. She had had my letter & overwhelmed me with joy. We all set out in a short half hour to join the B.'s at the Duomo & Campo Santo - we had to be off again at 1 by the rail road, so we had but 3 hours together - but she gave me her Canzoni on the Pope, two letters for Rome, told me all her family affairs, how blest she was in her children, how they were her vita, how she had not one single intimate Amica at Pisa, but men coming in every evening, very good men, how she never left Rosa for one single morning much less day, how she was writing on Educazione Morale delle Donne, how good her husband was to her, & how happy she was, specialmente in the risorgimento of Italia. I shd not have known Antonio & Rosa - She was not only overpowering, but touching in her cordial affection, & tenderness. I wish it did not cost too much to send you a letter I found from her at Livorno. We were ~~able to be~~ like old intimate friends in the first five minutes They walked with us to the Station & we arrived at Leghorn four mortal hours before the boat started - but it was the last train

we were so tired, that we were glad to have the cabin to ourselves for 1 hour or 2 to strip & wash before the crowd arrived. Mrs. B. & I thro' the whole journey always carried our sponges, soap, & brushes every where about with us in my green bag, & if ever we had half an hour or a room to ourselves, off with our clothes, a rush at the pie dish, a covenant about the towel, mutual sacrifices, & a wash. At last we came to think that we were wasting our time, & not attending to our improvement; if we ever saw a basin in a solitary place, without taking advantage. & it was meat & drink to us. If it was dinner v. wash, I always found it better worth my while to prefer the latter, & I assure you without such an enthusiasm as ours we should never have seen the soap at all. In our cabin it was out of the question.

{address follows}

Inghilterra

Mrs. Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

England

Towards 6 we were off again. the wind was getting up - there had been an earthquake at Pisa the day before - & the weather always changes after a terramuoto. {K. has terremoto} This was the most solemn night of my life - I was to see St. Peter's the next day - I stayed up late on deck to prepare myself.

There was a rushing sound of many waters - I liked to feel the strong night wind on my face & the spray on my hair there was not a star to be seen, but the revolving light on the Island of Elba was long in sight, disappearing & reappearing. There was a little white mist below it, which took the shape of the figure (& the light ~~figure~~) of the glory round the head) of our Saviour when he walked upon the sea, & the long flickering stream on the l{e}aden stormy waves, which grew alternately bright & ~~then~~ disappeared, was like the stream which poured from his steps, as he walked. And I wondered whether any of us would have had faith enough like Peter {ev}en to risk to sink. When Elba was out of sight, I was obliged {to} go down at last, for the deck was quite solitary. The wind fell {du}ring the night - & at 6, when I came up again, the first thing I saw right

{written in the margin}

ahead was Civita Vecchia.

Rome - Nov 12. 1847

9016/12 [Keele X 46-51] unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen
 {postmarked: II 25 NO 25 1847 2 PONT 2 24 Nov 47 MARSEILLE {another
 illeg} [7:101-05]

Rome - 16 Nov. 1847

Now, dear Papa, I must write you a political letter, "from your own Correspondent". The great day is over & what a day it has been. If we live for 200 years, we never can see such another, such an occasion in such a place. One does not expect in these times & with our manners & customs to live to see such an one. Do you know I had rather have been present at this than at the trebly hundred triumphs, it is a day taken out of heaven & put down upon earth, a day apart from the rest of one's life, an epic poem condensed into one hour of common existence - Would we had a Homer to write it.

After this, I can hardly bear to give you the vulgar particulars - We went out at 8 o'clock, & walked straight to the Quirinal, where the crowd was already assembling, but we did not see an Englishwoman the whole day - I wanted to climb up the Cavalli, but not being able, we took up our station close to the gate & saw all the Monsignore drive in, with Roman equipment complete. By this time the flags quite new, of the 14 Rioni had assembled, each Rione its own colours & arms - Then we examined the ensigns of the Provinces.

But here must come a digression upon what this Consiglio di Stato is, whose Apotheosis we were making. It is quite distinct from the Municipal council of 100, with which the English confuse it. It is composed of 24 members, 3 from Rome, 2 from Bologna, & from the other 19 provinces one each - viz Ravenna, Ferrari, Forli, Urbino e Pesaro, Velletri, Macerata, la Comarca, Ancona, Fermo, Perugia, Spoleto, Rieti, Viterbo, Frosinone, Ascoli, Camerino, Orvieto, Benevento & Civita Vecchia.

These were chosen by the ~~Legate~~ Capo di Stato of each place sending in 3 names, of which the

Pope chose one. This was necessary at first, when one considers the very difficult business they are to be engaged upon, viz nothing less than reviving the old municipal institutions of the republics. But after this time, the mode of Election is to be ~~(illeg)~~ popular & I will tell you when I have time tomorrow what it is -

Barberini, Odescalchi & the Advocate Vannutelli are the Consello of Rome - Minghetti, to whom Mme Ferrucci has given us a letter one of the Bologna two - Their office is to be merely a consultative one - the Pope binds himself in nothing to accept their resolutions but reserves his Veto. They come to a resolution by a simple majority - But every one says that there is not the smallest doubt but that they will ultimately become a Ho. of Commons, as powerful, as effective as ours. The Pope has a Veto upon them - has our Queen, does she use it? I have a list of the names - {in}

my hand - there is but one Priest among them. I see 14 names of the Middle Class - 10 of the Nobility - A Mastai for Urbino e Pesaro - I believe he is the brother of Pius. This is the Consultative Assembly.

it will hold its Sessions in the Vatican. where it sat for the first time yesterday. The Municipal Assembly of 100 which does not come into force till Xmas, will have all the rights of the Old Municipality of Rome which, till the time of Rienzi was ~~the~~ politically the freest in the world. It will have absolute self-government. (In 1347, Rienzi, with his Vision of a Senate, upset the Municipality, & demanded a Republic from the Popes. Clement VI, or whoever was Pope then, I forget, was too glad. the Popes were tired of being driven out every 3 months by the "rows" of the Savelli & Colonna & great rival families, so they abolished the Municipality, which had absolute civil power, & made one Senator for the "Senatus" & 4 Conservators for the "Populusque" "Romanus.") {Ma}rtin V (Otho Colonna) whose Election ended the great Western Schism in 1417 confirmed all this & so it ~~has~~ stands ~~till~~/at these present great

days. All the business of the town & country is done by Convocations of Ecclesiastics, there is a Convocation for the streets & sewers, a Convocation for the woods & forests, a convocation for the taxes & so on. Now these Convocations are to be *merely* executive, the Municipal Council is to have the *whole* legislative power, the power of making & raising taxes, of every thing in short, which concerns the self government of a city. the Convocations are merely to obey - & in the Municipality are only 4 priests. Now, {se} if it was not a great day which began this wonderful {c}hange, this restoration of an Italian republic - (The Municipal {Cou}ncil also decides by simple majority) But I have a great {de}al more to tell you about *him* & his mode of election - {p}resently -

The Civic Guard was assembling in the Piazza Quirinale i.e. those who had their new clothes - the others were stationed {in} different parts of the city. you know they are on the {pr}inciple of the National Guard- they march so grandly, serrés, like the old Roman phalanx, & look as if they {cou}ld bear down Austria with their mere weight - After we {ha}d spent 2 hours in the Piazza examining these & the {ens}igns of the Provinces, & talking to the people, & seeing there

was no Papal Benediction coming, (the Consultori were all this time inside the Palace, receiving the Investiture from Pius) we walked along the whole line, which the Procession was to follow, ahead of them, in fact - Imagine those streets & palaces hung with tapestry, (representing the battles of the Dorias, Colonnas, the several families, whose palaces they were, & who had commanded armies,) & with triple rows of scarlet & yellow hangings, wreaths of laurel, ~~decorated~~/mixed with yellow flowers, hung from palace to palace & across the streets, every 50 yds a banner with such mottos as these. Sia caldo il vostro dire, Questo calde le nostre speranze, Sian grandi il vostri consigli, Quanto grandi i bisogni del Popolo - the streets lined with peasants from the Campagna - & every step of the way sown with fresh sand & stewed with yellow flowers, (the colour of the State) every ~~officer~~/soldier with a myrtle branch in his cap, imagine too a whole people solemn & earnest, the grave Roman character, no swearing, no bustle, every one making room for others, & nobody screaming or pushing - no ugly sounds of any sort. We reached.

our window in the Corso - the procession passed - what can I tell you about it? If I say that first came each Rione with its banner, then the carriages of the 24 greatest names in Rome, each lent to carry a Consultore, before each Consultore his name upon an ensign, (such an ensign exactly as used to carry the names of the old Roman legion,) & the name of his province upon another, with a beautiful ~~(illeg)~~/targa between, ~~(illeg)~~/viz a sheaf of arms, you know, with drapery - before each carriage a band of instruments, & behind, walking, 50 or 60 of the most respectable citizens of the Province, in black, with serious, earnest faces. --~~what~~ the whole closed by the Civic Guard. if I say this, what impression do I give you of the one idea animating in unison so many organizations, of the golden shower which fell upon them from the windows, every one scattering golden petals from their noses & throwing wreaths on the carriages - Of all Rome sending forth one rapturous cry, & yet hardly that, for the people were too much moved - too much in earnest to shout.

But all this was nothing. The moment the Procession had passed, Mr. B. & I rushed by a back street to the Piazza di Ripetta, crossed the Tiber in the ferry boat, (very nearly pushed in by the press, but all I thought of was, if we fall in, we shan't be in time) happily landed, ran to St. Peter's, through the Campagna & in by Porta Angelica, & coming out under the Colonnade, there we ~~just~~ met the

Procession just moving up the steps of St. Peter's. Oh what can I compare it too? I could have cried out, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel & the horsemen thereof," tho' perhaps you will laugh & think the toggery of the Roman hordes not much like that. But it was the chariot of Rome going up to heaven into the Unspeakable Presence

{address:} *Inghilterra*
 W.E.Nightingale
 Embley
 Romsey
 Hampshire
 England

& the Angel of the Judgment looking down over all - I really thought he waved his sword - The great doors of St. Peter's opened to receive them - Bare headed & with serious faces, fit for the Presence of God, they moved up the Piazza & lowered their standards before the High Altar. All Rome poured in behind them, streams & rivers of people, & they never seemed to stop, more streams poured in & still the church did not fill, it seemed hardly to become any fuller for the multitudes, tho' they were scarce to be counted for their number, as if the Vaults were infinite, like the Vault of Heaven - We went quietly in, after the procession had all entered, & reached the high altar. There was no Te Deum - the consecration was performed in silence - & in silence the Cardinal, (Antonelli) president of the Council, walked out & after him the Consultori, who were now sacred, & therefore not to be mixed with their Princes, who had brought them there in their carriages, & who now followed behind. The Consulta

went directly to the Vatican - the Princes to their homes. I must finish tomorrow

{in the margin} Mr. Bracebridge says, Will you pay the 50 to Glynne's. The Ex= change here is not in our favour. & it will be best for both you & him to pay it {to} his *London* Banker's thereof.

9016/13 [Keele XI 51-57] unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen,
postmarked: 2 MARSEILLE E PONT 24 NO 47 ROMA 18 NUV 47

Nov 16. 1847 Palazzo dei Cinque Cammini [7:105-09]

Sala del Laterano

Dear Papa You know that I have had no letters from you yet,
& it is three weeks today since I left home.

I don't know where I left off in the account of the great day
I wrote in such a hurry
so you must forgive me if I say some things twice over, & leave
others unsaid. The consiglio di Stato has a Cardinal president
(Antonelli) & a Monsignor Vice President (Amici) besides the 24
But as these have only simple votes, & it is provided by Article 26
that every Member shd have the right of proposing resolutions, it
does not much signify - it is only 3 ecclesiastical votes out of the
26 - (including Mons. Pacca, the Consultore from Benevento.) The way
the new Deputies will be elected (after this *first* House of
Parliament)
will be this - each municipality of every town in every province will
send 3 names to the chef lieu / capo luogo of that province - the
municipal
council of that chef lieu will out of these, elect 3 names - &
send them to the Pope who will choose one - so that the Municipal=
ities of the villages are the first sieve, that of the chief town
the second & the Pope the third. Orioli, who called upon us this
morning, (Mme Mojon's introduction,) said that about half the names
of the present Consiglio were very satisfactory. I had a good
look at Card Antonelli yesterday. (Mr. Bracebridge having placed
me just inside St. Peter's doors, so that I was face to face with
the Card) & I thought he looked active, ingenious & not astute.
The most extraordinary part of yesterday 's Exhibition ~~was~~ the
perfect total absence of priests - 2 Franciscans, whom I took for
beggars, & 1 or 2 others, were literally all I saw.

The Municipal Council is after this wise - Some months ago
Rome was in that state as to have literally none - The city was
therefore divided by Pius into two classes, which are again subdi=
vided - The first class is of *rentiers*, the first division those of
venti
mila scudi, the 2nd of 15 mila scudi & so on down to "mila scudi".
The second class is of professors, merchants, tradespeople & all
who are not rentiers - The first class furnishes 64 members
to the Munl Counl. the 2nd, 32, & the priests 4. I fancy the
Pope has named this first ~~Members~~ Council, but I know it is to *renew*
itself (within the classes) all'Inglese - It is irresponsible to any
other power, & its resolutions are without appeal or revocation.
It is at present poor, that is, it will have about half a million
scudi, but the city has great possessions, of its own, which when

properly administered, will be worth between 1 & 2 millions. So much for the Councils. As to the liberty of speech, it is absolute. You may say in the Caffè Nuovo, that the Pope is an imbecile & that you will throw the Cardinals out of the window, or words to that effect. The liberty of the press is almost as absolute. Gioberti's & other books against the Jesuits are selling in all the shops. Since the starting of the first news=paper, the Contem=poraneo, 7 months ago, they have flocked in, like swallows to the Sun. There are now 27. The Bilancia, which was the second, & of which Orioli is the Editor, is the Moderate one. The Contem=poraneo has undertaken to unveil all the sins in the finances, unmask all the civil robbers, & does it very well. It attacks Torlonia especially - The Speranza, the Italicco &c are others, which go far.

There was one little cloud yesterday, which had no business to appear, when all the rest of heaven was clear - It was this. The Americans, the English & the other states of Italy had all meant to have their banner each, & walk in the procession. And we left Mrs. Crawford hard at work on the American banner on Saturday night. But on Sunday, it was found that it was meant to "arborer" the banner of the lega Lombarda which means, you know, death & destruction to the Austrians, & is in fact the signal of revolt, that the Venetians meant to walk with this, & the Neapolitans to carry their banner, hung with crape, in signal of their dislike of their king. This would have been so imprudent, that the Pope sent at 12 o'clock, on Sunday night, to forbid *all* the banners, so that was the reason why we had not ours. But in the evening of the Day of Processions, the banners did not choose to be cut out entirely & they made a little promenade. They stopped under all the Embassies & at Ld Minto's windows, & Ld Minto appeared, & cried, Viva l'Indipendenza dell'Italia. The French, I think, Ambas=sador also responded. But no other Embassy did. This circum=stance has annoyed the Pope, & it has not been allowed to find its way into any of the Papers. There is enough Censura for this. Otherwise the day passed off without a cloud. There were illumina=tions in the evening - & a festa da ballo at Teatro Apollo - but we should have thought it a profanation to go out & blur the impression of the morning. I don't know whether I told you what a capital appearance the Civic Guard made at the Quirinal in the

morning, where we spent 2 hours - there was an old fellow we called Marcus Aurelius, with a great myrtle in his helmet; who was disciplining them. The dress is very handsome - dark blue with helmet & scarlet feather. But I don't know that I didn't think the Civic Guard in their own garments still

more *handsome!*

It was so touching to see the poor fellows mustering their best for this occasion.

Whom should I meet in all that crowd but Mr. Roberts? He spoke to me, & I was obliged to ask him *who* he was. He is come to Rome for the winter, & we had some pleasant talk. The Procession walked by a very circuitous road from Quirinal to Vaticano, & *all* this was hung in the way I told you, & the "rough places made smooth" by fresh sand all the way, as in the old Triumphs. Every balcony & window was crowded to the roof of those great palaces - & the streets too. But we saw no soldiery clearing the way - all fell back of themselves, like the walls of Jericho, when the trumpet was blown. But it was in the Piazza di S. Pietro that was the greatest effect ~~was~~ — ~~There~~ Imagine that Piazza a wilderness of people, the two fountains, still playing their ethereal games among them, every building hung with tapestry, the soldiery just enough, (& not too much to alarm the people) ranged, the red plumes on one side, the white on the other & the Cavalry at the bottom of the steps, & imagine thro' this wilderness, the crimson & yellow banners, the ensigns, & the Roman carriages strewed with flowers, defiling, & us coming upon all this, as we did, from that quiet deserted "ruelle" of Porta Angelica, & you will be able to fancy that no such picture could be produced in any other place, & that probably no such event will ever take place in this world again. Each Consultore was accompanied in his carriage by the most considerable people. We did not pay one bajoc all the way except for our window in the Corso. We walked quietly of ourselves into St. Peter's, (how different it wd have been in England, and, after it was over, we turned off into our desert Vicolo, & on to the Campagna again as far as the ferry, that we might not have our ideas disturbed by a hackney coach & common life so soon. And as we spent the rest of the day at home. That this was no flare-up of popular election-feeling, that out of it something must come, it was impossible not to feel. It is said that Tuscany is marching too fast. There ~~Mme~~/the Ferruccis said the liberty of the press was the same as in England - & they had every thing, every

thing they want - They have 3 liberal papers, & they are almost frightened at what they have got. then the Piemontese {K. has Pie[d]mont} papers will be coming in now. There have been unluckily little tumults in Tuscany in consequence of this great progress. Lucca was like a special interference. Oh what a moment is this! We see Orioli, (Mme Mojon's friend) Mr. Hamilton, the convert & priest (such a "get-up" as clear starchers say with a black silk petticoat on his shoulders, such as I have not had these five years & never shall have again. He must astonish the Romans -) And we are to know by Mme. Ferrucci, Minghetti

& Pepoli. But we have kept aloof from English friends as yet, as we did not want to know except what was necessary & that the Romans cd best tell us. Are you tired? I have a great deal more, civil & political, to tell, but not tonight.

{address} *Inghilterra*

W.E.NIGHTINGALE

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

England

Today we went to repose ourselves in Cajo Sestio - & to S. Paolo fuori le mura - the last to me painfully disagreeable - like Almack's - from the Galley slaves working in chains in the atrio, to the Altar piece, every thing excepting the old mosaics, & the two Baveno columns, positively obnoxious. It was not a more painful shock, when some one, whom I had been taking the Sacrament with, said to me - What bad wine it was, wasn't it? But we drove home by the Ponte Rotto, (And he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home, And he spake

to the noble river which rolls by the towers of Rome) - And ~~we came back~~ by that desert part on Mt. Aventine - & the little white moon, colourless, lifeless, as she is during the splendour of the sun, looked down upon all. And I thought she was the emblem of the lifeless beauty of the Aventine. We went into the Lambruschini gardens, to peep at St. Peter's through a hole, (like going to a vile Diorama, ~~I thought~~/methinks) And then home, with a

view of the Alban Mounts. The first time I saw them, I thought that the lights were like sun=lights, & the shadows, such shadows you never see in the North except by moonlight so that Rome

by one & the same light

{written in the margin} unites the splendour of the two

~~lights~~ the sun & the moon. I have drunk

at Trevi. I am pining for

letters - I suppose Parthe is

gone to the wedding - So the

Ho. meets on the 18th

Wellcome Ms 9017

210

ever yours, dear people.

9016/14 [Keele XII] unsigned letter, not in FN hand, 3ff, pen {arch: M.V. from Rome 1847 Nov}

We had a good look at Cardinal Antonelli yesterday, being placed of ourselves just inside St. Peter's doors & so face to face with the Cardinal, & I thought he looked active, ingenious & not astute {see p. 56 above} The most extraordinary part of yesty's proceedings was the absence of priests - 2 Franciscans, whom I took for beggars, & 1 or 2 others, were literally all I saw. The Municipal Council is after this wise - Some months ago Rome was in that state as to have literally none - The city was therefore divided by Pius into two classes, which are again subdivided - The first class is of Rentiers -, the first division those of venti mila scudi, second of quindici mila & so on down to mila scudi. The second class is of Professors, Merchants, Tradespeople & all who are not Rentiers - The first class furnishes

64 members to the Municipal Council
the 2nd, 32, & the Priests, 4. I fancy
the Pope has named this first Council
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It attacks Torlonia especially, &c-
There was one little cloud on the
great day, which had no business
to appear, when all the rest of heaven was clear." - -
& here she tells how the Amern
English & the other states of Italy had intended
to walk with their banners in the
procession- - -"We left Mrs. Crawford
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how it was found that the banner of the Lega Lombarda, signifying Death & Destruction to Austria & in fact, the signal of revolt, wd be raised & that the Neapolitans meant to hang their banner with crape, in token of dislike to their king. - how this wd have been so imprudent, that the Pope sent at 12 o'clock on Sunday night, to forbid *all* the banners, how they, on the evening after the Processions, not choosing to be cut out entirely made a little promenade & stopped at all the embassies, when it is reported that Lord Minto appeared at his window & cried, "Viva l'independenza d'Italia." I think the French Ambass responded. but no other did. how circumstance annoyed the Pope, & it was not allowed to find its way

into the papers. There is eno' Censura for this.. There were illuminations in the evening - & a festa di Ballo at the Teatro Apollo - but they wd not go out & blur the impression of the day -. Did I tell you what a capital appearance the Civic Guard made at the Quirinal? There was an old fellow we called Marcus Aurelius, with a great myrtle on his helmet, disciplining them. The dress is very handsome dark blue with helmet & scarlet plume but I don't know that I didn't think the Civic Guard in their own garments still more handsome! it was so touching to see the poor fellows mustering their best for this occasion.

All the circuitous road by which

the procession moved from Quirinal to Vatican was hung in the way I described & the rough places made smooth by fresh sand all the way as in the old triumphs. every window crowded to the roof of the great palaces - no soldiery clearing the way - all fell back of themselves, like the walls of Jericho, when the trumpet was blown. But imagine the Piazza di S. Pietro a wilderness of people, the 2 fountains, still playing their ethereal games among them - every building hung with tapestry, soldiery, (not too many, so as to alarm the people) ranged the red plumes on one side the white on the other & the cavalry at the bottom of the steps, imagine thro' this wilderness, the crimson & yellow

banners, the insigns, & the Roman carriages strewn with flowers, defiling, & we coming upon all this, as we did, from that quiet deserted ruelle of Porta Angelica - you will be able to fancy that no such picture cd be produced in any other place.

We did not pay one baisi the whole way save for the window in the Corso. I fear it would have been different in England, & after it was over, we returned off into our desert Vicolo, & into the Campagna again, as far as the ferry. -

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& back by the desert part on Mt. Aventine,
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Diorama, methinks - & then home, with a view
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them, it seemed that the lights were like
sunlights, & the shadows such as you never
see in the North except by moonlight -
so that Rome by one & the same light
unites the splendour of the two -

I have drunk at Trevi

Nov 16

{p. 40 above} I have seen him - Pius, you know - I have seen him, & he is more beautiful, more charming than even most fervent Pietists could desire. And we did it in the most perfect way, without bustle, without waiting, without crowd. We heard that he drove out every day at four o'clock for an hour, (he is now at the Quirinal), so on our way back from the Lateran today, we said, ("Stop at the Quirinal." The Swiss Guard was at the gate, but the Corporal was so charmed with Mr. Bracebridge's German that he allowed us to enter- we walked up to the very door - Two carriages with 4 black horses to each, & some mounted Guardia Nobili but not more than 5 or 6 were standing at the door - in a moment he came out, punctual to a second - walking quite alone, Er hat ein lieblishes Gesicht; sd the Swiss Gd. with a bland cheerful smile, not the least smirk in it, nor shrewdness, he looked like a man who would gain his point by earnestness & not by sagacity - He turned round so gracefully to give us his

blessing, not too much & yet quite in earnest, & as it ought to be. He walked quickly & lightly too, he is only 55 & looks like a man moving in his own element. Two priests got into the carriage after him, young & active. He was dressed in a white dressing gown, white cap & girdle, light brown hair, no grey. I was like a child who expects to see the Queen in her crown & sceptre, & did not the least know what a pope in his undress was to be. Now we *will* go to be present at this man's benediction. - the father of liberty - the regenerator of the Catholic Church. How true it is that what one has been striving for all one's life in one way, often comes to one in another. What has been looked for from the East, often comes from the West. Here one has been longing & praying for Italian regeneration ever since one can remember anything, but always

looking for it in the way of the re-establishment of the Italian republics, & one wd as soon have thought of expecting it from a Pope- from the church, as from an old nurse - & here it is come from the very centre of corruption & conservatism itself. I think it makes it so much more grand coming from the religious quarter, & it will thus extend over all Catholicism. Anyhow, Pius looks like the man to carry it out. Mr. B has given us each a beautiful medallion of him.

{p. 56 above} Nov 16

I don't know where I left off in my account of the great day, forgive if I say some things twice over, & leave others unsaid. The Consiglio di Stato has a Cardinal President (Antonelli) & a Monsignor Vice P (Amici) besides the 24, but as these have only simple votes, & it

is provided by Article 26 that every Member shd have the right of proposing resolutions, it does not much signify - 'tis only three Ecclesiastics out of the 26 - including M. Pacca, consultore from Benevento. The way the *new* Deputies will be elected (after the first Ho: of Parlt) will be this each municipality of every town, in every province will send 3 names to the Capo Luogo of that province The municipal council of that Capo Luogo will out of these, elect 3 names & send them to the Pope who will choose one - so that the Municipalities of the villages are the first sieve, that of the chief town the second & the Pope the third. Orioli, who called upon us this morning, (Mme M's introduction,) said that about half the names of the present Consiglio were very satisfactory

9016/15 unsigned letter & direction, 1f, pen {direction postmarked: JP
30 NO 30 1847 MARSEILLE 26 NOV 47 (12)}

Rome Nov 20

Yesterday, dear Pop, was my first day at the Vatican, my intro {right
edge is missing}{duction}

I hardly knew what I was to see; It is only open on Thursday
Mondays, & as there is but one entrance, you have to be pra {?} thro'
the whole. At last we sat down to worship in the lit{tle} Tribune before
the Apollo. I had not the least expectation {of} him. the sublime repose,
after he has shot off his arrow, with{out} excitement, without anxiety,
as to whether it will hit its mark the supernatural lightness, & here too
the almost feminine deli{cacy} & softness of the mouth - the same as the
Xtian idea of super human strength - & yet how different - I never so much
how ours was the 'worship of grief,' (in that face of our God which I have
now,) & theirs of heroic happiness (in this their God)

The Perseus

with the Medusa head in the next room is such a contrast - beautiful &
great - but he looks so pleased with himself, so surprised at what he has
done, so enraptured with his own success - as if he had failed before - &
were saying now, Look here, I've done it see, here is the head ! While the
Apollo stands there, free from consciousness, as from triumph serene in
his security, the type of Free Will. can never lose the ~~consciousness~~
/ recollection of our poor selves, of course while we {edge of page

torn}

do things with difficulty, while we are still uncertain whether we shall
succeed or not. The triumph of success may be great & delight but the real
divine life, eternal life, is/comes when to will is to do, when the will is
the same thing as the act, (& therefore the act, unconscious.) ~~This is~~

the expression of the Apollo, the ~~expression~~/look of immortality is in
his face - still more perhaps in the famous Jupiter's head - I was so struck
with the *absence* of the sentiment of success in his countenance - so
different from the bullying conscious superiority of the Caesar in the same
room.

Thine in furious haste

I cannot bear the Laocoon - That the eternal marble ought to perpetuate
only eternal feelings seems a truism, & here it is, perpetuating a transitory
expression of physical pain. there is nothing immortal in their countenances,
the highest praise which can be given to any of our feelings Most of us
cherishing as our habitual trains of thought & sentiment such ~~feelings~~
/a kind that it

passes, so to speak

the power of the Almighty to raise us ~~again~~ to another life. We *must*
die. There are two splendid

Wellcome Ms 9017

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brutes, the Fisty Cuff men - a most beautiful monster of sensual strength. The Jupiter head I must see again & again but I

{top & left side of the page is torn} how well I have expressed to you what it makes one

You must imagine it & you will, I know. It is the {per}fect balance & harmony of all the faculties - which prevent {hi}m from saying to himself, I am this, or I am that, as we do, I can do this, because he has never known what it is {?}t to ~~be able~~/can. The Caesar opposite says (with all the inflexions)

in every muscle of his face, *I* have conquered Rome, I HAVE conquered Rome, I have CONQUERED Rome, I have conquered *Rome*. The Jupiter has that perfect grace in power, where the divine *Will*, pure from exertion, speaks & It is done. But words are hopeless to express {direction}
Angleterre

Miss Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampstead

England

these ideas. they can only be ~~done~~ incarnated by these sublime types Oh who shall calumniate God & blaspheme ~~His Goodness~~ by saying that he left a whole world without inspiration, without communion with his Spirit, till the coming of his Son, (except one little corner of it) Do we not meet the Greeks here halfway in the ladder to Heaven, in the struggle upwards to the Ideal of Free Will, that ideal ~~of free will~~, which ~~places~~ /is to us ~~on~~ the bridge, by which our spirits cross the dark torrent of time & earth & sensual things to the Holiness of God - which is to us the Word, by which we understand the thought of that Holiness - the electric chain between us & ~~Him~~/it. For What is Holiness?

9016/16 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen [7:110-15]

Palazzo dei Cinque Cammini
Sala del Vaticano

Nov 19.1847

My dearest I have just had your letter the first news from England since I left it. - more than 3 weeks - it seemed so long - It is 13 days post to Rome. for your letter, dated the 5th, only reached us the 18th, so that we beat the post out & out for punctuality, dispatch & diligence. Also many many thanks & best love to Hillie for her letter, which gave me *real satisfaction*; tell her dear heart, a thing rarely met with here below - & filled me with truest joy by all its particulars concerning home, both exterior & interior - as also concerning W. Wellow. I hardly dare hope that she is still at Embley. If you have written to any other places than Rome, please write to have them forwarded, as yours= & = Hillie's of the 5th, you understand, is the only *one* I have had. Also tell her that she divines what one wants to know by inspiration or by sympathy, which is the same thing - Well, my dear, I am in Rome, a fact of which your letter informed me for the first time. Really though I am obliged to say to myself occasionally a due occhi, sono in Roma, sì, sono in Roma,

sono in Roma, & pinch my ear, in order to attest the fact. By this time, I suppose your marriage is over. I have worn a brass wedding=ring in honour of it. But when, I think that you have not yet had my formal Attes=tation signed & sealed of my residence in Rome, I seem a very long way off. Beloved, I have found my picture, kiss me, my Guido, I mean. I had so wished to see that friend, & I had always said to myself, Thou fool thou wilt never go to Rome - And when I did come, it seemed to me as if I had seen the house of my friend without himself. I made long pilgrimages in search of him - He was not where Toschi said, nor any where I was told. Wednesday morn before breakfast I found him (in S. Lorenzo in Lucina) I was not the least disappointed It was my friend him who had overcome, not him who was still suffering -

We spent the whole day on our 10 toes, I mistake, poor Mr. B. goes like the Dodo, on the 2nd point of the 4th toe of his left foot, but even in that state, oh blessed God of the Peripatetics, he walked me round every carriage twice of every Prince in the

in the Procession on Monday in order to make our investigation into their horses & their arms. He is a capital Cicerone, deserves 10 pauls a day, always knows the right thing to do - we saw everything, on Monday, everything - & if his Eminence himself had laid down our plan, we could not have come in for the whole more thoroughly. To return, on Wednesday Mrs. B. & I did a deal of curious shopping, poking about in Piazza Navona & the old stalls there - we wanted a little furniture for our rooms - books, are almost impossible to get in Rome. I have asked everywhere for Quatremère in vain & & Monaldini is a scribe, Pharisee & extortioner, whom I wdn't take a book from for a present. Alas every thing for the external man is very dear. We did the gallery of Pal. Sciarra, I didn't much approve, excepting Leonardo's Modestia & Vanità - I have bought two heads by Guercino, large proofs, they were so cheap, that I hope you won't think them dear, one 9/ the other 13/ - and such prints - one (in Palazzo Corsini) the Ecce Homo - the other, (in the Patrizi) the Virgin, with one tear just falling down her cheek - no material beauty - an old face, the ideal of deep

worn human grief - the Baptism of
Water as the other is of *Blood* -
I am sure that you will make them
your favourites, as I have done - This is
the only excess I have committed yet -

Oh I forgot that I have also instituted
a search for Mich. Ang.'s Xto flagellato -
but cannot find it. The one by Him in the Minerva
is a, to my mind, very irreverential Xt,
a full length statue holding a .
We wound up the day with St. Michael
in the Cappuccini - a full compensation for
the labour of the Sciarra. It is in a little
side chapel, & has, oh wonder, a window -
& light all to itself. No one can judge of the
etherial beauty of the Angel from the
print. He *is* a thing of heaven, & as I
came out, I saw a piece of the sky,
the blue coming out between rose coloured
clouds, in colouring & effect exactly like
St. Michael's & then I knew whence
Guido had his idea - The face is
almost feminine in its tender beauty -
for sternness is a sign of weakness, not
of strength, as we think here below -
but there above the perfection of power
is womanly in its softness. There is no
exertion - he gives one the idea of having
dompted the fiend far more by his spiritual
than his physical force - It is a blessed prefiguration
of what is to come for each & for all of us.

{Keele, p.62}

-3-

Is it not, when, free from combat from evil promptings, (there being nothing ~~anything~~ within the blest spirit for temptation without to lay hold of,) it goes forth, directly acting, intuitively perceiving, or rather when Action, which always presupposes some resistance, ceases, & it is no longer willing & acting, but Light is Will, & Will is Action - And What is Free Will? If we have willed a thing, & not done it, we cannot say that we have Free Will. But we shall have it, the day will come when Reason, Conscience, Feeling, all that we include under the one great name of Faith, shall have their free will - And ~~has~~ /is not this Ideal, therefore, our Interpreter of the Holiness of God, it is itself that holiness - Have not then the Greek sculptors, by embodying for us this glorious ~~ideal~~/type of free will, which poor words are all useless to express, have not they placed us in connexion with the HOLINESS of the All Mighty? What two attributes those are & how much do they not express -

No one can ever see that Jupiter's head
without laying it up, garnering it in
their souls, against future days, when
the spirit of darkness & of trial may have
power - And that Apollo is all spiritual.
I really hardly remember anything
else - Would that thou couldst see
them, instead of reading my poor
powerless words - It is such a pity
it is not you instead of me; for I
am so unworthy, so incapable of
comprehending them -

We Just went through the Stanze.
But I must spend a long day there
with her, my Ithuriel, & I cannot
enter upon such a great subject. I was grievously disappointed in the
Transfiguration. There is such a bustle,
such a fuz=buz in the picture -
The Communion of St. Jerome I have
not are enough, alas, to understand.
But all the rest of that countless
store must come another time -
Apollo is mine, & Jupiter is mine, & the
other must wait - The Peter however,
with his divine Angel, surpassed my

utmost expectation (in the Stanze)

The Loggie are a little disappointing -

I have seen the Pantheon, & stood
under ~~the~~/its Eye of Heaven - It is to me
the worship of the Father, as our
Basilica is of the Son - the one is
the Spirit of Contemplation, the lonely
worshipper with the soaring soul under the vault of the
infinite sky - the other is the
practical earnest soldier of the
church, surrounded by the emblems
of Him whose passage upon this
earth is his only model & thought.

I forgot to say anything about the
distribution of the Vatican into little
Tribunes, courts & fountains, which
is beautiful, though deadly cold.
There are the Hampton Ct tapestries
too - But I hate tapestry, except
as furniture, to hang high up, or as
ornaments to processions & churches - As you once
said, Berlin wool is not meant
to express the passions.

I have written great nonsense,
my Pop, in all this - you must "intuitively"

"go forth" to divine my meaning. But I have an opportunity of sending this as far as Marseille, which I cannot lose, By the same opportunity I send Papa 2 Moto Proprio s of the Pope's, the one regarding the Consulta (the 24) the other the Consiglio (the 100, i.e. the Municipal Council) Also the Ordine of the *Consulta* which we saw on Monday, & the *Notificazione* of the *Consiglio*, which is to "come off" next Wednesday. Do not confuse them. Also the *Bilancia*, Orioli's paper, the moderate organ of Rome. also one of la Ferrucci's presents of her *Canzoni*. I thought it was worth the shilling you will have to pay to have the original & full construction of these Municipal Institutions - The rainy season has begun, & we have had incessant rain for two days & shall for many more - Poor Mrs. Bracebridge cannot get rid of her Neuralgic headache & suffers much. Pray tell her Hillie my news. I would write to her, but am in too much haste - thine & father's & mother's
ever

Saturday Nov 20

[end 7:115]

9016/17 unsigned letter & direction, 7ff, pen {postmarked: ROMA 28 NOV
47 R? E. PONT MARSEILLE {illeg} 47 CV 7 DE 7 1847 ROMSEY DE 7 1847

Via S. Bastianello 8 [7:115-21]

26 November 1847

My dear, Though I have seen the Stanze,
my first Basilica, the Farnese frescoes,
& all the Gods of heaven & saints of earth,
they are all but as dirt under my feet,
till I have set the Parthenopeian mind
at rest about the Pope - My dear, you
say right, Cobden's a fool, what does
he know about the matter - To judge the Pope
you must not measure him
by the standard of political intelligence
even among babes & females in England,
nor by the actual state of British
political economy - you must estimate
him by the state of Rome - or rather
what it was when he was truly elected
by God - To give you an idea of the
Censorship - a man was fined for
blasphemy for calling Atrides the
King of Kings - to give you an idea
of the Police, an informer was en=
titled to 10 years' indulgence, if his
man was convicted - & to a third, or

some proportion, I forget what, of the fine, if he was fined - To give you an idea of the state of commerce - a splendid silk manufactory Fabri's at Bologna was ruined, & finally shut up, by the vexatious regulations inflicted, because ~~they~~/it undersold the silks of Rome & produced a better article. To give you an idea of the ~~Protection of~~ Agriculture - there was a corn-law, but to make bread cheap - so that, in bad years, the farmer was ruined, & the land thrown out of cultivation. to remedy this, a cardinal proposed sowing turnips in November. To give you an idea, finally, of the state of Government, the ministry ~~being~~/was a triumvirate composed of a Cardinal Secy of State, a Cardinal Camerlengo, & a Treasurer, (who cd only be got rid of by being made a Cardinal) ~~and~~/ together with a number of convocations, *all irresponsible & of all* the provinces & offices, of all, cardinals & convocations, so inexactly defined, that A. & B continually

performed the business of C & taking up his brush painted his picture
over with another colour - that is, it was
the commonest thing in the world for
the decree of one to be reversed by
another, & finally re-established by
a third. or for an advocate to hear
that the law on which he founded his
case, had been reversed by the Secy of
State Cardinal that morning. Now Pius appears,
like a Sun in the Mist - what has
he done - he has called a Consultative
Assembly, (true, *the Counties only* have
at present their Member, & him but
one, but soon they will have two,
soon the town - will be also repre=
sented) He divides this Consulta
into 4 Sections - the first, composed
entirely of advocates, I saw their
names on Wednesday, is the
Legislative one - the second, composed
of 3 nobles & 3 advocates, for the
Amministrazione Interna - the
third - ditto, for the Finanza - the

4th composed of nobles, for military affairs, public works, prison discipline &c - He further gives up the whole self government of a city, to a Municipal Council of 100, which was installed on Wednesday, after hearing mass at the Araceli, in the Campidoglio. I am sorry about the Irish, but he was entirely misinformed, he told Lord Minto so. Ld. M. says that he is the frankest man he ever was with. that he has evidently the want of early habits of business, but that he is conscious of it, that he has the most eager desire for information & greatest power of acquiring of any man he ever met. Ld. M. likes him exceedingly & says intercourse with him is delightful - but most especially delightful, because he is not the man ever to persevere in a wrong course because he has begun it - that he will always acknowledge himself wrong, & retrace his steps, when

-2-

experience or better information alters his opinions, being a true, singlehearted, magnanimous man, with truth at his heart, & no vanity in his head. The Irish Colleges you will see he will correct. He is aware that he can trust no one about him, & is on his guard (The prayers of the whole Xtian Church ought to be his, I have hardly the patience to go to our Eng. Ch., where they don't pray for him, even as the Sovereign!) He is obliged therefore to depend upon his own opinion to a degree - He often sends for Ciceruacchio to consult with him. I dare say you know who Ciceruacchio is. He can hardly read or write, sells wood to all the English, has no genius, but a common sense almost amounting to genius, & can turn the whole Roman people round his fingers. He is a sincere, good man, & means well both by the people & the pope - a sort of honest-tribune - the

princes send for him, court him & invite him, but he will not go - he keeps to his fustian jacket - but he has enemies, & never walks without one of his men, because he says, he has not eyes at the back of his head - He is about 50. In the procession of Wednesday, when the hundred drove from the Quirinal to the Campidoglio, he carried the white flag of the city, and walked first - he has the most incomprehensible power, & in the conspiracy & insurrection of July, was really the efficient cause of restoring quiet. The people, under his direction, behaved miraculously well, demanded & obtained the Guardia Civica, & went home to bed. If I were not afraid of telling you what you know already, the whole history of that insurrection is a most curious one - But to return to Pius, & to what Lord Minto said of him, all which Mr. Herbert told us, he says, (Cobden is quite right),

that he is not a man of great shrewdness, but that he is one who will win by earnestness what another would by expediency or ~~sagacity~~/ astuteness, just what his face says for him. Could anything be better taste than his not putting himself forward, but giving all the honour to the Councils the two days of the Processions? But I am getting into length, & yet I could write so much more to prove that what he has done, taking into account the state of Rome before him, can have been done by no ordinary intellect. & that tho' his understanding does not blaze up like a firework, & scorch out one's eyes, it is a good warmth giving, life giving fire - & has already animated all the nations of Italy - Besides, the whole Papal dominions have less than 5 millions of inhabitants, & Rome, I think, is under 200,000 - the same principles of Political Economy, therefore, in a land especially where there is no *abject* poverty, no actual want,

are not necessary here as are in England.
The Civic Guard consists of all who
do not earn their bread by manual
labour or by science, (they have had
a fund subscribed for their uniforms
by the rich ones, as each man is
supposed to find his own - the helmet
is very pretty, with scarlet dropping
plume - dark blue coat, not jacket,
& trousers - the whole effect capital) -
In the large Rioni (parishes) they will
not have to be out more than once in
30 days, when the drilling is once over,
they will muster, I believe, nearly 12,000
~~strong~~ strong. I am ashamed to tell
the story of our English artists resistance
The Zollverein would be nearly complete,
If the K. of Naples wd give in his adhe=
sion. Are you tired? but allow, at
least, that I have told nothing
but facts, & have indulged in no
Pindarics in speaking for Pius.
I send you the two fountains & what
they say to me, as you asked for ~~them~~ /it- St. Peter's is like an
Albani

picture

Emperor Fountain

See, how it strives & strives & strives to
heaven. It cannot reach it. It is
shedding tears of grief & of disappointment -
& now it makes another & another
spring. Alas! it has chains about its
wings & about its feet - & it falls, falls,
falls heavily to the ground, & is lost
upon the earth. And that which
escapes is scattered among the clouds
& before the wind, & never finds its
way again.

See, it struggles up towards heaven
~~again.~~ & this time it will succeed.
Behold, it scales Infinity. It is rising
higher & higher, That mighty heart
will climb to Heaven. Now, it has
conquered Earth - it is out of the sphere
of its attraction - oh! it is rising now -
it has ascended up on high - it is
leading Gravitation captive. the earth
cannot reach it to pull it down
again - Shoot up; brave spring -

brave spirit, soar higher, thou hast mastered matter. Be of good cheer, thou hast overcome the world.

Alas! the wind has carried away ~~filled~~/large fragments of its column - it has made wide gaps in its shaft - will it fall? will it fall? alas! it has no support - & it has but a cloud to cling to. No, it does not fall, brave spirit; it soars higher & higher - oh living soul, oh unconquerable heart, though it has lost its foundation, by its own impulse it has struggled on.

x x x

Alas! where is it now? its impulse is exhausted; its strength is at an end; its life is blasted - its struggles done - its hope destroyed - and it falls lifeless on the grass - that which had so lately been striving to Heaven - for it is dead -

And is there no comfort? were all its struggles vain? did that noble heart seek heaven in vain?

The ungrateful ground has been fertilized by it. It struggled to the skies, and it watered a weed. It thought to scale Infinity & it made verdant a blade of grass.

St. Peter's Fountains

See, how the infant founts spring
& gambol & dance in the sun beams -
See, there is one. he is shooting with
his tiny arrow at the sun, he stands
the mimic Apollo, erect & fearless -
and laughing sends his missile at the
mark.. And when the harmless arrow
falls playful at his foot, he runs, with
joyous laughter, back, & hides his merry
face in his mother fountain, while he
tells her how the Sun held out his
noble hand, to catch the infant spear,
& could not.

See, there is a brother, plashing in the
bright waters below, he spreads out
his little arms & feet in exulting
sport, he thinks he is swimming, and
another stands by the edge already
reached & cries, Thou canst not come
so far.

And here, young spirits in merry
multitude, playing shuttlecock with
drops of water - Two, tired with the
long summer's holiday, have laid
their dimpled cheeks on one another,
& are dreaming of the rich marvels
in the upper air. What flushes his
cheek like a bright rose=leaf, in sleep?
He sees a snowy cloud tinged with
pomegranate, & thinks how wonderful

it must all be up there - Shall he not
fly thither & see those dazzling white
& purple walls? He climbs with his
tiny foot upon his companion to hel{p}
him a step higher - & his rosy wings
quiver like a butterfly's, about to fly -
But those playful pinions are all
too small to carry up the aspiring fount,
till a bright sun beam leaves his ethereal home & shoots down
with out stretched helping hand - &
he catches the kindly ray, & reaches
the top=most spring by that sweet
brother's arm - There, pouring his
joyous soul in song, he wave his
little lance on high - glad morning
vision of *light*, & merry *life* as brothers -
Not long does he remain there, but eager
to rejoin his Mother Earth, down he
springs - & his sister fount welcomes
him back with her glad eyes. In
loving triumph she holds up her watery
mirror, while he, the daring little
soarer, successful Icarus, admires his
scatheless wings.

And now they all unite in merry
ring, to gather the sunny drops which
fall from on high - one, more eager than
the rest, darts from the circle to
collect a heap in his infant lap.
but see, tis but to throw again the
sparkling fruits among his brothers.

And here, a fairy sister spirit riding in a little boat, while a stout young fount pushes behind with exulting voice, & two brother springs harness themselves in front with wreaths of childhood's own heavenly colour, blue chains of forget me not.

And lo! one solemnly teaching f a fraternal fount the principles of the circle on the watery surface, & while his circle spreads & spreads & escapes beyond his little compasses, and vanishes out of the reach of his ~~filleg~~/eyes, the other laughs with joyous glee, & trying to stop the run a way, tumbles headlong into the circle's midst, scattering all the glittering fragments into water. And see oh wonder of wonders! (the little Archimedes stands amazed!) the solid walls of his marble home are broken into a thousand glistening jewels, - wavy lines, sparkling gems of light - while the commotion lasts which the little diver has made in the reflecting mirror

And fresh sport succeeds, as they dance round their King - their smiles light up the very sky - blest spirits glad, sunny fairies ~~all~~ /every one - but their King, the boldest loveliest of them all - Joy to thee, glorious child, for lo! yon bird of Jove, the noble Eagle, floating, descending, not swooping from the skies, paternal in his might, fondly raises the little Ganymede clinging round his neck, & looking confidingly in his face, & bears him to the feet of Jove, where Innocence and Power have kissed one another, & are forever hand in hand.

After all this intolerable deal of nonsense, you may well expect a little sense, my dear, but you won't have it. Ask any questions about Pius, & I will make it my business to get them answered. He is overhauling the monasteries - There are 5000 monks (including 2000 nuns) at Rome, of which 2000 live ~~taken~~ by alms. i.e. they have a subsidy from the Camera, & get their bread partially by attending at funerals (query, is that manual labour or science?) presepios & that kind of thing. - Some of the convents which have room for 2 or 300, have but 5 or 6 nuns in them.

Minghetti, Mde, Ferrucci's friend, who is Secretary of one of the Sections, has told the Pope that it will prove necessary to make public the report of their deliberations. The result is not yet known.

Since I wrote this, an English courier has arrived, with a complaint from England about the Papal letter concerning the Propaganda, the Irish Colleges & the Pope has consented to recall it, to annul it. Didn't we say so? oh noble Pius - But it is kept a great secret here - Also the Contemporaneo has made a furious attack upon Torlonia about his monopoly of salt - Torlonia sent for the man, told him it was not true & offered him 20,000 scudi, if he would hold his tongue - The man threw, morally speaking, the dirty crowns in his immoral face & withdrew. Torlonia went about it, & found that the man had been to the Pope with all his papers & all the documents concerning this salt monopoly, & that Pius had allowed him to publish them all! So Torlonia was sold. (I must use the slang word for such a slang action) & the second half comes out tomorrow in the Contemporaneo. Now, is he not a jolly Pius? Further, the Zollverein, or the Lega Doganale, as they call it here, will make such a pancake of Modena, that he will be obliged to give in - for he will be stopped up by Tuscany's Dogana on one side, and Rome on the other, & if he does not accede, & fall in with the spirit of the other powers, he will be ruined. He has produced a number of secret treaties of the Treaty of Vienna time, which the other powers will not acknowledge. The fact is, that all the evil spirits are in a bad way & going to the bottom. In June, the K. of Piedmont had not made up his mind which way to go: and look at him now! Mr. Bracebridge has got a Marchese, great in Prison discipline, who is going to take him to see the Prisons. I can never be sufficiently thankful to Papa for having given me an interest in Statistical & Political Matters. Goodnight my dearest. I am sorry you could not understand my Assyrians - I must have expressed myself abominably ill. I did not mean that the Assyrians are to be understood *versus* the Egyptians; but rather that they are, qua "Matter", of the same sense as the Egyptians, I believe.

{address}

Inghilterra
 Miss Nightingale
 Embley
 Romsey
 Hampshire
 England

9016/18 unsigned letter & direction, 4ff, pen {postmarked: ROMA 30 NOV
AUTRICHE BEAU FR. 2 {illeg DEBSE?} 11 DEC 47

2 11 DE 11 1847 ROMSEY DE 12 1847} [7:122-29]

Palazzo dei Cinque Cammini

29 November 1847

Thanks, dear Mama, for your account of my dear boy. It is indeed
[torn]

thing which lies nearest my heart in this world.

The Sidney Herberts are here - he is a charming companion & real
[ly]

if I were not afraid of being laughed at, I should say so artless, so
of fun - & so little like a man of the world. His keen enjoyment of
the present ~~Sovereign?~~ is his great charm. As for her, she is like
the sunshine of Italy - it feels as if, when she is gone, out of the
world

& time a light had taken its departure - she is not like the
ancient Helen, walking in the contemplation of her own beauty,
nor like the Saint Bertha, with a palm in her hand, but like
the Spirit of Joy & Peace, - the first thing one says of her is not
"how beautiful she is," for it is not an obtrusive, tyrannical
charm ~~of beauty~~, which one cannot help doing homage to & continually
noticing, but

one feels the warmth & light of her presence, as one does that of the
Sun, without scarcely applying any adjective to it one way or {other}
If I must use epithets, I should say that I never saw but {illeg}
so unspotted from the world, so perfectly free from the vulgar {illeg}
of being a walking dictionary of factitious differences. She is pu{re}
in understanding as well as heart.

Last Sunday we had a rainy day - after church we went
into the Pantheon, there was a great puddle under the hole [sella?]
& the lights from the altars & from the procession of the {illeg
Host?}

reflected in the dark puddle, for it was almost night, {illeg had?}
such an effect, you cannot imagine, I thought of Charon
ferrying over his souls by night, over the dark Styx.

On Monday we went to the Stanze with the Herberts -
these, with the assistance of ~~{illeg Ferracchi?}~~ the allegory, which
Parthe

showed me, have deeply engraven themselves into my {illeg life?}

I hereby humbly confess, that a picture gallery gives m{e }
little pleasure - it is to me like the Recueils de Morcea{ux}
choisis des meilleurs auteurs, the literature of all oth{ers}

I *abaw*, where an extract from the Bible finds itself {illeg}
to a scene from Molière, and a problem in Science or a pol{itical}
speech on free trade to a love story from Boccaccio - or to {illeg}
tated arm or leg, of a mangled epic of heroic times - My crocodile
mind {illeg}

quick enough to turn itself through this maze of subje{cts}

~~rather~~/more in literature ~~or~~/ than in art. But the Stanze, that
su{blime}

{illeg} Christian epic, most noble of all inspired poems, [illeg]
& {illeg}/actual than M{ilton?}, more religious than Tasso, & with

{left side of the page is torn}

as much life & movement as Homer, what human soul can go through that history alike of the world & of a human life without weaving it into a part of himself. To me Raphael is the *Epic* painter, (as Guido is the *lyric* representer,) of Christianity & {i}n after life I shall take refuge in the idealism, with which that pure & lovely soul & that great mind has invested the story of the church of Christ - he has done it, it seems to me, with the sublimity of Milton, the imagination of Tasso, the art of Virgil, & the ~~{illeg}~~/vividness of

Homer. If one must criticize, I should say that the Poetry was disappointing - she is not the "prophet of the higher world," as she ought to be, according to the theory, - & Apollo is nothing better than a fiddler. {K. has fidler} But I suppose I have not art enough to understand it. I feel my deficiency in art terribly. There is a pair of legs in the Vatican, of which the drapery makes every body burst into tears. I see it, when it is told me, but it gives me only the same sort of pleasure when I perceive the statue so well draped, as when I am told that Ly Sitwell is so well dressed ~~well~~. That is what I call a want of artistic feeling. But to return to the Stanze - the Peter is the one which comes most home to me - that angel is so divine. I had not time to drink in the Heliodorus - though the human "besoin " of the supernatural, ~~& the abs~~ heavenly agency is there so fully satisfied - I am thankful to say that we confined ourselves entirely to the Stanze that day & did not mix up our Milton with any lesser poets.

You will know how the Guardian Angel of Rome, that inha= bitant of the upper air, ~~which~~ /who seems to float over her day on light, St. Michael (or St. Angelo, ~~that~~ curious mixture of {illeg aretitle), grows upon ~~him~~/one. I never see him, in his hundred ~~{illeg}~~ations, without feeling my heart ~~come~~/drawn out {K. omits out} towards him, but {illeg esp}ecially when I walk on the Pincio with to a place where the Sun goes down exactly behind him, & as when the sun {illeg} our days sinks & sets, the image of the last judgment {illeg comes} more distinct to our view, so does he, terrible & awful, no doubt, {illeg} his might, but yet celestial & loveable in his beauty. Not that

I believe in the Last Judgment, as usually represented - but I do believe in the greater distinctness, which all ima{illeg ges} of Conscience, Feeling, Reason acquire to us, as the light of years turns towards its setting. I think the idea has be{illeg} somewhere expressed in reference to something else.

On Tuesday we went with the Herberts to see the [Ana] Annibale at the Farnese - & dislocated our spines ~~it~~ at the résumé of all Mythology. but I think, in the midst of that roaring, gushing tide of physical enjoyment, the glimpses of higher life in the melancholy of the faces (or even where the face is hidden, of the attitudes) of those brown single figures sitting at the feet of the Caryatides, between the fresco vignettes, is very touching. It is so lucky I am writing to ~~those~~/ people who know & have seen all these things, as I never could describe. But you remember the Paris, not an ideal of intellectual life {illeg}/certainly- but of the warm comfortable life of the South - The children however were what I liked best. One cannot but admire the purity of

feeling

of the mind which (while it ~~created~~/represented the children, where physical enjoyment is *still* natural, as perfectly human, {illeg}/warm breathing realities,) has given nothing, in the grown up types of the same sort of happiness, which makes us think that they are either men or women - They strike us more as abstractions

From the Farnese we went to the Borghese. There is an exquisite Francia there, where the reverence of the mother, all human for[m] the child, all divine, on her knee, is a sufficient refutation of the accusation of Mariolatry. The four Albanis of the season{s} are perfectly lovely. So is Titian's three Ages, except that I don't at all sympathize in the sentiment of pushing poor Old Age into a corner with his skull. Ask Aunt Mai whether she & I don't expect to be so happy in our Old Age, the struggle of life done, contemplation become a duty, with not [thing] to do but to organize one's experience & arrange it for one future - no longer striving with that which one can't do but calmly reviewing one's failures & one's shortcomings & bringing them to bear on the stock of knowledge one is lay{illeg ing} up in store for another life. Titian has made a great mis take here. Tell Aunt Mai so, with my love, & that neither young [nor]

middle-aged years smile upon me half so much as ~~the~~ latter life, ~~yet not half~~ /nor one quarter so much as Titian represents them. But he & I have

had many words in common, except at Venice in his Assunta. ~~Ludovico~~ /Annibale Caracci interested me much more - one of my own St. Francis, one of St. Domenic - the contrast was curious, {they} hang side by side, of those two men, one of whom had {sacri}ficed everything for his God, the other for his opinions. And at first sight, you would have said St. Domenic's was the {most} devotional countenance - & his eyes were wet, while the other's were dry - ~~{illeg Praeselamb}~~ We have here Caracci's confirmation of

what I have sometimes thought that the gift of tears was an indication of ~~transitoriness~~/ sensitive ness, impressionability rather than of tenderness, of character

We were so tired after this performance that the next day

& I did nothing but just trot into the Piazza di Spagna to see the procession of the 100 from the Quirinal to the Capitol & did not follow it. But I was *glad* not to blur, or mix up anything, with the impression of the first Procession. has been so unwell since we came to Rome that we have stedfastly resisted having anybody, & have often taken a whole day's rest. I have not either been out once in the evening since we came to Rome, though she has been to Mrs. Sartoris, to Mrs. Crawford, & to a Mrs. Heywood. Sometimes Mr. Bracebridge has gone to ~~these~~ ~~places~~/parties without her, & has asked me to go with him, but I thought that you wd not consider him a Chaperon sufficient.! & so stedfastly declined. Tonight there was an invitation from the Mintos, but we were both of us glad to be off going. The Lindsays are in Rome, but there has only yet been an exchange of cards. Mr. Crawford once to dinner has been our only guest. But I am afraid that, when once the floodgates are opened, we shall be in such a constant every night London concern, that I am glad to keep out as long as possible. has declined even dining with the Herberts. I wish she would take a few days *entire* rest. Mrs. Crawford is confined, ~~of~~ a little girl. we have seen her several times. He is an interesting man - quite without affectation - but looks irritated & worn, The Miss Fuller of Woman in the 19th Centy has rather made up to us, but

she does drawl out transcendentalism in such a voice, that I do [n't] feel myself equally drawn out towards her - Will you tell At. Patty with my best love, that the Crawfords remember her most warmly, that the Browns ~~went~~/are gone back to America, where she has recovered her

health, & he partially, but he is consumptive, that they find America not the atmosphere for art, that they cannot live there & are coming back directly, (after 2 years in America) to settle that he is successful in art, but not in pocket, though he got an order in America which was a very profitable one. All this I gleaned from the Crawfords. We saw some really pretty things in Mr. C.'s studio. He says he is a fixture at Rome for life.

But all this is only to drive off my great subject, the Bas{ilicas} Mrs. Herbert & I are really becoming insane & I have tried in vain to act upon the "Power of Man to control Insanity in himself & others." It happened that we were both, (I will relate the melancholy rise, progress & final termination of this disease in two unfortunate but painstaking young females as succinctly as possible) it happened I say, that circumstances had unhappily directed the attention of both, for man is the shuttlecock & circumstances the battledore, see Ld Lindsay, vol. II, page 60, & vol. I page 17, oh no I forgot forgive me,

those are reference to the Mosaics on S. Gis. in Laterano, & S. Clemente, I recollect, but I will be more collected, what was I saying, oh yes, Lord Lindsay, Symbolism, Mosaics, Absides, Christian Art in the third century superior to Greek under Pericles or any other, because it must be, for it was Christian & the Pagan wasn't

~~not~~, Catacombs, ought to be introduced in the 19th century into private life - well, the

fire had been laid in both our grates, minds I mean, the{ the ends of these lines seem not to fit}{illeg}

were rather smoky. On Thursday, the 23rd of November, I {illeg} just a melancholy pleasure in recording the date of the obsequ {illeg} of ~~my~~ /our intellects, an appointment was made, inconsiderately it is true, but innocently I am convinced, by a thoughtless me, of our party to meet at San Lorenzo fuor le mura, on a bea {illeg utiful}

morning, vide Ld Lindsay Vol. I, chap I. oh what a momink the faggots were lighted - the fires burned - the chimneys smoked in vain Mr. Herbert on one side & Mrs. Bracebridge on the other climbing up impossible places, at the risk of their lives, after us.

devoted themselves with heroic, nay even fanatic zeal, to pouring buckets of water down the flues, orifices I should say. All Thursday & Friday the Incendio del Borgo ~~went on~~/ raged. Wildly we plunged round the corners frantically we dived into S. Lorenzo, Sant Agnese (also without the walls) Constantine's little Chapel close by, & the next day into S. Clemente, S. Stefano Rotondo, Constantine's Baptistery close to S. Gio in Laterano, & the Lateran itself. Our keepers pursued us, (to do them justice is now the only proof of sanity in my power, & ~~is~~ a melancholy satisfaction) {They} tore madly after us; in vain; the heat of the pursuit only aggravated the symptoms of the insane, Dr. Conolly particularly recommends self-possession, & it was only on the third day, when the Elements of Nature interfered, that it was found possible to capture the two unfortunate females & bring them back to their cells, where every means that Humanity could persuade and Reason ~~could~~ suggest were employed, to restore reason, but in vain. Till the following Monday these unhappy persons continued raving about ducks, peacocks, hens, daws & other symbols of eternity - jackasses & other symbols of Heathenism, vines & Doctors of the Church perching among the branches symbolical sheep & other pussycats, they refused to take any food that was not typical either of atriums or ciboria, they remained preaching in ambones, climbing into cancella, with other dangerous symptoms, which occasioned in their friends the most acute anxiety on their accounts. But is it possible, now I appeal to you, Ld Lindsay Vol. I - page CCIV. portraits perfectly authentic of St. Peter & St. Paul, green, red & white, the colours representing hope, charity & faith, now it [page torn]ing on again, I feel it coming, it is all over with me. e been into the Catacombs, Read Ld Lindsay I can no {there is an empty line in the text} 30 Morning has brought some alleviation in my symptoms. better, thank you. But I shall always wear mourning first Thursday of every month & I *will* regret it to my dying day {tha}t I did not bring my first Vol of Ld Lindsay to give him {a} visit to Rome, I mean to give him a cold in S. Clemente, to invest {him} with the odour of the Catacombs & make notes in his fair {and} alas! too clean margins. No, 200 years of Purgatory will not atone {t}his neglect.

I have been recommended by distinguished members of the faculty to
 subj[illeg]
 all considerations on the Origin, & Progress of the Basilica disease,
 whi{ch}
 remains I mean to dispose of for the benefit of Science, to which
 they will be of immense value, from the curious nature of the
 malady, & to turn my thoughts to something else. I therefore
 spent a whole day in the Forum, with Nibby in my hand, & a
 map, performing the exact outline of the Forum on my knees
 for my sins, and bringing home some little sacred Capitoline
 snails. from the Temple of Concord. We went first to the Temple
 delle Pace, which by the bye is no Pace. but Constantine's LEGAL
 Basilica. (Judgment Hall) This fact however I kept silent, while I sat
 under
 those enormous vaults, which represent so well the great
 overshadowing wings of peace, the blue sky hanging over the
 great/immense chasms - Then we went to Titus' Arch, where Mr. B.
 fell in with a pick=pocket & I with a Cardinal - passed
 by S.S. Cosmo & Damiano, where unhappily going in, & I discovering
 a mosaic, much uglier & better than any in Ld Lindsay's
 basilicæ - & much more symbolical, inasmuch as it had no
 figures at all, & therefore much older, - I was near having
 return of my worst symptoms, & was with difficulty dragged
 out insensible into the outer air where I recovered my senses
 partially. But I have not half done with the Basilicæ. You
 are going to have a list. But not now - The rest of the day
 we spent digging about in the excavations just behind the Capitol
 you know that the Temples undergo ~~a sort of~~ vaccination every
 7 years, at the last the eight columns, I am speaking now of
 directly below the Capitoline wall, were vaccinated with the
 name of Temple of Fortune, the 3 preserve that of Jupiter Tonans,
 & the marble floor & remains (of wall & steps) close to Jup. Tonans,
 just
 behind Sept Severus, are Temple of Concord - while the three
 columns *on the other side* the Column of Phoca, belonged to the
 Græco stadium or Comitia, I mean ~~those~~/the three so long called Jup.
 Stator
~~which/~~ but Jup. Stator it is now proved, was certainly on the
 Palatine, because
 Cicero's house was there, & on discovering the conspiracy of Catiline,
 he convened the Senate in Jup. Stator, the temple nearest his own
 house. You
 see I am quite coherent - at times - But I must go - ever, dearest
 Mum your loving child in haste

Will you take some
notice of a Capt. Mills,
nephew of Mrs. Bracebridge,
who brings you a
parcel of papers from
me, & who is to be
with his Regiment, the 57th at

{address:}

Inghilterra

Mrs. Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

England

Hampshire

Portsmouth You must
not expect a luminary, far from it
But he is a good boy -
very devoted son to his
mother, that a widow, whom
we once met at Atherstone.
If you will ask him for a
day anytime it is convenient
he will bring you news of our
Palazzo, its situation, & its contents - & will be delighted

9016/19 copy of an unsigned letter, 3ff, pen, not in FN hand

Rome. Via S. Bastianello [7:129-31]
No. 8 Dec 2nd 1847

Dearest how often I have wished for you & thought of you when I have been crawling up the ruins of Jupiter Tonans or performing the boundary of the Forum in the same attitude and during the two last delightful days which we have spent on the Palatine. You have no idea when one looks down from the edge of Old Palatinus and sees the Tiber so dusky and dark, he looks like a Spectre, the ghost of what he was, except just below the place where Horatius swam across, which is always crimson with the evening light When one looks across at that lovely Aventine Hill, close by the river ~~hill~~ side which was so beautiful it was called the pulchrum littus where the orators walked after the Forum where Caesar and Pompey tried to convert Cicero, and where one sees the island of the Tiber which was made of Tarquin's sheaves because the Roman people would not touch and so threw them in there - & then looks up at the ruins of Horatius bridge, how one feels those lines "And he saw on Palatinus, The white porch of his home, And he spake to the noble river

Which flows by the towers of Rome" - I have said them 500 times to myself on beautiful Palatinus, picking the sacred bay leaves which still grow there, and standing where Cicero lived, close by the temple of Jupiter Stator. (who prevented the Romans from ever flying) the site of which though there are no remains is determined by its having been nearest Cicero's house, because he convened the Senate on the discovery of Catiline's conspiracy in the nearest temple to his own house. There are still ruins of the Comitia left.

Last Tuesday I was dragged out, even I, to make my *first* début at the tea parties of Rome. which I had hitherto steadily & successfully resisted, because I would not make Rome like London. How like a Roman I felt when I found myself sitting on a sofa in a pink gown, two kinds of cakes & a tablecloth I need not tell you, but I will tell you the occasion of my being thus dragged out. A Mr. Laird has brought home from Nineveh, eleven bulls with five legs, besides numberless bas reliefs from Semiramis' private apartment & boudoir - 7 times uglier than some which the French are very proud of having just acquired. I dare say you have heard all about them so I will

only say that ~~you have~~ Mr. Laird was to show us all his drawings of them and his copies of the arrow headed inscriptions, none of which have yet given up the secret they were most curious, most wonderful the bulls & winged genii, giants with six wings floating in the air, "some with twain" having literally covered "their feet" like in Isaiah. Then all sorts of animals with men's heads &c. To me they had the effect neither of men nor of Gods but of powers of Nature. I could have fancied that before Gravitation became an Algebraical formula he was represented so - There was a winged man shaking hands with a sphinx & I thought they were Attraction and Gravitation shaking hands and saying "we are one & the same thing, you who make the apple fall to the ground & I who keep the earths round the suns; we are the same And that was the Assyrian mode of saying what we say now by "the squares of the Periods = &c." Then there was a famous God who had got two other Gods by the hind legs, wheeling them, wheel barrow fashion, not ferociously but quite friendly - & I fancied the middle God was Light

dragging Heat and Chemical agency off the earth because their agency was not wanted - just as you know the Light of the Sun's rays has more chemical agency in the Spring, more ~~ideal~~/Light in the summer, & more Heat in the Autumn, just as it is wanted by the earth. I do not think the Assyrians could have been acquainted with electricity - I saw no genii I could fancy at all like it But Grove's theory of the Correlation of physical forces, which you saw at Lea Hurst, you know, where he attempts to prove that they are all only modifications of one thing, I fancied I could trace one thing continually in these great gods shaking hands. When you see the real originals in the British Museum, you try if you do not think that they are all representations of physical forces, and that there are no moral ones among them. It may seem fantastical to you now, but I think it will strike you in the same way, & when I see the originals, I shall be able to make out my theory, which I have not time to do now. They were curious illustrations, too, of Ezekiel's 8th Chapter, & there were some priests in the very act of putting the holy diving branch "to their nose" [end 7:131]

9016/20 unsigned letter, 3ff, pen [7:131-35]

Rome Dec 7 1847

Oh my dearest, go & kiss the little temple of Vesta for me. I have seen her, sitting on her pinnacle, with the rainbows under her feet. We had two such days at Tivoli, the name has really been so hackneyed & vulgarized that I had never troubled my imagination with what it would be, and when we mounted the hill through the groves of olive trees, after crossing that waste Campagna, where was nothing but the smells of the Solfatara, I was chiefly occupied with the idea of how often Mæcenas, & Horace & even Brutus & Cassius had trodden that way before me. Conceive the effect ~~then~~ of walking/coming out after we had stopped at "the Hotel of the Queen!" & walked through those horrid streets of Tivoli, which are not even picturesque, & where every gentleman in a neat surtout & every lady handsomely if not sumptuously attired in bonnet & shawl, turns into a beggar at your approach, of coming out suddenly upon the Temple of Vesta,

standing upon the very verge of her
precipice, & with her cascade leaping
over the rock just opposite her on
the other side the ravine, amid great
whirlwinds of foam, far below her feet,
rising sometimes orange, or red sometimes
green, sometimes the most exquisite
violet, as the shape varies every
moment before the sun. (The Sybil
stands next to the Temple of Vesta,) ~~but~~
how well I can believe in inspiration,
what a place this is to nourish
the sacred fire, (I could not do it
because I should require a more
active life to do so) but for those who can,
how readily one can fancy, when the
Tiburtine Sybil stood there all alone, that
she might have cherished the idea

of a coming Saviour, as she looked down upon the iniquities of Augustus & of Rome in the distant Campagna.

(Many think that Vesta was the temple of the Sybil).

We spent the day, (i.e. the Herberts & we, who were the party,) in crawling & climbing about the rocks, and the Grotta di Nettuno, which has now fallen in, but which is none the less beautiful, being filled up with immense fragments of rock. Then we went down to the very bottom, into a cave entirely grown over with the most beautiful Maiden hair, where the Teverone takes a tremendous leap, with a thundering crash, great masses of rock on either side - & disappears - all is dark & it is gone under the earth ~~as Mr~~ And your face is wet with the spray - a moment afterwards, ~~as~~ and it re=appears - as you pass a great rent in the cave, you see it, through the hole, resuming its way, calm, sunny, & almost

without a ripple - Oh how I longed
to jump down with it, to make the great leap to disappear
with the enormous torrent, and to
come up again, purified, calm,
having forgotten all my previous life, as
it had done, & pursuing my way
through the lovely valley, covering
my banks with flowers.

We explored all the cascades, of
which there are several, looked
at the sites of Catullus & Horace
opposite. I should have thought
that his situation would have bred
a different fancy from that of the
philosophical, sneering, clear sighted
Roman, a more imaginative, ~~cloudy~~,
less intellectual fancy, more clouds
tipped with crimson, & less clear
sky - it is the place to grow a
Shelley or an Eschylus, not a Horace
& a Virgil - And then we finished
the most glorious day in wandering

about till it was dark among the
cypresses of the Villa d'Este. What an
abode & what a sunset. We looked over
the hill=sides of Tivoli, covered with
vines, literally golden, (so that it
~~looked~~/seemed like the burnished dome of
one great temple of Jerusalem, for every leaf had
put on its autumnal blaze,) all
studded with little ruined towers,
over the desert Campagna, which
seemed like some great desolation of
the times of Nineveh or Belshazzar,
and on the naked horizon one single
solitary martyr raised his aspiring
head to God - It was the dome of
St. Peter's, crowned with his cross, like
the seraph Abdiel, among the faithless,
faithful only he, God had not left
himself without a witness. You
cannot conceive how affecting it
is to see that landmark of our faith
on the long desert solitary line of
the horizon, like seeing him in the

Great Desert of Zahara - Happier
we than the old inhabitants of Tivoli,
inasmuch that he is there

The sun went down in such a blaze
of light & glory, (making every cloud
the golden mirror to reflect his face),
as we had not seen, since one in the
Diligence just after we left England
how fortunate we were - the sky was
FULL of St. Michael & his Angelo,
Guido's colouring of him repeating it,
~~himself~~ in every ~~where~~/cloud - & footsore,
weary & delighted, we wandered
home, as soon as it was quite
dark, where dear Mrs. Herbert
sat at her husband's feet, and
did the honours of her coffee,
& I really thought I had seen
nothing more beautiful than her.
I could not sleep for thinking myself
in the same place as the Tiburtine
Sybil, I had an appointment with

her the next morning at dawn, & I
kept it - did I meet her? yes, I did,
there she was in her cold grey mantle,
rising out of the foam of her own
cascade, & looking, I thought, even
more like herself than in the
sunny many=coloured garments of
~~Sat~~/yesterday's rainbows. She told me
that life was like her own stream,
& that the history of her stream
was the same as that of Christ's
three temptations, which were real
& the history of his own whole life
& that of ours - But I must tell
you all she said tomorrow, for you will
want to know what the Consulta have
been doing. They are in astonishment
at the openness with which every
thing has been submitted to them,
all the finances, every thing, laid
open - & with all their previous
knowledge, even they hardly expected
that things wd be so bad - To give

you an idea - there is a tax
wh brings in 300 scudi yearly,
the cost for paper & pens for collec=
ting this tax is 900 scudi, & the
salaries of the officials for the
same 4000 - by addition, nearly
5000 scudi for collecting 300 -
The Revenue of the State is 10,000,000
crowns, that of the Church 5,000,000
this is all boggled up together in the
budget - as the state annually lends
the church 1000000 scudi out of the 10,000,000
& there is an annual deficit of
a million & a half of scudi, ten per
cent you see - which has to be borrowed -
Now what the Consulta wants to do, is
to have a separate budget for the
church & another for the state, a
thing very distasteful to the priests,
but exceedingly necessary, as you see.
The other object of the Consulta is to
have their deliberations made public,
as ~~you know~~ I told you, as otherwise
there will be not the check of the people being
able to say - The Consulta advised so & so,
& the Government have not attended to it.

It is not yet known how these things will be - Most unfortunately, Silvani, the deputy of Bologna, & most celebrated Jurisconsult of them all, has died suddenly of cholera since he came - he was buried last night, & there was a fear that he might not be granted Xtian burial, because he died without the Sacraments - his enemies had almost persuaded the Pope - when Massimo d'Azeglio drove to him, & the result was that he not only had his burial but a very large one. But tis a long story, which I must tell tomorrow

you must write on large single sheets, unless you have enough to say to cover more than one - & double cover costs double, whatever size & weight it may be - e.g. this costs double a large single sheet - & my last letter to Mama costs the

{9016/20 breaks off here - {the following is at the end of 9016/26} same as this will, but I thought I shd have been able to write more today to make it worth the double cost

[end 7:134]

9016/21 unsigned letter, 3ff, pen [7:135-38]

Pal. 5 Cammini

Dec 9. 1847

Dear people I left off at Tivoli, but it is so impossible to describe scenery. What a glorious walk we had the next morning on the opposite side of the hill from Tivoli, all round by the villas of Catullus & Sallust, & Varus, over against Mæcnas with his arches & the Cascatelle, which do not fall like other cascades, but come leaping & spouting & gushing forth over the rock, sometimes in such a hurry as if careless & headlong they would enter upon life, sometimes slowly & majestically. I had had my eyes fixed upon one of these Cascatelle for a long time, when oh wonder I really saw, I thought, the sacred fire blazing in a little cave close by. I looked, & rubbed my eyes, I could hardly believe them - I thought I was dreaming, but there it was, flickering, but with a constant

light, just as a sacred fire should
be - I soon saw it was a forge but
in such a spot! in a little unhewn hollow
in the rock, close under the Casca=
telle & with no human being visible.

At one point just under Quinctilius
Varus's villa, we had such a view,
we looked down through the great olive
trees, (& olive trees always make
me think of the Mount of Olives
and Aaron's beard, and a thousand
pleasant associations) - and under
the olives were circles of scarlet
& white peasants sitting on the ground gathering
the fruit; that is such a capital epi-
thet of Macaulay's, "the white feet of
laughing girls" - they have all
magnificent eyes, & great laughing
mouths, with beautiful teeth - all that
I saw. And under the olive groves was a
little image to the Virgin & under her
image a tazza, where every girl,
as she went by, dropped in a few of
her olives for the service of the
Unknown God!

From/At this point, we could see *all* the
three cascades springing from the green steps [steeps?]
whence Anio leaps In floods of snow
white foam" - Imagine what a
sight it was, with Mæcenas's arches
opposite, & then the long lines of
Tivoli's hills, (golden with autumnal vines,)
folding one behind the other till
the eye reached the desert Campagna -
As Mr. Herbert said, you wanted a
language whose positives begin where
our superlative ends. But it really
was a view, unreproduceable by
drawing, but never never to be forgotten.
Then the long low ~~lines~~ / roofs of those white
villas mark the rise & fall of the
lines of the hills so well. And
those three glorious cascades -
We wandered about here as long as
we possibly could, till we were obliged
to take our way to the Villa Adriana,
which, *cosi detto a quattro occhi*,
I thought wonderfully tiresome;
& a supernatural humbug - We dug

up some Cyclamen roots to carry home & there the carriages found us & dragged our weary limbs to Rome. Algidus & Lucretilis have already put on their snowy garments and raised their pure white peaks against the blue sky, but Soracte still bears his brown locks, as young as ever - It seemed to me so curious to pass the Anio so quietly on our way home - without the clash of arms & phalanxes -

So ended our two days at Tivoli - & had I never seen but Tivoli in my life, I should have been content -

The next day Mrs. Bracebridge & I pottered about the Piazza Navona a little - I bought some little mass books for Mrs. Herbert - they have spent a good deal of money in pretty things, but none that I desire particularly. They are however negotiating for a painted window at Cortona for their church, the correspondence for which, (which I have had to write,) seems likely

to extend itself for 100 & 40 & 4 years
at the least.

On this day we finished up the
Basiliche - I forgot to tell you that
I am better - I was taken to Tivoli
for change of air - & Mrs. Bracebridge
had been pouring water on my head
all night - but there were some
wonderfully ugly Mosaics in Santa
Prasseda, whom we saw today, much
uglier than anything I had seen yet,
which almost destroyed the balance
again - There were the Evangelists
under the form of beasts, & the
faithful under that of geese, and
666 martyrs in the Catacombs - & a
hieroglyph {hieroglyph is sketched} now, what does *that*
mean? I ~~have~~ asked Ld Lindsay
himself, whom we met at S. Petro
in Vinculis, & he did not know -
Well, we went there to see the Moses -
he does look certainly as if he were
starting from his chair, but I was

a little disappointed - it does not seem to me a good head - rather a mean one - but the life is wonderful ~~certainly~~ - here is power & terror, as in Guido there is power & grace -

And this day I made my first entrance into the Coliseum, would you believe it? I have been really a month in Rome, & this is the first time & this was such a very *little* time, that I cannot tell you any thing about it, for the sun was set to all but the highest arches & we had to run home as fast as we could, only stopping a little at the Clivus Captolinus, to inform 's mind about the Podiums there, on which I am now particularly strong - but I must premise that Nibby's & mine ~~Jup. Tonans~~ Temple of Fortune is Bunsen's Temple of Vespasian^o, [bunsen?] & old Jup. Tonans is the Temple of Saturn of the same - So there is no use in knowing any thing about them - it's better not.

Sunday we went to the Communion of Bonnets, & & I to another

Communion afterwards -

The Wilmot Hortons are come -
& Miss Horton, an interesting person,
with a very depressed voice, dined
with us on Saturday - They have got
a dreadful Miss Tufnell with them,
step=daughter, no niece, no, what
relationship is it of Mr. Parker. What
relation is the daughter of one's Co=
Secretary to one?

desires me to tell you, in answer
to your enquiries, that Mariette is all
that is attentive to her. Your anxieties
will no doubt also be relieved when I
tell you that she & Costellin are the
best of friends - which is the greatest
piece of all our luck - & he escorts her
about Rome - She is also very well -
but alas! the comforts of Embley & shops of London are
more to her taste than toutes ces {K. has vieilles} choses de Rome.
Also, the moment I received your
letter, I rushed out, & bought me
four gowns! *three* of them to
be worn all at once, viz, two skirts
of white muslin, & one of petticoat,
the fourth is a black silk skirt,
for the Ceremonies, which must all
be attended in black - Now, are not
you pleased?

Monday, we went to the Herberts to be introduced to Archd Manning, whom I like, & to a famous Archæolog. & Mesmerist Dr. Braun, a Prussian - afterwards to call on the Murchisons, which I was obliged to do, as they are here & had done so to me - And after this was my first day at the Museum Capitolinum - my first sight of the Dying Gladiator - of which no cast, no previous imagination had given me the slightest idea - Oh the wonder of that divine art, which, with the power only of representing the body, has succeeded in representing not alone the body, yes, but the spirit *absent* from the body too. You SEE his abstraction, his complete unconsciousness of pain of the time & place & all about him. The muscles of the face express physical agony, because our muscles are made to ~~it~~ do so - you see the dying man, the body dying in every sense & power, & yet you see a spirit, not there, but far away.

-3-

It seems almost a miracle, and I lingered in that room, wondering at that art which, *despising* all adventurous aids for interesting us, (for the face is really mean & brutish & ugly to a degree, ~~a~~ / of a much lower stamp, now is it not? than any cast has *dared* to give it,) ~~yet~~ / still has succeeded in chaining all our sympathies to the soul, which yet hardly seems to animate that body which we see, but to be far off. The double life in that countenance or rather the death in the face & the eternal life in the ~~spirit~~ / expression, is *really* like inspiration. I do not care about seeing it again - it is so stamped in my mind - & Ld Byron is sufficient to recall it - Even the back of the figure, which is towards the door, tells the whole story, which is certainly what I have not done & cannot do in words -

We were a large party, Herberts, Wilmots, & selves, & there are many

other things to see, the Antinous, a Hercules
&c in other rooms, but I could not see
anything but him - To talk of the
expression of a spirit seems absurd,
but what one has seen, when one
has seen that statue, *is* the expression
of a soul, now is it not? besides that of the body,
the two being *both* there - Have I
explained myself? Then you see the
very crowd & fight & bustle, by
seeing *his absence* from them -

After that, I could not bear to look
at anything else, & we adjourned to the
Tarpeian Rock, where Mrs. Herbert
now picks lovely rose buds & gives them
to me - is that not curious? and
where the Aventine smiles in her
quiet radiance under the setting
sun, & the Tiber encircles her with
his loving paternal arms - It was
a beautiful sunset after a cloudy
day - & Palatinus & Aventinus
rivalled each other, like a twin
God & Goddess - & we walked soberly
round the horrid rock, of which one bit
has been excavated

9016/22 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen {a map of part of Rome at heads of letter} {in another hand} Dec 12 1847

My dear people

[7:139-47]

As I am quite sure that you consider Salita S. Bastianello a Mrs. Harris, & that your profound conviction is that we are inhabiting the neighbourhood of St. Peter's Fountains, or at No 123, Rupe Tarpea, I prefix the above correct & authentic plan, to indicate the actual residence of your Imperial daughter, which you will observe embraces fashion on the one side, and air upon the other in its advantages - besides having a South=Eastern exposure, which gives us the sun till 3 o'clock.

Palazzo dello Sdrucchiolo

Dec 12 1847

The reason why the Imperial Palace above mentioned has changed its name, is, my dear people, that our successful reign has been interrupted by a slight smash, for which however we are now all the better, thank you - Mr. Bracebridge has had a Harry, your recollections of that worthy will enable you to understand the following explanation - Before giving you a ground plan of the Palace, I may as well give a Section, *fore shortened*, a of the Staircase (Scala dello Sdrucchiolo) {sketch} this is the best flight then comes {sketch}

then divers other forms of diagonals - the site of this staircase being known (to express myself à la Murray,) as the darkest, dankest, dangerousest in Rome - but what will not man undergo for the sake of sun? One afternoon last week, we were all coming down together, Mr. Bracebridge last, when he

caught his foot, & down he came, the whole of that flight, with his head against the opposite wall. I thought I saw (you know how fast the imagination travels) 's widow's eyes, till I heard his own dear voice again, & saw the blood - Then I thought we are all right - He said, never mind - He had cut his head on the side, there was not a scratch anywhere else, so that he must have come entirely upon his head, & his hat, which was perfectly smashed, saved him. The head bled profusely, with Arnica inside & out, do you know he is really the better for it? We had no Doctor - Costellin, who is exceedingly handy, dressed the wound in the evening, which was a painful operation, & I was surgeon's boy. That Arnica is a wonderful remedy - now I have been an eye witness of its powers - I only wish I had know of it when Harry had his accident - 5 drops of Tincture of Arnica to a teaspoonful of water, & keep the wound *constantly* wet with a piece of lint dipped in it - Taken internally in pills - I will never

be without it again. There is not the *slightest* concussion, & he has been out in the carriage several times already. Costellin shaved his head, which will damage his beauty! His the patient's coolness & patience were quite *admirable*. Mrs. B. was a little shook; but she has that blessed turn of mind, which anticipates every thing rather than an accident - & she actually wd not believe & never thought of anything but that there was an umbrella tumbled down, as she was first, till I was obliged to tell her - His head seems really lightened by the accident, he sleeps less in the evening, & we are going on now just as usual -so that I shall give you no more bulletins - The Sal Volatile you bought at Southton was very useful. & when he said, Let us have another pull at the drink, I was ready to do worship at the shrine of self=possessed Cheerfulness. All his anxiety was that we should not spoil our gowns with his blood. The only difference we make now is that we take our drives & keep more alone, for which to tell you the truth, I am not sorry, for, though Mr. Herbert's wit & spirits

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are no intermittent spring, & she is like a sunbeam, yet I have often regretted our solitude, & never have enjoyed any thing half so much, nor entered into it half so deeply, as my solitary excursions, and/ or my visits to the Vatican and the Via Sacra with alone -

But I must try & brush up my recollections. I never told you that we went to the Mamertines, where I was much disappointed. It is all so be=shrined & be patched, I could not gloat over the tortures of Catiline's fellow conspirators, or imagine St. Peter, if indeed he ever were at Rome, in that be=voto'd [?] place -

We spent one morning (by invitation) at Campana's Etruscan Collection. He will not hear of Mrs. Gray, & is furious at her mistakes & her presumption. He was excessively kind in doing the honours himself. I hate a Museum with a mortal & undying hatred, but there are 2 or 3 things here I must except. First & foremost a head of Cicero, found about 2 miles out of the Porta Salaria, on which all antiquaries are agreed (for once) - a little ugly head, but which Virgil must have seen

to suggest to him that now household word
 spirantia æra - "credo equidem, vivum {breathing brass -}
he, the artist HAS brought di marmore vultum -" {indeed, I believe, a
 living countenance of the gods

from marble -GW}

the mouth a little open, the eyes upraised
 in the moment of inspiration, when one
~~got/~~ is a little under the head, it ~~was~~/is {K. has was} really
 the man speaking, adjuring the Gods
~~agthe Cati~~ against Catiline {K. has Catilina} - I would
 rather have had him in the sublime,
 humility of his tribute to Plato, Quod
 si in hoc erro, lubenter erro - &c, that {because if I err in this, I
 err willingly}

most godlike & christian ~~sacrifice~~/offering ever
 made on the Altar of the Unknown God
 & of his greatest human high priest,
 Cicero's patron *saint*. But this was
 perhaps a better moment for sculpture

Campana has innumerable vases
 from the "antiquity of antiquity" - which
 I cared about only because they shew
 the models, from which the moderns
 have borrowed - I saw one of Hector's
 body carried by his friends, in the EXACT
 position, which Titian has adopted
 in his Burial of our Saviour at the
 Manfrini at Venice. I am sorry that
 I have forgotten some others, which struck

me at the time, but this was the day before our accident - On many of the vases were represented some curious combats between the Good & Evil principle, the Good under the form of innocent animals, The Evil of feræ - alas, in these times, {wild beasts- GW} the feræ had always the whip hand of it. & everywhere I saw the others poor things going to the bad entirely - one of his greatest curiosities was an agate head of that wretched Livia, which had evidently been worn as the knightly badge of/in a cuirass, probably in that of Augustus ~~is~~ himself it is believed. boxes full of Etruscan jewellery, which would make Storr & Mortimer waste away & die of an atrophy, a metal looking glass, with a bas relief behind, representing the Etruscan Devonshire at her toilette, a funeral bed - cooking & kitchen ranges - in fact, it was quite "not only vulgar, but horribly low", this exhibition of the domestic manners of the Etruscans - & I was very near taking an inventory of the preserves, linen & china. There was one exquisite bas relief, Menelaus driving Helen home to Troy - she is standing in her bright loveliness in a tiny biga, driving four

dashing, prancing, headlong horses, quite quiet & composed, but ~~with~~ her little mouth compressed with attention & the desire of driving her best, without a thought to spare for Menelaus, who is anxiously watching her, running by the side & evidently in a great perspiration lest she should upset herself.

The only other thing I am sorry to say that I can remember is a bronze/statue of Ascanius, with a little apparatus at the back of his head, something like a quiver, from which issued the sacred flame - Campana said that Virgil's idea of the holy fire which sprung from Ascanius's hair was suggested by this, that he, lecturing upon it, put a little Sp. of Wine into the apparatus & made it flame up just à propos - There is not a single imperfect thing in this collection -

This evening Mrs. Herbert & I went to the Benediction at the Convent of Sta Trinità di' Monti - where the nuns sing behind a grating - low & soft & distant like the singing of Angels - the first ecclesiastical music I have heard to my mind. We had a delightful walk afterwards on the Pincian.

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We have been to one splendid Function at the Quirinal Chapel, all of us in ~~papal~~ the strictest (papal) fashion, i.e. with black gowns & veils. The function began with the whole college of Cardinals walking up & kissing the papal hand, which he holds out covered with his ~~purpl~~ white Dalmatic robe - I confess they have an awful set of heads, the Cardinals - But when the function began, I forgot all this - as one considers this quite as much the Ch. of Xt as our own, I had no obtruding thoughts to disturb me - I was trying to fancy all the time what Mary ~~would~~ was thinking of it (it was in her honour) & I thought that, though she was no doubt smiling at many things, yet certainly that her Son was not displeased at any (useless?) trouble being taken for the Unseen & the Eternal, for that which rewards us only indirectly & spiritually, so much trouble is taken for the seen & the passing away - But when Pius came down from his throne, & stripped of his mitre & even his cap, lay at the foot of the altar, & all knelt, and he prayed in silence, how grand & sublime

was this public recognition of that of which we have no evidence but from our ~~unmortal~~/ immaterial part, from something in us which we have never either seen or heard -~~how~~ what a magnificent tribute was this lowering of all the visible tangible pomp of earth before that which we have no earthly attestation of. this homage which to our Reason, our Feeling & our Conscience brought our Perception brings, submitting for once & declaring itself inferior - This moment was scarcely less affecting to me than when Pius ascended his throne, & standing there in his white robes, a type of the purity of the Church of Christ, an emblem of Faith, Faith, the incense which rises from the right admixture of Reason & Feeling & Conscience, raised his arms to heaven, & implored from God the blessing which he afterwards bestowed upon us.

The music was vile, but it was a wonder to me how every body could go out of chapel exclaiming against Roman superstition & Romanist ceremonies - & the purity of square walls & a black gown - I wonder that all this pomp of nature & of sun & of purple

sunsets, & rainbowed cascades, is not called useless rites & ceremonies, why did God make so much ceremony why did He not build this world simply with four white walls, & put the sun on a surplice - there is no use in all that expense of crimson clouds & blue sky - why but to lead our thoughts from the Unseen to the Unseen.

You will say that the force of delusion can no further go - but, in spite of all that I have read & all that I know of the horrors which confusion in the Ecclesiastical & Temporal Powers brings with it, in defiance of History & of my own eyes, which tell me that to possess spiritual power is "a brevet of absurdity" - yet the beauty of the idea always rises again, predominant, in my mind, the idea of joining the Sovereign of the People & the Minister of God in the same person, of making the immediate servant of Heaven the only authority over earth, as in the days of the language, when *priest* & *prince* was the same word, both only meaning a servant who may approach the Godhead.

The story of the birth of our Saviour I can leave respectfully in doubt, but I can never doubt the usefulness of any rites which direct our thoughts to the Unseen - the Seen has enough of them -

I am very sorry to tell you that Mr. Herbert has taken up the line of decrying the consistency of Pius, & declaring him to be always swayed by the last speaker, to be frightened at what he has done - - Were he not frightened, he would be superhuman, or rather subhuman - standing, as he does, on a threshold altogether new in human history, in a position quite without comparison in its difficulties, (always excepting perhaps the untenable position of the Anglican Church) in a breccia of infallibilities & fallibilities, he would be either a brute, or a God, if he could stand there without some tremblings & stumblings, & has not Fear been always the "Dweller of the Threshold"? But what really makes me unhappy is that Mr. Herbert's opinion will have great weight with his party, while Ld Minto's will guide Ld John, & so the grand Pius movement will become a miserable

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party question perhaps in our miserable House - Under these circumstances (we had asked the Herberts to dine here to meet our Apostate Hamilton, the Apostle of Consistency, the Advocate of Gregory) I gloated upon every sproposito uttered by the animal, I delighted in seeing every bored face the Herbert made, I anticipated good from every Hamiltonian argument in favour of a papal course of straight-on-ness & linear translation of the Church.

Another cause of discomfort to the female mind is that Ventura is a fool, a mischievous fanatical fool, who will do Pius real harm by his furious partisanship - he is an honest madman, but read these bits from his sermon in honour of O'Connell.

gemate sopra il celebre ed immortal
 Cristiano Daniello, una della più
 bella glorie del Cattolocismo, il più
 grande, il più straoridario il più
 stupendo personaggio dei tempi mo=
 derna x x x pria ch Pio IX si rivelasse
 alla terra -

x x x x Il mio
 Daniello si oppone allo Bill e lo
 smaschera

x x x x
 (À propos to Emanicipation,) Una parte

notabile dei Comuni si oppone - l'Aris=
tocrazia minaccia, l'Anglicanismo {FN spells it thus}pro=
testa - lo stesso Re Giorgio IV, le cui
ottime qualità d'inglese e di cristiano
erano oscurate dal fanatismo di un
settario, ne freme - x x nella rabbia
dell'orgoglio reale, 'umiliato di dover
cedere ad un privato, battendo i piedi,
gittando la penna, e prorompendo
nella impreciazion plateale, God damne
O'Connell, ricusa di sottoscivère -

Oh he's a pestilential ignorant
honest mischief maker between the
Pope & us, & the Irish & us.

I hope Ld Minto is doing good, but
he has been ill - I wish some influential
private ~~you~~ had come out - a Lord
Morpeth, whom the Irish would trust in,
for instance - & who wd be too honest himself *not*
to ~~dis~~trust the Pope -

They are making Scavi in the Palatine
on the side of Augustus - & have discovered
some nice painted walls - but the rooms,
to which they belong, must have been
small -

I have had both your letters, thank
you, dear Papa, on the same day - and
great treasures they were, as I thought
it a very long time since I had had any.
I have not heard from Parthe since the
day before she left home -

Mr. Bracebridge & I went to Torlonia's to get out our money - where an imperial nobleman received us, & treated me as if I had been a Princess of Wales, and I had to sign my name about 42 times, & had a check book to bring home. and all for a poor little 100 - & we were both in such a fright, Mr. B. because he expected another imperial nobleman with one eye to fire upon him through the door, (whom he used to treat with, when he dealt once at Torlonia's shop), for having forsaken it, & I because I did not know whether I was to make my mark, or to sign a marriage contract with the Devil in red ink, & ~~(illeg)~~ /was afraid of ~~(illeg)~~ the emperor, who was so dreadfully gentlemanlike - wd cheat me - but I got 47 pauls 3 baj=occhi out of him too, tho' the Exchange has been only 46.

I hope that you will write to me a little oftener - I will send you news of the Lega Doganale - Give me love to Teazer & to all who remember me -

We have kept aloof from the English & owing to Mr. B.'s accident, & Mrs. B.'s previous ill health, which however she has now nearly recovered, I have not had courage to look up the Italians

yet, viz Mme Terlink the artist, & Mrs. Lockhart - & others - But I will if I can - The Collyar has not yet called, we should like to know him - I believe we have mustered ~~(illeg)~~/courage to go to the Minto Monday for the first time tomorrow. Mariette is getting to have more interest in Rome, I am glad to say, at first she felt nothing but indignation at the degraded state of the shop windows - in comparison with Paris. I hope that Parthe wrote to Lyons to have her letter there forwarded to me.

Do you remember the frescoes at San Gregorio - the two of St. Andrea, done in rivalry by Guido & Domenichino, struck me moderately - but there is a Gloria in Excelsis in the ceiling by Guido, which recurs to one's imagination, & makes its dwelling place there, even more than when before one's eyes. I should like to see it again & again. Under all possible disadvantages, the Père Eternel represented as an old man with white hair, the angels all round in an orchestra, no one could feel an irreverential idea conveyed to his mind, the means disappear, the effect only remains, it is an aspiration from the man's inmost heart, one *knows* it is done out of devotion & not out of vanity. There is something so extraordinarily ethereal in the Almighty form, one hardly ~~knows~~/can tell in what it consists but there is nothing of earth in it. **[end 7:147]**

9016/23 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen [7:147-49]

Palazzo dello Sdrucchiolo

13 December.

1847 {arch: 13 Dec 1847}

My dearest child, I have just this moment received your wedding letter which rejoiced the very marrow of my bones - It seemed to me long since I had heard from you - I have had three letters from you, and two since, upon the same day, from Pa & Ma, (of which one, enclosing Mrs. Howe). Is that the right count, five altogether? the Lyons letter I have not yet had. I also had a dear nice letter from Aunt Jenny, telling me all about the trial, which, provoking & painful as it was, I was exceedingly anxious to hear, & for which I must thank her myself - pray tell her how kind it was of her. My dear, we cannot feel too much gratitude for Mr. Bracebridge's wonderful recovery - when I think how all might have been at this moment, my heart leaps within me, and I wish to call upon all Saints & Angels in heaven & earth, of which last you are one, to thank with me, because I cannot do it well enough - I must tell you that the Consulta have carried the publicity, a great step, for many of the Consultori themselves were against it, including, I am afraid, the Pope's nephew, Mastai. You understand that the Govt. is not bound to accept this vote of making ~~publicity~~ of the Consulta's ~~measures~~ resolutions, but still it is a step to have voted it.

The Pope lives in the most frugal manner - his dinner costs 6 pauls - & his dress is on the same footing - he has no privy purse - But he has an Elemosina from the State for saying the three yearly masses - which Elemosina is 20,000 - Ferretti is not a man of talent, but of unflinching resolution. If the Pope told him to put on the dress of the Civic Guard, he would do it, or to fire Sant' Angelo, equally. There is beli {edge of the page is missing} {eved to} be no sort of truth in the report of the Si ment, I am sorry to say. Admiral Sir W. here, & was presented to the Pope & most agreeable, but nothing pa

He (Sir W.P.) is afraid of going to Naples, lest he shd give offence there & so is going back to Malta - There has been a miracle here, which has made a great row, & the poor foolish woman has been paraded in the streets.

We got up the steam last night to go to the Minto Monday, which civility would have commanded long before - as we had received the card a long while and, my dear, converts are always enthusiasts, I like doing society in a business like way, & not carelessly & as it comes - A fever seized us, we thought we wouldn't dress for nothing, we ordered the carriage for twelve hours & victims to our duty's sense, we set out to do Rome, England & America in one & the same night. Oh how I laughed, how I chuckled

to

see

somebody as miserable as myself - how I ~~regar~~ fed on 's agonies. First of all we went to dinner (at Lady Horton's) then to an American concert (at a Mr. Perkins's, who, by the bye, has a room painted in fresco, figures size of life, by Cornelius & Overbeck) and after "Perkins's ball" to the Minto - This is what I call suffering for righteousness' sake, but here we giv'in yes, I am ashamed to record it. I was ready to have gone to *five more*, but we didn't - we shamefully turned tail & fled, (our sufferings were severe, but they were short,) ~~we~~ and were at home *before 11*. The Minto girls asked to have me introduced to them, & nothing could be more polite than Ly Minto, who recognised my name, ~~{illeg-thankfully?}~~, & said civil things. There was the Emperor Torlonia & his wife, who was a Colonna in diamonds, all the Ambassadors & their wives, (Rossi looking like a fiend in hell) Azeglio, the Consulta, Sir W. Parker, {edge of page torn} a pretty little woman with red hair, who takes
 es to the hospitals, & combs out the hair
 to do herself good, while they on
 tain a whole population in their

heads, to do themselves good, I suppose - what & how numerous that is, I leave you to guess - Mrs. Herbert told me the names of every body, & all the great names of Italy were there & in such a heat - The Minto girls had been presented to the Pope for the first time the Sunday before - he said a few words in French to Ly Minto, very pleasant. They had heard from Helen R that morn. that I was here - pray thank her for it.

This morning, my dear, I could not help setting off to St. Peter's before

breakfast I thought he must have thought me such a fool, last night - I could not be happy till I had gone & purified in his house - ~~That~~ was that the way they sought Inspiration in the days when Inspiration still dwelt upon the earth? St. Peter did not live in drawing rooms - Oh how sublime he looked this morning, how heavenly & calm his atmosphere - Even the dancing fountains, falling in rivers of life under the rising sun, even the sharp fresh morning air, felt to me importun {FN} & out of tune as I came out of the Great Sanctuary -

The Perkins' music was only instrumental - I have not been able to hear anything of the Lockhart, yet. We have done nothing the last few days, so that I have not much to write about, as you see -

Dec 14

9016/24 unsigned letter, 5ff, pen [7:149-58]

Palazzo dello Sdrucchiolo

Dec 17. 1847

Oh my dearest I have had such a day -
my red Dominical - my Golden letter -
the 15th of December was its name - & of
all my days in Rome this has been
the most happy & glorious - Think of a
day alone in the Sistine Chapel with
-quite alone, without Custode, without
visitors - looking up into that heaven of
angels & prophets - But I must tell
you how it came about - we were to
have gone to Albano with the Herberts, but
Mr. B. was not well enough, so we
gave it up. & to compensate me, thought
we would make a day of it. After going
to Gibson's Studio with him, & then putting
him into the Sapienza to read, for illness
makes no difference with him, he will
always read just the same - & I went
down to the ferry by a little back street
in Piazza Ripetta, & crossing it walked
by the desert way to St. Peter's. St. Angelo
seems to stand here in a perfect waste,
though one is close to a giant city - one
only sees the back of the Angel, and
he looked as if he had just lighted
from heaven for a moment - there -
Oh that he would light some day on

his ministering course on England, coming
"to succour us who succour want". We
went in at Porta Angelica, and straight
up the long noble staircase into
the Capella Sistina - There we were left
quite alone, & yet not alone, for,
with an innumerable company of
angels & prophets, we began to praise
God. Oh my dear, for words to describe
to you ~~that~~ those figures - but there are none,
except the own words of the men them=
selves in the prophecies - there they
are, each breathed in life & handed
down to us - you see the likeness, you
feel sure that it was ~~them~~ they, that
you will know them again - I did not
think that I was looking at pictures,
but looking straight into heaven itself
& that the faults of the ~~(illeg)~~/representation
& the blackening of the ~~pictures~~/colours were
the dimness of my own earthly vision,
which would only allow me to see
obscurely, indistinctly what was there
in all its glory to be known even as
I was known, if mortal eyes & under=
standing were cleared from the
mists we have wilfully thrown around
them.

There is Daniel, my dearest, opening his window, & praying to the God of his fathers 3 times a day, in defiance of fear - you see that young & noble head. like an eagle's disdainng danger, those glorious eyes, undazzled by all the honours of Babylon.

Then comes Isaiah, but he is so divine that there is nothing but his own 53rd chapter will describe him. he is the Isaiah, the grosse Unbekannte of the Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, not of the previous forty chapters.

Next to him comes the Delphic Sybil, the most beautiful, the most inspired of all the Sybils here, but the distinction which ~~he~~ /M. Angelo has drawn even between *her* & the *Prophets* is so interesting. There is a security of inspiration about Isaiah, he is listening & he is speaking "that which we *hear*, we say unto you" there is an anxiety, an effort to hear even about the Delphian, she is not quite sure, there is an uncertainty, a wistfulness in her eyes - she expects to be rewarded rather in another stage than in this - for her struggles (it is still a struggle) to reach to the *Unknown*, (Isaiah knows already) to gain the

prize of her high *calling* - there is no uncertainty in her feeling of being *called* (to hear the voice,) but she fears that her earthly ears are "heavy" & gross & corrupt the meaning of the heavenly words - I cannot tell you now affecting this anxious look of her far reaching eye is to the poor mortals standing on the pavement below, while the Prophets ride secure on the storm of Inspiration. I was disappointed at first that my Tiburtine Sybil was not there, that I might see her again, once more but afterwards I was glad, because if it had not been like, it might have bewildered me - and I will tell you in confidence that she is not at all like the Delphica, she is much taller & older & paler, her hair is white, & her mantle long & grey, & she has dwelt less on the glowing inspi= rations of Greece, & more on the shadowy visions of solitary caves & rainbows & twilight hours - The Delphian's flushed cheek tells how she has fed on the hues of the sunset, & gazed at the cloudless sun while mine has ~~filled~~ drunk at the cold moon= beam, & her cheek is pale with awful visions of the night.

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Oh how Michael Angelo must have prayed
how he must have filled himself with the
Spirit of the prophets before he could
have had these forms revealed to him -
How they must have welcomed him
when he came among them (~~Here is one
worthy to be among us~~) / that is not the way
the prophets speak that is of the earth, earthy - they may have
said, Here is one of the servants of the Lord. behold he is
one of us - I feel these things to be
part of the word of God, of the ladder to
heaven - The word of God is all by which
he reveals his thought, all by which he
makes a manifestation of Himself to
men - it is not to be narrowed and
confined to one book, or one nation, but
all, all by which he has vouchsafed to
make himself known to men, is the word
of God surely - & no one can have seen
the Sistine without feeling that he has
been very near to God, that he will
understand some of His words better for
ever after - & that Michael Angelo, one
of the greatest of the sons of men, when
{illeg}/one looks at the dome of St. Peter's on the
one hand & the prophets & martyrs on
the other, has received as much of the
breath of God, and has done as much
to communicate it to men, as any seer of old.
He has performed that wonderful miracle
of giving form to the breath of God, chiseling
his inspiration, wonderful whether it is
done by words or colours or hard stones.

Are you tired, or shall you have patience to go through the prophets with me? There is Daniel, with one book lying on his knee & copying from it upon another - he is evidently sitting with his windows open in his chamber toward Jerusalem. & the hot wind of Babylon is fevering his brow, reminding him of the fiery furnace. Opposite him is Jeremiah, not hearing, not reading, not speaking, but plunged in melancholy thought, his head upon his hands, seeking deep in himself the judgments of the Lord of hosts, & mourning not for himself, but for his people. He seems to be measuring heaven above, & searching out the foundations of the earth beneath, to foresee the natural consequences of the sin of his people - he sees deep written in his heart that the daughter of Zion is become a widow, & that there is no sorrow like unto her sorrow - The most profound & heart-searching of all the prophets, the bitterest & tenderest mourner (that has ever spoken) ~~of~~/over the sins of men ~~has~~ is so well expressed - You see that he is past the stage when he said, Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? it is nothing to *him* now, all *they* that pass by. *they* can add nothing to his bitterness. which sits upon him like a cloud but even now, when he has no comforter, it is peace to him to acknowledge that the Lord has done it & that he {K. has He} is righteous.

In wonderful contrast, Ezekiel comes next to him - with a strong & striking character of his own - He is starting from his chair, that impetuous, resolute, energetic priest, the fearless denouncer of all the sins of his time, who makes us shudder with the nakedness of his exposition of them. who lifts us up with him by the forelock between the earth & the heaven, even as he was lifted up. You see, actually before you, the man who conducted himself in his captivity like a king & a judge, who, when his fellow captives came to beseech him & acknowledge his authority, refused to be enquired of at all by them, would only answer them according to the multitude of their idols, the man who defied sorrow & forbore to weep even for the ~~death~~ of his wife, the desire of his eyes, while Jeremiah's eyes would have failed {K. has filled} with tears, he would have poured out his heart like water all the more because her loss was a foretaste of the destruction of the "daughter of his people".

Next comes Joel, severe & calm, steeled on his resolution, every emotion & every passion repressed in the sternness of his denunciations - for as a destruction from the Almighty is it come -

And the remarkable expression of their countenances is that they all read not as if it was their own productions which they were reading, but as if they were

reading aloud those of another. There is an expression of eager & fearful *curiosity*. Joel seems to have *just* heard that the day of thick darkness is at hand, the day of the Lord & therefore irretrievable and inevitable, & to be calling upon his people to howl & cry.

With Jonah I was not much edified, he is only the backslider and renegade - But Zechariah oh how beautiful he is, the old man meekly yet anxiously reading his book close to his eyes, which ~~are~~ /seem to be deceiving his impatience - he is just making the great discovery that Immanuel, our brother, our fellow, the God *like unto us*, is also the fellow of the Lord of hosts, is also like unto him - at the same *time* he is looking upon ~~him~~ this our brother, whom we have pierced - & his old eyes are mourning for him as for his only son - he is not thinking of his people, like Jeremiah, but only of him.

I have kept Isaiah to the last, because I do not know what to say about him. ~~All the~~ I was rather startled at first by finding him so young, which was not my idea of him at all, while the others are old. But M. Angelo knew him better - it is the perpetual youth of Inspiration, the vigour & freshness, ever new, ever living of that eternal spring of thought, (the prophecies of the last 26 chapters) which is typified under that youthful

-3-

face - Isaiah never grew old - for Genius has no age, while Mind (Zechariah) has no youth. Most of the others are reading, but Isaiah, that greatest of the prophets, is hearing - straight from the source of inspiration the voice comes to him, & he is listening in direct communion with the All-knowing, his face is serene, secure, without anxiety, without eagerness, he knows that he has found his God - there, is no doubt -

How M. Angelo must instantly have recognized them all when he met them, spirit to spirit - how those who are considered worthy one day to do this will look back & say, I have seen your earthly form before, more even on earth - There are few moments which we shall carry with us through the gate of Death most probably, few recollections which will stand the eternal light which the last moment will throw upon them, but this I am sure will be one of mine - My first sight of the Sistine Chapel will be one of the ~~the sights~~ moments I shall carry with me - & it will ~~const~~/be a constant light to the reading of the prophet from this

time - I just looked through that wonderful series of the Creation in the roof. they are almost too wonderful for mortal eyes - one feels as if with the thoughts of God, the word *Almighty* seems revealed to one for the I=first time in the fullest sense capable of being appreciated by mortal minds - that awful figure separating Light from Darkness, the creation of matter, & in the next compartment but one, the same figure giving his first statutes & precepts to man, separating as it were light from darkness in him, the creation of mind, & in the next compartment but one to that, his first fall from light, typefied by the story of the Apple - oh why would he do it - he was so full of grateful adoration, but one moment before & then his expulsion into darkness, the angel still following him with looks of compassion, & Eve stricken ~~down~~, shrinking, crouching, less with the fear of her punishment, than crushed by strong remorse, blighted under the consciousness of her guilt - I only just looked through them - *I was afraid* of coming to the Last Judgment I really hoped that

-4-

we should not have light today to see it, but we did come to it. It is all true, I have felt it; felt it in myself. & can be a witness to its truth - In the belief of a "General Judgment" at ~~the~~ ~~is~~ what is called the "Last Day", with humility I feel I do not share, I cannot look forward, I mean, to an actual embodying, at a particular definite time, the same for all, of the feeling of Conscience in all our hearts, which puts us now & at once in possession of the Justice of God - that this becomes an event, that this ideal of the Eternal Judgments takes form, & becomes place & time, I have no expectation - this M. Angelo's Judgment is to me the form suggested by, & representing, the *idea* in our hearts, (which exists *now & always*,) rather than that this idea prophesies a *form foreshadows* / i.e. portends an actual event. The idea may be awakened now, in some; in others, in times to come, & then there will be indeed as the sound of a trumpet in our souls, & our dead consciences will indeed arise, but there will be no need then of exterior trumpets or tribunals, the tribunal will be between us & our God.

would not let me stay, so that I
can tell you very little about this wonderful
vision - besides, you can fancy what a
contempt comes over one in Rome
for our art of words, one has no
faith in reading or writing - it
seems such a slow & gradual &
low process of representing an idea
instead of bodying it forth at once -
like dressing the Apollo piece by piece
in clothes, & then shewing his suit, &
saying - Look what a fine fellow he
must have been, instead of pre=
senting him at once "the Sun in
human limbs arrayed" - Oh it is a
melancholy task - but conceive, for
you can, the imagination, the moral
daring, so like the Bible's, of that
man, who, disregarding all the rules
of composition about the contrast
which there ought to be between
the blessed & reprobate absolute
rapture on one hand & despair
on the other &c &c &c has ventured
to shew what seems so much more
true, the agony of surprise, the slow
awakening, the doubt, the fearful
hope & suspense, the intense expectation

of what are called the blessed - If I never see it again, I can never forget the expression of St. Peter, offering his keys - it is so true - his utter uncertainty, have I kept them well oh my Master, have I fulfilled thy intentions? no, I have not fed thy sheep as thou didst expect of me.

Oh here are the keys of thy fold, take them from me, for I am not worthy This must be all so true - his agony of doubt & humility - St. Peter's is the only figure I had time to understand - but the whole effect is one & undivided & you stand there, expecting that your turn will come next.

A great deal is lost upon me, for my want of art - & oh how I regret still more that I am not better acquainted with the spirit of the Prophets - so much I felt that I could not enter into those six figures for want of knowing them more intimately To any one coming to Rome the first thing needful is to be filled with the thoughts & individual characters of the Prophets

carried me off, & (as we wanted to pay a visit to St. Peter's after dusk, & it was only 2 o'clock, & we would not see any thing else that day,) we went out to rest ourselves by taking a long walk up Monte Mario - How the dancing fountains played like silver beams, & how brilliant everything looked in the sun lit Piazza, as we came out of the dark Sistine, as if God had dressed his earth, to repose the mortal minds of his children, unable to dwell for more than a moment in the mysteries of his heaven - At a little Caffè, just behind the Colonnade, we went in, & had a sumptuous refreshment of caffè nero & bread for five bajocchi. 1 ¼ d. each, & then passing through our dear Porta Angelica, (as we were out for the day, we were determined to do the thing magnificently,) we bought a pocket=full of roasted chesnuts of the old crone at the gate for 2 baj. more - & eat our feast all the way up the winding road to Villa Mellini, where we

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spent an exquisite half hour, mooning
or rather sunning, about the whole
Campagna & City lying at our feet,
the sea on one side like a golden laver
below the declining sun, the windings
of the Tiber & the hills of Lucretilis
on the other, with Frascati, Tivoli,
Tusculum (places, in whose very
name is magic) on their cypress
sides - for in that clear atmo=
sphere, you could see the very
cypresses of Mæcnas' villa at
Tivoli, - with long stripes of violet
& pomegranate coloured light
sweeping over the plain like waves, (even
said it was like Hymettus) - one
stone pine solitary upon the edge
fo our Mellini hill & the city, the
fallen Babylon, like a dead city beneath; no sound of
multitudes, ascending - but the
only life, were these great crimson
lights & shadows, (for here, the
shadow of a red light is violet,)
like the carnation=coloured wings
of angels, invisible, flapping over
the plain & leaving this trace
behind them - We were obliged
to rush down as fast as we could,

for the sun was setting, & we reached
St. Peter's, just as the doors were
going to close, but the Sacristan told
us that he wd let us out through
a side door in a pope's monument if we liked - So we had
the great church all to ourselves,
& the tomb of St. Peter wreathed
with lights. And it felt like
the times when a Xtian knight
watched by his arms the whole
night (before some great enterprise)
at the Holy Sepulchre - & one
shadowy white angel we could
see through the window over the
great door, (which window is the shape,
as you know, of Raphael's picture of the Deli=
verance of St. Peter by the Angel - & do you
know, he quite made us start
as he stood there in the gloaming -
Of course it was the marble statue
on the façade - & there were two
workmen still laughing & talking
at the extreme ends & their
sounds, as they were repeated
under the long vaults, were like
the gibbering of devils, & their lanterns,
as they wavered along close to the

ground, like corpse lights - I thought of St. Anthony & holy knights & their temptations - And at last the Sacristan took us out of that vast solemn dome through a *tomb!* & we glided out into the silvery moonlight & home over Ponte Angelo - where I made a little invocation to S. Michael to help me to thank, for why the Protestants should shut themselves out, in solitary pride, of the Communion of Saints in heaven AND in earth I never could understand -

so ended this glorious Wednesday & I must end too - I always regret my dear love, that it is not you instead of me, who am so little worthy of entering into it. The report is afloat that that wretched Leigh is in the field for Tamworth on Protectionist principles - do not mention it, if as is most likely, it cannot be true - but find out anything you can for Mr. Bracebridge. The Lockharts are not yet arrived in Rome - I have a most curious morning to tell you of, spent with Mrs. Herbert & a real live Cardinal at an Asylum -

Thank Mama for her last letter & give me a kiss & please write again. I trust you will see my boy during the holidays - I have an anxious heart about him - see how boys, like this humbug Leigh, go into Parliament, so wretchedly & brutally ignorant of the commonest principles - But anxiety is "impertinent", as Aunt Mai says, as if God did not know how to drive us - ~~{illeg illeg illeg illeg illeg illeg illeg}~~ &c Besides you will want to hear about Rome from Rome.

I have seen the Cenci. You cannot imagine how it makes one's heart swell. I cd not live in the room with that picture - the cheeks are stained with tears, but she past them now. It is as if she were saying, All will ~~now~~ be over soon - the utter despair, she has given up by her crime the hope of salvation as well as of life - there is no comfort - in those eyes is the extinction, pang by pang of all desire, save that of annihilation. Guido does not call upon you to ~~{illeg}~~/observe her youth or her beauty or her intellect - *there* is a creature whom you are to pity, that is all - you go away, with an iron hand grasping your heart, that such sorrow should be on earth.

There is a Fornarina by Raphael in the same room - My dear, if I had caught Milton in a disgraceful set I cd not have been more shocked - but he must have repented of it long since, & of all the acts he committed

{9016/27 written inside the envelope}

upon earth probably
 this is the one he most
 wishes to recall - how strange
 that he is not allowed now to destroy a
 picture; but he must have repented it even
 on earth, or he never cd have had the Dresden
 Virgin revealed to him - But one cannot
 look at it twice, & I have
 forgotten it already; as
 he wished me - & as
 one is bound to do in tribute to him. [end 7:148]

{continued in the top margin of the first page, written vertically}

If Mama had
but told me
who that
wight was
who sent
her such a
different
acct. of the
Consulta,
I wd send
him an
Illustrated
London News
from *Rome*
wh. has the
picture
of it, to
do him good.

9016/25 incomplete unsigned letter, lf, pen, may be Mrs. B., FN hand
letter in Edinb 111/3, Maitland section

How Uncle Oc would laugh at the way business
is done at Rome. the other day at the Baths
of Caracalla, there were 50 or 60 men, employed
at 10d a day which is high wages here to move
earth from the ruins which might have been
done with a tolerable sized cart & a
jackass in a few hours. They had wheelbarrows
which are measured 18 inches one way
12 another & 7 deep & these were almost {K. has rather}
lighter when they were filled than they were
before - they had to wheel about 50 yards
& running singing screaming most of them in
long cloaks & some in spectacles they set off.
Half way they stopped & sat down to refresh some
& smoking their pipes & thus improving their time
& giving themselves up to study (while we were
wasting ours) by reading books of devotion - & after
a short recreation the 60 men set off again to
their journey's end, where the earth was taken out
of the barrows by twice as many spades, every
single spadefull performing a circuit & describing
two sides of a square. (going from A to B upon
one man's spade & from B to C on another's)
before it arrived at its destination thus B C
it having an objection to the diagonal

A

| I never

laughed half so much & they seemed to enjoy it too - The wheelbarrows had semicircular bottoms to take up as much room as possible fastened in with large wooden pegs - Val would have undertaken the whole for a small consideration & a donkey -

The ruins of the Baths of Caracalla are something so enormous that one would have thought they were barracks for a whole species There are immense halls for the Gladiators' fights but when I found that I could not be in my bath & look out at the murders all in one, which would have been the beauty of luxury or the luxury of beauty I thought the whole concern contemptible.

We went one day to the subterranean Church of St. Peter's which is truly wonderful, loaded as it is with bas reliefs, mosaics, pictures. What a belief they must have had in invisible eyes in those days for surely all these things could not have been placed there in profound darkness for ours - There is a whole garrison of dead Popes & Kings & Emperors & exiled princes there (3 of our own) to mount guard over them beginning from the time of the old prefects of Rome, one of whom the earliest Xtian monument that exists has the most extraordinary

representation of our first parents - Adam & Eve are there having just concluded their greedy trick & by them a figure riding upon a small pony as there was no other created being at that time who could this have been? I have carefully concealed the fact up to this time having always believed & operated on the authority of many books on Xtian art, that the early Christians were so imbued with the spirit of reverence that they would not make any actual ~~representation~~/image {K. has representation} even of our Saviour but contented themselves with representing him by symbols - And certainly in all the early mosaics I have seen, this is the case, the first figures of Him having crept in with the Greek monk, but confidentially who *could* this have been? The worst of the subterranean St. Peters is that you must follow your guide who has the torch, & if I wanted to tarry a little, I was obliged to claw hold of my immediate Predecessor's tail, that I might not be lost in that labyrinth of tombs, without at least dragging a fellow sufferer into the scrape, so that you ne'er should see our pretty faces more - There is no

pleasure which is commanded pleasure, where
your fancy may not have its own caprice -
From this Sotterranei we went to sun ourselves
at St. Onfrio's - where poor Tasso lies buried
under a modest stone with the monks among
whom he went to lay his weary bones - every
thing is beautiful in his garden, even the Roses
& lemon flowers there were more beautiful than
I had seen anywhere else - and such a
view from his own seat - of towers & palaces &
domes & colonnades & the laughing villas of Rome
& the great St. Peters himself who looks more
vast from there than anywhere else. But
even these we know could not light up his days
of darkness nor heal his wounded spirit as
indeed the view of beautiful nature or still
more beautiful art seldom does - And one
felt ten times sadder, as he did at the thought
of how little happiness had to do with it or him.
We were not allowed as obnoxious females to
go into the Cloisters tho' there are but 8
monks left. that race being at a discount
now & declining from its former beauty &
preservation -

9016/26 unsigned letter & envelope, 3ff, pen {envelope postmarked:
ROMSEY DE 29 1847 E PONT MARSEILLE 27 {ILLEG} 47 ROMA 18 DEC 47}

Rome - Dec 20 - 1847 [7:161-66]

My beloveds I must go at once in medias res, having no time for much of a spiritual nature, which I wish to say - I have seen the Rospigliosi Guido, and was a little disappointed. The Aurora is exquisite, but it is not my idea of the colouring of morning, that I mean of the whole fresco, ~~perhaps because~~ not even of a Southern summer morning, though I have seen them at Como & Venice, nor my idea of the way the hours succeed one another - he has put the green & red ones first, & the white & grey last - but probably Guido knew best. We had a delightful walk on the Appian Way, a little farther than Cecilia Metella, but as Mr. B was not well, we did not go into any of the Columbaria - it is so pretty sticking up all their graves by the way side If one must pay honour to the dead covering, that is the way I should like to have it paid.

But I must tell you of a most curious morning at S. Michele Hospital. The Herberts have an aunt Baron --, a Countess Woronzow, whose niece (by Mr. Herbert called

Countess O'Flaherty, by Mrs. Herbert Baron - but in reality a Miss Baron) - a rigid Catholic, took us there. Cardinal Tosti, whose hobby it is, & who is the director, had appointed us at 10 o'clock. The Herberts, (who talk familiarly, & as if face to face, with Cardinals & Princes of the Church) & you can have no idea what a cold perspiration I was in at the presence of a real live Cardinal, un brivido mi corse per le vene well, down went C'ss O'flaherty on her knees, to kiss his holy hands, but Tosti, a good fussy old womanly sort of body, almost pushed her over in his anxiety not to have his hand kissed, till he had ascertained her not to be a Protestant Then nothing cd make him understand that the Herberts were not Russians. He collared a meek little man who was standing by, saying Vous, vous, vous êtes Rousse, & wd have pushed him into Sidney Herbert's arms, if his familiar had not shouted into his ears that the little victim was a Pole. We curtsied, on our parts, to the very ground, & he after showing us the chapel, & distributing papers & prints among us, the production of the Pupils of the Asylum, told us he was going

to prepare a Pezzo di musica for us, & turned us over to the priest. Charities certainly swarm in Rome as flies in the sun, but such a blue bottle fly as this I had not idea of. There is an Asylum for old men, & an Asylum for young women, where 180 are taught trades, their only qualification being fatherlessness. I asked what became of them afterwards. and the Superior said they almost all married, tho' they gave but 100 scudi dot, for a wife, & 200 sc. if they became *nuns* - but that all the workmen of Rome came there for their wives - Because they were so well brought up, I said very prettily. "Hum, haw," she said, "not exactly, but then you know they know a trade & that is such a thing for a husband, & none of the young women in Rome, elsewhere, are brought up to do anything, you know." They were almost all of them ill, and there had been 16 bleedings that morning - so much for Roman Sangrados - their chief occupation seemed to be making military uniforms. Then there was an Asylum for old women, of which the smell was very pungent, & brought the water into our eyes - and an Establishment where 200 young men are kept till they

are 20, learning all manner of professions
When a sculptor acquires a certain
degree of perfection, he has a studio
to himself. & the drawing school, furnished
with casts of everything beautiful in the
world, was really admirable. There were
some cartoons, done by the pupils, of some
of the great pictures of Rome, first rate, -
i.e. Mr. Herbert said so, for I could
not tell, you know. But I saw some of
my dear friends, the Prophets & Sybils,
there. There were all sorts of machines
for making cloth, & cutting its hair when made &
workshops, à la Norwood, of every class,
which I take for granted were = in
goodness. And such a view of the Tiber
& the pulchrum litus of the Aventine
opposite. The income of S. Michele, which
was founded by a poor artisan is
50,000 scudi - & it is whispered that it
is terribly squandered, this enormous
revenue. And as Monsignor Tosti was
the Treasurer of the Pontifical Finances,
you may imagine what became of those.
The expense of each inmate is calculated at
about 50 scudi, which does not sound
much. not 11. We went all over it,
from the cellar to the garret - there are
great infirmaries in it - & though there
was nothing to be learnt there which I
wanted to know, & expected to find there

yet there was a great deal very curious.
The principle of the establishment is that all its officers, attendants, superintendents &c should be taken out of its own pupils. & accordingly they are, even to the Superiors of the different departments - who are elected every 3 years. The oldest old people are in the same way nursed by the younger old people - & the sick are nursed by the well in the young departments - a famous regulation, which smelt to Heaven, in a most literal sense, ~~of~~ which alone manifested its effects - beautiful in theory, in practise, (between Tosti & myself) not so well. The four departments are kept entirely apart, have different masses at different times in church, & never see one another. The best part of it is that they receive, on leaving the Hospital, half the produce of their work, which has been laid by for them & accumulated in the Savings Bank. Il va sans dire that a great many professors give their lessons gratis here, & several engravers now at Paris have been made here. The Guardia Civica rage is so great that even here (you meet constantly in the streets sucking processions of Guardii Civiche parading) even here in this dismal cold place, the little scholars had some of them guardia civica caps. The building is enormous, & the corridors worthy of palaces. Pius has been 4 times

to see it.. Our friend, the Baron, took the opportunity of doing a little business every time we passed through one of the numerous oratories, & popped down on her knees to get forward with a bit of her work, for though on pleasure we were bent, she had a frugal mind Every article used in the Asylum is supposed to be manufactured within its walls.

This done, we were summoned back to the Apostolic presence, just in time to warm me with his seasonable awe & prevent congelation. Exactly in the middle of a vast gallery, we found 3 arm chairs set out, with a small carpet at their feet, & separated at the distance prescribed by Apostolic decency from two other arm chairs for the Eminence himself, & Mr. Herbert. Mrs. Herbert made me sit nearest the holy man. Conceive my situation. Presently he had up an unfortunate boy to read the words of the music to him, & repeating them aloud to us with annotative explanations, & beating with hands & feet, which violent exercise continued the whole time, the music began - There we were, he exactly like Don Magnifico in the Cenerentola, a Lablache suddenly grown thin, with an appropriate dressing gown, S. Herbert like Dandini, there on false pretences, for he, his wife & I were only

the Countess Woronzow in commission.
and we, the three women, ~~sat~~ like the
three daughters, of whom Mrs. Herbert was
the Cenerentola - My Apostolic terrors had
reached their height when the music
began, (all the pupils being ranged at an
awful distance behind a piano at the
farthest end of the Gallery) of which it
is but fair to say that it was exquisite
they sang duets, choruses, solos of old
Italian ~~ecclesiastical~~ /oratorio music, with the
clearest boys' voices I have ever heard,
His Eminence giving us an Analytical
Digest of the feelings of David, who was
the hero of the Oratorio, before each piece,
But all my pleasure was swallowed
up in the disappointment of my expect-
tation that D. Magnifico wd come forward
& sing a Cavatina himself. He asked us
however very graciously to come again &
then backed off, spluttering & gesticulating
to the last. We crossed the island
of S. Bartolommeo on our way home, made
of Tarquin's accursed sheaves, which the
people, you know, would not use, & so
cast them in there - & visited the church,
which still shews remains of the Temple
of Æsculapius - & is a famous specimen
of the Opus Græcanicum in its pavement.
We finished up with a walk in the Doria
Panfili gardens, as Mrs. Herbert would not

see anything else without a Cardinal at least to show it her. It was horridly cold, but Doria Panfili ~~&~~, out of the dear little Porta Cavalleggeri, you know which had been my first entrance into Rome, ~~as~~/is lovely. The curious part of the view of St. Peter's is that, as seen from here and so many places, it looks as if it were rising out of a desert, a perfect solitude, the view of the city being quite shut out, ~~& was~~ /it stands there like a solitary witness on Salisbury Plain.

I do wish that I could get engravings of my Prophets & Sybils, but they are so badly engraved that it is quite profane.

Last Friday & I spent a delightful afternoon clambering about the Coliseum, but alas! not without a custode, & not, I regret to confess it, without horrible green gates with spikes at the tops - isn't it disgusting? They are making terrible reparations too! with wheel barrows! But still the idea of vastness, which you have nowhere but from the upper range, is wonderful, though I must allow, it touches me but little - I brought away two house leek sorts of things, the ugliest, the vulgarest, basest vegetation I could find, as sacred to the memory of the spiritual deformity of the Coliseum to be dried in remembrance of the same, the most fitting symbols of what the Emperors have/d substituted in place of the great days of Rome - The memory of Polycarp, the friend of St. John, was the only one I could find hovering

about the place, which I could welcome.

Mrs. Herbert is having her bust taken by Macdonald - we have seen the bozzo - a hopeless concern, I think

We have had two days of cold rain - Mrs Crawford is recovering from her confinement, I have seen her several times.

The post here is so irregular that you need never be uneasy at having no letters. here is Saturday & Monday now that it has not come in - We are to be presented to the Pope after Xmas. They are talking of Albano again, but Mr. B. is not very well, & the weather neither

This comes fraught with all Xmas wishes, dear people, to you & all yours - specially to dear Aunt Mai & my boy

I am going to write to Dr. Fowler.

Please let me have a letter from you soon.

{the following appears on p. 105 in K}

My journey, from Southampton to Rome,
(14 days) is/was for Mariette & me,

= 30,,13

since that; 2 months rent,- 4 weeks living,
& Elemosina's from Mr. Bracebridge for
articles of clothing, - pleasing little pots, -
papal fashions,- Rowland Hill - & our own
church, (for we pray for you in the prayers
of every religion) - have amounted to

= 42,,5.

NB

Our rent is 90 scudi a month = about 19-12

our woman, 8 = 1,,15

so that Mr. Bracebridge's whole lawyer's bill
against me is/ = 72,,18 for which the order

for the Mamertines is made out **[end 7:166]**

9016/27 initialled letter & direction, 4ff, pen {direction postmarked: SALISBURY JA 4 1848 CB 4 JA 4 1848 2 others illeg} [7:166-71]

Rome Christmas Eve - 1847

I should have written long ago to you, my dear Dr. Fowler, (though you have not fulfilled your much expected promise of writing to me,) had I not delayed in hopes of having some impression better worth telling you than my own of the Capitoline busts, after which you ask, viz those of a sculptor who was to take us to the Capitoline Museum. But; in consequence of Mr. Bracebridge continuing unwell, our excursions have been a good deal interrupted, and I have not much to give in answer to your questions. I trust, when I see you again in February, that I shall have more. Your Chlorate of Lime, & kind advice about it, has been of the greatest possible use to us in our house, when we have used it plentifully, and it has answered admirably in the wet weather, when all the smells come out like ramping lions to enjoy themselves abroad. We had no difficulty in finding it or them in Rome. The busts in the Capitoline Museum are most interesting, though the authenticity of the portraits is a little shaken by the fact that the 4 or 5 of the same hero differ from each other ~~so~~ very much - and, as works of art, they are (generally) obviously by inferior workmen, as is seen by the hole, in most of them, for the nail to pass

through, which proves them to have been terminal busts for the way side. Still enough remains of authenticity & art to determine several great characteristics by. I have carefully examined the noses, and it appears to me that the broad nose is rather a characteristic of the ideal head of the ancients than of the race of human feræ - True that the statue of the Dying Gladiator, which is the ideal of material strength and energy, has the very broadest nose I have seen yet in Rome - it amounts almost to a deformity - which goes far towards supporting your theory. but the next breadth to that (which I have found) was in the head of an Ariadne, & the next to that, in a Flora - Cæsar's nose is not remarkable either way, nor are those of any of the authentic Roman busts. My friend the sculptor, an astute Scotchman, more practical than imaginative, in his art, (who is doing Mr. & Mrs. Herbert's busts, & his/ Mr. Herbert 's is remarkably good) said that the breadth of nose he thought belonged rather to the ideal head than the portrait - & certainly some of the most beautiful Venus's & female heads have it. There are two or three great characteristics which run through ~~all~~ the different species

The Greek head is universally to be recognised by the ~~enormous qualities which produce~~ / proportions which are said to indicate the love & perception of beauty, the depth from the corner of the eye to the bridge of the nose is enormous, & the breadth of the head just above the temples very great - in a beautiful bust of Æschylus, in those of Homer, Socrates, Euripides, this is very remarkable - The Greek head resembles most the best English head - The Roman head, on

the other hand, except that of Brutus, is such as you never meet with in England. The part of the forehead immediately above the eyebrows is very prominent, the same as in the Greek - but the head goes off sharp & square like the corner of a brick wall, towards the ears, instead of having that enormous roundness which looks in the heads of the Greek poets as if they had had a blow ~~on the head~~ /there. Scipio Africanus has exceeding prominence in that part of the forehead just above the perceptive organs, in that place where phrenologists place Comparison & Causality - it is impossible to pass his head without being struck by it, as well as by the great size of the intellectual faculties - he might have been a poet but for the squareness, or a philosopher, but for the large base of the brain - All the Roman heads, except that of Brutus, have this large base, so that you see at once the origin of their vehement courage, their enterprising character, their power of producing these qualities to the world & giving them form & life, so different from the æsthetic head of the Greek. Cato's head was there, with his excitable temperament marked in the strongly furrowed lines of his face - The heads of the Roman emperors are distinguished by the awfully flat surface at the top - even Trajan, our noble Trajan, whose goodness, 250 years after his death, the proverb, "felicior Augusto, melio Trajano", ~~still~~ immortalized, would shew, when compared with English heads, a frightful deficiency of the moral qualities. It was only good among the Roman emperors - As for Caracalla, it is the head of an animal, no man, and Julian the Apostate is little better.

The head of my dear Marcus Aurelius however quite satisfied me - there are two of him that of the *young Aurelius*, taken, you might fancy, about 17, when he had just been adopted by the good Antoninus Pius, with all the benevolence & openness of the young face, & yet betraying the mind, which at 12, (curious coincidence with the story told of our Saviour) was already a man of action & a Stoic - & which, in after life, gave us, as the long "harvest of patient discipline" those beautiful Meditations, which, Gibbon says, were composed in the tumult of a camp, and where certainly are no imperfect echo of the Sermon on the Mount. It is the fashion to blaspheme God by denying that any "good counsels" (I always think of that Collect, which you first ~~introduced~~ taught me to admire,) ever did "proceed from" him to what are called the uninspired authors - but should there be identity in another world, & should the ~~the~~ Author of the Meditations meet him of the Sermon [on?] of the Mount, I fancy the ~~las~~ meeting will tell a different story, & Aurelius will be welcomed as the "good & faithful servant" & minister of his Lord upon earth. But forgive me for wandering from the busts, of which you wished to hear. the other head of M Aurelius is ~~in~~ the bronze equestrian statue, certainly authentic, on the Capitol. I never shall forget these two heads, they seem to speak (*spirantia æra*) the very words of Tacitus, concerning the Portico, which Gibbon applies to Aurelius, *Doctores sapientiae secutus est, qui sola [bona] quae honesta, mala tantum quae turpia; potentiam nobilitatem, caeteraque extra animum, neque bonis neque malis adnumerant.* [Tacit. Hi.IV.5 Gibbon]

What description can I give more of this head, except that it seems to deserve the praise, which has been given Aurelius, that his reign was "the only period of history in which the happiness of a great people was the sole object of a Government." There are some painfully degraded heads of Macrinus & Alexander Severus - a colossal bronze of Commodus, apparently without any qualities at all - Augustus has the broad nose in question but he certainly was not a fera. Diocletian I could not see, I should have been glad to read his cabbages. But the most beautiful of all the busts is still to come that of Brutus, the base of the brain is small, the distance from the ear to the bridge of the nose very large - in fact, all his brain seems to have "run", when put into the mould, *in front* of the ears - the face noble - but nothing Roman about it, much more English. The only authentic statue of Cæsar has rather a small head - Pompey's statue still exists (in Palazzo Spada) - when I have seen it, you shall hear. But you will be tired of me & my busts. The place of the "Capitoli immobile Saxum" seems very uncertain - who shall decide when Doctors Disagree? Nibby places the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus to the right of the Tabularium, looking up the slope (which is still called the Clivus Capitolinus) *from* the Forum - & says that upon its site the Araceli now stands, while Jupiter Feretrius stood near the Tarpeian Rock on the other side the Tabularium But with every antiquarian there is a new system

& the name of a temple has but one generation.
Like the man who gives it, the wind passes over it
& it is gone & the pillars, which seem to stand immoveable,
will not give up their dead, nor their secrets. Scarcely
one of the remains in the Forum but has wedded
as many names as the woman of Samaria did
husbands - & one may be pretty sure that the
names it has now is *not* its husband. So that
I will not trouble you with the Parish Register.
I have talked so long of the dead that I have no
time to tell of the living. Lord Minto is delighted
with Pius. The Lega *Doganale*, to which Rome,
Tuscany, Piedmont have already adhered, & by
which these three nations are to have but one
system of moneys, measures, customs &c is, I suppose,
in all the English papers - & therefore I can tell
nothing new - There seems no prospect of Modena
& Naples giving in their adhesion, but the noble
Three will not wait for this to bring it into action.
The particulars however are not yet settled - Some
say the French money will be the coin adopted.
Maria Louisa's death simplifies matters as
regards Lucca, but oh! poor Pontremoli! The
Consulta gets on but slowly. Cardinal Ferretti, the
Secretary, goes out with the Old Year - but his
successor is not known. Things are rather standing
still just now, but after the Xmas ceremonies, one
hopes, they will go on with new vigour.
I have always remarked here the truth of your suggestion,
that new things appear much smaller than they really
are: - The Coliseum, St. Peter's &c I had no idea of their
size ~~till~~ when I first saw them, they seemed to me
so small. I cannot quite understand that the

mere difference in the form of an object being that of a Coliseum or a Westminster Abbey) should blot out the perspective ~~size~~/ scale in our minds, & incapacitate us from applying the rule, taught us by the experience of our childhood, that ~~it~~ their smallness is a sign of distance, not of size. but may it not be that the clearness of the atmosphere in these Southern countries alters the *value* of the sign, & prevents us from being able to appreciate distance. When I first came here, I was quite incapable of estimating any space, Tivoli appeared to me at a stone's throw, instead of 18 miles off, I thought the "lone Soracte's" heights within a walk i.e. I could not apply.

the new perspective sign, the new scale of the proportion of objects seen at such & such distances But had I been looking at the Coliseum & Sant' Angelo in the atmosphere, to which we are *accus-tomed*, i.e. upon an English horizon, would this have been the case?

I am writing in great haste, & I fear great nonsense, but you will put your own interpretation upon it. my dear Dr. Fowler, & unravel my confused skein of busts. Mrs. Herbert is the sunbeam of Rome - Mr. H. is a most brilliant companion. Mr. & Mrs. Bracebridge desire their kindest remembrances & believe me, my dear Dr. Fowler, ever your grateful

FN

I hope that Parthe will supply the gaps in this hasty scrawl. The Italians are looking to the "Lega Doganale" as a means ultimately of driving out Austria, but that is indeed a *Perspective* sign. My tenderest love to my dear Mrs. Fowler, to whom I have a great deal to say about divers hospitals, & many other things, but I

{direction}

Inghilterra

Robert Fowler Esq.

Salisbury

Dec 24 *England*

fear you will hardly be able to read even this. Once more farewell, my dear kind indulgent friends, a Christmas greeting, though, this is rather than a farewell, & may I see you again in a month or two well & happy & as kind and dear as ever. Forgive the stupidity of such a letter, but I know you will.

9016/28 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen {not in FN hand} [7:171-75]

Christmas Day
Rome 1847

My dearest Bee - How often I think of you & my boy in this place, where one can be Christian in the morning & Pagan in the afternoon, where Tuesday takes me among the shades of departed Jerusalem either under the arch of Titus on which are the actual authentic portraits of the vessels of her extinguished glory, or before the inspired image no less a portrait of her greatest Lawgiver (of his spirit, I mean, not his body) in Michael Angelo's Moses. or of her prophets in his Sistine Chapel, so that you feel that hardly each [even] Jerusalem herself could place you so entirely in the centre of the *Old Covenant*, and Wednesday again brings you into the very essence of the *new*, among the purest ideals of her, who was hailed as the highly favoured & him who consecrated childhood in our eyes. I have seen but one representation of him in his latter moments, which at all came near to our conception of him. as we take it from the seven last sayings, which are recorded of him on the Cross, but many of the child & pure & devout mother, & poor old Joseph among the cows in the corner, always looking so cowed, these pictures seem to me the link between Christianity & Judaism, partaking rather more of the last, as the suffering Redeemer in later life does of the first, for the infant Christs always look more like the embryos of the Messiah as he existed in Jewish ideas, the temporal King though of a sublime & intellectual temporality - while the mother necessarily has the expression belonging more to the proud & thoughtful Parent, of a future sovereign, who is to be

great in responsibilities & in powers, than to the resigned & tortured heart learning the lesson of life from her suffering God & Son which many representations have succeeded in giving her in her latter moments. So many of the Holy Families therefore are to me pure Judaism, she looks like an Eve in her first innocence, surprised to learn that her Son is to be sovereign of the world, he like an infant, Moses, it is so difficult in endeavouring to raise the expression above that of mere childlike innocence, not to give it that of regal instead of divine dignity. But, en revanche, some of the later pictures are all Christian, there you see in what divinity consists, - in Perugino's temptation in the wilderness, you see the overcoming of the world, whereby, after 30 years of conflict, he causes the evil one to depart from him "for a season" with none but high intellectual interests & excitements - in Gueriono's Ecce Homo you see the peace in the midst of agony. which shews us what perhaps our heavenly peace will be in some future world. where in the midst of struggles, temptations, toils & troubles we shall still have the promised "rest" in Michael Angelo's Creation you see the unity of power & innocence (proving that the knowledge of the tree of good & evil is not necessary for the possession of strength) in the Almighty being always accompanied with *children* angels, the only created beings worthy to approach him - But I have got a long way off, dearest Bee, I was going to say that in this place I often say & fancy what

you & my lad would think of it. for I do not feel, though a Pagan in the morning, a Jew in the afternoon, and a Christian at night, anything but an unity of interest in all these representations, unity of interest has been said to be the principle of life - & life we are told is "to know God" why but because that alone gives *unity* to existence. Now "to know God" we must it seems study him as well in the Pagan & Jewish dispensations, as in the Christians (though that is the last & the most perfect manifestation) & this does give unity to the whole, one continuous thread of interest to all these pearls. Marcus Aurelius, Moses, Christ are three words of the same thought, of which the last is the most inspired. But Christ=
=mas Day at Rome conveys to you visions of St. Peters & Papal Benedictions & Pius borne on high & followed by rejoicing multitudes. Well then, arrayed in papal fashions, that is black gowns & heads covered with a veil, we went very early to St. Peter's, but as the women are all put out of the way on these occasions, as excrescences, which must be suf=
=fered but not tolerated, superfluous branches, our tribune was not very well adapted for the purpose of being present
The high altar of St. Peter's is in the very centre of the dome but the part we call the chancel is a vast church in itself.

So that it was thus {sketch} (a) the Papal throne, where he receives the ~~Sacrat~~ (h)omage of the Cardinals.
 (b) that where he receives the Sacrament
 (c) the altar where he consecrates it, and
 (d) the obnoxious females. I cannot say however that I thought this a disadvantage, at least it is balanced by the divided advantage, that of not seeing the toilette operations &c Our prayerbook, as I dare say you know, is so nearly a translation without omissions of the Catholic Missal, almost all (I believe all indeed) the Collects & Psalms being exact translations & the Communion Service the same, with the exception of the Prayers of Consecration, & one or two others - that one finds oneself able to join in almost as much of the Roman as the English Church
 But I must begin at the beginning one needs always remember that, at Xmas, the Pope is the representative (in Catholic minds) of our Saviour - he receives the adoration of the Magi &c this morning in his person. the first entrance of the Pope carried on his throne is very solemn, preceded by countless rows of Cardinals &c robed in white, with white mitres, like the early Xtian Church with low wailing music, all the people kneeling as he advances. In it comes the trumpets sounding, the white robes glittering, the tiara blazing with jewels, the feathers waving of the two great fans which are carried on either side - & then all this Oriental splendour is lowered at the sight of the Altar and he becomes a bareheaded old man again, a ministering priest

before God, he strips himself of the splendid white pontifical robes, & appears in the stripped garment which I fancy but do not know is intended to represent the stripes of the Saviour. We could hear his solitary voice quite well in the deep silence of the Church as it recited those words of the Prayer book which begin "It is meet, right, & our bounden duty". "Therefore with Angels & Archangels " The sword & cap which had been blessed at the Mass the night before, & which used to be sent to some Xtian Prince to use in the service of the Church, now lean idle against the Altar during Mass. They date from the vision of Judas Maccabeus in which Jeremiah appears to him & presents him with a sword as you will recollect, saying "Receive this holy sword &c". But the last prince to whom it was sent by way of consecrating his arms to a holy purpose was Pr. Eugene in 1715. It would be more a propos to suppress the Sword & substitute a privy seal, a railway engine, a Banking Book. Suppose Hudson were to receive a consecrated *scrip*, the Second David from our Pius. The practise, begun to raise the tendencies of a chivalrous ~~Hotel~~ Age - might be modified to purify those of a commercial one- As I could not however, at that moment, impart this idea to Pius, I was obliged to listen to the Mass, which he chaunts himself in low solemn voice which can be distinctly heard all over the Church. He is preceded to the Altar by 7 Candelabra to represent I suppose St. John's 7 Candlesticks, or the 7 gifts of the Spirit

As this feast is to celebrate the original union between the Eastern & Western Churches, all that is in Rome of Armenia Maronite, generals of religious orders is here set the Greek Deacon is settled in the centre of the High Altar, while the Pope is on the throne opposite. the Gospel is chaunted as well in Greek as in Latin. The Gospel for the Day, which is as with us the 1st of St. John, as the words "Et verbum caro factum est" the whole countless multitude in the church fall on their knees. (I am sorry to say that they are obliged to taste the wafer & wine, before they are administered to Pius) I cannot describe the moment of the elevation, when a low supernatural thrill of trumpets begins & Pius standing alone upon the Altar raises the Host, & slowly turning to the four quarters of the Earth, with his expression of thrilling earnestness, seems to present the awful symbol to each. In common masses, the elevation is only over the Altar, but this is one which concerns the whole world, it is fearful especially when one remembers what *his* belief is that he is doing. The Pope communicates at a distance from the Altar at the far= thest part - this is said to refer to the Mount of Agony in a mystical sense. He leaves the Altar therefore & returns to the throne. He then gives it to certain Cardinals & to the Prince in attendance (Prince Colonna it was today) as the representative of the Laity, communicating in their name. The Pope then resumes the tiara & is carried on the throne again disappearing through countless troops of white robes & mitres, & the long perspective of Eastern & Western priests & worshippers. There is something

grand in the Church of Rome despising thus the "necessity of external" uniformity in embracing within her arms *all* that will come, therefore even the variety, the brilliancy of these *many* coloured pageants is touching. If you ask me now, whether I succeeded in thinking myself into the Roman Catholic Spirit, I did not. I fancied myself in the temple of Jerusalem, the New Jerusalem with the good Onias [Isaias?] celebrating the advent of the Messiah

he so prayed for, & so misunderstood, it was the Jewish not the Christian anointed.

[end 7:175]

9016/29 {copy of 9016/28, in a different hand, not FN's, may be Mrs. Bracebridge's}

I was going to say that I do not feel, tho' a Pagan in the morning, a Jew in the afternoon, & a Xtian at night, anything but an unity of interest in all these representations, unity of interest has been said to be the principle of life - & life we are told is "to know God" why but because that alone gives unity to existence. Now to know God we must it seems study him as well in the Pagan & Jewish dispensations, as in the Christians (tho' that is the last & the most perfect manifestation) & this does give unity to the whole, one continuous thread of interest to all these pearls. Marcus Aurelius, Moses, Christ are three words of the same thought, of which the last is the most inspired. But Christmas Day at Rome conveys to you visions of St. Peters & Papal Benedictions & Pius borne on high & followed by rejoicing multitudes. Well then, arrayed in papal fashions, that is black gowns & heads covered with a veil, we went very early to St. Peter's - But as the women are all put out of the way on these occasions, as excrescences, which must be suffered but not tolerated, superfluous branches, our tribune was not very well adapted for the purpose of being present. The high altar of St. Peter's is in the very centre of the Dome but the part we call the Chancel

is a vast church in itself so that it was thus {sketch}

unsigned letter & direction, 4ff, pen 9016/30 [Keele XXV 139-46]
{direction postmarked: ROM 28 DEC 47 AW 7 JA 7 1848 ROMSEY A 1848 A}

Palazzo dello Sdrucchiolo Dec 27. 1847 [7:175-82]

My dearest people, It seems to me a long while since I have heard from you, I suppose you are now crowded with people - I have not written this last week because I wrote to Dr. Fowler, Now where did I leave off? At last Monday, I think - I have not much to tell, because we have had such dreadful weather, & Mr. B. has had a little bilious arrack, the consequence of his fall. so that we have been out very little this week. On Monday I only did a duty visit to Mrs. Wm. Mills, the sister in law, vice Mrs. Bracebridge, & on Tuesday do., also, a little visit to Mme Teerlink, Anna Moschi, who received me most graciously & begged me to come again & allow her to come here, neither of which have I yet been able to do, as my people have not been well. I went off to the Pantheon before breakfast, & had a delightful, though very shivering, half hour there. One evening Mrs. B. & I dined at the Herberts, & met Sir. F. Doyle, whom I didn't know, & didn't like - & the Lindsays - Ly Lindsay is charming, like a Madonna, & he told me a great deal about the Persians, which was most interesting, but which will form the text of many a talk in the Music room - Thursday morning I had the most beautiful walk on the Pincian before breakfast between the showers - all the city lying in shade & St. Peter's only lighted up by the sun from behind the clouds - We went to Titus' Baths, & could make out very well the foundations of the house of Mæcenas, then the enormous ruins of the Domus Aurea; they have been excavating, & many frescoes on the ceilings are come out quite fresh; the plan is very evident, a Triclinium at the end of each room, in one of which the Laocoon was found, & ~~in every one~~ in another the Flora, in another the great porphyry vase, which stands in the hall of Jup. Capitolinus at the Vatican - in every one some great statue, & opposite it invariably the door, & the one window over the door, so that the full light

& only one light might be thrown on the statue. It was truly an imperial idea

but I have very little pleasure in these ruins - They are now, of course, all blocked up with rubbish so that you poke about them in the dark, by the light of one torch, & feel almost glad that darkness & the bowels of the earth shd shroud the memory of such deeds & such thoughts as those walls have seen & the sun cannot smile upon. The hideous heaps of ruins, which tower up above the doors & peep in at the windows, look as if they had ~~fixed~~ fallen there, to overwhelm & ~~annihilate~~ the heads of Nero & his associates & now were jealously guarding the annihilation they had made.

and the great shadows which prowl about, (where one ray of light falls through some cleft Triclinium,) & stalk over the ceilings, seem like the gigantic ghosts of those supernatural wickednesses, uneasy in their living tomb. It is a ghastly place, I never wish to see it again. Let the mountains fall upon it, & let the hills cover it. & let it be like an abomination of desolation - It is hardly possible to wish even for any more excavation, though more Laocoons may lie hid among those ruins, so strong is the impression as if those heaps had fallen like a sudden destruction on some Neronian feast, & ought to lie there for ever. However I kept my sentiments to myself, for no one seemed likely to share them. We were on our way to the Quattro Santi Coronati - where (in a side chapel) are some original old frescoes of the conversion of Constantine, - & where the ancient Triforia for the women are still complete, (which they very seldom are,) over the pillars of the aisle, i.e. two galleries of three arches each, on both sides, (I am come out so architectural, you cannot think,) & which elucidated to me the meaning of the word Triforia, & /NB we could see the nuns, peeping through the grate at us, - we were on our way there, today, when the carriage stopped (was in another carriage with the Herberts)

at the door of S. Clemente. I knew there was some mistake, but genius or expediency is that which profits with readiness by circumstances, even by errors, I determined surreptitiously to seize the opportunity, I sprung out, good natured Mr. B. followed me, I breathed again the air of S. Clemente, the dank damp frigidity of the Queen of Basilicas, I snuffed {K. has sniffed} it up with rapture, & with ecstasy I exclaimed

"there is nothing like S. Clemente at Rome, after all," I stood before the Mosaic once more, the vine with the Doctors of the air perched among the branches, the Doctors of the church, I mean, & kissed the delicious cold ambones. Once in, what power on earth could get me out? So I stuffed & stuffed & greedily fed on every chicken in the Mosaic & every palion in the cancellum. Sidney Herbert was there, copying the opus Graecanicum for his church, which had been the involuntary cause of my involuntary luck, so I staid, & kind Mr. B. staid with me, & we let the other ladies go on, Heaven knows where - & Mr. H. & I constructed a complete Basilica, to be executed in England or in Heaven, out of ye Lord Bruce's purse - But really it would be a very good plan to bring down the chancel into the church, as you cannot bring the church into the chancel - After this we just looked at S. Gio e Paolo, & the place behind it where the beasts were kept for the Coliseum - On Friday, Christmas Eve, and I had such a delightful long walk, by ourselves, I must begin at the beginning, & tell all about it. We went, & did a little duty first by calling at Lady Horton's, & then we sallied forth, & walked right on end from obelisk to obelisk to the four winds of Rome - which, one can always do here - From our own obelisk of the Trinità to the obelisk of Sta Maria Maggiore, thence to that of S. John in Lateran, thence to the Coliseum. It was a lovely spring day, the first sunshine we had had for long -

They were laying down pavement in some parts, & mud in others, & covering in open drains for the Pope to go to Sta Maria Maggiore that night, & the streets were almost impassable Xmas Eve having come upon them like an angel in the night & the unexpected necessity of a road suddenly occurring to them. It was the first time I had seen Sta Maria, with its gay & merry front crowning the laughing Esquiline, the most & cheerful of all the churches - & inside its long perspective of columns, with the beautiful sober harmony of its colouring, There is such a brilliancy about the outside that, it makes one ~~for-gives~~ amends for the bad taste. From hence we had our nice quiet walk to the Lateran, one can hardly believe oneself *within* the walls of the capital of the Xtian world, it is so solitary & from the Piazza of the Lateran such a view of the blue ~~walls~~ Lucretilis, with the long lines of the aqueducts bringing the water from the everlasting hills to the alas! *not* "Eternal" city, & that somewhat grotesque front of the two storied colonnade of the Lateran Church, which nevertheless always delights me, with its two little turrets. I took the opportunity which I had long been waiting for, of going up the Scalla Santa, which is under a great Portico in the Piazza. ~~{illeg}~~ Not that I believe in the scala, but I believe ~~in~~ in the knees, the devout knees, which have gone up it. I have faith in the Communion of knees, as much ~~the~~ as in many another Communion - so I could not be three months in Rome without joining in it - At the top I looked through a grating - into a room, & saw "Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus" I believe there is a portrait of Xt kept there not accessible to women - and there was a ~~{illeg}~~ beautiful little prayer to the effect that, as Christ went up those steps scourged & wearing the crown of thorns & left the bloody tracks of his feet upon them, so we, by following those traces, & ascending the steps of his grace, should reach at last to his presence - said there was a man there went up the steps 4 times in the time I did once, running down & beginning again but I did it much quicker than another woman, who was twice as long as I

When I had done my ascent, we went on to the Coliseum being on our way to S. Pietro ad Vincula, where we had to take another good look at the Moses. ~~to take~~. It is wonderful certainly, and every thing that great man M. Angelo did has a magic in its very ~~illeg~~/material. for me he seems to have worked without a dictionary - as the gift of tongues is said to enable apostles to speak without learning the grammar - So M. Angelo seems to have bodied forth his ideas in ~~Architecture~~, St. Peter's dome, the historic Prophets, the marble Moses indifferently without needing to acquire any ~~the~~/one particular art - the means to him were unimportant - the genius did everything - it was "an Inspiration & not an art." how you honour this inspiration in the Moses - can this be the man who shrunk back, who said he was slow of speech, who was loath to be chosen of the Lord, - how altered he is, how a life of action may change the very nature of a man, reverse the very leopard's spots. And yet for all this, it is not interesting to me, I feel only surprise. It looks much better however, if you conceal those horrid horns, which, you know, come entirely from a mistranslation in the Vulgate - the same word in the Hebrew signifying "shinings" & "horns", the Vulgate makes it "Et ignorabat quod *cornuta* esset facies sua," which we have "And he wist not that the skin of his face *shone*." It is very disgusting to be so unmoved by what all the world so reverences - one is afraid that one's power of appreciation is becoming exhausted. In the Sacristy is a lovely little Guido of La Speranza, a little oval picture dressed in green, which I do not think is commonly seen - She is not my idea of Hope however, she has suffered too much, her cheeks, like the Cenci's, are stained with tears, she is more like the "Resignation, spirit meek," in whose "pale eye serene" we read "Their blessing who by faith can wean Their hearts from sense And learn to love God only & the joys above." Those very lines might have been taken from her -

Dec 28

Since I wrote this, I have had two charming letters from you, my dearest people - a little one from Papa, ditto from Dr. Fowler, & 2 long ones from Parthe, enclosing them one of the 9th & one of the 12th, but both arrived the same day - 18 days en route. I shall send Ly D'Oyley's kind letter to Mrs. Lindsay, but I know her a little already, & they are not Receivers of décolleté goods any more than we are, & therefore that meeting is seldom - You will be "justly dissatisfied", if I send this without an account of our Xmas Pietism - & therefore I begin at Sta Maria Maggiore on Xmas Eve - the mass began at 7. the church was brilliantly lighted, so that that fine old Mosaic of the 5th century stood out as it never can be seen at any other time - & the two figures of Xt & the Virgin really seemed looking down from heaven - {sketch} The high altar stands, - as in most of these Basilicæ, *opposite* the Papal throne, (which itself is at the top of the absis) & facing it - most of our people got within the Absis, but I preferred standing immediately *behind* the high Altar, where my letter "e" stands. Here I was safe from all sight of the dressing & undressing of the Pope to his shirt - protected from the puppetry of the priests, & from the Cardinals with Lady's maid to each, & could see the countenance of Pius face to face, ~~through~~/ between the candlesticks, when he advanced to the Altar at two different occasions during the celebration. He sang the Mass himself - & such a touching voice, my dears, a herrliche Stimme, as my old captain of the Swiss guards said. I could see him quite plain, as he perfumed the altar with incense, first in his little white cap then in the mitre, & lastly bare headed, when he consecrated the Elements, communicated, & elevated the Host. Oh how thankful I was it was not I - the effort it must

require to be recueilli at such a moment with so many thousand eyes upon one, ~~must be~~ /almost is superhuman how much of the benefits of the Sacrament they must lose, ~~by~~/which we have. What valuable moments they can never have - And then when you think what their belief concerning it is - as Mr. B said, I cannot conceive how they can do it & not believe it - still less how they can believe it & do it. Well, my dears, I caught his face between the candelabra - I do assure you that the expression of it was beautiful, quite angelic, it was the expression of a simple earnest, cordial, child-like faith & deep reverence, I really felt that man is neither Pope nor King, he is simply walking before God & not before man at this moment. Before, when I had seen him, he was the priest of heaven, the mediator between God & man, as it were - now he was simply the single hearted wor-shipper - Believe me, I am not romancing for I saw his face before I knew that it was Pius. I need not tell about the Processions, because you can find those in every guide book, the Santa Culla, vouched for by St. Jerome was brought forth & amid a blaze of lights & crystal & gold ensconced upon the Altar - & lastly, Pius himself left the church, upon his throne carried on men's shoulders, in Oriental state, with canopy over his head, & feathers & ostrich plumes waving on either side - He looked like a dying man as he was carried out, he had tasted nothing for 48 hours, his eyes were shut, & he just raised his hand from time to time to bless us - It was inexpressibly touching. Now, my dears, pray for this man, (as no doubt you do), that, in a position of ~~unprecedented~~ difficulty, altogether without precedent, he may preserve the childlike mind of the disciple whom Jesus loved - God bless him - He looked greyer & older, & his face much more furrowed & fallen in, than in his portraits, which are, altogether, too "freschi"

Do you want to know our Material course of life? I have a fire in my cammino, thank you, now the weather has taken to ~~my~~ bad ways - I get up early, & when I have not to write, often go out before breakfast - We dine at 6, & give 5 pauls each for our dinner, 2/2 - from a Trattoria opposite & we have the remains for Luisa, our maid, who has 8 scudi a month. 1.15. My third of the Housewifery last week, + Mariette, who has 6 pauls, 2/6 a day, + Rowland Hill, who costs enormously, = 2..18..3 ½ - not including house rent of course, which we pay monthly. We do not often share ~~the~~/our hospitable boards, as you see - I insist upon having the material

Roman brown bread, at breakfast, also the spiritual, in the shape of a {written the other way in the middle of the page under the direction} a little Roman family (which lives in the garrets above us, & is very tempestuous over my head) sometimes in my room - We have grapes and ricotta, which is butter made of goats' milk or else sheeps 'milk - My walks have been much interrupted lately by the thunderstorms; such lightning; & I thought I should look so foolish if I were found dead under an umbrella on the Pincio.

Forgive this stupid letter - it is too unworthy of Rome - {direction}

via Massiglia

Miss Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Inghilterra

Hampshire

Your letters, my dearest, are MOST welcome - I only wish the father & mother would write a little more their ideas about Rome, what one is to think & admire & appreciate. I assure you, I feel more & more every day my gratitude to that father, who taught me all I ever knew, who gave me all the ideas I ever had, who taught me interest in nations as though they were personal existences, & ~~(illeg)~~/showed me how to look upon all churches as but parts of the one great scheme, all opinions, political & religious as but accidental developments of the one Parent Sap which comes up oats in one case & oranges in another - I do so feel & gratefully acknowledge the advantage of it now. **[end 7:182]**

9016/31 [Keele XXVI 147-51] unsigned letter, 3ff, pen {postmarked: ROMA 31 DEC 47 AUTRUCHE 10 JAN 48 ROMSEY JA {illeg} 1848 A} {arch: 31-12} 1847.

The last day of the Old year (or New Year's Eve **[7:182-85]** (as it is called, according as the eyes of him who calls, are turned to the East or to the W.) Since the guns from Sant' Angelo hailed Christmas Eve, I have not written much to you, my dear people - I sent dear Bee a long account of Christmas morning, after spending which at St. Peter's, I came home, & spent the rest of the day by myself, except one little walk on the Pincio with my angel St. Michael. For I have not yet arrived at that "joy & peace in believing", which makes suitable the expression of rejoicing given it by our church to Xmas Day. Regret & struggle & anxiety "in believing" must be as yet my expression of the day - Sunday there was a Vestizione at the Convent of S. Silvestro, but I did not go. I took the Sacrament at a nice little 9 o'clock Communion Service which there is every Sunday at our church - And it rained so hard that I did not go out again till Vespers at the Trinità, which is so close that I ran up to hear the nuns, from behind their grille, sing "Adeste fideles." As their low clear divine voices came down from the loft where they were hidden, & they sang En grege relicto, humiles ad cunas vocati pastores, appropierant, I could really see the heavens opened, & the angels appearing to the shepherds by night. I went to look at the 'Sebastiano del Piombo, {written in pencil above Daniele di Volterri}, the Deposition, but I was much disappointed, it is so hard. I have bought a beautiful cast of the Crocefisso at Avignon for almost nothing -

Some people, my dear parents, come to Rome to spend the winter, some people to study the Arts, some to learn the antiquities, some to be amused, some come to be shocked. Of these last species are a family of relations of Mr. Bracebridge's - they have been shocked at St. Peter's, they have been shocked at St. John in Lateran, they have been shocked in their own apartments, they are shocked in

{ff are out of order on the film}
ours. they are going to be shocked at Sta Maria Maggiore, they are going to be shocked at the Gesù. As they have come to Rome for this purpose, I might if I had been in a benevolent frame of mind have furthered their object by propounding some extraordinary doctrines, but I wasn't - however, if I feel more Christian when the New Year comes in, I will begin it well, & set up, not as the instructive young lady, but as the shocking young lady - And I hereby register this vow.

I finished Wordsworth "on the Church of Rome" to Mr. Bracebridge on Sunday - have you read it? now, I really think one could write an answer to that book - what a slippery serpent it is.

On Monday the winds blew & the floods fell & poor Wolfgang v. Göthe, (son of Ottilie, & grandson of Goethe,) a miserable hypochondriac & misanthrope, came to call upon Mrs. Bracebridge, a thing in his history, unprecedented, ~~he poured out~~ done out of love for his mother, her friend. Into her sympathizing ears he poured the long rambling history of all his woes, Weimar's ill treatment of him &c &c, half imaginary, half real. But I had to go away in the midst to go with the Herberts to the Araceli, to see the Presepio, which, by the bye, is a horrid profane thing, & to hear the little children preach, four we heard - the first a little girl, was a miniature compendium, a diamond Edition of the preacher at the Gesù, (you never saw any thing so droll,) gesticulations, inflections of voice, everything - she said her lesson quite perfectly, very distinctly, without fear, & yet apparently without vanity - the matter was commonplace enough but her audience was all attention. The second was shy, & not a word was audible, but it was the prettiest

picture, the mother, who brought her, stood behind, her hands clasped, her eyes raised, every feature strained with anxiety, & yet with a sort of reverence for her child who was to preach to the multitude, evidently praying to God for her - I longed to get thro' the crowd to her, & tell her that her child had said the best but there was such a crowd I could not. Then came another little fearless thing, & the contrast between her proud father, & the last mother was so curious - The last was a little boy, about 5, who said his with real dignity - they were all dressed in their own dirty clothes - the church was crowded with children - After this, Mrs. Herbert & I went to Vespers at the Trinità - it was St. John the Evangelist's Day & there was a Cardinal officiating. it was quarant' Ore too, & the Sacrament was enshrined over the Altar amid a blaze of lights while a priest knelt motionless before it. Presently the pensionnaires all in white veils defiled behind the grille, & the black nuns glided about like spirits, kneeling here & there. The storm raged without, the nuns began "Jesu, Redemptor omnium", I thought of the "Nonne" in Schubert - it was, as Mrs. Herbert said, as if they were the Maries, who had chosen the better part, (for these nuns are entirely employed in education) & we were the Marthas, staying without in this bustling, dinner-giving world. Presently St. John began to console us, with such a heavenly strain of life giving music - it was like his own, "Little children, love one another" -

Every body here is in a rage about Ld Stanley's mutinous party=spirited speech - & I am glad to tell you even Mr. Herbert is in a pious fury - so that I do hope he is coming into the strait way. St. John's Day was the Pope's

name - day (Giovanni Maria Mastai) & the Roman people went with torches to the Quirinal to offer their homage in a deluge of rain. The Pope came out on the balcony under an umbrella, & gave his Benediction as loud as he could - It was 6 o'clock, & I was not there, but Mr. B. was, & he was quite enchanted, every thing the Pope does is so full of grace, even his enemies say. But I am sorry to tell you they took a banner, with 37 requests upon it, of which I had a copy shewn me, beginning with very proper ones about the Press & so on, but going on to vague childish things like this, Fiducia nel Popolo, Industria animata & so on. And these foolish things Ciceruacchio had taken up to the Pope in the morning who however took it very gracefully & did not seem at all annoyed.

There came out a Motu Proprio yesterday, regulating all the new offices & respective attributions of each in the new Government - The ministers are to be entirely changed, & the Ministry as well, that is, the Foreign Affairs are to be distinct from the Home Affairs which before were administered by one & the same person, & all the offices & duties of each are definitively settled. the Cardinal Camerlengo is to be reduced to nothing - & the Cardinal Secretary to be divided into 3 ~~that~~ ~~Card~~ Amici, they say, will succeed Ferretti, thus cut up in one third, Corboli was offered another third, but has refused.

It is not yet known whether the deliberations of the Consulta are to be made *entirely* public ~~not~~ it is feared that only a selection will be published - The Govt is to have a newspaper of its own with the New Year, but this is thought an injudicious ~~measure~~/ step If you hear that the Pope was disturbed by the Consulta interfering about the attributions & organization of the public offices, that's a lie - Orioli, a very moderate man & no wild Pietist - (his paper, the Bilancia, is the balance of Rome,) told me so - Graziosi's death was a horrid misfortune he always told the Pope the truth - Ventura tells it him too.

but it is exaggerated truth - Amici is a friend of the Pope's childhood, & will do him good, Orioli says, but the people about him are fools. He has reformed his household however, banished the Credenza & Pasticceria which cost alone I forget how many piastres a day., & gives away every thing not absolutely necessary to spend upon himself, but not to beggars, mind that. I have no objection, as we are in the presence of truth just now, that you should talk about the juvenility of Roman liberty, but allow, when you see what a decaying dead body it was, (when a man has to regulate even ~~what~~ that the Cardinal for home affairs is not to write dispatches to Astrachan,) allow that it is a fine promising ~~(illeg)~~/infant - The Cardinals of course are very angry - for fancy limiting the power of the Cardinal President of the Consulta to a vote one vote - If I were the Sacred College, I'd resign. We are going to the Gesù to return thanks for the mercies of the past year, & hear Pius give the Benediction - dearest people, here is the last love of poor old 1847.

{direction}

Inghilterra

W.E. Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

31 Dec Hampshire

{written on the side}

Mr. Colyar has called, has been dined, is the best authority in all Rome for anti-quitities, not excepting Nibby, & seems quite inclined to patronize us.

[end 7:185]

9016/32 unsigned letter & direction, 3ff, pen {direction postmarked:
ROMA 1 {rest illeg} NOTRE {illeg} JA 48 It 2 ROMSEY JA 12 1848 B}

[7:186-89]

New Year's Eve - 1847

My dearest hearts, I hope that you have been writing to me, as I have been to you, on this first New Years Eve that I believe I ever did spend away from you - & that the silent midnight moment, which looks like any other moment for anything of noise or dignity that it gives itself, but which brings the mysterious, awful 1848 the dark Unknown into the world, will find you thinking of me, as I am of you

Tuesday the yellow Tiber was running not only high above its usual bed, but in all the streets - however

& I managed to run down to the Vatican, though it was only for half an hour, & we only managed the Inscription gallery of the early Xtians, where the touching "Mexilena in *Pac*" or sometimes tout bonnement "Adriana in *P.*" seldom reaching "*in Pace*" put our modern taste in epitaphs to shame. I took Mrs. Wm. Mills out in the afternoon - & in the evening & I went to the Herberts to meet Col. & Miss Lindsay, who were very kind to me - & afterwards to Mrs. Sartoris, (we never go out under four things) which was the first time I had been there. They have a beautiful palace in Trastevere, & Mrs. Sartoris sang most goodnaturedly. She is the M. Angelo of music, & as Caravaggio is to M. Angelo, so are Grisi & all others I have heard to Mrs. Sartoris (to me) You may say it is too loud, but so does the Ezekiel make your head ache, & wd you take one atom of strength out of the Ezekiel. She is truly the Sybil of Music, but she wastes her strength upon such little trifling things, which she crushes ~~them~~ with

putting out that great power upon them - it is like a Sybil playing at backgammon, & exercising her prophetic power upon the dice. I think her face magnificent. I should not think her an easy person to become acquainted with.

Wednesday I went to look before breakfast at the Raphael in the Agostino - but it is such a black blotch I could make nothing of it. Afterwards we went to the Etruscan Museum at the Vatican, where there is a tomb in imitation of the old Etruscan tomb, dressed up inside with vases, & a comfortable kitchen range, & all that I could desire to get me a good mutton chop or a nice dish of tea till I am ready to leave my tomb & go to heaven - I cannot

understand the old biga at all - how was it possible for a man to stick in, with those little wheels too - one would have thought the horses would have had him out in no time - driving four too, as one sees in the bas relief chariot races - it seems incredible - however, one sees the reins tied round the man's body in those bas reliefs, so that if the horses did pull him out, they dragged him, & might win the race still, whether he was killed or not. This Etruscan museum however is far inferior to Campana's.

Afterwards we went to look at four Fra Angelicos in a Palazzo in the Piazza dei S.S. Apostoli, one of the Last Judgment, one of all the Patriarchs, such heads, perfect miniatures - Moses & St. Peter's particularly.

In the evening, Mr. B. being out, we had the Teerlinks to tea, she (Anna Moschi) is a nice little pretty affectionate old enthusiastic body, very ready to be friends - he seems devoured, not by snakes, like Laocoon, but by vanity. I am quite afraid of going there, because

of a stupendous servant, who goes before me all the way down 3 prs of stairs, across a court yard & into the very street - with a candelabrum. I made him a curtsy & a speech as if he had been the Pope himself.

Thursday our grand dinner party came off - in the morning, having made an unsuccessful attempt upon the Vatican, it was too rainy, we disported in bronze shops - or more properly may be said to have spent the day in expectation - Orioli, Marchese Ricci, (a great politician & Prison Discipline man,) Father Mac Donnell, a tempestuous priest, & Mr. Colyar were convives - what do you think of that, young people, Thursday, the 30th of December, 1847, sealed the fate of three estimable persons as perverts to the Church of Rome - Oh if those relations above mentioned had looked in & seen the shocking young lady, what a story for England - In the evening, more perverts flocked in, a bearded pard Whitgreave, the brother of ours, &c &c The Herberts & Sir Rod Murchison asked themselves. Orioli roared uncommonly well, & divers tiresome old ladies sat upon sofas - Aug. Roberts brought his drawings - & so ended the grandest effort of the season, without any body tumbling down stairs.

Today (New Year's Eve) I set off before breakfast to St. Peter's to refresh & to spend the last morning of the old year in the company of all the prophets, patriarchs & archangels, (my own St. Michael, among the number,) in those colossal mosaics - They look as if they were starting from the roof. There was a great mass going on in the Capella del Coro, which sounded in the distance like a low growl of thunder.

I should have been disappointed in the Vespers at the Gesù this afternoon, (because though Pius came, he did not give the Benediction, & we had to wait a very long while for a very common Vespers & Te Deum,) if it had not been that it does one so much good to lay aside for a moment, one's own individual sin & misery/ies & join in the great worship of heaven & earth - the four organs at the Gesù seeming to bring in the sound of worshippers from the four winds, as they answer one another, - & the altar piece & dome (a Gloria) however indifferently painted, yet quite enough to be significative of the worshippers who are joining with us from above. The Pope looked beautiful, as he always does, without any physical beauty at all - & his Benediction/lessing did one good - As a much less ardent admirer, than myself/I said, "There is Dignity & Peace & Humility all in one in his expression - his countenance is so calm, now calmness generally means indifference, but in his calmness there is real Xtian peace" - And really that is the only way I could describe it - he turned his head round, as he passed us, & looked up into the church, & seemed to say, Nothing can disturb me now. Really, do you know, that countenance will go down with me to the grave, I am sure, & be one of the most soothing recollections of my after life. There is such innocence in it too, if one may use the word, & yet it is a vulgar unmarked face - He gives his Blessing, as he walks along, very simply & quietly - After we came in, I went up to make my little New Year's offerings to the children in the floor above, who are all ill together of the Influenza, but getting better, dogs & all -

{arch: 31 - 12 - 47}

Are you afraid that I am becoming a Roman Catholic
I might perhaps, if there had been anything in me for a
Roman Catholicism to lay hold of, but I was not a
Protestant before - Protestantism is confining Inspiration
to one period, one nation, & one place, if I understand
it right, & within that period, that nation, & that place
of inspiration allowing you all possible freedom of interpretation and
thought - Catholicism allows Inspiration to all times,
all nations, & all places, (it is her "great merit") but limits
the inspiration of God to herself as its only channel.
Can either of these be true? Can the "word" be pinned
down to either one period or one church?

All churches are, of course, only more or less un=
successful attempts to represent the unseen to the
mind, to give form to "things hoped for", intangible.
A church rises, because it has succeeded in

doing this for a certain class of mind,
at a certain period. It falls, when

another ~~{illeg}~~ /mind & another period requires ano=
ther & different representation to give life to its
Unseen - When the day shall come when our (now so poor, so
weak) ideas require *no* form, then people will
cease to ~~{illeg}~~. use the word "my church" when they mean "my religion"
& will not confuse, as now, "my theology" with "my faith",
any more than they imagine "my native language" to be
"myself" or "my mind" - As the language is to the mind,
expressing it, &, by re=action, influencing it, so is theo=
logy to faith, but God forbid that we should really
degrade faith to be nothing more than a language!
But I meant to have given you politics, & I have
given you nothing but words. - forgive me, today
was a Dies non - & take the last blessing of poor old
1847.

{direction}

Inghilterra

W.E.Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

1 Jan

{written in small writing} buono capo d'anno a tutti de' la casa di
Embley

9016/33 letter to "Nightingale not in FN hand, to WEN 3 January 1848 from Charles Bracebridge

9016/34 signed letter & direction, 2ff, pen, postmarked: ROMA 4 GEN 48 AUTRICHE BEAUFT. 2 DE BAIS 14 JANV 48 UGV {ILLEG} 15 JA 15 1848 ROMSEY JA 16 1848 A

4 Jan 1848 [7:189-91]

My dears, I am in such a hurry to tell my own story my own way, as we have it from the very best authority, for fear you should hear it differently from those vile papers, that I must jump at once in medias res - The Pope has been very ill, so ill from Influenza that he was obliged to get out of his bed on Friday to go to the Gesù, for the Thanksgiving Service, & only went because the Jesuits wd certainly have made it a tool against him, if their service had been the only one he had neglected - Secondly, it had always been said that there would be a row on New Years Day - the Austrians have only withdrawn from Ferrara, in order to prosecute their intrigues with less suspicion in Rome, under colour of that retreat - There is a Jesuit=Austrian party which on one side, irritates & excites the people, on the other, alarms the Pope - On ~~Sa~~ Friday night, all the troops were ordered to be under arms, & 7000 of the Civic Guard to be ~~att~~ at their quarters. On Saturday the whole of the University wished to go to the Quirinal & wish the Pope buon capo d'Anno, - they went, - their officers, among whom was our friend Orioli going with them & to keep order & make it look respectable - But when they, with a great collection of people, got to the Quirinal, the palace gates were shut - With great difficulty the officers succeeded in getting them home again, & they determined to send a deputation of four to the Pope to make their excuses & their explanations - Orioli was one, but when he went to the place of rendezvous to meet his colleagues, he found only one other - they were frightened or cautious. However he determined to go, & do his duty by the Scolaresca, whether he was received or not. The Pope did not receive him, but sent word that he was indisposed, which was true,

& that Orioli was to say his say to the Cameriere, which he did, & which was only to the effect that the Scolaresca was very sorry that it had been so ill interpreted to the Pope as having meant insurrection, that all it desired was to wish him a bon Capo d'Anno. Meanwhile the people, infuriated at finding the palace gates shut, & at a report which the Jesuit-Austrian party had circulated among them, that orders had been given to the Governor of Rome to fire upon them, (which last order you will, I have no doubt see gravely asserted in the papers to be true, as the S Herberts implicitly ~~believed~~ /swallowed it - & some English goose will write it home) - the people, ~~(illeg)~~ ran to the Senator, & tumultuously insisted on his going to His Holiness, to inquire why the Palace gates were shut, what had become of His Holiness, that they would see him, that they were very anxious about him, that they were very angry at having been so mistrusted & misinterpreted - that they only wanted to know how he was, & had some advice to give him &c &c - in short, behaved like naughty children, but nothing more. Prince Corsini, the Senator, at first tried to pacify them, but when he found that rather the more a tumult was made, he agreed to go to the Pope, provided they would disperse; & wd promise, none of them, to go with him. (the Pope besides having a terrible attack of grippe) He went, but the people forgetting their promise joined him half way & went too - so that when he got to the Palace, there was a perfect rout - - - here my story necessarily is imperfect - on Sunday at ½ p. 3 we were to have an audience of the Pope, but at 2 o'clock we were put off - the Pope had been obliged to drive out to shew himself to

the people, he went to all the quarters of the Civic Guard himself, (& was received with unprecedented enthusiasm,) tho' he was so ill that he fainted in the carriage, coming back, was attended home by twelve thousand people, Cicceruacchio got up behind the attendants carriage, drove into the Quirinal with them - where the Pope said he was too ill to give the Benediction ~~himself~~, but he was with the people & for them. C. went out with this message, said A casa, & within $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour all were dispersed - All this sounds very childish, but will be represented in France as
an insurrection -

{in another hand}

Florence has been called off to keep an appointment with the S. Herberts & begs me to tell you that she will finish her story by the next post - I have but just time to dispatch this as it is - we are all well & happy, & have so much to do & think about that we don't know how to make the days long enough.

Yours affectionately

S. Bracebridge [end 7:191]

{direction, not in FN' hand}

Inghilterra

Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
Romsey
Hants.

9016/35 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen {direction postmarked:
ROMA 8 GEN 48 {illeg} 1? JANV 48 MARSEILLE illeg} 15 {illeg} ROMSEY JA
17 1848 A

~~Dec~~/Jan 8 - 1848 [7:191-94]

I hope Mrs. Bracebridge finished my story for me, dear people, last Tuesday. I left off where Corsini, the Senator, went in to the Pope - The Pope was amazed & indignant at finding from him that the gates of the Quirinal were shut & himself barricaded in his own palace, which had been done without his orders, or even ~~without~~ his knowledge; he instantly sent to have the gates opened, & the guards dismissed - and the Governor of Rome, who was the author of it, is to resign. This Governor, who is in the Jesuit-Austrian service, had gone the night before to frighten Pius with the news of an insurrection, who had simply said to him, Take the measures you think proper, whereupon the man had done all this. Pius then went out to all the Civic Guard quarters himself, as I told you, contrary to the advice of his physician, for he fainted coming back, & has been very ill since, to their great alarm - but he insisted upon going, & would only have four Guardii Nobili with him, & those were not allowed to ride by the carriage, that the people might come up to the very windows, if they liked it. Mr. B was out & saw it. He would not go through the Corso for fear of disturbing the Sunday promenade, but the people intreated him to go, & he did. He was exceedingly pleased with his reception, the people insisted on kissing his hand thro the window, one man, a well dressed man, addressed him & said, Believe me, you may believe me, the Jesuits are in "trama" against

you & your life - ~~this~~

The new Government does not give satisfaction - Mezzofanti, who in all but language, is an Asino, is to have Public Instruction, Card. Riario Sforza, who has always been considered quite "stupido" is to have Agriculture & Commerce, judge what he will make of it. (I hope you got our last Tuesday's Motu Proprio) & Amici Internal Affairs. Oh would that the Pope had some good man about him - but he has none, no not one & God must send his good angels to inspire him.

Mr. B. has been to see Ventura & took S. Herbert there yesterday. Ventura has but one panacea for Ireland, repeal. But, said S.H., that won't prevent them from starving, "pardonnez moi", Monsr, la liberté donne du pain" what was to be done with the ~~disc~~ mécontents? "oh they were "to be pendus, & the rest were to have repeal - "He had seen Wiseman, & Lord Arundel about Ireland," he said, "but they were des Anglais, "what could they know about Ireland, they "knew nothing, he believed no one but MacHale. "The monarchie Anglaise was chancelante - "there had been a conspiracy in the commencement "du règne de la Reine Victoria among the Aris= "tocracy to renverser the queen (the Bedchamber "Plot, you know) & the throne might not stand "such another!!" S.H. told him he was an Irish proprietor & tried to set him right about some things, but though

exceedingly cordial, he said S.H. could know nothing about it, & begged them to come again. &c &c. He has been prevented from preaching however during the Epiphany, for fear he should do something incautious. Meanwhile Pio Nono is more popular than ever, but no one else is, it is the Pope & the People, that is the misfortune. Don't think P. Ventura is a fool, far from it, he knows a great deal, he knew the whole Hampden story - but he has two idées fixes (most men have but one) & they are absolute & entire liberty politically, absolute & entire despotism religiously.

at the same time you understand he has not the least idea of the *real* workings of a free country - for to all S.H.'s questions as to *how* you wd do this & that in Ireland, he only answered as if the Sovereign had nothing to do but to put out her hand, & Jericho's walls wd fall on the one party, & repeal {K. adds &} bless the other. Alas! alas,

He would not believe S.H., when he told him that he, a proprietor paid dimes P. Ventura asserting that the great hardship was that the tenants,

the

Catholics, paid the tithes, while the proprietor, the Protestant, paid none. He is a good natured burly friar, was sitting at dinner with four obedient Yemens (priests) waiting his nod, three of whom he dismissed, when he received Messrs B & H. & went on cutting great slices of cheese, & extending his forefinger in absolute conviction all the while he was talking to them. - He is extremely eloquent & fluent. I cannot go into the Artist question now, having done that to Aunt Patty - I am in furious haste

too, as you see by this political nonsense - it all sounds very childish, but as my reminiscences will keep, & Pio is of rather more importance than my feelings about Rome, I send what I think most interesting. Bless you all, my dear people - bless me too - & bless this poor noble victim of ignorance & difficulty, who is struggling so gloriously to the light.

{direction}

Inghilterra

W.E.Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

8 Jan

you see the misery is, that the people will think now, that they can get anything by making a little row. There was a cry of Morte ai Gesuiti the other night, but the people, for once, had the good sense to cry out; E pagato, & the fellow was arrested. The people cry but too often, Viva Pio Nono solo - The affair of the poor man who attacked Torlonia about {written on the side} the Tabacchi e Sale is going badly - they say he will be convicted & condemned - for how can he prove his libel to be true? tho' no one has any doubts of its being a libel, i.e. of its being strictly true.

9016/36 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen, postmarked: ROMA 14 GEN
 48 AUTRICHE Beau FH 2 DE DAIE 24 JANV 48 LIGNE 26 {ILLEG} 24 {ILLEG}
 48 ROMSEY JAN 25 1848

Jan 11 1848 [7:194-97]

My dear people, I do trust that you are not taken
 in about {K. has by} Rossi. Don't read anything except what i{s}{edge
 of paper missing}
 on one side - that's my way - don't listen to anything, but
 what is against him Dear Mme Sismondi knows nothing
 about ~~him~~ it - At Patty has written to me - she is taken in {by}
 Mme S. do you preserve the right amount of prejudice
 pure & undivided in your minds. if there is anything ag
 gravating in this world, it is to see the absolute success of
 intellect. Rossi is a man who has no faith, in any thing,
 no principle upon anything, but see how talent does instead
 of faith - A capital name has been given him, the "con
 dottiere" of intelligence - he *has* served under every ban[ner]
 at Geneva he was praying in the prayers of every religion
 in France he is a Catholic
 Cappellari (the future Gregory XVI) speaks thus of the future
 ambassador of L. Philippe to Gregory XVI: un certo avvocato,
 cattolico rinnegato - But I must speak of him in the word{s}
 of a greater man, who says, that his principal aim is success,
 ambition inspired him with the science of expediency, reve{aled}
 to him the vulnerable points of many an amour=propre, {he}
 possesses the key of the passions of humanity, he uses {illeg}
 fruitful art". Don't you see how he is a Jesuit against Jesu{its}
 out Jesuiting Jesuitism - he is the "truchement du pou[voir]
 & nothing else. the "condottiere" has no country, no opinion{s to}
 defend - ideas, the tree of life to us, are wanting to hi{m}
 He does not care for the Jesuits, he cares for nothing but
 Rossi. I beg Gioberti's pardon - but it is taking Pius's name
 in vain, to talk of Rossi as his supporter, as Mme Sismondi
 does.

Last Tuesday we were presented to the Pope - we went to the
 Quirinal at half past four, as we had received the notification
 when our Monsignore (Hamilton) joined us - we waited a few
 minutes by the fire in a little waiting room - there were no
 other females but us, a few other gentlemen - Then Hamilton
 was sent for & a moment after, we - He Santo Padre stood
 in a small oblong room by a table with a crucifix upon it.

with his face to the light, Vengano, vengano, vengano pure avanti, he said, we kissed his hand. Then he talked a little in Italian about the bankruptcies in England, the distress, the Statistical returns of deaths being increased, &c, and gave us his blessing. His voice is one of the most charming I have ever heard, & his manner easy, courteous, benevolent, is quite that of a man of the world, with the grace besides of his own good heart -

It is a very pretty picture, the reception room, that beautiful old man (for his hair is very grey, & his face wrinkled, though he is but 55, & walks so fast, he outstrips all his court) entirely in white, with his little white cap, standing by the table, covered with a crimson table cloth, an ivory crucifix, & book upon it under a crimson canopy, the black figure of a woman in a veil curtsying at the door, & the little group of uniforms behind her. There were only two priests in the room so that we had him all to ourselves - You make three distinct genuflections as you go up - When I reached him, I curtsied as low as I possibly could, & gave his hand a most fervent press - with my lips. I was not the least frightened - I should have thought it so wicked to have gone into the presence of that good man with one worldly thought. I said to myself if I can get out of the room without having had one earthly idea, I shall be satisfied - but you don't know how the coeur vous serre, when you do get out, & you think, Now I shall never see that beautiful countenance again on earth. I did not quite succeed in what I intended, but I did penance for it afterwards. I cannot do justice to the benevolence of his expression, but I am afraid of dwelling up on it to you usque ad nauseam. I wish he had somebody to take care of him. Have popes mothers? I never thought of that. Mr. Herbert had a private interview with the Santo Padre (through our Monsignore) upon Irish affairs. Pius listened very attentively, did not say much, but I am happy to say, quite converted Mr. Herbert to him. I was sure he would, if they once got face to face - These rows at Milan make people very uneasy. I was introduced to Confalonieri's widow the other night - she remembered our name, & we were great friends in a moment.

I am to go & see her - she talked a great deal about him
you know that he died at Ospenthal on St. Gottard
upon his way to Italy. where he longed to return. It
is intensely cold here now. I have been doing a good many
convents & hospitals with Mrs. Herbert, to which her Russian cousin
obtain entrance for her. They are too long to tell about now
I have had some charming letters from you, dear people.
The Pontifical Government is filled up, people are somewhat
dissatisfied - Card. Massimo has died since his appointment
& they hope that his place may be filled by a layman. ~~illeg~~
Ventura is not nearly so often with the Pope as formerly
The Municipio has gone tête baissée into the ferreting out of all the
abuses,
scandals, pecuniary mismanagements of the charity & city
revenues. Sparing nothing, it has wisely taken the old bull
by the horns - & such abuses have come out. The *balance*
of Card. Tosti's administration of the Ospedale di S. Michele
proves
to be a *deficit* of 4 ½ millions of scudi (in the last
10 years) - In no city in the world, not even in London,
are such sums given for charity. The Municipio
has disinterred the accounts of all these & the scandals
are really too atrocious to repeat. All has been given by
favour - & people driving in the Corso in their own carriages
receive 50, 60, 70 scudi a month from charity. In one case
the woman reserved it for her tea parties - I hope that, in
our old pension list, favouritism as tremendous, existed.
Still, in the Holy City, such scandals cause more "ribrezzo" -
Having some respect for Religion, one is sorry for it, for her sake.
But Pius has heard the voice, Arise, shine for thy light is come,
& has arisen. The difficulty is, who are to be his advisors? The
College of Cardinals is so notoriously incapable that every one
says, there are *none* in it less *unfit* to be his ministers than
those just chosen who are giving so much dissatisfaction.
A lay ministry is too much to hope for just at present, but
it must come. Meanwhile patience, these people are babies
in the art of governing, they have not learnt even to walk yet
how can one expect them to walk well? But the faith & the
will are there, & faith is everything.

I Consulta is also doing its duty, but its difficulties are awful - {illeg indeed?} without any definite track of what its duties are to be, it has the ungrateful task of routing out abuses, without like the Municipio, having the remedy in its own hands, - As the Municipio is without appeal, & has no responsibility towards any other council. The accounts from Naples are tremendous, the cruelties exercised by the Government. I cannot believe the stories of tortures we hear. Austria has applied to the Santo Padre for permission to send a body of troops thro' the Pontifical States to Naples - it is impossible that he can grant it. How grateful our proud England ought to be for her insular position which has enabled her to mature her liberties, amid the lull of continental storms, more terrible than those of her winds & waves.

{direction}

Inghilterra

Mrs. Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

England

There is a curious mixture here of every sort of life, from the holy sisters of S. Vincent de Paul, who asked me yesterday whether England was far from here, & whose whole soul was in her little foundlings, to the struggling, quivering Roman heart, which sees for the first time liberty within the grasp of its hand & trembles lest it should escape him - & the Holy Father, partaking of both sorts of life - how can his mind suffice to it? He is an ascetic in practise, during Advent he fasted for 18 hours a day - The greatest comfort I have had respecting him was seeing his little Oratory, with two Bibles dear people, I will swear to the Bibles, in it, & such a Guido. There, I trust he finds peace - I could be more homey myself with Guido than with any other painter - even Raphael himself - I wish I had {written on the side} time to tell you all about it in this letter. farewell, dear people, & may we all live to see Rome the city of the Free
pardon this stupid letter

9016/37 unsigned letter & direction, 4ff, pen {direction postmarked:
ROMA 18 GEN 48 PON {ILLEG} MARSEILLE 25 JANV 48 [illeg] 25 JANV 48
{illeg} 28 JAN 28 1848 ROMSEY {ILLEG} 27 48} [7:198-204]

Palazzo dello Sdrucchiolo - Jan 17 - St. Antonio.
1848

My dearest people, I am really ashamed of you -

Don't speak to me in that manner - I am surrounded here by enemies of Pius, & shall I find foes in mine own household? Is Pius to wait till all his convictions are made up before he acts? he wd never act at all - what did we abuse all the former Popes for, but because they wd never listen to any body, but went tramping on their own stupid, brutal, wicked course - And now we despise Pius, because he listens - & acts accordingly - I thought that old cry of Consistency was blown up, - sunk & gone to the bottom with the chew-the-cud thing it represents. Pius is no Napoleon in the talent of discrimination, I know that - but to be consistent, a man must be either superhuman or subhuman - Now for what he really is, such as those most indifferent to him, represent him - His first desire is the good of his people, it is his *real* fervent *pursuit* that all acknowledge - but with one condition, what is that? you do not expect, as the English do here, that he is to turn Protestant, do you? The one condition is, that he will do nothing contrary to his quality as Pope. Now Jesuitical wretches get to him, & represent that this, & that are contrary to his quality as Pope - He is sincerely religious - & he confesses once a week. Pollotta, a mock Saint, is his Confessor. This man stays $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour before every image of a Madonna he meets & recites 300 Aves, & thumps his breast with hard blows to make known to every one that he is a vilissimo {K. has vilissimus} peccatore. He pulls his hat over his eyes, not that he may not see, but per non essere veduto, mentre ei vede. He sees all that is doing 100 miles off, while he is looking in his prayer book. He has visions & St. Antony appears to him one day, & St. Thingumbob one night, & tells him to run immediately in to the Pope {&} {the end of the page is ragged} tell him that, if he does not do this or that, he will injur{e} the Catholic Religion or the Pontificate. Pius, who never [ha]s believed in any one's hypocrisy yet, has given this man a key, it is said, to his apartment, to come in at any hour with out

being announced, & hence comes a world of damage - No one suspects the Santo Padre's sincere piety - those indifferent to him {illeg} say it is impossible to see him in church, & not to see how he prays - The respect for the Church here is amazingly fallen - People used to be ready to fall on their knees when a Cardinal passed; now they look the other way. Pius himself is loved as Papa Principe & not as Papa Papa - Meanwhile the Consulta & the Municipio boldly go their way - all sorts of abuses they have unveiled, Imprigati, who receive pensions for 40 years of service, & who are 30 years of age. Convents which receive the Pension granted them by Pius VII when he returned from Paris, because their lands were taken away from them ~~by~~ /under Napoleon, & who now enjoy their lands & their pensions too - & what's more, 30 or 40 monks are enjoying what was intended for 3 or 400. for nobody makes himself a monk now so the numbers are "decimated" Tosti, besides his deficit

as Chancellor of the Exchequer, of 4 ½ millions, (which I am afraid I represented to you as being the deficit of S. Michele) has besides his nice little balance there - I have told you what a "balance" means here - All these things the Consulta is dragging to light, e fanno inorridire {K. has a fanno} Vizardelli is to be the new Cardinal - a professor of the Sapienza college here. Now, my dear people, don't you give in about Pius - I never set him up as a Lycurgus, but as something better the sincerest & most benevolent of men & I am sure I have been candid enough about his mistakes. The whole of Sicily, they say,

is ready for

revolt - Lord

Minto had a courier yesterday - The King went to S. Carlo the people did not dare to hiss him but a new ballet, wh they had always applauded, they hissed every step of. The King understood it full well, went home, ~~for~~ & went to bed, where he has been ever since - e certo non sarà pianto da Napoli, si viene a morire. He is entirely in the hands of a certain Monsignor Cocle, his {co}nfessor, {the edge of the page is ragged} - a good many Neapolitan troops have been sent to Sicily

{It} is said that Austria wants to get up a Rival Lega Doganale {w}ith poor little Parma & Modena - Heaven confound them!

But I was going to tell you about the oratory of the Sto Padre
The first time we went to be presented, & he was obliged to go
out because of the row, we thought as we were once in, we
wd do something before we were ~~ter~~ got out, & I asked to see this
Oratory, wh. is never seen, because he can come in to it at any
moment. It is the prettiest little cheerful place - one
little chair in the middle for him - all in disorder - just
as he had left it - a heap of books on one chair, i.e. two
well-thumbed, well-dog's-eared, old-woman's, bound-in-black,
fat bibles, then 2 or 3 little books, missals, & then one
little thin book, wh. looked like a Gr. Text. All looked
& smelt as if it was constantly inhabited, two large bright
windows, the altar quite plain, perfectly without artificial
flowers, or any ornament whatever - over it a large Guido
of the Annunciation - on one wall the Virgin making up
domestic linen, & an Angel on each side learning to sew
from her, who are going to help her, & are watching how she
does it - a Padre Eterno in the little cupola, with a Gloria
of angels looking up - & a virgin in adoration - patriarchs
& prophets about - in odd corners. They are all Guido's
very, very best - The flamingo who shewed us in, a
Cameriere in red, was in a great fright to get us out, because
there is a door into the Pope's own room - But I took a
good look first. Here he had evidently just been. here
he takes refuge from the troubles of his own conscientiousness,
(which have made him a grey old man at 55), - from the
doubts, the difficulties, (which must tear a sincere man
like wild horses, in twain), - for he is scrupulous, & only Napoleons,
without consciences, are "consistent" - here he prayed for light
& here that beautiful Angel of the Annunciation looks
down upon him, & when he ~~thinks of~~/ remembers the answer of the
humble,
hopeful Mary, he feels that the day will come when all
doubts shall be done away ~~indeed~~/ for him too, when fears &
hesitations

shall vanish, & when those who have indeed said from their very hearts, "Behold the ~~handmaid~~ servant of the Lord", as he I verily believe has done, shall *also* be able to say: "be it unto me according to thy word" all anxieties being removed as to what that "word" is, & all fears as to whether we are not following our own will after all, instead of discerning what the will of God for us is.

One might have more admiration for the intellect of Pius, but one wd not have half the sympathy for him, if he were not beset with anxieties. But I hope that to him too the Angel brings peace - I had such pleasure in seeing his little Oratory, & I shall bring home 's new year's gift as a remembrance of many things, both in heaven & earth.

Orioli, the Professor at the Sapienza, & leader of the moderate party here, is my authority for ~~much~~ / these things about Pius. He is giving a course of Geology, the first man who has dared to do it in Rome. but wisely, opening his course with quoting St. Augustine, who differs from Moses, & finding minds-attentive, what he began with prudence, he has ~~finished~~ /continued with boldness. Mr. Colyar proves a most delightful acquaintance - he has taken us to the Lateran & Vatican - & Col. Lindsay says, ~~he~~ is the best authority, not excepting Nibby, in Rome - He is a fervent Catholic, but has taken no trouble with us - he has been quite a father to me.

I have been once more to the Sistine, but am quite afraid of approaching that great subject - Five of the ~~eight~~/nine compartments of the roof (the other ~~three~~/ four I do not trouble myself about) seem to me upon the very limits of the Supernatural. The first I do not understand, there is an appearance of exertion, of effort about the Creator in the

act of creating, but the second where the Padre Eterno creates the Sun & the Moon, who can describe it? In the same compartment is a flying figure with its back to us, called the Padre Eterno creating vegetation. I will never believe it. I believe Michael Angelo intended it ~~is~~ for the Spirit of Darkness flying away before the Creator of Light. That was his idea, I am sure. It is a crouching, crestfallen figure

so well befitting the Spirit of Darkness - & the Creator in the same picture is so divine - there is nothing material about the act of Creation, nothing in the movement of the arms to remind me of moulding or fashioning; - it is, "he spake the word & it was done," that is, he willed & it was - Oh how *could human* genius approach such a conception. Then the little Cherubim (shrinking from the Moon) clinging to Him, to this awful Majesty, in perfect love & confidence, afraid of his *works*, but not of *him*, it is so touching - I suppose that in all art, the idea must be one, & undivided, human imperfection must come in at last, & prevent even a M. Angelo from representing more than one of the ~~qualities~~ attributes (of Him who has all attributes in Himself,) in one great shadowing forth - therefore the Omnipotence alone cd be represented in this figure of the Creator - but M. Angelo unwilling to leave poor mortals crushed & annihilated under the idea of *Power Divine*, imagined all these cari agnoletti clinging to the Great Unknown, to show us that though unknown even to them, he was not unloved & he was unfeared. Oh M. Angelo, archpriest of the Divinity, thou real priest & minister of the Most High, art thou now an Archangel Michael, even as he was perhaps once a mortal like thee. The next compartment is the Gathering of the Waters - and here too there is nothing to remind one of earth in the drapery - it is all wonderfully carrying out the divine conception - But the three next ~~are~~ /speak perhaps the most fervently to the hearts of poor Mortals, i.e. the Creation of Man, of Woman, & their Fall. The difference between the character of men & women is so extraordinarily kept. What we have just left was the Creation of Matter, we are come now to the Creation of Soul - The Padre Eterno having breathed into Adam the breath of life, is just leaving him, committing to him his last behests - He veils none of the glory of his majesty from him, He appears before

him in the full light of His presence, which none was since to see & live, & Adam half rising from the earth, in the perfect sinless human nature, (there is nothing of the God of the Apollo about him, he is perfectly fearless, but perfectly subject,) looks at Him & is not ashamed. There is however nothing of the inward consciousness of the Divine Presence in it, no speaking purely from *heart to heart* - the Creator has made himself known to man by an outward manifestation, & man has understood & accepted it. I do not make it clear, but any body looking at the Creation of *Woman*, will see the difference - ~~therefore~~ she kneels, the lovely new born woman, before her Creator, who, in his unspeakable Goodness, has stripped himself of all his Power & his Majesty, and stands before her in the semblance of a man, her father & her friend, & yet, such is the sublime idea of M. Angelo, that there is nothing lost of dignity in the figure. Adam continues sleeping - no woman would have done this, she would have been warned (by her quicker perception) of the presence of a supernatural being - Eve kneeling in perfect love and devotion, receives with entire submission, the commands of her Creator. which come straight from His *spirit* to hers, without any material manifestation of Power. She is lovely beyond description - But "devotion is not religion" - and next, oh woe woe to us, comes the Fall. The Tempter, a female figure, is bewitchingly beautiful. *Adam* again does not see her, but *Eve* lying quite quiet close to the earth, anxious to disguise from herself, her ~~fall~~/sin, & fearful to move, just stretches out her arm, as a naughty child does, without making one motion towards the forbidden fruit, & receives it. Poor, poor Eve - in the same picture is the instant punishment - the difference between Man & Woman, between Reasoning & Inward Perception is still preserved - Adam's ~~the looking back~~/ thoughts are towards the favoured Paradise & the Avenging Angel, (who is still tender even in his wrath. He ~~it is who~~ seems to address Himself only to him, & to leave Eve to her own feelings, wh. are enough).

Adam regrets, departs & it is done - Eve, crouching & heart stricken, scarcely ~~aware of~~ / giving a thought to what she has lost, nor of the material punishment awarded her, is an image of the anguish of the soul, the long spiritual/inward writhings of remorse, which receive no alleviation & no embitterment from external things. She seems, literally "swallowed up" by self=abasement." This it is a wonderful conception, and these three, though less striking, are to me as superior in genius to the two first as the Creator of Soul is to that of Earth.

The last of the 9 is the Drunkenness of Noah, as if M. Angelo wished to show us to what depths human nature cd descend. before he came to Judgment. I cannot make myself understood, by these words (when I come home, we will have long talks about these fruitful Five) -

The other day , Mrs. Herbert & I went to see the Hospital of Sto. Spirito, but when we got there, we found a permission was necessary, & the priest whom we spoke to, said O vadano, vadano pure loro stesse dal Monsignore sopra, la darà loro {K. has "vadano, vadano pure loro stesso...} Rather unwillingly we went up having first sent up the servant, who was refused it. The Monsignore's servant took in our card, also rather unwillingly, we only meaning the card to ask permission, & after a few moments came back & desired us to follow him - we, hardly knowing whether it was to the awful presence, or to the Enfants trouvés - ~~After two m~~ But, to provide against all dangers, we made Mrs. Herbert, who is accustomed to speak to live cardinals, go first. Presently on the opening of the third door, I saw her curtseying on the threshold, ~~she went~~ lower & lower, I thought she was going to kneel down, we went in, an immense round table separated the sacred Monsignore ~~from~~ on one side & the three impudent females on the other - Half rising, half ready to run round one side if we attempted to run at him by the other, he asked us what we wanted - the hospital, he said, couldn't be opened at all hours, it was not to be expected, è un affare molto curioso, he said, curiosissimo, I thought -

In a half scolding, half complaining voice, he asked whether we were going to leave Rome soon - Nobody answered, so I thought they meant me to tell the lie, & bowing to the earth, I replied, very soon -

Well then, he said, when do you want to see the Convent? Tomorrow I said, It's too soon, he said, we can't get it ready. Well then Wednesday

I said. very angrily. And do you want to see the Conservatorio too, in a despairing

tone - To be sure, I said, and again prostrating ourselves, we withdrew

I was laughing too much to make the least apology, but after we had finished our genuflections, Mrs. Herbert went back & made one Now mind that this story be locked in your breasts - it was so truly impudent - Inglesissimo is the only adjective it deserves - However we got what we wanted & tomorrow I will tell the result.

{direction}

Inghilterra

Miss Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

18 Jan

I don't suppose you want to hear about Dr. Hampden - I am convinced the great cause of the wrath & clamour against him is that he has been incautious enough to say what half the ecclesiastics *think*. & that has always been the unforgiven sin. If on the other hand, one is candidly to say which is the real Trinitarian & which the infidel, he who believes the Trinity upon his own grounds of conviction, or he who believes it upon those of others, whom he calls authority, let any child

decide - I have read more of the Bampton Lectures here, than I ever read in my life & think them beautiful. Enough of that. I have saved myself much trouble of investigation by coming at once to the conclusion that every body has disgraced themselves but Lord John & Dr. Hampden - Won't that do?

I have a deal to say about home, but that is not exactly what you want to hear - Goodnight, dear people -

9016/38 - a letter from Mr. Colyar to Empson 17 Jan 1848

9016/39 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen {direction postmarked: Marseille {the rest is illeg} ROMSEY JA27 1848 {the rest are illeg}}

Rome Jan 18. 1848 [7:205-07]

My dearests I have just had your welcome description of your Old Year's estremo istante. mine was spent in my own room. & as the last toll of the great bell striking twelve sounded from the Trinità del Monte, I felt as if my breath stood still, & my heart stopped beating, & as if the instant of death could scarcely be more solemn -

I could not begin my N. Year's Day at St. Peter's as I intended, it rained so, I have a little corner of my own, behind the left hand support looking from the High Altar, where I always go - but I went to the Trinità & heard the nuns sing Adeste fideles with heavenly voices - Then we went to church, called upon the Herberts with our N. Year's wishes, then I talk with , went by myself to Vespers at the Trinità, does not care for music, & when I came back, my children brought me a nosegay, which measured a foot across, & some oranges out of their own garden - And so passed our N. Year's Day in great peace & joy, thanks be to God for it. The next day which was Sunday & I took the Sacrament together, & we did not go out again. Mr. B. did not come in till very late, it being the day of the row, & the Santo Padre's going out to the Guardia Civica. Monday I went to St. Peters before breakfast - to my own place and home therein - Mr. B. & I called upon Mrs. Colyar next door, who is uncommonly friendly when we are there, but determined to have nothing to say to us - He on the contrary. And my affections, oh che contraste orribile between him & the Santo Padre - Orioli came in to give us the account of the row - And then we dressed to kiss my Pius's hand, & the disgrazia happened to the "poor dogs" which I told you of, amply remedied by our seeing the Oratory. Afterwards we went to see the Mausoleum of Augustus, but the pieces of travertine, upon which the Emperors were burnt, are now in the Vatican - Tuesday we had a little Emerson boy in the morning to amuse, so that I did not go out - & in the afternoon I was initiated

into the awful presence of the Countess Woronzow, late dame d'honneur to the Emperor Paul, & all but witness of his murder, Mr. Herbert's aunt, & the "Baron" - & went with them, & Mrs. H. to the Bon Pasteur. (I have been doing a course of convents & hospitals) I tumbled in love with the Mother Superior - herself a dame d'honneur of the Bavarian court, - & really a sort of Mme de Sévigné turned nun - But oh the waste of life in this place, the intense cold, the miserable pozzo-smelling rooms, the shortening of life in consequence of these good women, their hopeless task - for this order, of which the Good Shepherd at Hammersmith is a branch, is devoted to the reclaiming of Penitents, or rather Non-Penitents, for all their sheep are goats, sent them by the government, & hopeless goats. A husband, a father, or son has here nothing else to do but to go to the Vicario, & desire from him an order to send his refractory wife, mother, or daughter to the Bon Pasteur - which order is generally executed in the night, so that the goat arrives kicking, screaming, violently agitated & perfectly unmanageable for two or three days, during which time they are obliged to keep her in a room to herself, or she wd do a mischief. This order may be obtained for extravagance or any troublesome conduct, Mr. B. says he wishes there were such a law in England, we saw one woman there of the highest rank in Rome shut up by her son for extravagance, & two young noble women, who however I believe were really bad - But conceive the punishment it must be - The patience of the good nuns is admirable, à toute épreuve, they have no means of compelling subordination, & one, who had refused the night before to go to bed, the poor nun who slept in her room, only said, Well, I cannot go to bed till you do, & there they sat, & all I cd do, she said, was to pray the Holy Virgin to inspire her with the thought of Bed - If ever I saw sanctity upon earth, "holiness purified from self denial", it was among

these women, but they admitted that they made hardly any reformations - if the case was only come in for 6. months, they considered it quite hopeless, if for several years, they did hope. But none ever came voluntarily, they said, & many tried to run away - those who married when they went out which they sometimes do, because they are well taught, (everything but kitchen work is taught them here No Italian woman learns that, because they all have their dinners from *Traitore*,) or get into good places, they do well, & then they always let the nuns hear from them. They never try to make them take the veil, & there is no temptation, because the nuns of the *Bon Pasteur* must be women of good character - But they being all there under a sense of oppression, it is hoping against hope. and even, the Abbess admitted, if they come but for a short time, it is hardly worth while to teach the uneducated ones to read or work. I thought their faces horrible, they were merry, no formality, but no humility. The nuns keep them generally singing to prevent talking - And there these real Martyrs go on working against hope - Many of the Penitents come in upon the verge of madness, & go mad in the convent. There was a poor Arab there, who was miserable. But the cold, how it must exasperate them. The nun, who was teaching them to work, seemed an admirable creature. There are but 9 nuns altogether, & some are always ill - hardly any of them Italians. The Superior showed me a head of Our Saviour crowned with thorns, which had been the Holy Father's own, & which he gave to them, because he found it affected him too much, & worked upon his feelings unduly - But what a waste of energy of these poor nuns, one of my companions said how grateful the Penitents must be, oh no, she said, they are not grateful what cause have they? they are here against their will. & they are very miserable here - They have no way of exercising them either and it seems still an untried region that of reclaiming them, though few have, like these, the candour to say so

I went in the evening to Mrs. Sartoris's with the Herberts. I do so like incautious women, & Mrs. Sartoris is always saying incautious things (about her own childhood & education) without seeing how she shocks the good Lindsays. Then she is such a pendulum twixt a smile & tear, as I think I told you. how she was moved to tears when I asked her to sing something of Mendelsohn - & then pitied Abdel Kader, because she "fancied the horror of having all the French women making love to one." Then she is such a perfect gentlewoman about her own former life, never avoiding the subject of the stage, but saying quite simply that she had not dared to be presented to the Pope, because she was one of those "horrid singing women".

But I must go, dearest mother.

{direction}

via Massiglia
Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
Romsey
Hampshire

Inghilterra

9016/40 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen, postmarked: ROMA 22
{illeg} AUTRICHE {ILLEG} DE BALE 31 JANV. 48 BOULOGNE 31 {ILLEG}
ROMSEY FE? 1848

Rome - this glorious day of her liberty [7:208-11]

21st of January - 1848

Well, my dear people, what do you think of this?

Is not this the most glorious news you have heard this many a day? Oh if you knew how those Sicilians have fought! For seven days! They have behaved themselves like men & so have the women. But you will see all that in the papers. The long & the short of it is that the King has been obliged to give in, at least he had not sense enough himself to see that he must, but his brother did & told him that he wd not be a king the next day, if he did not. There is to be an amnesty, & liberty of the press & Sicily is to have a constitution & a Repeal of the Union & to be governed by Sicilians, & to have a Consulta for all the people's cry was we will have Pio Nono's reforms, nothing less & nothing else - So that it is he who has done it, & not they themselves, after all. They say he is radiant, & I thought him so ill & so subdued at the Consistory yesterday, & now he is as happy as he deserves to be. And Sicily will be herself again - You may believe all the stories of the iniquities practised at Naples at the beginning of this revolt. Yes, the King actually had some old Sicilian noblemen, who had been taken up for this revolt, branded in his presence, clothed as galley=slaves & sent to the prisons at Procida. Absolute tortures Ld Eastnor tells of, who is just come from Naples. But that is the way these Anoint=ed of Heaven always begin - but the gallant Sicilians persisted, as you will see in the papers the account of the siege, & have carried the day. The dear old Colyar rushed up to tell us the moment he had the news this mornng. I was out, so he came again tonight.

But this is not all. Hurra for the greatest step Pio Nono has made yet. The government is secularized! we have got laity into the ministry - now, call him a priest & a coward any more, if you dare. Prince Gabrielli is at the head of the Army - Monsig Savielli, who was Governor & had the department of Police besides, being sent off to foreign parts as a nuncio, Gaetani, an able man, has the Police, Monsig. Morichini being got rid of to a bishopric, and Ferretti, the Cardinal's brother, has the Finance, Monsignor Spada, who looked very glum at St. Peters on Sunday, being got rid of too. Cardinal Ferretti goes to Ravenna, and Card. Bofondi, the Pope's successor at his own bishopric of Imola succeeds him as Prime Minister, Pres. of the Council & Foreign Affairs. So that you see the three departments of Arms, Finance & Police are all in secular hands, But it is the principle, the great principle of breaking into this court of priests, which is the thing - Once let in the Atlantic of secular knowledge & learning, & Mother Par=tington's red gloved hands can never bar it out again - Nobody thought that Pius would have the courage to do it - all hail to him - & they say that he is brilliant with joy. And these moments must repay him - for he said to Monsig. Rusini, his own friend, who had the Arms, when he sent him off to Ancona & Rusconi looked aghast, I know that it cannot be very agreeable to you to leave the centre of all things Rome, but our life is one of sacrifices, I would I were back at my bishopric of Imola - but it is good for me to be here & for you to be at Ancona. Now, my dear friends, let us rejoice, for I too have behaved like a man I have told you all my Pius's mistakes, his faults & his sufferings have not been hid from you - & now let us sing & be glad at his success - And is not this

the opening of a great day for Rome/Italy? Now Naples will join the Lega Doganale, now Italy will become united independent, & perhaps the sun of our lives will not have to set, before that of Austria in Lombardy is gone down never to rise again. Metternich seems to be really dead, & the long prayed for moment may really yet be held in the lap of the 19th century, when Austria shall see the necks of her eagle cut off by the Italian good sword. 1848 has entered bravely on her course - bless her! And so has the Municipio - To give you an idea - Card. Tosti's brother, in the year of the Cholera 1834, was provided a nice little place by the Cardinal to see after the cholera at the rate of so many scudi a month.

The cholera stopped, not so the salary, which has regularly entered the monthly ~~(illeg)~~ ragamuffin pocket of Mr. Tosti. Ah ha! says the Municipio, & presents its compliments to Mr. Tosti, desiring him not only to eject himself, but to refund this 13 years salary. The man demurs, & grumbles, the Municipio persists & to do this to the brother of the late Treasurer & present Cardinal, is a good daring Municipio, me seems. Lastly, but not leastly, Pius went the other day to Sto Spirito He took such care that no one should know beforehand of his visit, that he actually drove to Pta Pia, his usual drive, & then desired the coachman to go to Sto. Spirito. He got out, without being announced, & proceeded straight into the wards.. He found two attendants on 250 patients. The Monsignore (our Monsignore) was summoned. the only excuse was that the rest of the attendants had been dismissed from economy - next he found wheelbarrows going about carrying the provisions on the brick floors over the wretched fevered heads of the patients (an Italian remedy for fever) this was owing to the want of attendance - It is said that

Santo Padre was never yet seen so {page is folded} {angry} - the more as

he himself, at his first visit, had expressly countermanded these wheelbarrows & ordered trays. He turned down the beds himself to see if they were clean, & not only that but looked under the beds, & there saw - the accumulation of filth whh. had been swept in a hurry under the beds, as he came up stairs. Next he tasted the soup, & he, that meek man, threw the basin on the ground & broke it, questa sporcheri [porcheri] ai miei poveri! Last of all he went to the Spezierià, where, under the terror of the papal fist, the man actually confessed that he always gave {direction}

Inghilterra

W.E.Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

half the prescription ordered - (so keeping the patients half alive,) for economy. The Sto. Padre was the more angry, as the funds of Sto Spirito are enormous, & he himself had introduced the greatest retrenchments in his household, in order to give all his revenues to these Institutions. Oh that he would send that purple Monsignore to the

galleys. a pope might do that one wd think even with an ecclesiastical jury & what an effect it would

have upon these sacred swindlers - But I must go to bed I could not sleep till I had put my Neapolitan feelings on the way to Parthenope - would I could put post horses to them, for very cold will they be before 11 days are out. But the Spirit which Pius has breathed will never grow cold, & we shall live to say more & more "fruit homo missus a Deo, cui nomen erat Joannes". as it spreads & warms the whole of Italy, & from her, all the Catholic world - Is it possible that Rome, the mistress of herself, under the republic, Rome, the mistress of the Earth, under the emperors, Rome, the mistress of heaven under the popes, may yet live again as Rome {written at the side}

the mistress of the Spirit, wh gives life to heaven & earth that of glorious liberty, In the beginning she created the earth & the heavens, reversing the order of things. Now shall she create light? for the Spirit of God, (which *is* liberty, we are told) is moving upon the face of the earth, it seems.

9016/41 signed letter & direction, 2ff, pen {postmarked: AUTRICHE Beau
FR. 2 DE BALE 31 JANV. 48 LIG.V {ILLEG} 31 {ILLEG} 48 {ILLEG} LISBUR
FE 2 1848

Rome - Jan 21. 1848 [7:211-13]

My dear Dr. Fowler, Mrs. Herbert has handed over your question to me about the Eleusinian mysteries, and I should have the chapter to write in answer to it, did I not think that Hope & some others would make a reply much more worthy of you than I can. Do read the chapter in Thomas Hope's Essay on Architecture, called "Heathen Customs kept up or emulated by the Xtians." It is the 17th of his first Vol, and the previous chapter on the Symbols used by the early Xtians, as well as the 18th chapter bear upon the subject. The whole book is most interesting, but, though *his* prejudices are in favour of embracing a Pagan faith, I think he might accord to *my* prejudice, which are for the Xtian one, the same toleration which I am quite ready to grant to his. Though I quite agree that the early Xtians were very provoking & teased the roman religion into giving them martyrdom, which they would have & would not be denied. Lord Lindsay (whose book on Xtian Art you perhaps know) recommends you "Sylvester Douglas" on "the remains of the ancient manners of Greece," which will give a much better account than I can.

With regard to the introduction however of Roman observances into our religion, which is Mr. Hope's theory, Lord Lindsay tells me that they are of still earlier date. The bonfires lighted here on St. John's Day, for instance, the origin of which Hope assigns to the fires kindled by the Romans in honour of the summer solstice, are anterior - & date from the worship of Baal among the Celtic nations the name even is preserved, & they are called the fires of Baal. Our Maypole in the same way takes its origin from the same time & worship (of Baal) Lord Lindsay's theory is that the Southern nations represent the principle of *inclusiveness* - the Northern of *Protestantism*. Now the Italian nations are descendants of Greece & Rome, whose principle was to incorporate all new religions, to assimilate all conquered churches to their own. The German & English nations, on the other hand, descend from the Persians, who represent the principle of *Protestantism*: The Persians protested against all other religions, they went forth determined to put down all but their own spiritual worship of the sacred fire. The Persian contest ~~between~~ with Greece & Rome was that between Protestantism & Catholicism - You meet in these Southern lands

with no fairies, gnomes, or supernatural stories - they have all become angels or devils - i.e. they are all Xtianized, assimilated.. Whereas, in Northern lands, all the stories of heathen times remain.

In France, which is a descendant of the *Roman*, S. Denis is only the worship of Bacchus - Dionysus being his very name - S. S. Eleutheros & Rusticus, his two companions, are only, the one another name for Bacchus, the other for his rites. The Xtians did themselves much harm by this assimilation of heathen rites & symbols.

But I am afraid that I am mangling what Id. Lindsay told me, which I wish he would give to the world in print. I have wished that I could send you some account of the Deaf & Dumb establishment here but as there is only one for boys, - females, who appear to exist in Rome only upon sufferance are not admitted to see it. Mrs. Herbert desired me to tell you that the direction of a Dr. Söstz, the person to whom you wished to send Dr. Howe's & the Abbé Carton's papers, is Ehrenbreitstein, Coblenz - & that the parcel had better be dispatched straight to Coblenz - as he will be delighted to have them. You are rejoicing as we are over this glorious Sicilian news- what a bombardment it was - & what a new life for a magnificent country, so long oppressed & depopulated, as

poor Sicily. Of course the Obscurantisti, as they are called here, meaning the old Tories, object to the clause in the new Constitution, providing that ~~Italian~~ Sicilian employments shall be filled by Sicilians, & Neapolitan by Neapolitans, & say that fusion is the principle of the day. Yes, pretty work have we made of fusion in Ireland. The Sicilian race is as superior to the Neapolitan, as the Greek was to the Roman [Persian?]; & yet the principle of fusion was to fill both

Neapolitan & Sicilian offices with *Neapolitans*.

{direction}

{written in heavy pen F 11 Feb: 21 Janv 2 illeg 2 Feb Rome in light pen 2 Feb 1848}

Inghilterra

R. Fowler Esq M.D.

Salisbury

The spot of the houses of Hortensius & Cicero is supposed to be ascertained with tolerable exactness but the palace of Augustus was built over their site, & now there is nothing left but a hideous English villa. The ruins of the Palatine are the despair of antiquaries.. Mr & Mrs. Bracebridge desire their kindest remembrances. So do Mr. & Mrs. Herbert, & believe me, my dear Dr. Fowler, with my very best love to dear Mrs. Fowler, & hopes that neither you nor she have been *aggripate* {written on the side}

as the Romans call being attacked with Influenza. Your ever grateful & affectionate Florence Nightingale

9016/42 letter to Mrs Nightingale from S.B. 22 Jan [1848]

9016/43 unsigned letter & direction, 4ff, pen {direction postmarked:
ROMA 24 GEN ILLEG AUTRICHE Beau FR. 2 DE BALE 2 FEVR. 48 ROMSEY FE 4
1848 A}

Rome - Jan 23. 1848 [7:213-19]

My dearest I am a little alarmed at the prospect of not being home till Easter - though I am sure I am glad to spend some little longer in revisiting the glimpses of Rome. Mrs. Bracebridge felt that your letters left her at perfect liberty to do as she liked, which I am sure is very good of you, & so yesterday it was settled that we were to take on the rooms another month - Mariette is the most dissatisfied person with this arrangement

The dear old Colyar is become our guardian, our patron saint, our tame Penate - & yesterday, when he came in to tell us of the great Sicilian news, & I was at the Herberts, he enquired where I was & said, oh then I shall think in half an hour that now she knows it - I have written nothing but politics lately, so I must let them bide, while I tell a little about Rome - except that there is a new paper set up, conducted solely by liberal priests, called the Labaro, & very well written - the first paper which has been religioso-politico - There is a new gallery set up at the Lateran of sculpture found lately - a statue of Sophocles found eight years ago at Terracina, quite unhurt, which is magnificent also a quite perfect Mosaic pavement, found in the baths of Caracalla, hideously ugly, being portraits of favourite gladiators. The Colyar took us there, & afterwards to some of those beautiful villas near the Lateran where, between stone pines, you look out upon the blue Lucretilis, with the rosy light above, which always remind me at sunset of the colouring of Guido's Archangel. One, the Villa Massimi, has three rooms in fresco of Dante, Ariosto & Tasso, by Overbeck & Koch, but I thought the devils uncommon vulgar devils, We have seen a good deal of Mr. Lear, who is particularly agreeable, & of a barbarossa, Mr. Whitgreave, brother of our Mr. W. these two, with an American Perkins, & the father of the

shocked young ladies dined with us ~~to~~ that day, the latter came in the evening, & I asked my Colyar to relieve the fun - He is very great upon Missions. The next day was the day of the Epiphany, & we went to church, putting in our heads at the Armenian church on our way, which was very stupid, I mean the church was, not we.

except that the whole floor was strewed with box, & that the service is sung in strophe & antistrophe. In the afternoon I went with the Herberts to the two convents of the Sacré Coeur here to call upon their cousins, one of whom has taken the white veil at one, the other was already a professed nun at the other - Mr. Herbert & I were left at the door, while Mrs. Herbert, who is all powerful in the church, went in to negotiate our entrance. After a short parley, this was effected, & we were received into the parlour, low, dark, cold & dismal - but as an obnoxious male was of the party, the mother-assistant was obliged to be present at the meeting. This was the professed cousin - she was young, very pretty, very joyous, no formality or want of society-manners about her. This convent is devoted to teaching the cittadinseca childhood - & she spoke with extreme interest of the characters of the children, & the pleasure she took in watching them - as they board in the house - From this we went to the other convent - where we all got out, but I suggested that a judicious humility wd replace Mr. Herbert & me in the carriage, & that he that exalteth himself shall be abased - Our modest bearing succeeded, & we were had out & put into a shivering ~~parlour~~/parlatorio, whence a young nun instantly vanished - notwithstanding Mr. Herbert very humbly withdrawing into the window. Presently an aged nun appeared & escorted us up stairs, but halfway up, her agitation became extreme & she whispered to us that she did not know how to tell Mr. Herbert that he must not come there - Mr. H. begged pardon, & fled. he was put into

a cage behind the altar - & we, the females, who for once reigned supreme, had chairs placed for us before the altar, a numerous troop of novices & poor children, each in her little white veil, entered, for this is the convent for the Novitiate & the teaching of the poor - & the nuns sang a magnificent Benedictus, which they had prepared for us. Mme Buona= parte's glorious contralto, a professed nun of 25, leading the novices. After vespers, Mrs. H. introduced me to her cousin, & to the Mother Superior, whose hand we kissed, & departed. The nuns do a great deal in casts, & Mrs. H. took them some moulds, as of course owing to the vow of poverty, they had no money of their own to buy them. Except the foolish old nun who took us upstairs, & who was an Englishwoman, I saw nothing the least unlike very attractive girls of society. there seemed a passionate attachment between each novice & some favourite nun. - they were merry & talkative.

The third convent of the Sacré Coeur at Rome is the Trinità, where they teach the young girls of rank - here the abbess of Minsk is, & we are to see her - we have heard things since we came to Rome, which make us believe her story in toto. The Countess Woronzow was determined to disbelieve it & is entirely ~~converted~~/convinced - but all the evidence is too long to give here.. Suffice it to say, that Mezzofanti, [illeg Raglaa?] & a Polish Jesuit took down her story in Latin, Italian & Polish - that their report occupied several hundred pages - in so long a story it wd have been impossible for her not to contradict herself if it had been a lie - that this was reserved by the Pope in order to have a handle against Russia - but Rossi got hold of it stole it & sent it to Paris - where it was published - this the Russians have never attempted to contradict, (though as you see, it was ~~never intended~~ / published unprepared for publication,) but have only contradicted a previous incorrect account.

We have been to the Catacombs of S. Sebastiano - the same of which the Improvisatore tells that story - most interesting they were to me, & I have brought you a little sacred brick & dust. they would not let us stay down long, but Mrs. H. & I insisted upon making another little turn by ourselves. Each of us was furnished with a candle, & first we saw the place where S. Sebastian was scourged to death. It is quite a mistake to suppose that he was one of the redhot young Methodists, he was one of the wisest, most prudent, most successful supporters Xtianity ever had - from him we went to ~~the~~ a circular subterranean chapel, where Pope S. Stephan was surprised celebrating mass & martyred, & 13 tombs of other martyrs are in niches in the walls round him. From hence we began our descent into the long low hot damp windings which extend for 60 miles, & run as far as Ostia, 14 miles in one direction. they are hardly 6 feet high, & from 3 to 4 feet wide. occasionally spreading into little gulfs, where they stop short, and a cross one begins - the whole lined with ~~the~~ shelves of martyrs, like berths in a ship - the place where S. Cecilia Decolata was found (exactly in the position in which her statue is made. The head down) - &c &c are shewn - but these things, which may or may not be true, one dwells less upon, when the fact stares one in the face that here innumerable people lived & died - & were born - that the tombs of their martyred dead were the first cradles of their children, the altars of their earliest churches - that they foreswore the sweet light of the sun to spend a life, luckily not a long one, in an earthen coffin - & that between these very earthen walls, where we stood, they were pursued & put to death. The remains of bones were all gone from this identical catacomb, but as population increases, they want more saints, & then they open a fresh catacomb, & take out more - 11 have been lately dishumed. I asked the old Dominican, of opaque &

un poetic intellect, putting the question in perfect good faith, whether any of these were to be seen or had Bisogna andare {K. adds 'pure"} dal Custode a Sant' Apollinare, he said, scriva pure il nome del Santo che dimanda, ce ne sono di tutte le qualità - If you had seen the man's face of stupid sincerity when he turned round & said it.

Mrs. Herbert & I would go & poke about a little by ourselves - & I assure you there is quite enough without accepting one of the stories which are told you, 'to mount the fervour of the most torpid Christian - I was not next the old Dominican, so I did not much attend to his catalogue - but my own eyes & ears showed me quite enough - We dined at the Lindsays - they are altogether very nice - there is Col & Mrs. Lindsay, & a beautiful daughter who draws very well, & the other daughter Ly Lindsay, whom I like much the best, & Lord Lindsay, her husband, whom I like best of all - Sir Coutes {K. has Coutts} Lindsay, who wrote Alfred, & whose drawings (illustrations of Sintram & W. Scott,) are really those of a genius, is Col Lindsay's eldest son - & it is so pretty to see the mother's pride in this very distinguished clan. She is the most simple & bewitching (in her simplicity) Miss Lindsay is just a little "Look at me" - Ly Lindsay not a bit. a little young pale thing of 20, with the jolliest baby that ever you did see - which looks as if it had ate up father & mother both. & had absorbed the health of the whole party -

In the eveng, we were asked to a Mrs. Heywood's for the Confalonieri & me to make acquaintance - Confalonieri had mentioned us to her - & it seems she wanted to know me - more of her anon -

I think I told you of our visit to the Sistine, where

& I always go across our quiet little ferry & Campagna walk which costs us 2 bajocchi, & slip back again in the same manner, seldom however without taking a look in at St. Peter's, whom it is disrespectful to pass -

Today, as it was Marseilles boat day, we were obliged to hurry home for letters - & we went to studios in the afternoon which I can't abide - Wyatt's & Rinaldo Rinaldi's I have not the art to appreciate them - - It always seems to me like reading a very bad translation of something you could read in the original - Poor people, I wish they would spend their time on something useful. book binding or any pretty little cabinet making. At R. Rinaldi's however there as a thing called Temps perdu - a little white girl trying to rub (with a sponge) a little nigger, (who is half crying) white, which was very nice & funny.

We went to S. Giacomo, which with S. Gallicano & S. John in Lateran are all nursed by the Hospital Order of nuns We have seen them all three now - & I never came out of any place with a heavier heart than I did out of S. Giacomo. It is the hospital for incurable diseases, wounds, & surgical cases. The plan in Rome is, instead of subdividing the wards as much as possible, to have them, if possible, all in one ward. & for this purpose there are four rows of beds. the stench dreadful, the locale cold, airless, dark. the nuns perfectly over done, - it seemed a physical impossibility for any one ever to get well there - The enormous proportion of operations would terrify an English surgeon & they keep patients, who have no homes, till the bon Dieu takes them off their hands - There are but 9 nuns to the whole concern, who relieve each other every 6 hours thro' the 24 two being always upon guard - ~~they~~ I liked the Mother Priore, but they seemed hopeless & worn out - as well they might be - especially when they

think what, with the enormous funds for the charities in Rome, might be the means put in their hands for doing good. Some of the patients begged, some were dirty & despairing. At. St. Gallicano, where are the novices, some of whom have 4 years' noviciate, things are a shade better - at least there are 20 hands, including the 6 novices, & the lay sisters - There are here too the scrofulous children, who being attended only by the nuns, & having no medical advice, are in a rather much more cheerful state - Besides, there are nice baths & wash houses, & all the incurable cases are sent to poor S. Giacomo. But still no gardens, no place for air or exercise or anything to cure the children. the novices' nice little clean rooms, with white curtains, & good prints, were the best part. they do not put {K. adds them} at the beginning, ~~with~~ to the worst cases - & the Mistress of the Novices was so pleased with my "amiable manners" that she invited me to a profession on the Purification (the 2nd) But it left a miserable impression altogether - & the men's hospital, thro' which we had to pass, was truly awful. There is as much difference between the conditions of nuns as between the conditions of men, in general - & these horrible hospitals, hopeless except of being pulled down, were as different from the nice convents of the Sacré Coeur, where really I saw no other hardship except that they had to ask the mother assistant if they wished to run up stairs & fetch a handkerchief, - The Mother Priore at S. Gallicano was stupid, but at none did I see the theory of the Monastic Institutions which is, I suppose, to have hands enough to be able to give spiritual, as well as other, consolation. At S. Gallicano, where they had lay sisters to wash & do the hard work, there was an attempt to reserve the professed sisters for the nicer fine work - but it was an unsuccessful one -

At S. Giacomo, at 5 o'clock on a wet January evening, they were obliged to have the windows open, on the scrofulous side of the ward, for the sake of ventilation - Most of the wards too are on the ground floor, in a country, where every body lives as high as their rank will possibly allow, and as Princes live au douzième - I wish I cd write Pio Nono a note to come here. They do not even wash with hot water. The Brothers wait upon the male hospitals, which are much dirtier - the nuns keep theirs at least as clean as the Locale will allow. They take a fourth vow, viz, that of devoting themselves to the sick.

{direction}

Inghilterra

Miss Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

We dined at the Herberts in the evening to meet the Lindsays, & Mrs. Herbert took me to Mrs. Sartoris's afterwards. where Mrs. S. sang a splendid thing out of Saul. She told me how thoroughly uneducated she was, so that she could enjoy nothing but beauty, nothing i.e. by association.

I wonder how you can read my letters, my dear people if you do - I could not.

Pray tell Aunt Ju that I have been intending to thank her all this time for so kindly & *effectively* doing the New Ormond St. business - it was *quite* all that was wanted & the business has been settled in consequence

{written at the side}

I did not like to write merely to *thank* & have been putting it off till I could have time to write properly.

Goodnight - I am very sleepy, as you must see - dear people.

[end 7:219]

9016/44 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen, postmarked: ROMA 28 GEN
48 2 MARSEILLE 2 É -PONT 5 FEVR 48 LIGNE DE BOULOGNE 5 FEVR 48 2
ROMSEY FE 7 1848

Rome - Jan 25 - 1848 [7:219-22]

My dearest people, We have been to see the Palazzo

Spada at last, & that great ugly Pompey, who, you know, was discovered buried near the real Pompey's Curia, with his head under one man's wall, & his tail under another's - the men fought for it, & the Judgment of Solomon was awarded, but Julius III rescued it, & divided not the statue, but 500 scudi between the combatants, & gave it to Capodiferro, the Cardinal of that palace - It is quite hideous enough to be authentic, & I believe is - There is nothing else worth seeing in the palace save a most wonderful Guercino of Sta Lucia. How do you think he has managed her so as not to be disgusting? Made the picture so black that you see nothing at all but a beautifully painted shoulder, till you look so close that you see the eyes glaring in her hand - There is a wonderful Greek statue of Antisthenes, the founder of the Cynics, but he only looks severe, not snarling. We went to Palazzo Farnesina to see Raphael's ceiling of the council of the Gods & the Nuptial Banquet ~~eis~~ [illeg Frange?] & the Galatea on the walls - but for a Xtian

to paint Greek allegory, the spirit of it is wanting, the life is gone & the body only is there - I was woefully {K. has woefully} disappointed

at /with the dead word, M. Angelo's visiting card which he left one day that he called upon Sebastiano del Piombo, & found him gone out - in the form of a colossal head of Alexander, which he drew you know in a compartment with a bit of charcoal, is the most interesting thing there. We had our little Emerson boy with us, to whom if I had not had the mythological stories to tell, I should have been in an unchristian humour with my dear Raphael.

We do not go so often to the Vatican as I should like. it is so cold - but every time I see the Jupiter, I am more amazed - there is not one other thing in that great circular hall which can bear any more comparison with it than a man does with a beast - The Mercury, generally called

an Antinous, in the little tribune, corresponding to the Apollo, I cannot see the beauty of.

The bearded pard, the Whitgreave I told you of, is one of the company of lay brothers of S. Vincent de Paul, who meet once a week, to do good, by making themselves acquainted with the poor people personally, so as to distribute well the alms which are collected at the weekly meetings.

I have seen Sta Maria degli Angeli at last, built by M. Angelo out of Diocletian's baths. & I walked there one morning & I wonder how I could have been so long without seeing it.. Next to St. Peter's & the Pantheon, I have felt nothing in Rome so beautiful - ~~the~~ its vast unornamented vaulted ceilings, each rib growing so naturally out of those stupendous granite pillars, which belonged to the old baths, none of them ~~therefore~~ looking as if they stood there merely for ornament - but every thing as if it was necessary to the whole - & therefore so harmonious that even the ugly bare colour of the ceiling does not strike the attention in the wonderful gracefulness of the forms - Call it fanciful if you will, but as the Pantheon is to me the worship of the Father, & St. Peter's of the Son, so is the Angeli of the Holy Ghost - that noiseless (if you may use the word) growth of one part out of the other, which reminds one of the growth of the kingdom of Heaven, ~~which~~ from a grain of seed, becoming a great tree - that want of bustle & glaring effect & impudently forcing itself upon one's notice, (~~which~~ /as

too many of the church ornaments here do,) which is so like the works of God himself - you cannot say of this, that that pillar might have been here, or that arch there, or anywhere else but where it is - I am sure, if you remember the church, you will supply what I mean, though I cannot explain it.

All the pictures are here, from which the Mosaics of St. Peter's have been taken, & very bad they are, excepting a St. Sebastian by Domenichino in the act of crucifixion, because they could not kill him by shooting -

We spent a long Sunday afternoon at St. Peter's one Sunday,
& I going our usual way across the ferry - and we did
so enjoy our solitary afternoon, I repaired to my own corner
& she sat down in hers - Presently the Vespers began, which
I have never heard there ~~but I~~/without dislike, & the English prom=
enade began, & the Herberts followed us, & we walked home
with them. Some of our English friends, whom we found there,
& who drove us away, ~~Co~~ (A friend, A person who you don't
want to see, {printed} Johnson's Dic) told us that they always
came to walk there & bring their dog to walk, it was so
warm - presently I saw another dog come in thro' the
Sacristy door - & soon a skirmish began, & a stiff
canine tow wow - oh if I could but have been the Sacristan,
I would have had them all turned out, women & dogs -

On the 13th, which you know is the Russian New Years Day
Mrs. Herbert took me to the service of the Greek church at
the Russian embassy. It was very long, & would have been
tedious, but I was interested. It was all in Slavonic - & a
great deal of it performed behind a screen, in imitation, I
suppose of the Holy of Holies. All the Russian artists - who
have voices - sing the responses for love - The priest carried
about the Host on his head. The devotional females knelt.
the most devotional prostrated themselves, & knocked the
Turkey carpet with their heads - one I thought would have
gone through - But it was just as much a Communion of Bonnets
as ours at our church; & bore the same ratio to the Communion
of Saints - I have now prayed for you in the prayers of every
religion - After service some stupendous Russian princes
were brought up by the Ambassador to be presented to " Miladi
Herbert" - seeing I did not come home went to the
corner of the street & bought a goose, which she presented
me on my return - It is one of the symbolic menagerie,
a "faithful" goose, (you know peacocks, doves, phoenixes, geese
& other birds represent the faithful), - & sits on a small
marble pedestal -

We had a delightful drive out to Ponte Molle one day, & I & Mr. Lear & Mrs. Herbert, where we got out & walked by the Tiber side by old Antemnæ now a bare hill, across to Ponte Salaro - where the carriage met us, took us on a little way, & then we got out again, & walked towards the villa where Nero killed himself, whence we could see all the line of the Lucretilis, & Soracte & Algidus. We were close to Fidenæ - it was a misty day, & the hills were almost ~~watched~~/ washed out, still the colours were all purple & gold & green, like the feather of a peacock's tail, & like nothing else in colouring, as Mr. Lear said. We had driven out by Porta Flaminia, we came in by Porta Salara. I brought a huge reed home with me, which I had the greatest difficulty in getting upstairs - & how shall I be able to leave it behind me here - You will think us too prosperous to last, & will become alarmed, if I do not tell you that we were all of us considerably the worse for this scappata - & I, who have had an attack of the pains in my face since the cold weather set in with the New Year, was like

{direction}
Inghilterra via del Mare

Mrs Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

28 Jan Hampshire

{written on the side}

a sparrow on the housetop, pelican in
 the wilderness, or other uncomfortable bird,

Goodnight, dearest people -

9016/45 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen {postmarked: ROMA
 {illeg} AUTRICHE DE BALE {ILLEG} LIGNE DE {ILLEG} 6 FEVR 48 2 HW 7 FE
 7 1848 ROMSEY FE 8 1848 A

Rome - Jan 25 - 1848 [7:222-25]

My dear people, I have not told you of the Braccio nuovo at the Vatican yet, which I have now seen twice, once with the Colyar & once with . The Demosthenes is a glorious statue - it is not exactly what I should have expected the body, in which the thunder & storm of a Demosthenes would be enclosed, to look like - but he is just considering as he begins, Men & countrymen, & the excessive simplicity of the statue is wonderful. The Nile looking paternal at his 16 children is charming - & the one on his shoulder, so triumphant, & that little pert fellow, evidently the spoilt child, who is highest of all, & sticks out of the lotus - is perfectly enchanting. There is a Ganymede, the very image of grace - but excepting these three, the Braccio nuovo is not to me very inspiring. There is a Genius of Death or of Sleep at the door, just dropping asleep, which is lovely, & {illeg} says, if it is of death, as his reversed torch would seem to shew, how little the Ancients cd have feared him. & I ran up to the Stanze, to look at the four Peruginos in the first ceiling, preserved by Raphael's special desire - & of one of which, the Temptation, I am bringing you home a print - but the originals are so cut up by the solid gold glories, that I prefer the print.

& I took our little rinfresca at the Caffè by Pta Angelica for 5 bajocs & walked home our usual way. I had a long talk with Col Lindsay in the evening at Ly Horton's, who, a capital artist himself, says that the Stanze are the first pictures in the world & a never ending study. but that M. Angelo is ~~like~~ a pedant too fond of quoting Latin, that he knows Anatomy so well, he cannot help always ~~quoting it~~/displaying his knowledge - & the Incendio del Borgo he thinks has the same fault. Col. Lindsay thinks that the Disputa del Sacramento beats all the rest, then comes the Heliodorus, & that Raphael never painted anything like them afterwards.

I told Shore all our Propaganda story. Orioli & Pasqualina, the first the Sapinza professor, the second the Secretary to the Prisons, dined with us one night, & the Herberts & Mr. Colyar came to meet them - In the evening I went with Mrs. Herbert to Mrs. Sartoris, & I scarcely ever saw three more striking heads together than Mrs. Herbert's, Miss Lindsay's & Mrs. Sartoris's, even in painting - Miss Lindsay's, the perfection of the feminine type, Mrs. Herbert's, I must say it, of the angelic type, Mrs. Sartoris's with enough of the feminine about the mouth to redeem her features from being masculine, which features of that size must always incline to - but which perhaps are more expressive than a more feminine face is - so that she may be called the expressive type.

The next day Mrs. Herbert & I went to Sto Spirito to profit by the permission of the Monsignore extorted in the way I told you. The hospital is such a hopeless case, that we confined ourselves to the Enfants Trouvés, & the Conservatorio wh. are tended by 10 sisters of S. Vincent de Paul, who are the French order, & much better than any thing there is in Rome - so different from the grubby nuns I have seen at the other places - or from anything Roman, nice clean merry active clear-complexioned clear-starched clear-minded women - the one over the Bambini was charming - they were not ~~illeg~~ / Romans, & indeed there is no establishment of them here - there are two Noviciates, 1 at Modena & 1 at Naples - it really did my heart ~~to~~ good to see a real thorough going Sister of Charity again - the Romans are evidently not fit for the task - S. Vincent de Paul's are the only ones - We went in to the Bambini - there were only 15, so that the system is very much declining in Rome - indeed, the sister told me that in winter they very rarely had any coming in - which shews that either fewer come into the world, or ~~at least~~ that they are not deserted by their mothers, at least in cold

{at least one page of the letter is missing}

{direction}

Inghilterra {in large writing not FN's Pagat}

Mrs. Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

25 Jan. Hampshire

The Sicilian news, I am sorry to say, is not so good as when I last wrote. The King is an obstinate fool, & is playing the same game as Charles X, Sicily won't take anything but the Constitution of 1812, the King won't grant anything but that of '16, - they say a row is brewing at Naples - The King had sent the Pr. of Syracuse, his next brother, to Paris, for fear the Sicilians, who are excessively fond of him, should make him their king, if he was made Lieut. General of Sicily - & has given it to his fourth brother, Aquila, because he too is an obstinate little fool - The Q. of Naples is said to maintain the K. in his resolutions of untowardness - Affairs look nasty - ~~What do you think~~ if you approach them in a proper spirit - We had been kept perpetually on the fork's point for a fortnight before by news coming in of the K.'s atrocities - & the insurrections brewing - & no one knowing much about it, that was correct - But enough of that. I have no doubt you receive more correct accounts from Malta in England than we do at Rome - What do you think of Landor's dedication of his Hellenics to the Pope? Your letter of the 13th is just come in, my dear Pop - with my boy's nice {written on the side} little bit - thanks for it - many - I hope you got well through your little maiden girls & have lost your cold - ever thine.'

9016/46 unsigned letter, 5ff, pen [7:225-34]

Via S. Bastianello - 26 Jan {arch: '48}

My dearest people, I am so stupid, I am quite brazen, I think, to send such a complete letter-writer so far off. Nevertheless I think you had rather hear ~~me~~ from me than not - so courage, Mon enfant. I think I will encourage myself first however by telling a few of the atrocities which the K. of Naples has been practising, sending a mother to engage her son to surrender by telling him of free pardon, & then clapping him & all his companions into prison, with other little gentilleses of the same nature, which we hear from Lord Eastnor, who is just come from Naples. I had a long conversation one morning with my dear good Colyar upon purgatory, & indulgences - I wanted to know the spiritual view of it, which the thinking Catholics take - & he told me, but his eyes filled with tears & his lips quivered when he spoke of it, so that I was almost sorry I had approached the subject. Mrs. Herbert & I paid a round of visits in the rain in the afternoon to collect news for Mr. H. who was ill at home with the Influenza - Mrs. Lindsay's, Lady Lindsay's, Mrs. Crawford's - The second is such a nice little establishment - we found

them in a little crooked room, up 4 pairs of stairs - a round table, in the middle, completely useless from the heaps of books & MSS. (Ld Lindsay's) upon it. Ly Lindsay's drawing materials in the window, not much furniture in the rooms but books, but they made it impossible to turn round. Lady Lindsay in a little brown frock ~~was~~ nursing her baby, she looks about 16, & the baby filled up the whole of the room, while Ld Lindsay occupied an interstice - they are very poor, you know, & they did look so comfortable - The baby sat up on my knee, took care of its own head, not like the baas in the Sto. Spirito, & said what it had to say, in the tongue of the celestials, very distinctly. Ld Lindsay shewed us his talisman (in my eyes) i.e. his Peter de Natalibus, which he got for two scudi & offered to get one for us - Health is the only thing wanting there - We wound up our visits with driving to the Europa to ask whether the Miss Mintos wd be at home to me that night, & alone - & here I must tell my story, whether to laud & magnify myself, or to excuse myself I cannot tell - The Miss Mintos have given me a plenary invitation to tea, which Mr.

Herbert is very anxious I shd accept, because he thinks it "will be such fun to see us four (stiff'uns) together". How comes it then that I have never been able to overcome the unprecedented difficulties, which beset the road from this to the Pia. di Spagna. I *really mean* to go - There are 3 courses open - either to send Giuseppe with a verbal message to ask if they are at home & alone, which he is too stupid to do, or to write Dear Ly Elizabeth which I am too formal to do, or to write my compliments, which they are too friendly to do - The result is that I am still deliberating, January 1848, on these three courses - having failed in Mrs. Herbert's praiseworthy effort to evade them all by sending *her* servant - In the next world I hope we shall meet - in this it is impossible.

Did I tell you how we all went to S. Pietro in Montorio one bitter cold day with our little Emerson, & dug sand out of the hole where S. Peter's cross stood? It is such a view, (if we had not been too cold to look at it,) from that platform - (It is just before the Acqua Paola, you know.) Our horses jibbed as we were going up, & Mr. Bracebridge benevolently offered me to scream, "& she wouldn't" ~~as~~ he said complainingly.

But now kiss me with respect - I have seen a Cardinal made - ~~by~~ I have been at a Consistory - on Thursday, the 20th of January, 1848, the day of the only fog that has ever been seen at Rome, we repaired to the Quirinal, where a red flamingo escorted us into the Hall of the Consistory - How much like business it looked you will perceive, when I tell you that the Privy Council sits ~~down~~/ in two long rows opposite each other along two benches, the Cardinal Priests on one side, the Car. Deacons on the other. no table, not even a speaking trumpet - if there had been a newspaper, it would have been something - There was a cage for royal females on one side - we, the vulgar, sat on a *porch* on the other - but as we were only there at all upon sufferance, there were but very few - Presently the Sanhedrin began to assemble by ones & ones; each tail, wound up very tight, (like a towel to be wrung out) borne by an attendant priest, who sat down at his feet - I made love to a priest, who looked kindly at me, of my Pius's household, & he told me all their names as they came in, Mezzofanti, Mai, Lambruschini, Ferretti &c &c NBB This priest had never been in that Guido Oratory

-2-

I told you of, for I asked him in an ignorant sort of way, whether strangers were admitted. It really was like a scene out of Mosaic times, when the Sanhedrin being all assembled, the great high priest entered in crimson robes of state, with mitred head, & a little afterwards, the new Cardinal, Vizzardelli, preceded by a small burning taper to signify, I suppose, that his light was so to shine before men. He kissed the Pope's foot, & then kissed the Consistory all round on both cheeks, then again kneeling before the Santo Padre, his head is covered with a hood, & His Holiness holds the hat on with one hand, & gives him this "galeram rubram," in token that he is "to spill ~~the best drops of~~ his blood for the church, if needs be, & to live & die in her love & her service - to be her confessor & martyr", or words to that effect. I should like to hear our queen's famous voice when I come home, for I cannot conceive a voice, which touches so much, or which has such a sovereign effect as that of Pio Nono - But ~~he~~ he did look so different from what he did when we first saw him - so subdued & worn out, it was no longer the same serenity ~~so much as~~ /but a resolute composure, like a man who had made up his mind to be "in all things

more resigned than blest." he looked ten years older - & as if he were saying to himself, The bishop of Imola has won a crown of thorns - but it shall be a crown of plenteousness for his people - and oh the way in which he bent forward when the new cardinal kissed his foot, as if he would say, It is not my fault that you kiss my foot, but my misfortune - & the way in which he gave him the accolade the second time he came. No one can mistake the overflowing milk of human kindness in that man, as if he wd say, Now I can give you a cordial & heartfelt embrace - It was beautiful.

I never saw him so well - Nevertheless I was grieved -

The spectacle is most picturesque all the camerieri segreti being dressed à la Charles V - the servants as flamin= goes - the women all in their black veils, & the common herd of coats & waistcoats being relegated behind the Swiss guards & Guardii Nobili, there is nothing to disturb, the ruff=, chain=, short cloak= & pointed beard= look of the thing - These are the unholies - the holy Jewish Sanhedrin is within the rail, i.e. the priests & elders. Vizzardelli is a very learned man, he has nothing else to recommend him that I know of - & has the narrowest head I ever saw.

In the afternoon & I went to St. Peters where Mr. Colyar & Mr. Bracebridge met us, & we went to the Library of the Vatican, to look along that wonderful perspective, & see all the frescoes, crucifixes, &c, taken from the Catacombs - & the instruments to scratch the Xtians, pull open their eyelids, & make Sta Lucia s & St Sebastian s - The crucifixes were all upon one model, the arm at right angles to the body, not as in ours - hideous but really with some expression.

We have had a few such rainy days that we have done nothing - & Mrs. Herbert has been ill & I have gone to sit with her. She has introduced us to Archdeacon Manning, who is here for his health, having worked himself into a consumption. He is about 35 & looks about 55. I took a little walk with her in the garden of the Accademia Francese, which was the Villa Medici, & is now on the very top of the Pincio, whence you see all Rome.

One Sunday afternoon was the blessing of the Papal horses at St. Antonio, behind Sta Maria Maggiore - & I walked there, very much preferring to see it as *ones* of the crowd - which filled all that great Piazza - It was very pretty, the Camaldolese all in white (with his great

red brush) raised 2 or 3 steps above that
~~great~~ /immense crowd. he was flanked on either
side by a pink bonnet - & the horses
galloping in from the Campagna, either
ridden or in little Carritelle - I never
laughed so much, the ~~favourite~~ horse
had nothing on but his hat & shoe strings,
no bridle nor sort of saddle - the favourite
head=dress was a pheasant's tail stuck
in his ear, if of the very jaunty kind -
if of the dignified, a bunch of cock's plumes
sticking right out of the top of his head -
Tie up my tail with ribbons rare &
my toilette was completed. my tail
was generally ~~tied up~~ / wound like a swaddled
baby with pink ribbons & terminated
near the root with a handsome
satin knot - but if this was unattainable,
an elegant, but not expensive, tail was
obtained by painting it with a
graceful corkscrew of pink, yellow
& white stripes of *ruddle* - the brush
being wiped upon the ribs to carry
the colour & complete the effect - so
that the animal resembled those
little wooden performances in the
windows of Romsey High St., which
are supposed to receive the ultimate likeness
of a horse by dashes of scarlet &
white paint on the sides - which,
speaking of *traditional* likenesses, (my

-3-

study of late,) is a circumstance of great importance for determining the first type of horse under Adam.

We arrived just in the nick of time to see the 42 Papal horses drive up, 5 carriages & 6, 3 carriages & 4, all black, of course - but where the white mule was, unless he was inside, I could not see - perhaps he is so good that he does not want blessing - The horses were so delighted with themselves that they galloped down that steep hill from S. Maria Maggiore to the Quirinal After the blessing to the infinite terror of the postillions, who each the size of a Mrs. Lockhart, will be in bed for a week I shd think with that jolting - The coachmen & footmen were of a corresponding size, & each seemed to have got into somebody else's coat, for the tails barely reached to the middles of their waists - & looked as if they were pulled out once in 300 years for some such occasion as this - But away trotted the horses regardless of every thing but the proverb that even the horse shall have its day, & quite conscious that this was the day of St. Antonio, the day for horses & not for men -

The most distinguished equipage after the Papal is a Carritella, of the good old tradition, but bran {K. has brand} new, evidently the rose pink of fashion, & the mould of form, just painted, a preceded by a horse, who thought St. Antonio's day not good enough for him - & that horses should be uppermost all the days in the year. The Camaldolese made uncommon bad shots, & I don't believe the Papal horses got a drop. It was a jolly sight, but I really could not laugh at the spirit of it. If the essence of Xtianity is to consecrate every thing that we touch, if we really believed what we say that we dedicate our souls & bodies to God's service, & that we do everything, even eat & drink, to his glory. I don't see what there is ridiculous in the theory, however since stained by superstition, of dedicating our horses also to his service - & if we really believed it, we should not afterwards make them take us so often when they had better not take us - I like it, I must confess, & wish the principle was carried out - But I met a wicked dog in all his finery, whom a little boy was trying to coax up to the place with a string, & this true son of the Devil would wallow in the gutter, he wanted to roll, and

tightly adhering to the deceits of the flesh, resisted every effort to lead him ~~to~~ in the true path - a beast!

So much for Sant'Antonio, I sanctified afterwards at the Trinità, where is the Benediction now every night for nine days, it being the Novena of the Purification - & where the singing of those nuns is really as if all the spirits in heaven were interceding for us - I never heard anything so purely religious.

You know that the poor Colonna pine, the father of our children, was blown down by the great wind of '42, after having lived from 1324, he has a noble trunk still standing - with enormous blocks of cornice strewn round him, a splendid ruin - In that grand gallery of the Colonna palace, there is scarce a picture of value remaining - the Cenci is gone to the Barberini - but the ~~illeg~~ Gallery is still the finest coup d'oeil of any palace in Rome, rising by three steps into a sort of regal oratory at the end, which looks upon one of the bridges, by which you cross the street, from every window, a truly princely plan, into the Colonna gardens on the other side - what a place for a moonlight or a hot summer's day - to walk upon that terrace round the Cortile - But, in general, the palaces of

Rome, excepting this one Colonna, are not half so regal, as any in Genoa, or some in Venice - whether my youthful eyes were dazzled or not, I do not know - but I do not see here the same traces of which those princely merchants have left. Sta Pudenziana I have seen at last, where is after all the best Mosaic of all the Basilicæ - (the church is modern). St. Pudens, a noble Roman had his house here, & here his two daughters, Sta Prassede & Sta Pudenziana, both of whom have basilicæ, & his two sons, S. Timotheus & St. Novatus, used to dry the blood of the martyrs, & wash them at a well which is still shewn - & here St. Pudens died (avuto la consolazione di vedere i suoi figli, tutti e quattro, martiri) After a deal of trouble, I have found a saint of my own, Sta Fiorentina,, who, I find, "avuto la consolazione" to make her nephew a martyr, ~~illeg~~ /mori nel bacio del Signore & there's a prospect for you, Shore -

Mrs. Herbert & I have been again to the Convent of the Villa Sante, to see her cousin, the novice, there - It is that convent of the Scro Cuore, where they have the noviciate & the poor children - they bring up 40 poor orphans entirely, till they are 18 or 19, when they find them places - there is one now, who is quite competent to be a femme de chambre, or take charge of linen. I should think if any one cd ensure her the exercise of her religion, they wd let her

-4-

go to England. she wd be such a nice person to learn Italian of -

How well the Catholics understand the cultivation of the imagination - the situation of this Villa Sante upon the top of the Janiculum is by far the most beautiful in Rome - we took a long walk with the Mother Assistant in their vast garden, which extends from Tasso's S. Onofrio on one side almost to the Acqua Paola on the other - it is the only place where you can judge of the size of S. Peters, & see its whole mass at once, you look then along the whole line of the horizon, by lone Soracte, by the blue range of the Lucretilis, to S. Pietro in Montorio on the Eastern edge & at your feet lies Rome. The Trinità di Monti looks quite low opposite, but St. Peters dome is still the highest. and here the Sacro Cuore holds its noviciate, "come luogo appartato e di squisita dimora," whence they look upon the whole world & see, if they can renounce it. The Noviciate is of 8 years, 2 before Vestiziore & 6 more before the Profession. The Madre General of all the convents of the Sacro Cuore in Europe is at Paris (at this moment) & as soon as professed, they are ordered to any part of Europe where they will be most effective - generally each to her respective country - there were several English making their noviciate, whose ultimate destination will, of course, be England.

The universality - the feeling of sisterhood to the whole world, which with us can only be given by being women of the world, is thus wonderfully inspired - The villa itself is of G. Romano's architecture, ~~but~~ /it is now destined only for Retraites, as they have built a larger convent. I told the Mother assistant that I thought theirs was the "better part", teaching the *poor* children - & she said that they had chosen it because of the Noviciate being here - that as they came here to make up their minds whether they preferred the religious life, the studies which the Nuns of the Trinità were obliged to make in order to teach the children of *rank* accomplishments, wd "dissiper" the novices too much, who learn upon the children. They shewed us their schools, the elder class sings beautifully - but they teach them nothing above their condition - One little child, whose parentage they did not know, came to them in such a state of "abrutissement" that they were a year in teaching her to talk, tho' she had no organic defect either of hearing or articulation - but her senses were only not *adjusted*. The little dormitories were charming - & there was no impression about the place but cheerfulness & cleanliness. they have 40 orphans - 9 nuns, I think, & novices besides - Sister Mary Stanislas, (she was a Butolin, a Russian,) the novice cousin with the Mother Assistant, took us all about. the Mother Superior was agrippata,

which was hard, as they said, for a *mère de famille*. they offered us the best room in the villa for our *retraite*, if we would come you know the women of the world, in Rome all make *retraites*, generally once a year. I talked to Sister Mary Stanislas of the Bon Pasteur, but she said she never should have the courage for such a vocation as that. Whatever nuns are doing, they must not interrupt it for any visitors - & if they want to give you a flower, they must ask the Mother. Pius has been to see them. They have let the orphans dress up a little Chapel for themselves - We went into the *Trinità de' Pellegrini* on our way home, where is Guido's picture of the *Trinità*, the *Padre Eterno* with the Son on the Cross at his knees the expression of the *father*, (& that father a *God*, therefore invulnerable by pain) yet giving up his only Son, is marvellously rendered. And then we went to our dear *Benediction* at our own *Trinità* again, where I go whenever I can

The Sicilian news still continues indifferent, the King would yield, but the Austrian ambassador will not let him - and a ~~to~~ row is hourly expected at Naples, so that the English are coming down upon us here like the Assyrians, & the Herberts, who were going on Monday, to Naples will not.

My own dear people, I am so stupid that I think I must give you a grain of salt now from some other pen, & if you read my Propaganda letter to Shore, you will be interested in a letter written by a missionary from

his prison in Tonchino to his brothers & sisters.
his name is Miche - & he writes this letter of
farewell, telling them he is prigionero per
Gesù Cristo, & imagining, in the simplicity
of his heart, that they will be as glad as
he is to hear that he is likely to be tortured
& put to death - Surely there is as much
difference between men, some being archangels
& some beasts, as there is between men & the
heavenly host. You never read, except among
the apostles, any thing like the single hearted
rejoicing of this man, truly like that of "little
children" - what power & reality, the unseen
must have assumed already to him! He calls upon
them first to ~~ringraziare~~ unir meco onde
ringrazione il Signore della grazia insigne
ch'ei mi concesse nel somministrarmi l'oppo-
tunità di soffrire qualche cosa per la sua gloria.
Then he tells how he was caught by the Cochin
Chinese, - then in a sort of statistical registra-
ting manner how he underwent the interro-
gatory 60 times, & was tortured 4 times - adding
also as a statistical fact, ed altrettanto volte
il Signore soccorse la mia debolezza, col sommi-
nistrarmi la costanza necessaria per reggere
ad una prova così crudele, senza far nulla che
fosse indigno d'un soldato de Gesù Cristo -
Grazie immortali sian rese all'Autor d'ogni
bene, il quale non che sostenere i deboli e
fortificarli contro i tormenti, cambia anzi, con
ineffabile provvidenza, in gioja ed in delizie
ogni loro patire. After two long months
of tortures in the prison of Phuyen, he was
transferred to the prison of Huè, where, ~~they~~ / including
~~are~~ /himself, he finds in all, five Missionaries - i tre primi
sono già da gran tempo condannati a morte

ed io penso che da qui ad un mese o due saremo noi pure a parte della loro felicità. Tutti e cinque aggiungiamo Novena a Novena, affinché piaccia al Signore di affrettare il momento in cui ci sia dato de spargere per la fede il nostro sangue. Sarà gran festa per noi que giorno in cui cadranno recise le nostre teste; ed a celebrarla abbiamo riserbato appunto i nostri panni più vistosi. E giù stabilite fra noi, che nell'uscir di prigione fino al luogo dell'estremo supplizio, canteremo il Veni Creator, il salmo *Lætatus sum*, ed il *Te Deum*.

Oh I think the ~~strength~~ /simplicity of that, instead of talking of an 'inscrutable Providence' cutting them off in the midst of their "successful labours," & in the "prime of life," is a testimony to what St. Paul calls the life hidden with Xt in God, as great as has ever been shewn in the frist ebullition of Xtianity.

He goes on after saying Intanto ci apparecchiamo quanto meglio è possibile &c O quanto è invidiabile la sorte di coloro che spargone per Gesù Cristo il proprio sangue! A chi è già passato per tormenti, (as if he thought we were all in the habit of being tortured) a chi non rimane pù che un passo per essere riunito al suo Dio, no arreca

più spavento la morte - dear good man, I like your expression "riunito" instead of "unito", as if you ~~illeg~~ / thought you remembered a time when you lived with Him, but I don't think you ever were separated. Anzi gli si affaccia, i.e. la morte, con un aspetto ridente che rallegrae e che consola. In questo punto in cui, presso al porto, stiamo ormai per istringere la palma, quanto amaro sarebbe il viderci rispinti nell' alto pelago della vita, dove sono cosi frequenti le procelle ed i naufragi.

Then come a few very simple words of exhortation to his brothers & sisters, because pare che siate più di me lontani da quel termine a cui tutti c' inoltriamo - not a word of consolation, as if they must be so glad to hear he was going ~~to die~~ / to be killed - he offers & begs for prayers - & so ends -

Before you receive this, I shall probably have heard of this good man's end, & I will let you know, as soon as I hear, how his fate turned - He is the Vicario generale of Tonchino - what a blessing that such men still live on this earth, & that such testimonies still are rendered to what is not earth.

Good night, dear people. [end 7:234]

9016/47 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen {direction postmarked: ROMA 28 GEN
48 E - PONT 2 MARSEILLE 2 5 FEVR 48 {ILLEG} 5 FEVR 2 ROMSEY {ILLEG}
1848 B [Keele gives 28 January letter 39 p 211] [7:235-38]

Dear Papa, this letter, which I have been allowed to read, gives such a much better account of things here, than I can do, that I have copied it for you - (I think the part about Manning should be sacred.)

"You may like to hear the newspapers confirmed, as to "the happy state & prospects of the old Niobe, who, like many other widows, is again creeping into the world thro' the Morning Post. Pius IX will work a greater miracle than any of the Popes before him, canonized tho' they be - & one may well believe that, if the Egeria of Numa has not dared to whisper to an ear under the Tiara, - the Virgin, who spoke to St. Gregory in the church of S.S. Cosmo e Damiano, has *again* complained to him of want of respect paid to the Madonna "*Liberatrice*" of the Forum - & inspired him with a voice & smile, which give evidence of the feminine gentleness within. In fact, the Pio Nono beato e buono - un vero Angelo - un uomo d'un nuovo conio - as he is called, * vide Page 3 is like Chaucer's Nun "all conscience &

a *tendre* heart." Nevertheless he has done some very brave things, before he was Pope; & before & since, has acted, after long consideration, self-instigated, Surrounded by ignorance, deception & selfishness, & threatened by both sides with evils to come, anxious to examine all sides of the questions which arise, & the motives of all who approach him/& in the interval between the Old & New Governments every body almost is allowed to do so) he may seem to vacillate now & then, & disappoint those who look for the *stern resolve*, where it is not; but nevertheless I feel sure he will never look back to the Obscurantisti, tho' he may go slower than the Progressisti like, Liberation from prison, Amnesty, National Guard, Consulta of State, Municipal Council for Rome & other towns, & now Government divided into 9 distinct departments, & the absolute power of the Cardinal Segretario destroyed - is a pretty good list for about 14 months of action, after 4 of enquiry & deliberation - Besides this, there are Commissions working, on criminal law, prison Discipline, Convents, Customs, & the Lega Doganale - The old commissions (of clergy) which governed every thing, are broken up - & every account & official detail *is* & *must* be laid open before one or other of the two councils - you may suppose what pretty stories come out daily -

they serve to fix the public mind on what, I believe, is the wish of the mass, a good practical government, & publicity, & representation to keep it so, without much care for any special theory - provided always religion be left unscathed - All reformers now in Italy carefully avoid this rock of difficulty, which so many before ran foul of - &, with the Pope at the head of the Movement, the Jesuit party cannot cry, Infidel! to much effect - I hear the Cardinals' antechambers are wonderfully thinned - & the twisting & winding up their trains at ceremonies reminds one of how their tails are being treated at home - tails, which but lately, like comets, swept away the stars from heaven - the dollars out of the treasury - The Holy Father has given one good example last week, in appointing (an unheard - of novelty) 3 laymen to be heads of 3 departments of the state - & the Heavenly Father has given another example, at the same time, in the sudden death of Cardinal Massimo - The descendant of Fabius Maximus was head of the Acque e Strade (not your vulgar turnpikes & county bridges, but the Claudian & other mighty Aqueducts - & the Flaminian & other roads, where the stones still lie that Cæsar trod on) He was 3 times desired by the Council & Pope to account for, or make good up, a deficit of 20,000 dollars - He probably thought it was pretty well for a Modern to obey half the precepts of an illustrious ancestor. He imitated the "cunctando" but *non* "restituit rem." The Pope & Council were peremptory - The invasion of the rights of speculation, long enjoyed by the Principes Rom. Ecclesiæ, appeared a greater evil than Hannibal encamped on the Alban Mount - so Massimo went into a passion, & died of a broken blood-vessel. {the following section is enclosed in a line.}

The

Puseyites

are represented here by Manning, too learned, honest & acute a man, I think, not to go on - quocunque ars Logica vocat once those premises *allowed*, there is no stop, except for those, who *cannot*, or dare not, carry out the argument, - so I fear, he will make an easy transit from the Via della Croce to the Convento della Santiss. Croce in Gerusalemme & occupy the wide & sunny cell just left by Newman. {line ends here}

The

Convent of Santissima Croce or upper portion of it, is lent or granted by the Pope to the English *Convertiti* - it stands by the Lateran, & looks

o'er the walls on the plain & Appian way - x x x The Convertiti abound - some live in palaces, some in colleges, some in convents, some in houses - they are of all kinds, pious, humble, worldly & saintly, learned & ignorant - & they labour hard, per fas & nefas, to make converts. Even the principle of Boccaccio's Jew story takes no effect on them. Among other plans they want an English cardinal & will get one - We lose immensely by the system of non-authorized, and partially authorized, negotiations & relations, & the ultra Papist party, John of Tuam &c, gain - e.g. the Pope is bound to believe official communications from Irish Bishops - non-official information reaches him, which contradicts them; but altho' he believes it, he cannot make use of it. The Pope's power is as great with us as it can be; and *de facto*, for the sake of custom, & a *theoretical denial*, (utterly childish) we are throwing away important advantages - Besides, do we not owe Italy much, part of our language, of our religion, of our navigation, of our charter system, & free towns, & of our ~~our~~ commercial system, & how much of our learning & civilization? of our Shakespeare? shall we do nothing now for *her* happiness, & to retrieve our desertion of her at the congress? Genoa & Palermo make us blush. Now they have *themselves* retrieved their honor & liberty should we not at least wish them God speed? And the centre of all action is Rome. "

x x x

"In Ventura's cell the other day, I met with two Roman princes, a Frenchman of rank, & an English privy=councillor, who all went, as I did, to congratulate the Radical monk on the great news from his country, Palermo; x x his view, (of *Roman* affairs) is that the sacred college should be refreshed by a Cardinal from each country. to represent it - & then should become an Upper House, & the Consulta augmented in numbers, the lower house."

vide Page 1

* "I quote an old general, a merchant, an artist, Italians, an English ex official -none of them of the melting mood, & all having had business to transact with him xx He has none of the gracious smiles, & pretty aphorisms sovereigns

use on these occasions -(Receptions) but seems to wish & to be the man G.M.Mastai, performing a common duty with simplicity & ease. His small grey eye is gentle & does not attract attention, but the smile playing about the lips, & the pointed close upper lip is very peculiar x x the muscles of his face too move readily, so that he gives one the idea of a man impressionable & quick of apprehension. - & he expresses himself with great clearness, & is urgent that others shd leave form aside, & try to do the same. The upper part of his forehead is very good, & he has a breadth of head behind the eyes quite peculiar. x x Even the hourly *deception* & ignorance he is annoyed with, has not soured him x x It seems his habit is to think long beforehand - he was 2 or 3 months at his last Bishopric before he acted - x x If his tender conscience urges him again & again to hear all sides, I trust his other great qualities will neutralize the inconvenience of this defect x x I cannot feel alarmed, when I hear of the Pope's seeing
{direction}

Inghilterra *via del Mare*

W.E.Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

{written on the side}

people he should not, & making bad appointments" &c &c the rest goes to shew, that the chief danger is, from the crowd of angry officials, who will be turned out of office, if such a measure is adopted - & who will create discontent -

[end 7:238]

9016/48 direction, unsigned, pen {postmarked: {illeg} 23 AUTRICHE
 {illeg au FR 2 DE BALE 31 JANV 48 {ILLEG} ROMSEY FE 2 1848 A
Inghilterra

Mrs. Nightingale
 Embley
 Romsey
 Hampshire

9016/49 copy of an unsigned letter, 2ff, pen Copy of FN's letter to
 Shore Jany. 31. 1848 {The second copy of the letter omits this
 heading}

Rome. Jan 31 1848

[7:239-41]

Dearest boy, We had such a pleasant day at the Forum
 the other day with Mr. Colyar, who has made great
 discoveries as to the uncertain limits of the Forum, &
 is reckoned the most learned authority in Rome. It
 is from him I hear all the news of the foreign Mission{s}{edge of the
 page is missing}
 & see letters from the missionaries & martyrs, who even {in}
 these days are yearly tortured & put to death in Coch{in}
 China, & Tonchino for preaching Xtianity. And their
 letters are like those of the ancient Apostles, so simple
 so practical, so perfectly uniting this life with the next
 that they seem to have no idea that their passage from
 one world into another can excite any greater feeling
 of grief in others than it does in themselves. In another
 letter from that Miche, the Vicar in Tonchino (one of whose
 letters I copied for Parthe) he says so innocently that aware
 of his own weakness, he fears tortures very much & fee{ls}
 he is not *worthy* of martyrdom, (not that he hopes h{e}
 shall be *spared* martyrdom) that he could not help say{ing}
 when the tortures began, Transeat a me calix iste, (some
 of the letters are written in Latin) but that his courage
 & strength always rose, or, as he puts it, were given to
 him as he went on, & a voice in his heart said, Veruntamen
 non Sicut ego volo, sed sicut tu. (He was tortured 4 times)
 Then he says how merry & joyful he was when it was done;
 it was, he said, like a specimen of eternal happiness, so
 that he could not help singing a Te Deum to thank God

for the great favour he had shewn his unworthy servant & felt no more the wounds with which he was covered, but knew that what the Apostles said was true, *Ibant gaudentes in conspectu concilii, quoniam digni habiti* [K. has in, yes] *sunt pro nomine Jesu contumeliam pati* They tortured before him all his neophytes & catechumens (because they saw that the sight of their sufferings tormented & shook him more than his own wounds) in order to make them apostatize & tread upon the cross, which was the sign of apostasy. And some did, overcome at the 2nd or 3rd torture, but many stood it out bravely to the last, (& of these some were women) & some were so miserable at having apostatized, that they chose to enter the lists again & there to expiate their fall by another torture & confessing Jesus Christ.

But I was going to tell you about the Forum - they are making new excavations & discoveries every year now, & it is now found that the Forum was not exactly an oblong - but small at the Capitol end, & wider at the other. the Via Sacra, of which the very stones which Cæsar trod are still there, divided into a fork, & wound up to the Capitol by two ways, the Clivus Capitolinus, & Clivus ascili {K. has a capital A} between these two stood the temple of Concord, the largest in Rome, where

Cicero addressed the Senate on the discovery of the conspiracy of Catiline, the floor only of which is remaining) of which I bring you home a bit. You remember St. Augustine's wish, he said he had but 3 earthly wishes, to have seen Roman triumphantem, Ciceronem perorantem, et Paulum predicantem. The remains of the Basilican Giulia, discovered within this year or two

determine the shape of the Forum - something like this
 {sketch} The Temple of Vespasian is, of course, a great
 dea{l}{edge of page is missing}
 more modern. Two splendid flights of steps lea{d}
 up to the Temple of Concord - You understand
 that from ABE to the Tabularium is the
 very steep slope of the Capitoline Hill. The Tabu
 larium stood at the top, the upper story of
 which was a portico where the Romans walked, &
 which has only been cleared out within the last
 5 or 6 years - & under it were the chambers of the *Æraria* (only
just cleared out) into which we went & found the grooves
 where moved the great hinges of the heavy metal doors
 & the very holes where the bolts went. In these were kept
 the treasures, in actual bags of money. (J. Cæsar took them
all afterwards) they had no banking then, & under this
 the *Fasti Capitolini* were stowed away - the oldest & least
 wanted, of course, lowest. From the only arch (cleared out
 of the Tabularium portico, there is a splendid view down
 the hill along the vista of the Forum to the Alban Mount,
 in the distance, so that they could see the Ovarions; whi{ch}
 were there, from the spot where the Triumphs were. ~~ins~~
 {There are two copies of this letter; the first has the following
 paragraph inserted here}

I wish this Mr. Colyar would come to England
 you would delight in him so, & he is, I think, the most
 goodnatured man I ever saw, not goodnatured by love
 of being liked, but goodnatured by intention, - & he is
 out every morning at half past 6 - this cold weather,
 & goes to his church (you know Catholics have their
 churches always open) that he may make a preparation
 for the day, & well his day shews the fruits of this
 preparation.

The Alban Mounts now are all covered with snow, & we {have}
 had, I suspect more frost than you. Old *Algidus* is a{ll}
 purple & white with the cold - The mid-day gun from {the}
 castle of Sant'Angelo has just fired, & was answered by
 the bells of Rome, which ring the "Angelus" at noon, at sunrise
 & at sunset, every day, 3 distinct peals, in memory of our
 Saviour's becoming man for us. The 1st peal is for "Angelus
 Domini nuntiavit Mariae", & what he said to her "Ave Maria

gratia plena, Dominus tecum. benedictus [a?] tu in mulieribus"
the 2nd is for what Mary said "Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat
mihi secundum verbum tuum." And the 3rd peal
gives the signal for the words, Et verbum caro factum
est, & habitavit in nobis." I write it in Latin, because
every body, as you know, says it in Latin here; of course
they all know what it means.. ~~in~~ I think it is such
a pretty custom - Goodbye -

9016/50 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff, pen. postmarked: ROMA 1 FEB
 48 AUTRICHE Beau FR. 2 DE BALE 10 FEVR 48 LIGNE DE BOULOGNE 10 FEVR 48
 1 ILLEG 11 FE 11 48 ILLEG [7:242-45]

8 Via S. Bastinanello - February 1. 1848

Dearest people, I am afraid you will dread the sight of a letter from me, they are so stupid - but I shall write, don't hope I shan't. your accounts of the children, my dear Pop, were very interesting to me, especially of my boy, more interesting than any of the gossip here - Man will be man, wherever he is. & what in London is political gossip, turns at Rome into religious gossip. In London it is whether Sir Robert looked cross as he walked up the house, or whether Ld John looked crosser, whether Ld G. Bentinck sat between Hudson & Sir R. Inglis, or who of the Opposition had been seen ensconced immediately behind Ld John - Here ~~then~~ it is a Catholic & a Protestant side to the house, & the talk is who goes to the English church & who to St. Peters, who has been seen talking with a Roman priest, who is likely to go over & who is likely to go under, who has been seen to kneel at vespers & who stands upright or insults the Catholics - Nothing can be more tiresome.

At the Ludovisi Gallery there is a colossal head of Juno, the only Goddess I ever saw - all other Goddesses have been to me but beautiful women - nothing the least divine, like Jupiter Capitolinus & the Apollo, so that I always thought we should be *men* in the next stage - as there could not be made an ideal of a woman - but now I have seen a Goddess - I am afraid that she is not at all known in England, this Juno, (says that Göthe had a cast of it, but I never saw another) - but I should not call her a Juno, but the Goddess of Liberty, for that is the way I should represent liberty, noble & calm, strong but not stern, smiling but no exultation, - yet she is not in the least masculine - she is only free - the essence of freedom, - no one who has not known & sadly felt the want of freedom in *word & action* can tell how to value enough the freedom of *thought* as a privilege for oneself, & to respect it on others, & to love it till it becomes a personal presence, that is why I do so adore this Juno - I have ~~always~~ never could what I would, not

I do not mean, from personal opposition, but from circumstances of time, place, & want of practical wisdom - now no one, who can not what they will, can say they have liberty, except in thought. Believing, as I really do, that the Catholic Church is the least unsuccessful attempt, which any church has made, to represent the Unseen in tangible form, I never could never the less become a Catholic, because "je suis de l'avis de Monsieur pour la raison contraire," that is to say, the very principle, which makes me admire & love Catholicism is that which would cease, or would never have had existence, if I were a Catholic - Ah dear souls, I have known too well the want of Liberty - in word & action, ever to forfeit that of thought - And by liberty I do not mean insubordination. (In a mortal, obedience must ever be the highest liberty,) I mean the power of perceiving truly, that is, feeling (according to the measure of one's capacity) as the Creator may be supposed to feel about ~~any~~ such or such object, which is truth, (Liberty is only Truth in action) & having perceived truly, to will rightly, that is, in accordance to His will, & then, unfettered by factitious circumstances, unwarpd by accessory considerations, to do what you have willed, (whether it be in the Subjective or Objective Kingdom, that is, in yourself or in the external world,) to speak what you have thought - this will be always, of course, in obedience to the laws of God for in this way you become yourself a new law of God. This is human Liberty, but my ~~Juno~~ Goddess is divine liberty, superhuman free will - & yet how distinct from the free=will of Jupiter Capitolinus - How wonderful, the art which has characterized the two natures, so that a child may see & understand - *His* is the free will resulting from a balance of faculties, from the harmony of his powers, none tyrannizing upon the other, none treading in the other's domain, nor causing the other to struggle for his rights - it is the philosophic liberty, the

liberty of what, in a *state* would be called, the equipoise of the different principles of constitutional power, in a *man*, the harmony & co=operation, the simultaneous action of his Knowledge, Reason, Justice, Imagination - the free will of the thinker, one would say, if to a *God* could be applied the word "thought", which is merely the weighing of different impressions, the eliciting something out of nothing, light out of darkness, ideas out of sensations - But none of these words can apply to a *God* - in our human language we have no forms of expression for the processes in a divine mind - we are in "fairy land" - & therefore we cannot speak them - it is only given to man to express them in these marble forms, which embody & are eternal life - "sermons" & life "in stones" - But, to speak humanly, while the Jupiter is the Liberty of Harmony, this Goddess is the Beauty of Liberty - that is, he has thought it, she has ~~perceived con/~~ seen it

by intuitive perception, she loves it, because it is beautiful, (& it is the light of her eyes, & the source of her radiant smile) The two are as different as Thought & Feeling - hers is the glory round her head, the bright atmosphere, which she spreads round her, the influence, which she ~~spreads~~ /sheds along her glorious path - hers is the poetry, the loveliness, the sunshine of Free will or Liberty - his is the reason, thought, philosophy of it - hers the inspiration, the religion -

But I have written a long story about these two divine marbles, without, I dare say, giving you a single idea of her. She is poked up in a vile corner - I wish she were in the Vatican - But I am sure her name is not really Juno, that conveys an idea of the wife of Jupiter, some call her the Goddess of Fortune, that she is still, still less - She is the Goddess of the air - you remember the Ostiak blessing, to become like the air, that is, incapable of suffering, incapable of being hurt - But I dare say I am wrong, for I do not find that other people remember her or admire her -

{direction}
Inghilterra

Miss Nightingale
Embley
Romsey
Hampshire

1 Feb

You remember the Gallery - there is the Mars with the Amorino between his feet, poking & wounding his leg - it is called a Mars, but is too good for him - he looks as if he were reflecting on all the miseries love & friendship would bring upon the world, or the inordinate desire for others' approbation or affection, (the form in which the Temptation of the "glory of the kingdoms of this world" is generally "shewn" to men,) the sufferings also of true-hearted but helpless sympathy - & as if ~~sunk in~~ having entered through this gate into the endless avenue of reveries to which it leads, he was insensible of the pain the Amorino was giving himself. He is a glorious creature, but all human - the very contrast to the Apollo - He might have been Prometheus musing on the woes of men, before he conceived the thought of devoting himself to them - for there is nothing of action in the figure. The gallery has hardly any thing but treasures - but the other thing which took my fancy or rather ~~my~~ love, was the Arria & Pætus or the Gaul & his wife, or 50 other names which it is called. The woman falls so dead - so helpless, & the man, supporting her with one arm, & stabbing himself with the other, looks so devoted, not {written on the side}

a bit like Pætus in soul, or like a Gaul in body.

There is a Pan teaching Apollo to pipe, & enjoying the job so amazingly, cocking up his merry leg, which is capital - The famous Guercino's Aurora

I thought is a *little* stupid, but probably it was only

I who am *not* a little stupid, but there is

a Fame by Guercino in the ceiling of the room above, who is

cutting along so gloriously, *proprio* fendendo aere,

& in such a hurry, like all good story tellers.

{written in the left hand margin of the third page}

People are quite satisfied with the Neapolitan Constitution- It is all that can be desired, all that in their

first enthu

siasm, they expected. I send a paper

{written in the left hand margin & top left hand corner of the first page}

to tell her news - & we fancied she was crying Viva Pio Nono, she is so enthusiastic - The gardens

& view are
beautiful
but the day
was too cold
& horrid to
enjoy it -
ever yours
dear

people

9016/51 unsigned letter, 3ff, pen

Palazzo dello Sdrucchiolo Feb 5. 1848

My dear, I hope that you are sufficiently interested in Miche to wish to hear how it fell out with him - but it is rather a long story - I will not repeat, if I can help it, what I told Shore in my last letter - but the sort of simplicity, rather than of enthusiasm, with which they talk of martyrdom as the reward of zeal, instead of "oh! poor fellow" is a wonderful fruit of believing - "ne il suo zelo andò scevro di guiderdone" is the common way of announcing a death - or "nè aspetta tuttora il guiderdone" if they live - But these are the converted Cochin chinese - men & women - who were all sorts cruelly tortured who talk thus - The Apostles themselves, the Missionaries, talk of it with the same feeling with which you talk of a journey from one place to another - they put on their own chains - they walked & presented themselves to the tortures, without being taken to them, when their turn came - which tortures were for the object of making them confess the names of their neophytes, & who had favoured them, which of course they wd not do. This sometimes went on from 7 in the mornng till night, with only an interval - Miche was even tortured, because he wd not let a simple lie pass, which

would not have compromised any body - In the midst of their torments, the greatest of all was, how to answer the interrogatories of the Mandarins, without offending either truth or love - & they often spent the whole night for this purpose, in foreseeing all possible questions.

After 13 months' imprisonment in Huè, a French frigate the *Héroïne*, anchored in the port of Turon, & insisted on the delivery of 5 Catholic missionaries, including Miche, which with some difficulty, she obtained & Miche left with regret his "persequitati figli" & his "catene, dalle quali era in noi speranza di non essere sciolti se non nel guingere n' soglia del cielo." They implored to be left in Cochin china, but the French ~~men~~ / ship would not - however Miche obtained at Sincapore _{K. has Singapore} to be dropped there - Some of the others returned to France, but he to his duties & is gone *back* to Tonchino! I always thought it must have been such a disappointment to S. Peter when he was delivered, that I was almost as sorry for Miche.

From the top of our tower stairs I again address myself, my beloved, to you, which are of such a nature that she considers it as = the *highest* proof of friendship

when it is an old gentleman who mounts them, & as =
~~equalizing~~ to an offer of marriage for me,
when a young one - and acts accordingly.

& I went the other day to see the Sybils of
Raphael at the Pace - The Prophets above are
by a man of no name, Rosso Fiorentino - I
can't think what Kügler (or whoever it is)
means, when he talks about "*Raphael's*
prophets" being "characterized" with the
"deep mysterious meaning of the writings of
each" &c. Do you not remember? Pray look at the passage again & write
me

word. You have copied the passage for me already in my book.

Was

it from Kügler?

I have enquired for these prophets
everywhere & cannot find any but the
half blackened Isaiah at the St Agostino
I have now seen these Sybils twice, they
are lovely, passing lovely in their faces - You
cannot conceive anything so exquisite as
the colouring & grouping of them - the grace
of the figures is beyond anything I ever saw -
but you cannot get beyond the picture, the
art. You do not realize the people, & you
never speak of ~~it~~ / them as anything but a picture
Du reste, they have a great deal more
of the old Grecian grace of Guido than of
the virgin earnestness of Raphael - You
would never fancy them inspired women,
even the angels hovering over them might
be Amorini, & one of the Sybils even looks
discontented that she does not know more.
But no description can do justice to the
glory of the colouring -

I went last Sunday afternoon with the Herberts to Egeria - we had a lovely walk from the road to a little olive bosco, whence we could see all the Campagna - & then down to Egeria, which in itself is little better than a Wiltshire water meadow, with an old stone grotto - But I drunk at the water & brought you home some ferns - and oh if I could describe that lovely walk, the Sabbath stillness of the Campagna, the colouring of the hills, like a peacock's ~~(illeg)~~ / feather (I must use again the same simile) St. Peters & S. Gio in Laterano alone to be seen of all the city - the great useless gateways, from under which you see this ~~(illeg)~~ / sunny view the Appian way behind, & the long lines of aqueducts - & lone Soracte, of which you can never tire. Wonderful that each little bit of the Campagna shd be so ugly & shd make altogether such a beautiful whole - We went into S. Cesareo, & SS. Nereo e Achilleo on our way back, two of the very best of the old Basilicæ, for the Mosaic work which covers ambones, altars & bishops throne - & the twisted columns of the candlesticks - There is no colour like the green of the great circles of travertine, round which the Mosaic work is generally wreathed -

& I spent such a morning at the Loggie yesterday - One looks back upon it not as anything Roman, nor anything Oriental, nor of the Arabian nights, but like a fairy dream, which does not belong to this world at all - And yet it is not the individual beauty of the things, for they are so retouched, daubed & hideous now in colour, that we both felt we had much rather look at the Xtian Knowledge outlines, tho' I shd not have ventured to say this of myself - and the first four of the Creator I do not like at all. but it is the effect of the whole, looking down that lovely perspective, of fairy vignettes, with the surroundings and fillings up of every one different, - some, little diamonds, each with a sweet little angel comfortably tucked into it - some, pillars, with the blue sky peeping between them. I suspect that it was this whole exquisite effect which Raphael looked to, for we did not admire any particular one very much, excepting Moses found by the Princess - in this they all look so innocent, so surprised, so interested, as if they had never seen a baby before - The Moses'es seemed to us the best, i.e. Moses coming down from the Mount with the tables, & Moses striking water

from the rock, are so fine - I cannot conceive why the Xtian Knowledge has not engraved them all - But

the

history

of the Fall I dislike, & the Angel pushing Adam & Eve out of Paradise by the shoulder I think is positively vulgar - We walked long sunning ourselves in the other two Loggie of the same story, which are open to the sun - there is something so magical in them, no sound from the great city seems to reach there - & (as it was not a public day,) all that profusion, that luxury, that extravagance of arabesques & figures & ~~filleg~~ plants & flowers & angels & fruits seemed there for the fancy of the painter alone, thrown there because he revelled in such things - And the open window at the end framed a view of St. Onofrio & the Janiculum almost too lovely for earth - & though the day was cold, no breath of wind reached the sanctuary of those Loggie - All was sunny, & blue sky alone, (without any of the green in it, which an English sky has,) shone in. We sunned about, (in England we appropriately say, *moon*ed about,) almost afraid that it would all melt away from before our eyes, it was so fairy like. the colour of the beautiful tiles in the pavement is almost gone, but the New

Test. subjects in the lunettes are still bright
One ought to spend days there examining
each particular arabesque. What it must
have been when it was new - Even now
to take a sick man there, on such a sunny
day as this, must give him health, a dead
man life - We came out very unwillingly,
but this walk in the open Loggie was a
pleasure over & above, which we had not
promised ourselves - & we cherished it
accordingly - & then we walked home by
our little Ferry - The other night walking
home late, across the Pincio from ~~our~~ Mrs. Herbert's, I saw
such a sight, it was the day of the
Purification, the 2nd - there was an opening
in the clouds, & a ray descending through
it just over where the Archangel stood -
who looked as if he had just shot down
upon it - like the Rembrandt, which
is, (in a whisper) such a much higher
conception of Jacob's ladder than the
bonafide staircase in the Loggie -

On Monday we dined at ~~the~~ Col / Lindsay's,
again - & I was so lucky as to be taken
in to dinner by Ld. Lindsay. said it
was ~~so~~ /ridiculous, so little like dinner=
table conversation, Ld Lindsay's long low
earnest out pouring, & the servants
obliged to nudge him, as they passed

with the dishes - & that, as for me, they gave me up as a bad job - for, (it is quite true! I ~~could~~ /can neither see, hear, nor eat - when Ld. Lindsay is talking to me. & every word of his information I have

treasured up for you - his long "Race of Japhet" views just suit me - & I clearly discern the Ch. of England, though perhaps you don't, in " ~~God~~ / He shall enlarge Japhet & he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, & Ham shall be his servant " - & I quite see that Subjectivity & Whigs are Persian - & that no descendant from that race, like ourselves, can ever lean to the Objective, or the Virgin Mary all which I will demonstrate, like a proposition of Euclid, to you when I come home, tho perhaps you don't see it now - as also that Whigs & Tories are identical

with Unitarians & Polytheists, i.e. with individual conscience & respect for authority. Excuse me, my premises are vague, I will allow, but they can & *shall* be maintained

Tuesday my beloved Colyar introduced me to one of the nuns of the Trinità, who was excessively amiable, & who is to introduce me next Wednesday to the Rev. Mother of Minsk in the convent

Oh my dear, I did so regret you were not there the day of the Loggie (as indeed I do always,) but that day more especially - you wd have so enjoyed all that perfect harmonious whole, of which I am not worthy

There is something so beautiful in that court of the Vatican - you do not say of it how vast or how lofty, but it looks as if it had grown up of itself, it is so harmonious -

We went on Candlemas Day (the Purification) to see Pius bless the candles & distribute them to the Sacred College, Pontifical Court &c. but I did not much approve -

Feb 8 -

I have just had three letters all together (of the 21st, 23rd & 26th) from you, my dear good people, which greatly comforted me, as it was a fortnight since I had heard. The 26th was only 12 days coming - I think you had better not direct via Marseilles, because I do not know when the boats go - They *only* go from here to Marseilles on the 8th, 18th & 28th - & I only direct my letters via di Mare on those days. & I believe you have those much quicker. Now yours of the 21st only reached me a few hours before that of the 26th that of the 21st having been sent via Marseilles - & having been 16 days en route - I think I had better ask now, can you remember poor Balia's direction, Maria Pestelli at Florence - in case we go there - It was in that long naked street, which ended at one of the Porte - I shd remember it

if I had our map of Florence.

Another thing, will you tell At Ju I have hunted the Vatican up & down for her Minerva & cannot find it. It is impossible to be in the place which she mentions, because, if she remembers, the plan of the Vatican is thus -
{sketch}

These are not in the least the proportions, but may remind her of the place of her Minerva - I have looked at every Pallas, statue & bust in the Vatican & cannot detect the expression she alludes to - & I shd be so very sorry to go away without seeing it. I cannot remember (either) more than one Pallas (bust) in the Vatican at all, & that is a very much blotted out face, standing where I have written 376. You know I require so very much help, never being able to see things without ~~I am~~ being told, that I wish particularly to be told of this Minerva - I made an expedition to the Vatican yesterday on purpose to look for it - & cd not -

The Herberts went off to Naples yesterday for a month. She had been very unwell for the last fortnight, & rather out of spirits, so that I had generally gone to spend the afternoon with her, which is the reason why I have so little to tell you, my dear people -

I am just come back from Buckner, where I went en beggar, hoping the puppy would reject me - Alas he likes 30 too much - wherefore I hate you with a mortal & undying hatred & would pursue you to the confines of eternity if I had but the time - _____

Pray don't forget to write me word about, where the Raphael Prophets are -

9016/52 unsigned letter & direction, 2ff., pen, postmarked: {illeg} 10
FEB 48 AUTRICHE Beau FR. 2 DE BALE 19 FEVR 48 ROMSEY FE 21 1848 B

Pal dello Sdrucchiolo. 10 Feb 1848 [7:251-54]

My dears Your letters drop manna in the way of starving people, not that there ever can be want of food here, but the pineapple of home is always necessary to complete the feast - Lord Eastnor dined here yesterday, a true hearted little Arab - the stories he told us of Neapolitan horrors, & of that worthy assertor of the Divine Right of Kings, him of Naples, I never believed till I heard them from his own lips - The Duke of Licto & his son were taken up, & ordered for death men whom the King had seen hundreds of times about him - The Duchess de Licto went & threw herself at the King's feet - the King was bothered by seeing this woman, & said that her son should not be executed - Mark the words. The Son was accordingly put into a dungeon, his feet placed in a bucket of snow, & cold water poured upon his till inflammation ensued - the son was not executed he only got dead - Can you believe this in 1848? The Tarento story I think I told you - viz that a number of young men who had taken possession of a fortress near Tarento, it was found impossible to reduce - & a letter was received from the King desiring the mother of the leader to persuade them to surrender, upon promise of free pardon - he having first tried his hand on them, in writing - This was in *writing*, too you see - the mother did so, & the fortress was surrendered - Before sunset they were all executed - The mother went to the Governor in a paroxysm which you may imagine - & the excuse was

that orders had been received from the King by *telegraph* which could not be disobeyed. But the pardons were in writing, mark that. The branding story Ld Eastnor somewhat modifies, thus - A number of Sicilian noblemen [illeg] they were sent to Procida were dressed as galley slaves, their hair cut short &c

in the Court of the Arsenal, the King seeing it done from his own window with an Opera glass, but they were not branded, nor was it done officially in the King's presence - Take a Lazzarone, wash him a little, not much, & dress him up, & there would no differ perceivable between this fabrica of Ld Eastnor's & that of the throne of Naples - He says that the Sicilians are quite right to get all they can - that they don't want to break sharp off from Italy, but only that the King shd not be K. of the 2 Sicilies, but K. of Naples, K. of Sicily - I told him that the Milanese were very uneasy at the continuance of the Sicilian rebellion, because of condensing the strength of Italy against Austria, & he said he thought they were wrong, that it would not do for one nation to be waiting for another, each of you get what you can while you can was the best policy, & the Sicilians wd be the better to help the Milanese when they had got all they ~~wanted~~ /could catch from the King. As for me, were I a Palermitan,

I would kill every Neapolitan official in the place, being quite above all prejudices with regard to murder.

I should like to know what Englishman has been found to write that brutal Quart. Rev. to sneer at the sufferings of Spielberg when the men are in their graves - to make light of liberty & all the little sacred enthusiasm there may be for it - to make vile & jeering insinuations against sufferers for righteousness sake - It is a brutal Review - I always hated & despised

that Lockhart, but never so much as now - I cd hardly have conceived this possible - from England! - I tried to read it aloud, but do you know really could not, for tears. The Spirit of that Quarterly is first "how much of any thing (except worldly goods) is absolutely necessary" 2ndly cannot the whole remaining [illeg] of the spiritual field be left absolutely uncultivated -

My true-hearted little Arab says of Pius IX that he is not like a character of this century, but of the Middle Ages, viz a man who has thought much & read much, who is eager for truth for truth's sake, who has the most enlightened theoretic views upon good government but has not the practical skill which says, Here is a tool for this purpose & here for that - & he fears for him - But will not really believing that there is a Guide above & a hope beneath sometimes do as well. He said to Freeborn the other day, in answer to an inquiry about his health (but this must be private) Sto benissimo - in mezzo a tante cure, a tanti affari, a tanti frene e abbracci, Grazie a Dio, sto benissimo. Desidero solo il bene del mio populo e sto sicuro che Dio me guidera. No one doubts that this is true, not mere {K. has those} words & may it not stand him in stead of a worldly & more daring policy?

I wrote Hilary the accounts of the demonstration of the 3rd. but I do {K. has did} not know whether I said that it was by *order* of the Senate & that Senate elected by the Municipio (last month) & containing a Corsini, a Colonna, a Doria, which had the boldness to invite Rome to rejoice for the Constitution offered to Naples, & fixed the 3rd for the day. This is the Rome of 1848.

The little Arab was with Pelissier in the Algerine war. Though very sorry for poor Abdel Kader & very indignant with the French, he cannot defend him

from the charge of ambition, of having attempted to be Emperor of Morocco. In one of the French engagements at which he, Ld Eastnor himself was present, where 70 Arabs were killed & about 500 sheep and camels taken, he himself read the Débats to Pelissier in his tent, where it said that the French, after killing 350 of the enemy & taking 350,000 heads of cattle, without the loss of a single man & c & c Pelissier only laughed at being found out. Ld. Eastnor says that they are perfectly without excuse in their conduct i.e. treachery to Abdel Kader, but admits that, in this war of reprisals, the Arabs have burnt seven Frenchmen alive - & that, in the first French smothering of the cave, it was not done intentionally - Two of the 7 openings of the cave, were left unblocked for the Arabs to run out.- one of these, unknown to the French, they blocked up themselves, & the other, the oxen, who were with them in the cave, rushed out at the first smoke, & *jammed* themselves in at the mouth, till they filled up all the entrance {written on the side} with a horrid living smash, which it was impossible to get either in or out - Give the Devil his Due.

au revoir, dearest people -
I hope Papa accomplished his Derbyshire without much snow. You do not tell me what your London projects are, nor if the Nicholsons are gone there.

{direction}

Inghilterra

W.E. Nightingale
Embley
Romsey
Hampshire

10 Feb

9016/53 unsigned letter & direction, 3ff, pen, postmarked: ROMA 12 FEB
48 AUTRICHE Beau FR. 2 DE BALE 21 FEVR 48 LIGNE DE BOULOGNE 21 FEVR 48
L {ILLEG} 22 FE 22 1848 ROMSEY FE 2{ILLEG} 1848 A

Rome Feb 12 1848 [7:254-58]

My dear people We have seen a sight, which surpasses all that we have seen yet because it is unique, I believe, in the history of the world, a sovereign & a Pope addressing his people. ~~It~~ The morning before had come out a proclamation drawn up by Pius's own hand (when the Amnesty came out, which he wrote himself, he had every copy sent up to him as it was printed off, that he might see that they had not altered the words) this proclamation which is beautifully done, has a great hit at Austria, a promise of a laical government, & of improving the military force. There had been a row on the evening of the 8th, paid, there is no doubt, by Austrian money. After this proclamation, the people would go up to the Quirinal to see their father - & at 5 o'clock a procession left the Piazza del Popolo - & I, who had only just heard of it, took a carriage, & Guisepe (we would not let our invalid, Mr. B. go with us) & drove up to the Quirinal. There we found every avenue with a mounted guard to prevent the carriages from crushing the people. We got out & ran between the horses like two winds, & reached the Piazza of the Quirinal.. It was quite full already - the great building (the quarters of the Guardia Nobile) had every window full, the ~~to~~ / whole roof was loaded with people, & even the arms on the top of the roof, was full of legs & heads. The great steps opposite the Quirinal were loaded - the shutters of the Quirinal were still shut, but the round tower was filled with the Pontifical household. Presently the hymn to Pius was heard ascending the steep Colonna street & immediately every shutter in the Quirinal was thrown open, & Corsini, the Senator, Rospigliosi the Commander of the Civic Guard Borghese, & all the great popular functionaries, appeared at the windows. Such a cheer arose - they all wore the helmets of

the Civic Guard - & the people were so anxious that we should see it & understand it & enjoy the fun. That's Corsini do you see Corsini - have you ever seen this before said the man next me - & a man forced his way to to tell her that was Corsini. The procession arrived, first of all a troop of little children, dressed as Guardie Civiche, & carrying white banners - it was so pretty - then the others - immediately afterwards the sportelli of the great balcony opened & without keeping them waiting a moment, the red drapery came out - oh such a cheer ran from piazza to tower & from tower to roof & along every window in the Piazza, & was echoed from all the side streets, (for I believe the whole population of Rome was there,) when they saw the Pope was coming. The torches glanced past the windows, appeared in the balcony, then the cross, & then ~~the~~ Pius himself - there was a great cry, & he, with all his own infinite charm, the charm of kindness & love, received the love of his people. Then he raised his arms to heaven, & there was a dead silence, a silence which might be felt - it is really no exaggeration to say that you could have heard a beetle rustle (tho' had a beetle been there, beetles themselves would have been inclined to kneel) his voice was heard clear & full over all that multitude, ~~"Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, Sit nomen Domini benedictum",~~ & all that vast crowd made the response with one voice ~~"et Filium~~ then Nomen Domini in adiutorium nostrum" & they responded again, ~~"et Spiritus Sanctus Qui fecit cælum et terram",~~ and

one universal Amen seemed to rise from the four quarters of the city - this is what has never been done (these responses made) except for Pius - No,

really, it was

as if you stood in the presence of a superior being. I shall hold my tongue when I get to England, for though every body who approaches him feels this indescribable charm, yet nobody will understand it who has not seen him - & I am both singularly deficient, I think, in reverence for the sovereign - we don't allow the Monarchical principle, except as a necessary evil, as a hangman is also an essential of a state, at present - we feel inclined to kick & misbehave

ourselves, & say We're as good as you are, when in presence of a sovereign. therefore, it is not the Sovereign here, far less the Pope, not even the good man - but it really is as if one were in the presence of an Angel.

But what was the surprise & ecstasy of us all when he began to speak - & with a voice, every word of which could be heard to the farthest ends he said, *Io prego Dio di tutto il cuore che vi benedica: scenda questa benedizione del cielo su voi tutti, su tutto lo stato, e su tutta l'Italia,*" & these words he said with that voice which no one who has heard it can ever forget, it has a fervour of love & truth in it, which no one ever doubts - you felt that all Italy was in that heart of hearts at that moment. there was a great answer - & then he said, "*ma, siate concordi* " and the "*Concordi*" positively echoed through the night: he said it with such emphasis - the people could not constrain themselves, & they roared, *Sì, sì* Silenzio cried a voice, which I believe was Ciceruacchio's, & they were again silent for a moment. "*Ma, le vostre dimande siano confacenti alla santità dello stato.*" *sì sì* they cried again, & those who were in the side streets & could not see, could ~~not~~ hold their tongues no longer - at the first silence he said, "*alcune grida che non sono del popolo, ma parlino di da pochi, io non posso, non debbo, no voglio ammettere*" - here there ceased all hope of the people remaining quiet, *sì, sì*, they cried. & Pius seemed to give up the idea of finishing all that he had to say. there was silence for a minute, while he said, "*A queste condizioni che manteniare le promesse, io vi benedico con tutta - l'anima - mia*" oh if you had heard the voice with which he said these {K. has those} words - it was as if he were breathing forth his soul for them - & you felt that all that vast people (there were 50,000 there) would have died for him - that they would have gone into the

{direction}
Inghilterra

Miss Nightingale
Embley
Romsey
Hampshire

12 Feb

depths of Tartarus, if he had but told them. "E con queste promesse vi benedica Iddio." A ginocchio, cried the same voice which had cried Silenzio, & we all sunk on our knees; though there was scarcely room to kneel. And again he raised his hands to heaven & blessed us - ~~& filled~~ and so the beautiful vision disappeared. Oh if you had seen the faces of the people, è {K. has È} un Angelo, è un Angelo, repeated one man by us fuori di sè, - a dear little old beast in a fuzzy coat jumped into the air like a child, - they were all looking upwards with hands clasped & faces upturned like Constantine when he saw the Cross in the sky - their faces really radiating joy - But the most beautiful part of it was the dispersing - one man who pressed upon another, begged his pardon - there was not so much pushing as at a London drawing room - we lost Guisepe & were quite alone in the dark - but we felt as if all that multitude were there to take care of us & we walked down that steep hill, (you know what a *pushing* would be on a hill,) literally as if we were walking in procession - there was not a single person there

whose acquaintance we should not have been glad to have. When we got to the corner of the Via del Tritone, there was a little stop - the procession was passing, which had gone the other way - the Scoleresca, the Casino di Commercianti, the Guardi Civica, all with their flags & their white banners, & as they passed, every window opened & every woman hung out her little Roman lamp (with two wicks) {sketch} or came out upon her balcony with it, lighting up their whole way as they passed along, with a sudden illumination - I think this really was the prettiest thing of all - it was like the sudden unprepared blazing up of one fervent heart - I thought of the Virgins going forth to meet the bridegroom. But the whole, it was not like a pageant or a pomp, there was such a reality about it - if you knew - if I could tell you - it was the speaking of Pius straight from his heart to ours, from ours to his - it was no ceremony - However, it was a thing never to be forgotten, which happens once in one's life. The night was quite still - but the moment we had reached the Piazza di Spagna, a storm of lightning began. I will send you the Proclama, If I can, but I must tell you that ~~the~~ it refers to the Austrians being hard at work in Italy, to the terrors of a foreign war with which they seek to agitate the people, & make them disorderly, & that the Pope's expressions in his little speech all point at {K. has to} this. God bless him & avert these wretches - Oh if she would but upset herself by leading her people against Pius - Hungary & Bohemia, who are very pious, might then break off from her, join Sicily, & the ~~people~~ wicked be taken in their own net. It is thought here that the K. of Naples will have to abdicate at last. He is so tardy in {K. omits in} giving the Constitution -it seems as if he were playing a Charles X part - but Italy must be free at last

I am certain that every man went to his own home really the better for that Benediction of their father - & every voice congratulated them as they passed along - He has placed a glory round his head which none, not all the canonized Saints have ever had before - And I shall bring home to my own England in my own heart the blessing of Pius, as also it will be repeated by other hearts till it has reached through all Italy. Though the great mass of the people implored silence, & were ready to hear, it was impossible to be angry with those who could not restrain themselves. But it is supposed by some that they were set a going by people in Austria's pay.

But I must stop - in great haste.
Keep the Proclama - I bought it in that nice crowd. [7:258]

9016/54 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen [7:258-64]

Feb 16 1848

Rome

I was taken by the nun across two beautiful sunny gardens, belonging to the ladies of the Trinità, & commanding the whole view of the world, which they had left, to their Casa di ritiro, which is the highest of all. We rang at the bell, & a Polish novice opened the door; as we went in we heard the vigorous & still beautiful voice of the Reverend Mother the Abbess of Minsk, chanting the office before the Blessed Sacrament - She is too ill & infirm now to leave her own floor & has a chapel next her own room Presently in she came walking very fast, though her legs are still in that state from the effect of the chains, that she hobbles with a stick She is swelled to an immense size, and looks in the last stage of a dropsy. Her profile is still very handsome, something like Mrs. Siddons in Hayter's Q. Katharine - the dress of her order is a close white rim round the face, & over it a thick black veil also, fastened close round the face - She walked into the room,

talking very fast in Polish to the nun who was with me, taking no other notice of me than a little wave of the hand, & sat down in a little seat by the window, inviting me to sit too - Then still in the same rapid vigorous tone she asked me what I wanted her for? I said with a great deal of uncton, something about the English respect & sympathy for her sufferings - & she said, "Oh they were nothing, nothing, she wd suffer ten times as much for England to be converted for which she prayed every day & then turned the subject" She said in answer to my questions the nun translating her Polish, that the name of her convent was the Trinità, it was on a hill - a little way out of Minsk, which Minsk ~~was~~ is a chef lieu de gouvernement in Lithuania - that the mistake which the Russians had alone contradicted, & which represented her town to be Kovna, arose from the first person, a Frenchman, to whom she told the story, having been in such a hurry to publish it, that he took the first name which came into his head, having forgotten the right one -

She is of the order of S. Basil, of which she is now, she believes, the only surviving representative. It is an extremely rigorous order - for months, the nun said, she never takes any thing but a little salad at 12 o'clock, & a cup of tea without sugar or milk at night - & she rises at night to say the Office. In her convent there were 47 orphans/35 nuns - of these 35 all but 4 had died of ill usage, or were drowned or disabled before she ~~left~~ /made ~~the convent~~/ her escape. besides those who had afterwards joined them They were 6 times tied by a cord round the neck, (which cord held by popes in boats) their arms in a sleeve, to prevent them from saving themselves, & dragged through the lake in this state, their abjuration from the Latin church being demanded of them meanwhile - Of this process three died & the glands of the throat of the Abbess bear lasting marks of it. For the 7 years of their persecution they worked the greater part of the time as galley slaves helping ~~(illeg)~~ in doing masons' work - all this time with chains round their feet. The only thing which the Abbess preserved was the Cross of her office, the

rule of her order, the dress in which she made her profession, & a little crucifix, which she always hid in holes before she went out in the morning, or the cross was sewn in her cap, or concealed in different ways. Of ~~filleg~~ / the nuns who ~~now~~ were left alive eight were entirely blind (their eyes having been put out at Polock - 7 were disabled & near death - but it was impossible for the Abbess to ~~think-of~~ deserting them by flight. The eve of the birthday of the Protopope (who had apostatized), they nuns received a note, concealed ~~up~~ in bread, from ~~this~~ / a priest of their own Confession, to say that he had ~~received~~ information, on which they might depend, that they were to be sent off immediately to Siberia, that therefore they would have to desert their sick sisters at any rate, & that the next day, when the guards would be all drunk, was a convenient one for escape - Already, being out all day at work, they were only able to assist the dying women in the evenings & at night - & the Reverend Mother had received a promise from one of the officers, who had been touched by their patience & courage, that they

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should be placed in a hospital. At 5 o'clock in the morning (the soldiers being all in a drunken sleep) the remaining four nuns therefore prepared to escape. The Abbess & two of her daughters jumped from the wall, & fell upon the snow without being much hurt - the fourth did not arrive - the Revd Mother was in agony till she saw her jump the wall, with a soldier's cloak on. I thought it would be no theft, she said, to steal the cloak of that great lubberly soldier, who was lying drunk - he never found it out - & I was dying of cold - This was a young nun of great energy & resolution & even gaiety, who had had one eye put out by the soldiers, Several of the nuns had lost both.

The four now had to separate & fly in different directions. they gave each other rendez vous at a house, where lived some nuns of another order whom they knew, & the Revd Mother & one of her daughters met there.

But in a few days they found ~~that~~/ from the manifest uneasiness of the hospitable nuns, that they were expecting to be visited. and again the Mère Makrina & her companion began their flight & again they separated. They never met again - from that hour she never saw ~~any~~ one of her daughters more. For three months, she wandered about begging her bread, dressed in rags, with a bag over her shoulder, in which were the precious crucifix, rule, & dress of her profession. She was on her way to the frontier, but she did not know the roads, nor the geography she dared not ask, she was obliged to take the most unfrequented paths - Once, when she had wandered back into the high road, she heard some soldiers behind her, complaining of the trouble those wretched nuns of Minsk gave to catch them, and describing her person. She recommen=
ded herself to God & passed on. Once for two days she had been without food -

She went into a church when mass was being said and from the pulpit she heard her own signalement read by the priest (with a price set upon her head, & an ~~offer~~/ Order given & reward offered to all Xtian souls for her apprehension) ~~by the priest~~ What did she do? She waited till the congregation was a little dispersed, then she knelt at the Altar, & recommending her soul to God, ~~& then~~ she went to the sacristy & asked for the priest. He was gone home. She followed to his house, & begged to speak to him. The servants treated her with some rudeness as an old beggar woman, but gave her some bread & cheese, which she eat, for she was dying of hunger - His Reverence, they said, was going to dinner - but the priest, coming out, told her to wait, and after dinner he would speak to her. He seems however to have felt some compunction for this, for coming out

again almost directly, he asked her what she wanted - She said, Sir, the person whom you signalized today in the church, it is I. he said, Did not {K. has did you not hear} you hear that I can give you up do you not know that I am bound to do it? ~~that I am bound to give you up?~~ Yes, she said, I heard all that you read, but I think that, in your quality of priest, you would not do it. You are right, he said, I could not - Sit down there, he said, I must return to my dinner, that I may not excite suspicion. Wait for me - In a few moments he sent her out his dinner by a boy - & in a few moments more, he came out, gave her money, filled her bag with food, & what was of still more consequence, to her, gave her directions for her road, the "frontier" was all that she knew. But she lost her way again & at the end of three months only did she reach the frontier town - How was she to pass the gates? She saw a great

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drove of cattle going through - & on all fours, ~~concealing herself amongst them, she passed,~~ crawling among them passed unseen - She had a staff in her hand, that if she were discovered, she might have another chance of being taken for the cowherd. She arrived at Posen, starving, exhausted, her legs full of wounds - there she was safe, ~~there~~ she was received hospitably at a convent, & while they were dressing her legs, she said, Unhappy woman that I am, here are 7 years that I have not confessed, have not taken the Sacrament, I must begin my "retreat" directly - which she did, even while they were till occupied with her body.

She was exceedingly unwilling to go through France, against Paris she had a prejudice from a child - But the Bishop of Posen said to her, do it, my daughter, for obedience' sake, I will, she said, but for no other reason ~~could I~~ She was the only one who reached ~~at~~ Rome - the other three, who

went thro' Austria, have never been heard of since.
The answer to all the researches that have
been made, the only information obtained
about them has been that the three
arrived at Vienna, that one since died,
& whether the other two are detained
by the Austrian Govt, dead or in prison,
has never transpired - When the poor
Abbess first arrived at the Trinità, she
was for ever expecting her daughters to
arrive, at every sound she heard she
said, There they are, she as constantly
describing them & talking of them -
& one night, soon after she came, when
she did not yet know the way about
the house, a carriage stopped at the
convent ~~in the night~~ she felt sure
at last, that it was they. There they are, she ran to
a window & cried, Ring louder, ring
louder, my daughters, they do not
hear you, oh ring louder, she ran
all over the house, looking for the
portress' cell, then she cried at the
window again, Ring louder, my daughters,
Day break came - it was nothing
but a tree which she had taken

for the nuns - the carriage was not there - & from that hour to this she has heard no tidings. But her nervous misery has now subsided - she says she knows that she is destined never to see them again in this world, that God has taken care of them, that they are perhaps at rest & she is satisfied.

During her 7 years' persecution she never had a day's illness, since it has ceased she has never had a day's health - But she is gay, vigorous, even merry - there is nothing whatever that is graceful or sentimental about her

I have copied her own words as nearly as possible which were abrupt, awkward, without commentary or reflection - She is like a bustling rough old Covenanter ~~full of contempt for her own misfortunes~~ despising the World in the Evils, as well as the Goods it had to offer her - trampling the Flesh - struggling with the Devil, forgiving others, not from that excessive tenderness, which "for its own sake, remembers their transgressions no more" but because she really hardly thought that she had anything to forgive - qu'il se convertisse, she said of Nicholas, nous serons bons amis - she is a brave old ~~wrestler for her~~ / soldier of ~~the~~ / her faith - with

a true touch of the woman, in the extreme interest which she takes for other people's sore fingers / scratches while her own wounds & ~~head interests her very little~~ / are forgotten - She ~~combines~~ / manufactures {K. has manufacturers} lint as well as gun cotton. She had none of the pedantry of martyrdom. {K. has martyrdom} The nun told me that she should regret all her life having urged the Revd Mother once to shew her legs, & the marks of the chains, to a friend. ~~She~~ / Makrena had acquiesced, because she ~~did~~ thought it ungracious to refuse, but ~~the~~ acting/ed the victim, ~~she~~ she had a fit of disgust at herself afterwards, for having ~~being~~ posée en martyr, ~~the making a~~ paraded the cross ~~suffering caused her~~ she bore quite an ~~access of remorse afterwards~~ There ~~really~~ is something of greatness in her rough humility, & this vulgar simplicity ~~of the woman does more to convince of /is~~ her best certificate ~~the truth of her story than any thing else.~~ The order of S. Basil has been now wiped from the face of Poland by the exertions of that Emperor whose ~~manly/~~ manners ~~filleg~~ throw Englishwomen ~~in love~~ / into ecstacies with his principles, & ~~whose manners~~ make even Englishmen forget his sins. The Mother General of the whole order was sent, at 80 to Siberia & died, as ~~might be expected~~ was probably intended on the way. The brother of the Mère

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Makrina made the same journey with three other priests in such a vehicle that the journey was brought to the same conclusion by ~~that~~ the whole 4 dying {illeg a timely?} death of suffocation. And Europe stood by & saw - not that the Mère Makrina seemed to feel the slightest resentment - she was much more occupied with a friend of hers, (she did not tell me who) for whom she was struggling, like old Jacob, to obtain some thing of God - & she said to the nun several times, Mind you all of you pray for her, as if it had been a matter of business - She arrived at the Trinità not knowing a word of anything but Polish, & the nun, who introduced me, was placed with her to nurse her & learn her language that she might help her - She was with her a year, & said that her kindness was as remarkable as her simplicity - that she had expected to be very much disappointed with her, as one is generally with people who have been preceded by a great reputation, but that she had found in her a persona

accomplita - The Revd Mother is now
 (at past 60) about to found the Order
 of S. Basil at Rome in a house
 preparing near the Scala Santa, & has
 already 4 novices, 3 Poles & 1 Italian.
 It is nearly 2 years since she arrived
 at the Trinità - Her conversation is
 vehement, rapid, gesticulative - her
 spirit as strong to bear persecution as
 it was likely to ~~illeg~~ attract it, ~~down her~~
 and ~~as~~ ready to forget it - ~~She was~~
 like a female Luther, or a S. Ignatius -
 she seemed violent, daring, uncompromising -

I kissed the hand of the brave
 guerriera, & departed feeling that she was ~~some~~
 one who did fight

as they fought

In the brave days of old
 & I am to see her again next Wednesday.

Many ~~of the~~ Polish women, who had
 been pensionnaires at her convent at
 Minsk, have been to see her here at
 Rome, & many relations of her nuns,
 (or friends of their families) also. But they
 run such danger of being compromised
 or confiscated in Russia that the
 ladies of the Trinità always leave them
 alone with the Abbess - when such come, & purposely avoid
 even learning their names -

The Revd Mother has some of the grace
 of true kindness - the night she arrived
 at the Trinità, she knelt at a fresco
 of the Madonna which she passed
 as she entered the cloister, to thank
 her for her safe deliverance - her
 cross fell off & dropped on the ground
 a priest picked it up & gave it her -
 She smiled & said, you see God
 intends me to stay in this hospitable
 home - here is the omen - & she
 gave the Cross to my friend, Madame
 Cisari de Binchot - the nun who
 afterwards attended her -

[end 7:264]

{9016/55 a fragment copy of the foregoing}

9016/56 unsigned letter, 3ff, pen [7:264-69]

Feb 17. 1848

My dearest people, Many thanks for your two last welcome letters. Mr. Bracebridge has been rather bad for the last fortnight with blood in his head, & we have been leeching and blistering him - but he is now beginning to go out again & I must tell you what a charming, more than charming day we had the day before yesterday. In the morning & I walked to the Sistine, where was a splendid light - & I looked almost for the first time at the Last judgment. But I am ~~a~~ afraid of it, & cannot look at it for more than 5 minutes at a time, when I return to ~~my~~ the divine old prophets How any *mortal* mind could have had such a conception as that last Judgment is like a miracle - it is so real, so living - you do not admire it or criticize it - you believe in it - There is no Mario=
latry there - Mary says (in her attitude)

Intercession is not in me - There is too a woman clinging, to her guardian angel, who seems, (himself in tribulation & anxiety) to be directing all his attention & hers to the Lord of the Last Day - The sentiment that strikes one most as uppermost in the picture is that of individual responsibility - this seems the key to the whole - although they are all in groups, & such perfect groups, there is, (with but one exception that I can remember) no conversation, no communication of feeling - to each there seems but himself & his Judge in existence, he is as much ~~so~~ isolated as if *really* as well as *spir=* *tually* he were alone with Him - & if the feeling of awe & terror with which the picture fills one, *could* be defined, it might perhaps be ~~from~~ this, the ghastly impression of spiritual solitude which it leaves, as if eternal punishment were to be endured in an intellectual solitary confinement - a moral Separate System - we, the single prisoner - In such a crowded picture, the art which conveys this impression is something like a miracle - The Theology of this Last Judgment seems to belong to the 20th or the 21st century - there is no Church *there*, excepting the kingdom

of Christ, no esteem for authority, except=
ing that of the Great Master - every man
stands upon his own conscience - every
thing is between himself & his God - no
man here throws ~~here~~ any part of the weight
upon his confessor, or his guardian angel,
or his Virgin, or his Church - private
responsibility is every man's privilege
or his burden - There is nothing Catholic
in this picture, still less ~~Jewish~~ /O. Testament - if I
cd but believe the true principle of Protestantism to be
a personal conscience, it is Protestant=
ism of the purest kind - but I think
M. Angelo's Church was the Room of
the Last Supper, & its canons those of the last
discourse - Some parts of the picture
are too dreadful to look at -~~(illeg)~~ all the
spirits are looking, as it were, at Time & its
results (for the first time) by the light
of Eternity. no wonder that there
is no exultation nor satisfaction there =
~~fore~~ - a great deal was perfectly
unintelligible to me -& I must wait,
I suppose, for that light to understand
it by - for that which, whether it be
called, (as when it produces itself in
Scripture,) Inspiration, or (as when it is

seen in Art) Genius, may be perhaps best defined as the power which casts upon the things of Time the Light of Eternity -

From the Sistine & I trotted home again, & f/as we meant to take Mr. Bracebridge out that day, he being much better, we drove to Villa Wolgonsky, (pray tell At Julia,) first taking a turn at Villa Massimi, which I had seen before, close by S. John in Lateran, & where, cosi detto fra quattr'occhi, those daubs, called frescoes of Overbeck, Schnorr & Veit are really disgraceful, I think they must have been laughing at old Massimi. I did not dare to say so, till had seen them, but Overbeck's Tasso must have adorned the inn at Bramdean - & the frescoes of on the tea-board at the Angel at Oxford would turn red at seeing themselves placed alongside. We had a most lovely walk at the Wolgonsky, which is a little shabby villa built into the arch of the Claudian aqueduct, which crosses the garden - The garden looks into S. Croce in Gerusalemme, & has that curious deadly silence that preternatural stillness which is the characteristic of Rome. It looks

over -2-
all the Aqueducts & Campagna Frascati=way,
& the other ~~way looks~~/ side into the Coliseum.
From hence we drove by S. Gio. e Paolo, with
its old Cinque Cento Campanile, inlaid
with red & green circles of marble, to
my favourite S. Gregorio, which looks so
merry & proud at the top of its never
ending flights of steps, fronting the gay
& laughing Palatine, with generally a
Benedictine in his nice clean white
gown & cowl standing just within this
Cortile at the top of the steps. But
we did not want to see the Church,
only just our favourite Guido in S.
Agnes's Chapel, (the fresco in the ceiling)
of the Gloria & the Padre Eterno, which,
always excepting the Sistine, I had
rather see than anything else in Rome
& thinks it has not its compeer -
Oh how often I shall see it floating
by in a summer evening - for though
none of the colours are precisely those
of clouds, yet the whole effect is that
of a sunset glory - With every possible
disadvantage all the angels have
instruments, & the very notes of the music

(from which they are playing) are hanging over the Orchestra, there is not a material idea connected with it - The Eternal Father looks like a vision of Omnipotence floating by, which will be gone in a moment, & has only just tarried for an instant to bless - he looks like a purely immaterial Essence, if ~~that~~/it were not using a contradiction in terms, to say that an Essence looks, but the form does not give one the idea of form somehow, it is so ethereal - so spiritualized.

From S. Gregorio we came home, & I went up to settle with my nuns of the Trinità when they would introduce me to the Abbess of Minsk, & they fixed ~~agreed~~ upon the next morning at half past 9. Also I had a little matter of business to settle with the Madre Sta Colomba, whose little school I know. But as I came down to dinner, the moon was shining bright, & there was such a ~~bright~~ rim of red light in the horizon, I could not make up my mind to lose all the evening so,

after dinner, what do you think I did? I went to St. Peter's. The streets were all in deep shade & as I passed the end of the Ripetta, I saw people in satins, in ermines & in hair, (I mean, en cheveux), getting out of coaches & going in to the play, then I came suddenly out upon the Ponte St. Angelo, & hung over the bridge in the moonlight, & the five white angels on either side the bridge, with the instruments of our Saviour's passion in their hands, were all my companions, & the stars were shining bright, & the river was very full and St. Michael looked down, so indistinct & shadowy in the moonlight, that he seemed not like a thing of earth. then I went into the narrow street again, & then came the Piazza of St. Peters, one broad sheet of snowy light - like a vision in the Revelations - there is some thing so unearthly in a Roman moonlight, the scene above & the scene below being equally unlike this auld warld, that it reminds one of the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride

adorned for her husband - It is like ~~the~~ /a
"new heaven & ~~the~~ /a new earth". And then
as I came nearer, I saw the spirit
fountains playing one in the moon beams,
& one in the shadow of the colonnade -
& the first looked like a bright crystal,
(not hard & impenetrable as our earthly
crystals, but a clear gushing fountain
of the water of life - of ~~this was~~ Wisdom,
the life of the Intellect - when the "Tree of
life' & the "tree of Knowledge" shall be no longer
different & enemies to each other but in
the new heaven & the new earth, know=
ledge will be life, & the river of life be the
river of Wisdom, also ~~illeg illeg illeg illeg
illeg illeg~~) and the second was like
a pure pearl, & it hid itself under
the deep shadows and was if possible
even more lovely than the other - &
this was the life of the Spirit - the retiring
contemplative life the Angel of peace,
& love, while the other was the Angel
of joy & glory. S. John was given to
slake his thirst at this one, while
S. Paul was drinking deep at the other.
And I walked on, & I saw the cloud
of witnesses crowning the colonnade on

-3-

either hand, and the light was so bright that there seemed no need of the Sun nor of the Moon to shine in this new city, for there was no night there, but the light seemed to come from the glory of God and I went up the broad steps, and I saw the great white ~~throne or~~ temple - & I said, Truly this is the throne of God - and it is this which seems to lighten the whole city, so bright & glittering is its dazzling front. And I walked close under its vast white columns, and I looked up, & I saw no end of them - they seemed to extend far. far above where my eye could reach. And I thought, Let us enter in, & we shall see God, for this is heaven his dwelling place - & here is the light thereof.

But when I looked, alas, the gates thereof were shut, and I knew that no mortal eye shall see God except as in a looking glass, in a riddle, & that the holy city, where the gates ~~of it~~, "shall not be shut at all" was not yet come & that old things had not yet passed away. & I thought, how long, O Lord, how long/ & sadly & slowly I took my homeward way to earth again not homeward either, but left - our home's & ~~returned~~ our Father, which is in "heaven
our

our Fatherland" & returned to the land
of the stranger & the sojourner.

So I went home to
bed, but as I came to the end of the long
dark street, which led to my earthly bed,
~~tabernacle~~, I saw the Obelisk of the Trinità,
high above the city, raising its tall head
to heaven, & though the clouds had gathered & almost overshadowed
it out of my sight, I could still see
its spectral form, as it had stood for
thousands of years in different parts
of the earth, & shall for thousands more,
its secret undiscovered, its mystery
unveiled, but still pointing to the Infinite,
as if it wd say, There will all things be known,
and I thought, Man has created thee indeed
after his own image, O obelisk, as thou
are, so is he - ~~{illeg illeg illeg illeg}~~

My dear, I beg your pardon for this
long dithyramb, which I have not time
to write so as to be not entirely
unintelligible to any body but you,
but I will make it out when I
come to England, for it is the only
comparison which I can make of
St. Peter's by moonlight, a vision in
the Apocalypse - Ask those who
have seen it whether it is not so -
but I do not wish to make it ridiculous
as I have in this.

has written the history of the Buckner failure, about which we have had long doubts & debates - I had not mentioned her sister in law's illness, because it is a long story, & I expected every day to have to write of her death. but her life has been prolonged in the most wonderful way & she is really recovering. It is the sister in law whom I mentioned when we first came to Rome.

I have seen the Abbess of Minsk, & had written down every thing about her & what she said, occupying four pages, but will not let me send it today as she wants to keep it a day - It was the dear kind Colyar who introduced me to the nuns, who introduced me to the Minsk - I am going to write you the whole history of the Rise & Progress of my religious life as an inmate of the Trinità - I think I told you of the evidence for the Minsk story & of her domiciliation at the Trinità, where she still is - till she establishes her own order -

[end 7:269]

9016/57 unsigned letter & direction, 3ff, pen, postmarked: ROMA 22 FEB
48 AUTRICHE Beau FR. 2 DE BALE 2 MARS 48 {ILLEG} ROMSEY {4bILLEGs}

Rome Feb 21 1848

[7:269-73]

Now we are going into the Tombs, my dear people & once in I assure you it is no easy matter to get me out. To spend a week among the cinders of my Xtians & heathens was the earnest wish of their affectionate relative - & an enlivening occupation for Mr. Dismal. Easy is the descent, as my Virgil used to say, less easy the out coming - but once in & I don't care how I come out. The dear good old Colyar, (who shall be my Saint & Guardian Angel, if ever I have one, but my G. Angel at present is a bad one, every man, you know, has the choice of two) went to Padre Marchi, who, as you know, is the great sepulchral antiquarian, & has made a plan of the whole Catacombs reaching from Ponte Molle on the one side to S. Paolo fuor le Mura on the other, & encasing all Rome - & asked him to shew us the new catacombs, i.e. those lately discovered near Ste Agnese fuor le Mura, where nothing has been disturbed - Imagine my ecstasy of cheerfulness. I was to see the very bones - P.Marchi was in a ~~carriage~~-coach by himself (for morality) with an attendant & Mr. Colyar, & we were to come after. We passed on the road, it was an open carriage, I saw a hand, oh my virgin eyes! We were rather too large a party, the Lindsays, Id. Lindsay, the little Arab, (for one's best friend, my beloved, is de trop in a catacomb) - but to proceed - or rather to descend. [illeg] I went down the women's staircase, for the men &

women had each a staircase, in the old Xtian times, & the first story, en descendant de la terre, is the Arenaria, which are enormous galleries, ~~from~~ which the old Romans scooped out while getting sand & tufa, & having slaves to work, they had no occasion, you know, to make our awkward quarries, but could leave the upper crust intact. In these Arenaria the Xtians, when the persecution was rabid, used to live, for, au second & au troisième, to which we are going ~~to~~ next, they could only survive a few hours of worship for even the P. Marchi, who can find his way about like a mole, if his candle goes out, cannot exist there more than 8 hours. Au premier then they lived, au second they died & worshipped - Along the low close galleries we crept, the sides as full of shelves & bodies, as a wall is of bricks. The enormous proportion of little holes for babies struck us all - A palm scratched against a shelf shewed that a martyr, who had died burnt, or strangled, or drowned, lay there - a small hole for an ampolla, which was filled with his blood, shewed where lay a martyr who had died by the sword. Some of these shelves were hermetically sealed - others were open, & the skeletons had crumbled - in one, that of a child, the little skeleton lay perfect & entire, but when you touched it, it lost its shape, & crumbled away. If they could not bury their martyrs directly for fear of discovery, they wrapped the body in a cloth, & laid it in lime,

& in one, though the body & the cloth had alike disappeared, the *mark* of the cloth was distinctly visible on the lime. My dears, I have brought home the ~~whole~~ / fragments of a bone of a martyr who had died by the sword, & the little tiny knee of ~~an infant~~ / a child, whose skeleton I saw quite entire, taken by myself from the very place where 1700 years ago, they lived & prayed & renounced the sweet light of the sun, ~~first~~, & the flowers of Earth, first for Time & then for Eternity - If these are not holy relics, &c

The first thing which induced the Xtians to bury here, seems to have been an idea of imitating our Lord, ~~who~~ ~~was~~ "buried in a new tomb, hewn in the rock."

Lower & lower we went, for the Xtians had their places of worship in the lowest galleries of all, the mass could not be celebrated except on the tomb of a martyr - & what a significance it gives to it - there is some reality in celebrating the highest of all sacrifices, (making Jesus again descend on the earth) upon the place which recorded the sacrifice of one who *had* united it with His, by those who desired ~~to unite theirs~~ & expected soon to ~~do it with Him~~ / unite theirs.

Rude frescoes covered the walls of these martyr caves, all without any exception, emblems of the Resurrection, none of suffering - Jonah, Moses striking the rock & making living water spring forth - all the Saints, and Madonnas, without exception, had their hands raised in prayer, to signify, P. Marchi told us, that the church ~~were~~ / was not to worship them, but they themselves were worshipping & praying for the church - there was a Madonna over one of the martyr tombs,

with the Child on her knee, but her hands uplifted as in prayer, I never saw one before in this attitude - & on each side the {sketch}. But the one which returned most often was the Good Shepherd, not with the sheep on his shoulders, as is generally seen, bringing it back, but with the pipe at his side going to call it, the vase at his feet with milk to feed it, the staff in his hand to guide or correct it. The caves for the catechumens (who were not yet admitted to Baptism) were without frescoes, there were generally two stone chairs for the priests alongside of the tomb, as if the they were sitting by his / the martyr's bed's head - & one near the entrance= hole for the Deaconess. There was always a similar cave on the other side the gallery for the men, wherever these places for Catechumens, or places for celebrating worship, occurred, as the men & women were always kept apart & the service from one could be heard across the narrow passage in the other - but the most wonderful thing of all was a little church, an infant St. Peter's, quite perfect in all its parts, Triumphal Arch, altar, every thing, of the most wonderfully /entirely beautiful proportions, & dating 1700 years ago, & all exactly as it was left. Ld Lindsay was in raptures & I felt in the very company of the Martyrs. I shd like very much to have brought away the proportions, but we were so hurried, that we could not do as we liked, & those who were next P. Marchi, did not ask him all the questions they might. We came up to the outer air in the most wonderfully Babylonish præter= natural light I ever saw - A thunderstorm had just swept over the Campagna - Soracte was of the

intensest blue all the sky was black, no light in the heaven that you could see, but over the earth most lurid flame coloured light, which came from you knew not where & the bright ends of two rainbows under the clouds, which looked like the trains of light of two destroying angels who had disappeared. (What we saw bore the ~~proper~~ ratio of P. Marchi's whole Plan of unit two to 500)

But you have not done with the Tombs yet. The next day we went, Mrs. Crawford, with the Bracebridges, & I with some poor people, the French's, who are here with a dying daughter, (Ly Helena French is Sir W. Heathcote's sister in law) & Archd. Manning asked me to companionize the other daughter a little - we went, I say to see a Columbarium, discovered within the last 5 years near the Porta. S. Sebastiano. & the most curious one that has ever been found.. It contains the cinders of all the courtiers of the Emperors from Augustus down to Nero - chiefly Liberti they are, as the offices of a court were accessible to freedmen - in every little square pigeon hole were two funnel shaped holes, each covered by an earthenware pointed lid. ~~In one~~ All had inscriptions over them quite fresh - one to a buffoon - one to a Chancellor - but most of them after this pattern "Tediae Feliculae - Ollæ VI - & then followed her 6 pigeon holes for all her family - no other memorial. it is the nicest cleanest way of being buried I ever saw - another had only, "Ne tangito, O mortales, Reverere Manes Deos" - another "Hic Reliciæ Pelopis - Sit tibi terra lebis" - Certainly the ancients had much less of that worship of the body, which we suffer from, Curious that with all our boasted belief in the Resurrection, we should really believe it so much less than they. Another was, "C. Junius C. & Felix Ollas II - sibi

& Juniae Chresta Libertæ Suæ & Libertis Libertabusque suis
 Posterisque eorum omnium." The ~~cinders~~ /packets of several
 people's cinders were often put into one hole. they were nicely &
 clearly
 burnt - what else signified? - & into this neat little
 compass, (the whole Columbarium was not the size of
 the anteroom, & about 30 feet high with a very steep staircase, as it
 is
 sunk à fleur de terre, & a stout pillar up the middle
 supporting the roof & itself containing pigeon holes) there
 must have been between 2 & 3000 people packed ~~up~~
 Over some of the holes were inverted earthenware funnels,
 into which libations or even tears were dropped.
 We saw another Columbarium, only now discovered, &
 into which we could not go, because the staircase was
 not sufficiently repaired yet since the discovery when
 it was found full of earth. It belonged to one only family
 (of Pompeius) & is quite intact, crocks & all except that a
 good many skulls were found in it, which have been left
 {direction}

Inghilterra

Mrs. Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

{written on the side}

which must have belonged to a time post
 erior to Nero, who I think, was the last
 emperor under whom Romans were burnt
 but these were still Pagan heads, of course.
 Mr. Bracebridge is still ill & not going out

yours ever, dear people

[end 7:273]

9016/58 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen [7:273-77]

Feb 24. 1848. Rome

Dearest people, On Sunday we went,
& I, to see two girls take the white veil
as novices in the order of St. Denis, one
of those devoted to education. When
we went into the chapel, there they
were kneeling ~~by~~ at the altar rail, with
their sponsor, Mme de Potemkin - and
the Cardinal ~~inside~~ at the altar. We
sat down close behind them. Mass
was said, parts being sung by the Nuns
& ~~they~~ postulants took the communion - when the
Litanies were said a lighted taper
was put into the hands of each of them - They
were exquisitely dressed, one in a
splendid embroidered white silk,
with a diamond coronet, & veil, the
other in white satin with a train,
a bridal wreath & veil - there
was nothing of trumpery on them,
it was in beautiful taste, & their
gowns were made high to the throat
They were *sisters*, of about 18 or 19
At intervals music of Otello &
the "Ah bello a me ritorna" of the
Norma was played, as if to allure
them back to the world they were
quitting, if the temptation could find
place -

I never in my life saw any thing like the perfect recueillement, & self possession of these girls. they had made up their minds, & there were evidently no regrets - It was impossible at first kneeling down behind them, they looked so like victims, to help crying - but they were calm, you never saw a bride half so calm, they knelt in that upright position without ever moving, the taper never flickered in their hands, the veil never trembled - they held that candle much more steadily than I now hold this pen - They were perfectly unconscious of the presence of a single soul - The Church might have been full, or it might have been quite empty, they knew nothing about it - their eyes never wandered once - & when they took the Sacrament, they really seemed communing with their inmost souls. I never saw any thing so remarkable - for you sometimes

have seen that complete ~~abstraction~~/ absence of the spirit produced by agitation, but in this case the abstraction from outward things was accompanied with the perfect possession of self. I shd not have trusted my own impressions, but , who is a staunch Protestant, had the same. They then listened to a sermon from a Camaldolese, which was neither good nor bad, with the same rapt attention - Next the Cardinal, whose voice was as stupid & indifferent as could well be, said Venite, figlie di Gesù, e ditemi cosa volete. & they walked up to the Altar, and kneeling down, said with a voice which neither quivered nor whispered, but in a perfectly natural tone, what they wanted, & what they were ready to perform. & /After this they disappeared within the Convent walls After a little while, they reappeared kneeling ~~at~~ /within the window by the altar, in the complete novice's dress - white band & veil, black gown &c, which made them look quite old, the bridal wreath was given by the Cardinal, placed upon their heads by the Superior,

& again with eyes which never wandered
& fixed countenances, not knowing or caring who
looked at them, they listened to their
Marriage act, received the Benediction,
& asked that of the Reverend Mother.
I could not see well what passed here -
but said there was the same deep
& earnest recueillement - After this,
they gave their last farewell to the world & vanished, & we could just
see
them embracing the nuns - The old
Cardinal followed. The order has
pensionnaires & orphans (poor children)
& day schools the same as the Sacré
Coeur, ~~but~~ their singing is very
inferior. I am very glad to have
seen them so close, as we did at
first - It was such a complete
contradiction (in their case) to the
ideas, which English cherish, of the
false enthusiasm or the constrained
will with which such vocations
are made.

Mr. Bracebridge still continues unwell,
so that we have not been out much -
But on Tuesday, & I had a most
delightful walk with our Colyar in
the Forum - He & Bunsen quite differ
from Nibby in their opinion of its shape -

He took us first to the Tarpeian rock, by a subterranean passage, which shewed the foundations of what Bunsen takes to be the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, he thinks it was on the Arx, & that Jup. Feretrius was where the Aracoeli now stands. but the Colyar rather inclines to Jup. Cap. on the Aracoeli, because it is said that Augustus built an altar to the Virgin & Child which he saw in a vision, in the temple of Jup. Cap. & marks of that altar still existed before the last reparation of the Aracoeli The Forum, accordg to Bunsen & him, extended not quite so far as Antonine & Faustina, at which end it was very narrow - & wider at the Capitoline end - Nibby, who makes it as wide as where S. Teodoro (the Temple of Vesta) stands, is quite ridiculous, for the Basilicæ, that of Paulus Æmilius on the one side, (now the Church of St. Adrian,) & that of Julius Cæsar on the other, of which the foundations have been lately discovered, mark the width - The 3 columns, farthest from the Capitol, Bunsen calls the Temple

of Minerva, (those which stand, I mean, nearest to the part of the Palatine where was Caligula's house) - they date from the time of the Antonines - a Græcostatis ~~filleg~~ where the Ambassadors were received, so called because the Ambassadors of the Greeks were the first known in Rome, may have stood there, but these 3 columns are not its ruins. they are the finest specimen of the Corinthian known - these 3 must have stood on the side - & the front faced Antonine & Faustina. SS. Cosmo e Damiano was the Temple of Remus - Antonine & Faustina is now the ~~Temple~~ Church of S. Lorenzo in Miranda.- From the Forum he took us to the top of the Temple of Peace - After letting us look though ~~that~~ the cleft into that enormous arch from the garden of the Conservatorio delle Mendicanti - ~~then~~ he brought us up a little winding stair, which perhaps there are not 10 people in Rome who know of, to the roof of Peace, from which you look over the whole of Rome - Oh lovely spot, when first you hear

of peace, you nestle under its most retired shadows, or walk beneath its broad arches, & feel the profoundest rest & safety - but when you have taken courage & are stronger, you no longer keep within its shades, & look out from them upon the blue sky - but you mount upon the heights of peace, & no longer half trembling, & still hiding, you ~~survey~~/ examine sans peur & sans reproche from these secure heights the whole world which can no longer harm you, & bask in the bright sun & open air & under the free heaven - Happy they who have reached them - We had a most lovely walk up there - a splendid view of the Coliseum - through a loop hole of the stair coming down - and the fountain & the artichokes & the nice court & pigeon cotes of the Conser= vatorio made the foreground. I should not mind being a Mendicante there there are 80 of them, & they have splendid poultry yards & gardens Thence we went to S. Teodoro, but found him shut, so we looked at the Temple of Janus, (Sta Anastasia

where the Pope says mass as a simple priest at dawn of Xmas morning) is close by - at the *other* Temple of Vesta by Tiber's edge, & the Ponte Rotto - & close to Pte Rotto, the Colyar took us into the most lovely orange & lemon garden, with a balustrade upon the river & vases, all beautifully kept, & enormous old mimosas growing across the walks, a little fountain, the trees loaded with lemons, plenty of flowers, & looking upon the most beautiful view in all the world of the Tiber, the pulchrum littus of the Aventine, the Ponte Rotto, the Island of S. Bartolommeo - it was like fairy land, coming into this Arabian garden all at once - and it is to be let - oh what it would be to spend a summer there - we should enjoy life too much, at that rate, it belongs to friends of Mr. Colyar's & has a little tiny house with 2 or 3 rooms - I never saw such an enchanted bower = He took us back by the Theatro of Marcellus, & upon my asking for the Portico of Octavia, he took us into the Ghetto, such a curious place where it is, & then through

{written in the left margin of the first sheet}
all sorts of by streets & turnings, diving thro' Palaces & under arches home
thro; short cuts.

9016/59 unsigned letter, 3ff, pen [7:277-83]

February 28, Rome 1848

Dearest people, Your 3 letters of the 7th, 8th & 15th, are just come all together, because they were all directed via Marseilles - & so all waited for the same boat. They were very welcome - The B's talk of going this day fortnight March 13 but they never think of their route home till the day before they start, which please tell Aunt Patty, who asked me - this makes me incapable of answering her question.

I have been up the dome of St. Peters with the goodnatured old Colyar, as did not wish to go - I went thinking it was to be a sight, & sight =seeing, you know I abaw, but oh that mighty shrine, I have dreamed of nothing else since - And to begin, we went up the steps, I in a rage all the way because they were lined with inscriptions, commemorating the event that this crowned head & that ~~had~~ onorò la basilica Vaticana on such & such a year with his presence - honoured St. Peters, honoured M. Angelo! can the human love of baseness, & slavery any farther go? but it is a passionate love, we all know - so let that pass. We reached the roof, & here we saw other parties of English going up, so my dear old friend would not let me go, but kept

me on the roof, till the plagues of Egypt had passed by - & when I saw what it was when we did go up, I was very glad he had done so - So we walked up & down between the cloud of witnesses on the roof, that little heavenly city - & then we walked along the top of the great golden roof of the nave, which lies there like a long back, of some sleeping Leviathan, & is so thick that even if the wooden roof above were to burn, it could not. He opened a trap door to shew me its thickness, & the dome is 2 feet thicker - & through this little hole we looked down upon the pavement of the church itself - worlds below us it seemed, but that was nothing - Presently we began to mount, & came out upon the first gallery in the dome, below the great oblong windows. & we walked slowly round it - I looked down, & I saw a world, an earth in the far distance, little ~~vision~~ figures as it were men, kneeling & praying, & their priests standing between them & every altar - & I saw glow worms round St. Peters shrine, but no sound came up to me - & it seemed to me as if I had flown up from the earth, & the world had passed away, & I looked up

& saw the Padre Eterno - above our heads -
& it took away all power of thought - my mind
was too much out of breath to
speak to me - & all it could say was
Sancte Michael Angele, ora pro nobis -
as Erasmus did of Socrates - Then we
went up to the second gallery above that
range of windows, where the dome begins
to spring - and here it seemed as if
we were at once in the company of
heaven - all those Angels & Archangels,
& the Apostles, & the little cherubim
& Seraphim & all the host of heaven -
& just below them, in the lunettes, those
beautiful Mosaics of the Doctors of the
Church all looking up - No Jewish woman
going up to her first passover at Jerusalem ever
felt a deeper & more awful conviction
of the presence of God there than this, the
greatest offering of the greatest
Christian genius, inspires - And again
I thought that architecture was
perhaps the worthiest tribute - (because
the farthest from actual imitation, -
which must fall, oh so far short
of even our ideal,) from man to God -
The exquisite, the wonderfully beauti=
ful curve of that dome, ~~which~~ I
should have had no idea of, if I had
not gone up - it is so incomparably

elegant, it gives one such an idea of grace & of ~~power~~ strength, that it is like one of the works of God himself - surely so beautiful a line never was imagined before - It looks as if it must have been so easy to have made it, because it must have grown so - it was natural for the stones to have formed themselves into that shape, & they must have liked it. But when you look down & see where you are, see that dome resting mid heaven, only supported by those four arches, & such arches, with their mighty span, then you realize something of the genius which, coming from God, walked upon the winds & planted its temples there. St. Peter walked upon the waters, & he fainted & sunk. his courage failed him, ~~filleg~~ why did St. Michael Angelo when he placed his dome let alone, one poor body upon the airs, & looked down & saw the Space between him & the earth, he neither trembled nor shook, but left his daring flight a wonder & an inspiration to all the nations of the world. He laid the beams of God's chambers in the airs, & if he was afraid, we have not seen it.

-2-

We went up another story, & looked into the lantern, & up at the padre Eterno & then we came out upon the little gallery *outside* round the lantern - & seemed to look upon all Italy & the lovely windings of the Tiber, & Soracte no longer lone, but the last pearl of the string of Apennines - & no sound of pain or pleasure came up from the mighty land, nothing but the plashing of the Eternal fountains - as we stood upon this solitary witness, making ~~which~~ ~~made~~ the clouds its chariot - ~~it was~~ we did seem flapped by the wings of the wind, which hold up this mighty emblem of the Unseen, & we were obliged to go in - We went up to the top of the little tent above the lantern & then the Colyar asked me if I wd go into the ball - I was a little frightened, I own, & when I got up I thought nothing on earth wd ever get me down again, but I thought it would be disrespectful to M. Angelo not to see all that he had built to shew us - so I scrambled up a perpendicular iron ladder - which goes, you know, through the neck of the ball, & where there is not room, to put your hands on each side of the ladder

so you must hold on to the step above you -
& I stood in the ball, itself - just under
the highest cross, the emblem of our earthly faith
which has been raised the nearest heaven
in the world - Can a human soul ever
forget such a moment? My dear old
patient friend let me walk round
both the galleries again (in the inside
of the dome) as we came down, and,
unwearied ever, waited till I had done,
or at least till I was ashamed of
not having done, & took me out upon
the ledge which, you know, runs all
round the church just below where
the golden roof of the nave begins -
It coasts along under the Evange=
lists which occupy the 4 corners (?)
of the dome - & there I saw the
enormous scale they were upon - all
the little spots /jewels in the tiara (& keys
under) were enormous bumps, & the
pen in St. Matthew's hand was
6 feet long - & yet when I looked
across at St. John opposite, so beautiful
is the effect of the Mosaic at a
distance, so perfect the proportions
of the dome, that I could not persuade
myself he was companion to the one I
was standing under - not all one's

reason can convince one - the pieces of the Mosaic look like Wooden pavement bits - both here & in the dome. the rooms & galleries, (full of old frescoes & bas reliefs) which run wild among the domes & roofs of St. Peter's, are like weeds, innumerable - In one are all M. Angelo's models, made by himself that his death might not interrupt the finishing of the dome, with models even for the scaffolding, to regild the dome when necessary, & to repair, without making holes for it. Now really that does seem to me like working for the glory of God, for posterity & not for one self, - a man working for his own glory wd not have thought of these things

he would as soon the world shd have said, look what it must have been when it was new, as what it is. There were some models too of that clever scaffolding, which moves about upon wheels, & of the bridge which moves all along the roof of the nave, when they want to repair it - I am not quite sure whether these are by M. Angelo - There is also a model, which I do not like, of a St. Peter's with two campaniles, by Julius II's architect, wh. wd have been half as long again as the present - a great unwieldy thing

Well, down we came again, à mon grand regret, & I saw a poor little thing just born washed & anointed, which is called baptizing it - & Mr. Colyar shewed me the door, which will be knocked down next Xmas Eve but one for the Holy Year of 1850 & Giotto's Navicella in the atrium & then we walked home by the Porta Ripetta.

Now I wonder whether, if identity be preserved in the next world, I shall know M. Angelo - this was Feb 25 - the day before, & I & he, I mean the Colyar, not the M. Angelo, went to the Capitoline pictures - which I shall however say I have not seen - for otherwise I shall be murdered - The Guercino Sybil - oh don't pike me, I was so ashamed of myself & disappointed, she looks to me like a woman drunken with wine, writing a song - Inspiration, why there is none, even the colouring, Guercino's colouring of brown & blue & red, seemed hard - She is not even a poetess, a mere coarse flesh & blood woman - and, let me avow my heresies before I come home, (I wish I had never seen them, but as I have, I must "testify") Domenichino's Sybil at the Borghese is just as pure clay as the other (to me) Guercino's St. Petronilla is here, wherein

the solid Saint, in heavy court dress of satin & brocade, kneels upon a flimsy cloud & is presented at the heavenly Drawing room.

The only picture which I can remember, of all those in the Capitol, is a Hagar & Abraham - the expression of unrequited love in her face & of the sense of ill usage in Ishmael's, repressing all grief & disdaining to complain, is beautiful with the physical likeness between mother & child preserved - But it is not equal to our old love at Brera.

We went to have one more look at the Dying Gladiator, which however, if I never see again, I can never forget - & the magnificent head of Alexander in the same room & the Antinous, who with his vague expression of melancholy & his excessive beauty is a wonderful contrast in every thing to the Gladiator, who is positively ugly. The impression with him always is, one more gasp, & he will fall.

The red Faun is in the next room, with the merry goat, wanting to have his share of the grapes, but putting his foot on the basket, because he thinks his master has had enough - The fat boy, called Hercules, I hope you cannot bear. The young head of Marcus Aurelius is my delight.

Across the Capitol Mr. Colyar took us to look at M. Angelo's house, which is on that steep descent - you look through the door, under a frescoed passage, into a lovely little délabré

court yard, with 3 arches & a fountain, whence I drank, & brought away a fern - I could have kissed the stairs - it was like a dream - just the sort of place I should have expected him to choose - but now so ramshackle - Then he took us into a still dirtier place behind the Capitol, on the Tarpeian side of it, to see the real & only republican remains of the fortifications of the Capitol, a few huge blocks resting on the steep bare rock - it was up a narrow alley - Then we went through the Ghetto, in order to gratify our love of dirty places - when they were flooded last year by the Tiber, Pius IX went himself to provide lodgments for them, outside - opened two holes in the wall, which encloses them, to let out the water, & would not have them walled up again - We went through them. When he went to the Lateran, upon becoming Pope, for the ceremony there, (the Jews are obliged to come & beg permission of the Pontiff at the Arch of Titus for longer residence in Rome) ~~but~~ he said that he would never submit to such a ceremony, from his Jewish subjects, & they were so pleased that they placed a band of music on a platform dressed with the Papal colours near the Arch - We went to Palazzo Costaguti which is close to Sta Maria del Pianto to see the Time unveiling Truth, but they have just now furnished it, (in such a funny way)

& are living in the room where it is - so that we could not see it - only the Rinaldo & Arminda. He took us home by all sorts of windings to avoid the Corsi, which is our abhorrence {K. has only 1 r} [Corso?]

Saturday 26th, I went to St. Peter's before breakfast, to thank for my pleasure of the day before - At 12 o'clock I went up to my friend, the nun of the Trinità, who keeps the poor school, & from whom I hope I learn a good deal about the management of children - they have the art of interesting their hearts so much - In the afternoon

& I called upon Ly Lindsay - & then we took Mr. Bracebridge a drive to the Villa Borghese - he does not get much better The gallery of statues in the Casino Borghese I think is very stupid surely - The Carnival began this afternoon, with the horse races, but we did not "honour" it with our presence.

I am obliged to write these sorts of stupid notes to enlarge upon when I get home - as I have not time to do more here. What the nun teaches me I must tell you then - so this shall be merely a diary - ~~on Tuesday~~

Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon we took Mr. Bracebridge out to the Forum, & went into S. Toto, (S. Teodoro) which is always shut. It belongs now to the Confraternità dei Sacconi Bianchi, who are all the great princes of Rome - & in the cemetery we saw all their skulls sitting upon their crossed legs, no other bone remaining

ranged upon shelves against the wall and ticketed the old ones lying in heaps (without any tickets) Who can see such a sight as this, & care what becomes of his body? That article in the Creed, "the Resurrection of the body", I never see, hear nor teach, without thinking of all the harm it has done. When the cemetery is full, the old fellows are turned up, & located in this way. & I wandered an hour in the temple of Venus & Rome; & this Coliseum - but after having seen the Martyrs Catacombs & the dying Gladiator, I find it quite impossible to have or get up any feeling but of aversion for the Coliseum - we went in to SS. Cosmo e Damiano to hear a médiocre sermon from a friar, & into S. Adriano, where I found a Sunday school going on - such a Sunday school - a Camaldolese ~~(illeg)~~ /thumping his boys on the head with the sacred cincture round his sacred waist - some lay teachers doing nothing with theirs - some people standing round laughing - all the boys playing - another Camaldolese haranging his girls in a very lively manner - the Forum is such a nice quiet place for a Sunday afternoon - & we went into two sweet little round churches on our way home, Sta Maria di Loretto on the Foro Trajano, & Le Vergini, both with such harmonious colouring - such beautiful ceilings - no white patches nothing discordant, & then I went to my
Benediction. [end 7:283]

9016/60 unsigned letter & direction, 1f, pen, postmarked: ROMA 3MARS
48 AUTRICHE Beau FR. 2 DE BALE 12 MARS 48 [ILLEG} ROMSEY MR 12 1848 B}

March 3. 1848. Rome - [7:284-85]

Dearest people I send you my account of the Abbess of Minsk I wrote for you because I have not time to write to day - I forgot to tell you the Sicilian news in my last ~~letter~~ which was bad - the people had taken the sbirri out of the prisons & murdered 33 in cold blood - Ruggiero the 7th protested against it & tried to take up Sangallo, the ringleader - he got up a counter revolution, & luckily was killed in the scuffle. An Austrian ship came into port & tried to land, but the popular authorities sent to implore them not, as they could not answer for their safety - & the people broke into the fortress in the night, & pointed the guns at her, but fortunately were prevented - However things are quiet now {edge of the page is missing}{bu}t there is no more news - the Herberts are going to Palermo in the Superb, Capt. Corrie's ship, from Naples, so that he must think it safe - People seem to dread the total separation of Sicily, but Pius will never let it come to that.

A deputation from N. York consisting of a Major Smith & Mr. Brown, were presented to the Pope the other day, with an address of congratulation from New York - which purported to come from Protestants chiefly. He answered that sympathy was as dear to him from Protestants as from Catholics, & that in his prayers for the church, which he offered daily at the throne of God, he included *all who were Xtians*, as well as the members of his own church.

{direction}

Inghilterra

Mrs. Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hampshire

It is said that the Roman Constitution will be out in a week - the upper chamber to consist of bishops & laymen, the lower of the Consulta di Stati - no Cardinals to be of the Upper Chamber - that the Pope will not receive a minister here without reciprocity, & that he told Mr. Harcourt he would not send any one to England but an Archbishop - in that case Ld Eglintoun has made a fine mess. -

All this ~~about~~ is only an on dit, mind - from Abbate Hamilton, whom we don't trust - he says that the Pope might have sent a layman to England, but that he will not be legislated to -

Lord Minto was to sail for Sicily to day.

9016/61 [Keele LI 271-73] unsigned letter, 1f, pen {arch: March 8th, 1848}

Ash Wednesday - Rome - 1848 **[7:285-87]**

(We have not even been to see the Pope put ashes on his head)

My dear people, This is only to tell you that the Pope is not deposed not likely to be, as we see in Galignani, that the most perfect order reigned during the Carnival, though a row was expected last night, that the Guardia Civica *invited* the people, in sympathy with the misfortunes of their brethren in Lombardy, not to have the "moccoletti" last night, & that the mob, prompt to every good feeling, not only would not have moccoletti themselves, but caused the few that were lighted to be put out.

We are so full of the French news that we can think, speak or hear of nothing else - the more so, as we know little & what little we do know turned out to be all false - The great news only reached Rome on the 3rd, you will observe, then already stale to you - & the news was that L. Philippe, Nemours & Montpensier were all either dead or mortally wounded - Now, on the 8th, we hardly know anything certain about the Republic - But you will not wish

to hear anything about our conjectures,
& I only hope that your English letters
will tell us the French news. You
know that I am such an inborn
republican, that I could not but
rejoice - altho' I suppose it is all
not for the best, but for the worst -
& that a republic cannot stand - We
have all sorts of reports about republics
in Belgium, insurrections in Hungary,
fire & blood in London - Pity our
ignorance - There is no truth in the
report of the invasion of Lombardy by
Piedmont - the last Naples news is
that Messina is still bombarded, (&
half destroyed by the shells) by the King's
troops, & the English fleet is still
waiting at Naples, with Ld Minto aboard
for the King to give him such terms to
take to the Sicilians as they will accept - the Neapolitan
Ministry has resigned, & the new one,
not yet named, is expected to be either
ultra Sicilian, or willing to give no
terms at all. There is no truth in the
report that the King is in prison - A
revolution in Lombardy cannot but be expected.

Our plans are quite uncertain, except that our house ~~has been~~ / is given up, & we flit on Monday, probably to Frascati for change of air for Mr. Bracebridge - He has been out today for the first time It has been rheumatic gout - We have seen nothing of the Carnival, & I have literally nothing to tell you of Rome - Rome lives in France at this moment - After Frascati we do not know what we shall do - probably Florence, if not too cold for Mr. Bracebridge - at all events, write there, please; we can but have the letters forwarded - & I shall leave word at Rome to do the same - we must come back home from Frascati, you know, if only to go to Civita Vecchia - We shall most likely return by Paris, as she seems to be perfectly quiet, & we want to see the fun - But we have no plans yet at all - nothing settled - Every thing depends upon Mr. Bracebridge - Rome is probably the quietest place in ~~the~~ Europe at this moment. What wonderful times these are - and how aghast stood we the other day when

a friend of mine, at the moment that the fate of an enormous nation ~~of~~ was at stake said, I hope it won't delay the post to England. Oh Louis Philippe - dared one say ~~that~~ / where the vengeance of heaven lighted? what, all your treasures! However, we really know nothing - meanwhile, we are as busy about the birth of human infants, as if ~~this~~ national infants were not trembling into life - & is going to stand proxy to Mrs. Crawford's bab tonight, the first time we have been out these 6 weeks. Au revoir, dearest people, certainly before Easter - thank dearest At Mai for her letter - it made such a curious effect upon me, because *that very mornng* a nun had said to me the *very same* words which she, the free & generous thinker, wrote. Truly the day will come when there will be neither bond nor free, neither Catholic nor Protestant - We are winding up our affairs - but have seen nothing for the last ten days. I will write again before we leave Rome - I have been driving out a good deal with that poor French - Auf Wiedersehen - we are bonny - I have no time for more - **[end 7:287]**

9016/62 - letter by some one else the Bracebridges?, Dear Embley friends all. Bac 112. 1 March and 2 March

9016/63 [Keele LII, Keele 273-77] unsigned letter, 2ff, pen [7:287-89]

Albano - March 16

My dearest people, In this grave scompiglio they say that some of our poor little stupid letters have been burnt - small matter for that - but I hope you have not been anxious - if such has been the case - I had your two (of Feb 28 & Mar 3) last night, from Rome - Our plans are quite unsettled, but I promise you that we have no idea of running any danger. We came here with our two invalids on Monday, when we gave up our house, upon a regular equinoctial day of gales & rain, & have had nothing else ever since we came - But such is the power of change of air, upon some people, that Mr. Bracebridge is already riding about, & Mrs. Mills, with the assistance of two arms, positively walked upstairs today - Our beloved Palazzo dello Sdrucchiolo is given up - but the present idea is to return to Rome on Monday to a hotel, there to have a Consultation of the doctors whether Mrs. Mills is likely soon to be return= able to England, in which case, if she

is persuadable, we shall wait for her,
& bring her home with us, via Florence,
Marseilles (by sea) & Paris, if that road
is feasible - But of course all depends
upon circumstances - she herself is as
anxious to stay abroad as it is impru=
dent for her to do so. We hear from
good authority that no passports
whatever are given to foreigners to
cross the Lombardo Venito, otherwise
we should think of Milan & Basle,
after which the rest of the way is easy
enough - But you may be quite sure
that we shall *do nothing* imprudent
with such an invalid, & I hope &
trust we shall be home before
Easter whichever way we go -
The cold here is something wonderful
to us Romans, & the wind whistles
through the olives from the sea into
my poor old bones, - as cold as March
is anywhere - But luckily none of
~~my~~ our people mind cold. It reminds
me of the inn at Gavarnie, though
we have no snow - but then ~~we~~
neither have we but one camino.

I have no fancy for beginning our Roman life again, now we have broken up our chains there - yet one more look at St. Peters will be pleasant (NB I am sorry you frightened yourselves - I did not take that moonlight tramp alone, our poor good stupid Guisepe, a sort of honourable Saget, was with me but I did not think it necessary to write that) there are many things still left unseen however in Rome, the Coliseum by moonlight, the Vatican by torch light, & indeed much of the Vatican at all - we shall be very glad to do these - We were sorry to be here just at this time for yesterday the Constitution came out at Rome, & there was ~~to be~~ the Corso dressed up, & Guardia Civica going to the Pope, & thanksgivings & what not? for the people were quite satisfied & delighted with their Pio for it & nothing can have been done or received with more grace - for it was promised before any body had asked for it, or could say he was driven to it. & the French scompiglio seems to have produced no contre coup whatever here - there was not the slightest agitation among the people - & Rome, as I told you

was probably the quietest place in Europe at the time. The Jesuits are turned out of Naples, & *it is said* that the Pope has ordered that there is to be no more noviciate here, but that they are to die off naturally, without what would be called persecution, or depriving them of their biens, as has been done at Naples. But do not trust to Albano news. The post here opens & shuts when it is its pleasure - but I hope to get a copy of the Constitution before this goes - as I cannot tell whether the following is correct. that there is to be a House of Peers, not Cardinals, ~~chosen~~ but nobility of a certain income - the Cardinals are so angry that 8 of them applied for permission to leave Rome - Yes, said Pius, lasciando la porpora & your rentes, you may leave Rome - & there was no more heard about it - that the Cardinals are only to be employed upon ecclesiastical matters - that the House of Commons is to be about an hundred - & the electoral franchise is fixed at some thing very low - But all this is only Albanese news - How glorious however if Pius have really done all that is said he has.

We have just extracted a Constitution by means of hot pincers out of the Post master's bowels, (that Constitution he having taken out of somebody else's letter,) & galloped thro' it, as we were only allowed to commit larceny for ten minutes. I cannot therefore tell you the details, but the gist of it was this - two chambers, (1) the Alto Consiglio members nominated for life by the Pope, out of persons possessing 4000 scudi annual income, - prelates, ministers - & other functionaries specified - to be above 30 years of age - (2) the Consiglio dei Deputati, (one to 50,000 inhabitants approssimativamente,) {K. omits the last e} the electoral franchise to be a capital of 300 scudi, or paying taxes to the amount of \$12 - the deputies to be elected from persons having a capital of \$3000 or paying taxes to the amount of \$100 or from among certain functionaries specified - quadriennial parliaments, the other circumstances which undo a Parlt or a M.P. much like ours. their deliberations to be *public*, their blue books to be *published* - the ministers or a number of members amounting to 10 to propose a bill - all the money to be voted by the chamber, excepting a

{part of the letter is missing}

With regard to the Constitution here, the clause of the Concistoro Segreto is only a way of letting down their Eminences with honour, & to have relieved these of all civil & political powers, which they had usurped since the time of Hildebrand is probably the boldest act Sovereign ever performed - but the bravest is the safest now. The nobility here, as you must know, is as keen for ~~liberty~~ / reform as the people, having at least as much to gain, in being freed from the ecclesiastical yoke - The taxes, mentioned in the franchise

I believe, are governmental, not municipal, which wd make the elective franchise rather higher, so that it probably includes householders, or the lower middle class

You know ~~the~~ *one other* {K. has the other} scheme for the Constitution (Ventura's) was to have had the upper house of Cardinals, which wd have perpetuated all their abuses, or a third to have had it of Cardinals, but with only jurisdiction upon things ecclesiastical & *mixed*, which would have made ~~the~~ practically the inconvenience of *one* house.

I have no time for more - but Mr. B. has written to Mr. Reeve - ask him to show you the letter.

I do not much wish to see Florence or any other place on our way home, I should like to keep my vision of Rome as a purely distinct & undivided recollection of my life, a jewel for which no setting is wanted, for which no setting is sufficiently valuable, Rome alone, isolated, lifted up, like a queen whom no meaner thing is permitted to approach, an island in the sea, is how I should like to keep her, & to go home as we came out, without any other aim or object to divide our attention. I do not mean that I shall mind the tedious journey, we are so anxious to bring poor Mrs. Mills home, if persuadable - but I do not wish to see any thing else - I am satisfied.

This has been written at little scraps of intervals, dear people. **[end 7:289]**

9016/64 [Keele LIII 277-80] unsigned letter, 2ff, pen [7:290-92]

Albano. March 17. ['48]

My dearest people, I am going to write you a very stupid letter from the Città di Parigi at Albano, instead of telling you, as you expect, of Roman revolutions, of dynasties destroyed & republics enthroned. No such thing - we are quietly adoring our Pius & nursing our invalids, - riding on donkeys instead of dynasties, and generating not republics, but galvanic shocks - We are discovering Alba Longa, & not popular rights - & finding out that the modern Alba is very nearly as much in the background as the ancient, since the only newspaper to be had today (Friday) is the Pallade of Monday, 16 miles, as you know, from Rome - & in our savage Celtic impatience to know about the Constitution having sent many a time & oft to the post, we were told that the post master might be found at the Caffè but no where else, at which said Caffè he was reading Monday's Gazzetta di Roma - The Constitution was out on Tuesday. We have scarcely had two hours without rain since we came, these equinoctial gales are tremendous here

tomorrow we go to Frascati - But in spite of rain & wind Mr. Bracebridge & I have managed to settle the site of the Acropolis of Alba to our satisfaction, just above Marino, halfway between Castel Gandolfo & Palazzuolo - The little lake looked dark & solemn enough, with the clouds actually resting on its hills, but that left the more to the imagination - if you can fancy *your* lake of Albano performing the transmigration of souls into the Lac d'Oo, you will have a good idea of *my* lake of Albano - but there were lovely gleams on the sea, & what a position, oh ye Etruscans of old, looking down upon little Rome in the distance, - plain, ~~& lake~~ & sea & river, & mountains, - it has every thing - There was all the Campagna plain, giving an idea of such vastness under that fine desolate sky, such immense space, that I felt like the flight into Egypt with our somarello, & as if the desert at least was before us to be traversed. then sheer down to the little lake on the other side - an artificial terrace having been made by these Etruscans along which the town of Alba Longa stretched for a mile - & above the little knoll of this noble

Acropolis, where the hewn stones still are to be seen, determining the position, since they are of the true Etruscan make, angular {sketch} & a little bit of road, cut through the rock - You know Palazziolo was thought to have been Alba Longa, but Sir W. Gell has determined it here - Then you have the whole sea horizon, & we could see the Tiber, overflowing its banks far & wide, making a vast Estuary into the sea at Ostia, so fine it looked like the Hudson at least. & all the range of the Lucretilis to Monte Cavo, up which went the Via Triumphalis for the Ovations, & at the top the substructions [?] of the temple of Jupiter in Latialis, where Juno stood to see the battle, where we hope to stand on the first fine day - where the Feriæ Latinæ were held, and afterwards the Roman Ovations where Cæsar stood / triumphed, & now the Passionisti pray - Beautiful little Rocca di Papa crowns its peaked hillock at the bottom - We went down to Marino, which was the boundary between the Savelli & the Colonna, the Savelli having a fortress at Castel Gandolfo, & possessing all the ground South of it, & dividing almost the whole Papal states with the Colonna - who had their stronghold at Palestrina - The handsome houses, the

beautiful architecture of all the villages is so striking, all the misery & dirt is in the people, the habitations are palaces, the inhabitants are beggars, but you hardly ever see a cottage - Yesterday we drove out poor Mrs. Mills, who wished to go, spite of rain & wind, in a pouring storm, through L'Arícia, beautiful L'Arícia, which now occupies the knoll which its citadel alone occupied before, to Genzano. there we drove to the Poste, but the Poste being perfectly uninhabitable, we were sent to the "coffee =house & billiard room." We got out at a dark low door, & saw before us a flight of stairs such as Mrs. Mills had certainly never seen before - but, nothing daunted, she went up backwards, & I supporting her under each shoulder. At the top was a dark hole, into which our Conducteur dived, & thumped & shook with all his might at 2 doors successively - no answer, & we were at our wits' end, expecting her every moment to faint - At last we effected an entrance, & found a fire, to our great delight, & the room full of people, but, though they sat with closed doors, unlike the usual habits of coffee rooms, they were very hospitable to us when once we had got in. There we stayed

awhile at least I managed to go up to the top of the town, & look down upon the little lake of Nemi, in its mantle of mist, & then drove back to Albano.

Mrs. Mills was, wonderful to say, not much / ~~none~~ the worse for her adventure. Today we have not been out, but I have paddled to Aruns' tomb, Porsena's son, who was killed in their attack upon Aricia during the retreat from Rome - a great ugly Etruscan thing with five ruined cones.

We amuse ourselves with watching the vain attempts of two lions in the yard to spit into a stone basin. they look so earnest, with their noses pointed, so hard at work, especially the right hand one - but the wind takes their spouts & blows them in every direction but the right one, & they look so foolish. Ly Lindsay came here, from weaning her baby & is not very well. Ld Lindsay hard at work upon his Lives of the Lindsays. They have a magnificent dining room, about 50 ft long, this hotel having been the villa of Cardinal Corsini. We were to have made expeditions with them, but you see theyre are no expeditions to be made.

Now what can I tell you, dear people, about our last days at Rome? we saw so little at last, {K. omits at last} that there is really but little to tell.

9016/65 [Keele LIV 281-84] unsigned letter, 2ff, pen [7:292-95]

Rome Hotel d'Angleterre
Lady Day - 1848

My dearest people Do you hear the sound
of the cannon in Lombardy? Every shot
seemed to me a cry of Triumph from
Confalonieri in cielo. The blood of
such martyrs is never spilt in vain.
It is sown in the earth like Deucalion's
stones & armed men spring up
from it - All the Lombards & Roman
volunteers went off from here yes=
terday. to Milan, I am afraid to
write particulars, for fear the good
news should not be true - hitherto
we have had nothing but reports
but before this letter goes, we must
hear - Oh what a year this is! If
1848 sees the foreigners out of Italy,
what an age to live in! I think
the kingdom of God is coming.

We came back on Thursday from
Albano & Frascati, where I had

almost eaten my soul out, as no news reaches these remote fastnesses - & it is four days post from Albano to Rome - so all Europe might have been unking'd, for what I knew. we were there from the 13th till the 23rd when we came back, we passed the Coliseum, there was an enormous crowd - Mr. B & I got out - we could hardly force our way into the recinto - through the dense mass of heads and tricolors, we saw a priest preaching, we heard the sounds against the Austrians - it was a Crusade - he was surrounded by the banners of the Guardia Civica, the tricolours of Italy. it was an arrulamento of the names of the volunteers who would march into Lombardy - Ciceruacchio pressed forward and wrote his name down first - no, no,

cried the crowd, you shall not go,
you must stay & take care of Rome.
& he was obliged to retire - his son
went in his stead. Gravazzi, the [Gavazzi]
monk, went on preaching - a crusade
against the forestiero - & offered to
go with them as their chaplain &
he is gone - then Ciceruacchio spoke -
then a Dottor Masi - & lastly a
common peasant improvised -
there was another arruolamento at
St. Peter's - yesterday they left
Rome & went up the Tiber by steam
as far as Rieti to march from thence. I went to see
Madame Confalonieri - she believed
that every Austrian was out of
Lombardy - & that Lombardy was
going to put herself under the King
of Piedmont, making one kingdom,
except Venice, who wished for a
republic - She was going to set off

for Milan, though Radetsky was still in the citadel there. Today we hear that the Austrians are bombarding Milan, that 7/30,000 Piedmontese have marched to her rescue, that 30,000 Neapolitans have sailed for Genoa, & that they/se are to fight it out with the Austrians. Can there be such a thing as a pitched battle in these days? The Viceroy is certainly gone - & the D. of Modena has been obliged to fly, & Modena has given herself up to the Pope - Verona, Mantua, Pavia are said to be still in the hands of the ~~insurgents~~ / Austrians. The constitution granted by the Emperor has been torn down every where, è troppo tardi', they said. What of all this is true Heaven only knows - but before 1848 is out, there will not, cannot be an Austrian left on this side the Alps.

When the Pope first heard the news,
he sat for some time in perfect
silence, weighed down with thought.
then he started up & cried, Viva
Pio Nono - And long live the
courage which does not shrink from
the consequences of his own great
deeds - What days are these - I
should like to see the Austrians out
of Italy before I go - All the Austrian
arms, every thing like an eagle has
been torn down here, & burnt in the
Piazza del Popolo - This was unwise,
still the sympathy for the Lombards
would do you good to see - Italy is
now all one nation - Galletti, the
Minister of Finance, said to the Pope
yesterday, I shall not see the
issue of all this, I have all the
dirty work to do, & am too old
(he is 70) to see the clearance -

You will, said the Pope - i popoli
hanno i loro diritti, i Re hanno scordato
i diritti dei popolo - Se avessero
quel che ho io consigliato
sei mesi fa, sarebbe accaduto
quel che è accaduto - hanno scordato
i diritti del popolo - e pagheranno
il fio - e voi le vedrete - vivrete
abbastanza. - He is gay & cheerful,
good sign - Now awake
~~Our~~, dear people, leave all meaner
things such as the care of how we
are to get home - get home, to be
sure, we shall come home as safe
as possible - & to shew you how
prudent we are, we are going on
Wednesday to Florence, there to
consult with the Herberts on the
best way of landing our precious
bodies in England. to deliberate

with undistracted attention (but
oh! how I should like to pull a
trigger against the Austrian first)
& if we cannot come home with
perfect safety by France, (sailing
to Marseilles), or by Trieste, (sailing
from Ancona), we intend coming
back by sea all the way - so admire
our prudence & trust in our
cowardice - The Herberts are
come back from Naples & Palermo -
they joined us at Frascati, and
returned to Rome with us - their
sentiments are very different from
mine, as you may guess, on European
matters, no matter. Oh if you
could have seen, as I did, the old
Coliseum, with its hair standing
on end, standing aghast in mute
surprise, with the shades of the
beasts & the Emperors staring at
the crusade which was preached

within its walls -

No time for more, dear people - we start tomorrow before it is light for Civita Vecchia, stop a day at Pisa & then to Florence. There were 5 days fighting at Milan, from the 18th to the 23rd, & then the citadel was formally surrendered into the hands of the Milanese people, Alone they did it. None to help - Radetsky is prisoner - Venice is free - The rest of Lombardy is still in the hands of the Austrians - Milan was full of troops - imagine an unaided unorganized people doing this - Oh that I should live to see this day -

I have been so occupied with the poor French since I came back from Frascati that I have had no time for anything else - We do not bring Mrs. Mills with us - She cannot make up her mind. The Herberts started this morning by land for Florence - I will write from Pisa - au revoir, dearest people.

9016/66 [Keele LV 287-88] unsigned letter, 1f, pen {arch: ?1847}
[1848]

Paris Hotel Wagram

Mardi 11 Avril [7:312-13]

Yes, dearest people, here we are,
in obedience to the wishes of anxious
friends, we have passed the Rubicon,
& here we are in the centre of
danger & destruction, which is
as dull as ditch water - The letter
that I wrote you from Rome on
the 28th we brought ourselves to
Marseille - & this is how it was -
on landing at Leghorn the
consul told us that we could
pass France then, but he could
not *guarantee* it some days
later - the Elections were then
fixed for the 9th, we were
all wild to go to Florence,
because we could not bear to
leave Italy before the Austrians,
& I wanted then to go there
politically - All the troops
& volunteers were just leaving
Leghorn for Lombardy - & why
should not we go too? My

heart leaped to be gone into
my mother's bosom, Italian
independence - & I longed to go
& make up cartouches too -
A consultation was held in the
passage - I was just washing
myself after a night spent on
deck. as the ship was so full,
we had not taken off our clothes -
but I was called out into the
passage to deliberate - a fit
of duty seized us - we thought
we would do the disagreeable
thing & cause all the world to
admire our prudence - we
re=embarked with tears in
our eyes - and 14 hours
more (of a horrid passage) saw
us at Marseille - thence we
scrabbled on *by rail & omnibus*
to Avignon - *by diligence*, 14
hours, to Valence, *by boat* to
Givors - there we learnt the

road to Bourges was broken
up - *by rail* to Roanne, whence
we meant to go to Digouan,
& drop down the Loire to Orleans,
but there we learnt that the
steam boats were stopped -
we met some English, whose
names I don't know now - &
~~took~~ /hired a diligence & voiturier
together as far as Moulins, 12 hours -
& next day an Omnibus as far
as Bourges, 14 hours - for the
road was like a ploughed field;
from Bourges we railed it
to Paris, though the republican
government has seized upon
the rail road for itself - At
Paris & I arrived yesterday,
Mr. Bracebridge having branched
off at Orleans to visit Mettray,
& here we are, & if you don't
cry out how good they are!
loud enough to be heard
in a very noisy au second

Rue Rivoli, I won't come
home at all - except to bite
you - Now are we not good?
At Avignon the cap of liberty
was hoisted on a pole - the
Mayor was a faquin - I cannot
tell you any more news, though
I am brim full, & curious news
I can tell you - Oh what a fairy
dream it is - but of all the
fairy tales that of Milan is
the most extraordinary - 600
unarmed men against 15000
Austrians - Mantua & Verona
are alone now in the stranger's
hands - glory be to God on high
& on earth peace - but
there seems little prospect
of that *here* - Mr. B. is not
yet returned from Mettray &
till he is, I cannot quite
tell *what day* I shall be home.
au revoir, dearest people - I
long to be with you - if it had
not been for your letter to Mrs.
Mohl, I shd not have heard
from you for a month - all
your letters, of course, are gone to Florence.

9016/67 [Keele LVI 291-310] unsigned letter, 9 ff, pen [7:296-312]

March 31 - 1848

We landed at Marseille - came on shore with a Frenchman, who had just passed through Lyons - where they were "dévalisant" every voyageur who had more than 500 fr. in "white money", & giving him Government "bons", which were worth 50 per cent then. but our friend, (who was returning from England, & had considerably more than 500 frs.) declared "qu'il le qualiferoit de vol," if they took his money, & escaped.

At Marseille no white money was to be had from the banker. Paper money was all we could have, & this could not be refused in payment, if the sum due was 100fr. (the lowest piece of paper money) but if change was to be given, the paper money would not pass - & trades people ~~had~~ begged you to leave their bills unpaid, rather than give you change -

At Avignon we saw the first Tree of Liberty, surmounted by the red cap - "l'arbre sans racines, & le bonnet sans

tête." Messageries *Royales* every where replaced by Messageries *Nationales*. & Hotel du Palais *Royal* also transformed. The new maire of Avignon was one of the old portefaix. There was a tremendous howling & moaning before daylight, in the morning - but just as we were deliberating whether we should creep out of our beds & under them, we were told that it was the Poles marching out of Avignon to help their own country, & that that was the Avignon fashion of serenading them, & wishing them an affecting farewell & a joyful triumph.

Comptoirs d'Escomptes were being established in every town - to lend money to the unfortunate manufacturers without security (upon three names at Marseille, 2 at Lyons) in order to enable them to carry on their commerce till better days - one third of the funds to be furnished by subscription, one third by ~~the Municipality of the town~~ /Government ~~plaity of the town~~ & one third by ~~bons~~ upon la ville - but the sub=

scriptions raised had rarely been enough -
& at St Etienne they had not subscribed
60,000 fr.

Valence 4 April. Every town is
obliged to furnish work to all workmen
as long as the Municipality can find
or make any. At Lyons the work
would not hold out two days - & as
all the workmen there are Communists,
they were already employing themselves
in taking disorderly soldiers out of
prison, & exhibiting them on balconies,
& other "niches" to the authorities.
We thought it best therefore, instead
of going on to Lyons, to stop at Vienne -
but the Captain of the steam boat
giving Mr. Bracebridge a private
hint that a row was expected there
(they turned out a regiment of
cavalry before morning) set us
ashore at Givors - a lady & 3 children
had been fired at, landing there a
few days ago, but only as an "agréable
gentillesse" & were not hurt. We
had heard that the road from Bourges

to Lyons was broken up - & the diligence no longer went - A friend, who came by the last, told us that he had to walk 5 hours during the night & had lost his boots in the mud. We went by rail road ~~from~~ therefore from Givors to Roanne, on which (being a coal rail road,) the voyageurs are "en dernière ligne" - consequently, we pursued our way sometimes by endless chain, sometimes by steam, sometimes by horses, sometimes descending hills by our own weight.

At St. Etienne the people had attempted to set fire to certain convents, & the Municipality had been obliged to send them all a garrison to protect them - The people did not attack the rich convents, but only the poor ones - because these supported themselves by their own work, & not only themselves, but divers establishments, one a school for the deaf & dumb, another for orphans, a third for penitents &c - & these good nuns, in weaving, sewing &c, undersold the

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workmen - The Municipality had signified to the convents an order that they were to work no more - & one of these poor women said, with tears in her eyes, that they were literally starving & not only they, but all their poor children.

Roanne April 5 -

We meant to have gone to Digouan {K. has Digoin} & taken the boat there upon the Loire to Orleans, but we found the boats were stopped - for want of travellers as well as the diligences - We therefore took an omni=

bus to Moulins & thence to Bourges - the road, though the faces of the workmen upon it, looked ominously amused at us, was not impassable & in two long days we reached Bourges -

All the Bureaux for adjusting differences between Masters & workmen were closed. At B

Bourges - April 9

The Government had seized upon the rail road! - not stopped it, luckily or, as they put it on the placard, "the Directors, finding them impossibility of paying their workmen, had entreated the Govt to take the

rail road into its own hands" (this rail= road being notoriously the one which pays best - & therefore a worthy prey for the Government's necessity) "they therefore required the Garde Nationale to prêter main fort à l'exécution [forte?] de cet ordre" - Accordingly, we had a detachment of Gardes Nationaux with vivandière &c on board but they got out half way to Orleans, to plant a tree of liberty at a neighbouring village -

Paris April 10.

Drove in an empty omnibus to Hotel Wagram - the streets empty, the omnibuses empty - the hotel empty - not a private carriage, hardly a citadine, nothing but omnibuses & trees of liberty to be seen - Madame de Cornudet's piteous whine was, c'est comme une ville de province - & all her cry, "comme une ville de province" - The Rue de Rivoli was all before us, where to choose - apartments "selling off" but it was a gay, bright morning, & the view as beautiful as ever -

No one can look at Paris - the gay,
laughing, beautiful ~~little~~ Paris, the little
jewel of a capital - & expect the people
who inhabit & who *made* such a city, ever to settle
down into the steady commercial English=
man, or the sentimental poetic Italian -
Their capital is the type of themselves
& the first sight of it always strikes
one with the idea that Frenchmen
must always remain, in conformity
with it, a talking, "remnant", festive,
artistic or *outside* nation -

Their very barricades shewed this -
Punch was not so far wrong when he
talked about an *elegant* barricade -
every barricade, after it had been
raised with (it would look like)
almost supernatural quick{ness all} {the end of the line is
obliterated}
was adorned at the top with a bit
of red streamer, some green branches,
or a tricolor, something to make it
look pretty in short, something artistic.
How can one judge for such a nation
as this?

How can one look at the Revolution
with anything but sympathy?

A Nation so great for good & for evil,
(which has produced all the best Missionaries,
Saints & Soeurs de Charité in the world) -

a nation which has tried the Bourbons three several times, which has tried, as I heard the expression at one of the clubs, de la monarchie par hérédité, de la monarchie par gloire, de la monarchie par élection - & all have failed, if this attempt, after all these have failed, to govern itself, can carry off & employ its extra energy, how can one wish it any thing but God speed, how can one but watch it with anxious hope? & was it possible to teach a Bourbon?

Passed the Hotel de Ville - the people had been encamped there with six cannon for a month - & had only just left it - tricolors were floating from every public building - the town never looked so picturesque & a row of flags was to be seen looking down every street - the Trees of Liberty in every square, rose=trees planted round - the Tuileries looked dismal enough - windows broken - "Hôtel des Invalides Civils" in great white chalk letters - on the piers.

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We walked out to see what was going on - the streets were full - the shops were empty - not a soul went in ~~them~~ but ourselves - Several marchandes said to us, Vous êtes bien heureuse, Madame, de ne pas vous trouver à Londres aujourd'hui - it was the 10th of April - Mais vous ne savez donc pas que tout ~~votre~~ Londres n'est que feu & sang - la reine et son mari se sont enfuis - vous avez bien du bonheur de vous trouver à Paris dans ce moment-ci - les journaux l'ont dit - And they were so determined that we should have a revolution, that afterwards /it was over they were ~~deter~~/sure ~~mined~~ that we had had one, & many were the congratulations that we received all the week ~~that we were~~ /on our safety at Paris - C'est dans les journaux ~~that~~ they answered to all reclamations -

All the public buildings in Paris had "Propriété Nationale" on in great letters -

We passed Hotel des Affaires Etrangères which looked miserable - to the last

degree - the walls stained with mud - the windows broken - "Grand appartement à louer présentement" chalked over the walls.

It was here on the night of the 23rd (Wednesday) that the Republic clenched the nail - On Wednesday ~~night~~/evening every thing was *perfectly* quiet - & it was supposed that the émeute was entirely at an end - Guizot had resigned - & the news of his resignation (spread thro' all Paris by 2 o'clock) had re-established order - all the ~~prisoners~~ /persons taken up by Govt. had been liberated - & the troops were going home - at 8 o'clock every house was illuminated, the Boulevards were crowded with women & children - & Paris had the air of a jour de fête - Il nous fallait des cadavres" say the Republicans & they took measures to get some - a man of the name of Lagrange, of good family at Lyons, (the nephew of one of Charles X's Ministers of the Ordonnances) stood by the Hotel des Affaires Etrangères - as ~~the~~ /the only body of troops of the line not yet gone home to its quarters was passing by to the barracks, &

fired a pistol à bout portant at the Colonel's horse - The horse fell - the battalion thought that its Colonel was killed - & fired a volley among the people - The crowd which was singing the Marseillaise & inviting the houses to illuminate - was dense - 52 persons, men women & children were killed & wounded - Lagrange threw himself on his face - & he escaped - he had brancards ready - & the bodies were immediately paraded thro' the streets to the bureau of the National, in Rue Lepelletier. Marrast, Flocon, & Garnier Pagès appeared on the balcony, & G. Pagès swore to the people that they should have reparation.

At the Tuileries, Thiers was sent for - but it was too late.

On Thursday morning (24th) the move from all parts of Paris at the same moment towards the Tuileries was so general that, though the people did not in the least know what they were going to do, the organization on the part of the Sociétés Secrètes must have been ~~very~~ perfect. M. de Loménie told me that he was marching up to the Tuileries with the mob, so serrés that they could not move their elbows. he looked

at his neighbour - he was armé jusqu'aux
dents - swords, pistols, sabres, bayonets,
rien n'y manquait - he looked again -
il me fit un effet étrange as if he had
armed himself from the wardrobe of the
Ambigu Comique - he looked again - the man
had a figure fort paisible - speculating upon
who he was, he thought it was a Garçon
de Café - presently the Garçon de Café
said to him, Je crains bien que tout cela
se tourne à mal, - what "mal" do you fear,
asked M. de Loménie - si nous allions
finir, par exemple, par renverser le roi
answered the Garçon - Ah! quelle leçon
sur les grandeurs humaines - & so they
walked on, the philosophic Garçon, & all
the mob, scarcely more excited than he,
(so said M. de Loménie) meditating prin=
cipally on the instabliity of human things
When they reached the Tuileries, they took
the bayonets from the guards, who having
received no orders to resist, gave them
up, turning away their heads, & with
tears in their eyes - Ces pauvres gens -
said some of the crowd - ne leur prenez pas
leurs armes - voyez comme cela leur fait
mal - M. de Loménie might have had
a bayonet, but he cd not bear to take it
from the poor lachyrmose soldier -

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But when they did get up stairs, their attitude changed, & then they certainly became populace again - they began breaking the things, putting on the Princesses' gowns, & M. de Loménie left them & went home, & looked at his little cats playing in the garden -

Next he went to the Hotel de Ville - it was perfectly swarming - people in the halls - people in the passages - people in the courts - people on the tables & chairs - a pin could not have reached the ground if dropped - the noise was not a succession of ~~roars~~/ cries, but one incessant roar of Vive la Réforme how ~~was it possible~~ to graft upon this the cry of Vive la République was the question - it was impossible to speak - no human voice could have been heard - how could the idea be got into their heads? it is not so easy to put a cry into the people's mouths, so long out of use - What did the Republicans do? There was a hall in the Hotel de Ville, where all the bodies had been laid, stripped, a ghastly spectacle, above an hundred - Even the people were awed - the door

was narrow - not more than three could enter at a time - & as they passed through the halls, the silence might be felt, the hush, the reverence, the religious ~~awe~~ /fear were indescribable. Within this door was posted a gigantic countryman, an athletic man above 6 feet high, who from 7 in the morning till 10 at night, cried without ceasing, Citoyens, j'en atteste ces morts, ce n'est pas pour la Monarchie, ce n'est pas pour la Régence, c'est pour la République que nous avons fait ce que nous avons fait - Vive la République! & he began again - Citoyens, j'en atteste ces morts &c This is the mechanism of Revolutions, & so was the Republic instituted -

For 60 hours the people kept the Provisional Government shut up in the Hotel de Ville - for 60 hours they shrieked a cry which they had got hold of - Le gouvernement du peuple ne doit travailler qu'en présence du peuple - Mais comment voulez vous

qu'on travaille dans tout ce vacame?
on s'évertuait en vain à leur faire
entendre - In vain - they shrieked again,
Nous avons tout fait pour vous - il faut
que vous fassiez quelque chose pour nous,
avant ~~de~~/que vous ne vous en alliez d'ici -
The Provisionals were at their wits' ends
Lamartine's life was threatened several
times - & several times Pagnerre saved
it by throwing himself between him & the
populace - Lamartine behaved with the
greatest personal courage - but Ledru
Rollin would not "payer de sa personne"
Lamartine remained on the stair case,
his arms crossed, the bayonets brandished
over his head.

At last a lucky idea struck Marrast
Take Louis Blanc, he said to the people,
to the Luxembourg - He will "organiser
le travail" ~~pour vous~~ /for you - the words "organi=
sation du travail" worked like magic -
the people marched off with L. Blanc
& the Provisionals ~~rushed~~ /ran home -

The list of the names of the Provisional Govt
had been prepared in the Sociétés
Secrètes long before the Revolution -

Marrast, Arago, Flocon among their principal leaders.

At 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon the Gouvernement Provisoire was constituted at the Hotel de Ville.

The Tuileries were in possession of the people - they opened the doors of the prison of St. Lazare - & gave a ball in the Palace to the women who came out. (but a number of women refused their liberty) They dressed themselves in the Princesses' gowns - one man took possession of the Queen's bed - & had his meals brought to him there - they illuminated, lighting every candle in the Tuileries - but during these scenes of disorder & riot, the sisters of S. Vincent de Paule, who had been brought in to tend the wounded in the Apartment which was turned into a hospital, were never interfered with, or disturbed in any way, by the drunken dancers.

At Neuilly the étiquette was to break the neck of each bottle, drink a "swig" - & then break the bottle. Now as L. Philippe deserved to have been a "marchand de vins", & as a great many different sorts of wine make a

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man much more badly drunk than a good deal of one wine, in a short time the cellars were full of beasts - and when the people above set fire to the Palace, those below being perfectly incapable of motion, nearly 200 were roasted alive - the bodies were found literally cooked.

At the Carrousel, when the Garde Municipale ceased firing, ~~they were~~ / it was in great danger - On a tué mon frère au Palais Royal, cried a man, il faut que je tue quelqu'un - Si tu tues qu'un, answered a National; ce sera ton frère aussi - & no retaliation took place -

M. Mohl told me, when he went to his poste as Garde national at the first beating of the Rappel, none of the officers & very few of the men were there - they were entirely without orders - presently he heard a cry Wanted six hommes de bonne volonté - he went out, me voici, said he, take me - And with five other men under his orders, he went to the place where he was wanted - He found it was a caserne where the people *would* come in & take the arms - & the soldiers wanted some Gardes Nationaux to protect them! this was in the night - the people were all drunk - he said to them, There are no arms in the barracks - & he said to a

drunken ringleader, Vous qui êtes un homme raisonnable, faites entendre raison à ces gens - The man tumbled & reeled & stuttered Vous ~~êtes~~ homme d'honneur - Gardes Nationaux hommes d'honneur - bien fâché qu'ils veulent entrer - votre parole, parole d'honneur - The people wd go in however, but found no arms - They kept bringing in drunken men & laying them on the beds - till M. Mohl refused to let them bring in any more - they said they had one who would die if they did not - Put him in the guérité, said M. Mohl, & they rolled him up & put him in. Presently he uncurled & his legs stuck out - then they insisted on bringing him in & laying him on a lit de camp - In the morning they said he was dead.

At the corps de gardes every body received arms who asked for them - there was a general order that the Gardes Nationaux shd be furnished with drink & bread & every body came in for this order - To all the places where a Guard was wanted, they were careful to send half Gardes Nationaux & half of the populace, volunteers, that there might be no jealousy.

M. Mohl ~~was~~ then went to the Hotel de Ville with his men - On their way they picked up a woman, quite drunk - & not knowing what to do with her, carried her with them - there was an enormous fire in the Place de Grève opposite the Hôtel de Ville - a perfect incendie - it was raining torrents - the Place lay in puddles - & in these puddles sat, lay, & bivouacked round the fire scores of men - we have brought you a Dame said M. Mohl to them - the ranks opened - oh, une Dame - une Dame - & ~~{illeg}~~ they ~~{illeg illeg illeg}~~/ received her to take care of.

M. de Loménie walked about all night with an ouvrier, qui me dit des choses infiniment sensées - but he ended with telling him that if he had had 300 fr. he might have been Comte - for his name was Gérard - & he was of the family of the Comtes Gérards! & so ended his fine Egalité perorations.

Madame Mojon came to see me & to read me letters from Milan - 600 men armed with fowling pieces had turned out 15,000 of Austria's best troops - all the people in the houses helped to make the barricades tumbling all their furniture out of the

windows - we have not enough, they
cried - & out came the piano fortes
feather beds, every thing. Children mounted
on the top - one little fellow, who would
keep jumping up, & making faces at
the Austrians, was killed.
they people began by taking possession of a
barrack - & arming themselves from
thence - then to the barricades - the
word flew like lightning from house to
house as to *where* the Austrians were
in greatest force - & in half an hour
at most - there were the best rifle
men collected ready to oppose them as if by magic -
Every where the Austrians saw opponents rising up before them.
One Italian picked off 11 Austrians one
after the other as they went up to
fire ~~the~~/a cannon - then they captured
the cannon - & where the eagles were
gathered together, there were the carcasses -
From the 18th to the 23rd they fought day
& night - the women made lint &
cartouches - The people were to a
man against the Austrians - ~~& yet~~ /& yet
till the day before, there was no
Organizing Committee, to manage the
revolt - then & that day ~~before~~ /only, they went
about saying Sabato, Domenica,
Lunedì, - to every one, Sabato Domenica
Lunedì.

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The Austrians captured all the hostages they could find - a nephew of Bossi's who had never had act nor part in ~~it~~ /the revolt - a Porro, who was basely murdered, after they left Milan - At another time I should have bitterly wept him, said Mme Mojon's correspondent, but our hearts are of bronze now - Being very short of provisions, they the Austrians almost starved these hostages, before they left Milan - shut up under ground, they were literally on the brink of starvation. At last, the Austrians retreated, first murdering about 200 men, women & children in the houses near the bastions, which they entered & sabred all they could find - One girl in the Hospitals had 9 sabre cuts in her face - They burnt a diligence with every soul in it - Including these, not more than 400 altogether was the Milanese loss - Having done this, & *finished* their own ~~prisoners~~ badly wounded, they abandoned the town -

(P.S. May 29 Madame del Monte,
(who has two brothers, brothers in law, &
nephews all in the Tuscan Piedmontese

or Roman volunteers) says today that the cruelties of the Croats ~~meet~~ /surpass every thing in history - & the hardships those young Tuscan volunteers suffer under the walls of Mantua, where they are in danger of being entirely cut off by the sallies from the town - (the line of operations being so extensive that they cannot form a real blockade) - and suffer them without a murmur, for they are all heroes - are incredible. Young Count Bevilacqua of Brsecia, who had ~~joined~~ /volunteered in the Piedmontese cavalry, & was guarding a Battery, was carried by his horse among the enemy - the Croats put out his eyes - she says she wd not have believed it, but her brother (one of the Piedmontese officers) saw the body - for the Piedmontese charged, fought hand to hand, & brought back the body with military honours -

And this I tell with joy & gratitude, there never have been the slightest reprisals - the Austrian=wounded, who were left in Milan, & those since fallen into ~~Austrian~~ / Italian hands, have

been tended as carefully, & treated as tenderly, by the Italians, as their Italian/ own have wounded. {K. omits have} themselves -

Not one act of revenge has stained their cause - & this goes far as consolation in all this misery, & makes one sing "Glory to God in the highest & - "good= will towards men", though there is no "peace on earth" to finish with -

Friar Gavazzi, (whom we heard preaching the Crusade against the Austrians in the Coliseum, & the people pressing forward with their money or their service at his call) - has been doing the same at Bologna - great collections were made - a peasant girl of 12 had nothing to give, she cut off her hair, sold it for 25 pauls & gave that - He is now at Treviso, & his sister headed a band of women gone to nurse the wounded -

Consalvi, Mde Del Monte's nephew, is gone with the Roman troops against Nugent - his wife, an Austrian, chose to follow her husband to be with him. She is now in Treviso, in great danger from the advancing Austrians.

The volunteers are uselessly sacrificed from their want of military experience - but all have acted like heroes - But those strong places, from under the protection of which the Austrians won't come out, are our destruction) -

Un' unica consolazione ci rimane, says
Mme Del Monte, l'onore Italiano è real=
zato, ancorchè perdissimo tutto - Yes, indeed
it is, fight on, brave hearts, courageously -
I wonder Heaven does not interfere - I
could not have kept my hands off long ago -
But perhaps He only refrains to give the
Italians the necessary lesson of unity
among themselves - he is the "God of
patience" indeed)

No one suspects Carlo Alberto now -
he has exposed himself only too much for
an officer - & if he cd but engage the
Austrians in open field, he must win) -

April 11. But I have wandered from
Mme Mojon & the French Revolution -
She said there was a devotion to ideas,
a Quixotism for what was theoretically
thought right - which was quite touching -
It is before the Idea of Perfect Wisdom &
Goodness that angels veil their faces -
& before this devotion to an abstract
good shall we not bow down? English
people say when you talk about ideas,
What are they? Are ideas good to eat?
& perhaps the Saxon race is right - At least the French seem
likely to die of bankruptcy as well as of barricades, before the King=
dom of heaven comes
But as the idea of the enfranchisement
of the blacks used to exist, so ~~it is now~~
the enfranchisement of the whites is now the
altar at wh. many a French mother (the greatest sufferer)
has cheerfully laid down her fortune, comfort, happiness,

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to securing to them i.e. {K omits i.e.} the "right" to labour - And the way in which people have sacrificed their private advantage to this disinterested idea of the good, which may flow from the Revolution, is beautiful indeed. I hope you have not suffered, I said to Mme Mojon, "I had 22,000 livres de rente - she said I shall probably have 3,000 - But you don't think I mind that" - No indeed I don't, I said, but - She knew what I meant - & she said Eh! qui me dit que mes enfans ne seront pas de meilleurs sujets pour n'avoir rien ~~as~~ / en héritage, ils ont ~~gagné une~~ / reçu leur éducation de ma fortune c'est tout ce qu'il me fallait.

And this woman, who spoke so coolly & unconcernedly about this - her eyes filled with tears when I told her of what I had seen at Rome amongst the people in the Coliseum, of the women giving their trinkets, the peasants their pauls, the volunteers their lives -

She asked me to go with her to a Club - It was in a stable & riding school - She proudly sent her Benito in Polytechnic uniform to bring me in - Deguerry, curé of St. Eustache, one of the largest parishes in Paris, St. Amand, one of the Maires, &

Coquerel, were the candidates who offered themselves here for the National Assembly. The people were as quiet & attentive as M. Coquerel's own congregation in the Oratoire, while the speakers spoke - & then asked questions many, pertinent, pointed, upon all subjects political, judicial, legislative, executive - I cannot help thinking that in England constituents would never take the same pains to sift the opinions of candidates, if they have/d but two to vote for, much less if they have/d 34. Deguerry spoke first, an admirable speech - then St. Amand, who answered all the questions addressed him with great minuteness - To a question about State Education being compulsory - he answered that when a government was the Gouvernement. de tous, education ceased to be the command of a monopoly - a monopoly implied a minority & governments of minorities were no longer to exist. Coquerel began his speech with, Citoyens, voici trente ans que je fais des discours, mais de tous les discours que j'aye jamais faits, celui ci est le plus inutile, car tout ce que je voulais vous dire, M. Thierry l'a déjà dit pour moi - However he did say a great deal & a great deal to the purpose - went into

the Historical question, to prove what, du reste, all parties say now, Legitimist, Buonapartist, Louis Philippiste, "if any such there be" Faubourg St. Germain & Boulevard St Denis, viz that la République est ~~désormais~~ seule possible - He entered fully & boldly into the Organisation du Travail question, shewed that to have an égalité de salaire, one must have an égalité which God himself has not given, un égalité d'âge, un égalité de forces.

Both Deguerry & Coquerel deduced the republican principles from l'Evangile. Entre frères, Coquerel said, il n'y a pas d'aumône - He argued not the "devoir" but the "droit" du travail for every one.

Deguerry when interpellé upon the Celibat du Clergé answered boldly that he thought it was not a matter of legislation.

Whatever you may think of the principle, it was very touching to see the two religions Protestant & Catholic, meeting in friendship on equal ground - the leopard lying down with the kid.

Passed the morning at the Deaconesses - near them, at the Barrière de Charenton, a large number of the 40,000 (paid 2 fr. a day by Govt. for doing nothing), were employed upon nothing - Most were sitting upon their barrows - some reading a

Journal to the others - We were obliged to pass them all (going from one of the Deaconesses' houses to the other). I asked the Sister with me, whether they had had any inconvenience from them - No, she said, our sisters pass this ground many times every day - they are uniformly well bred & civil to us, & since the beginning of the Revolution, we have not had the slightest thing to complain of. She seemed quite surprised at the idea that any body would harm *them* - or be discourteous to them -

The taxes are doubled - a tax is levied on all Professors of ten per cent on their incomes - the Government is hourly expected to seize upon the Bank - shares worth 2500 fr are now worth 700 fr. somebody read his destitution in the *Moniteur* every morning - I found Mme Mohl washing up her own cups & saucers - they stay in Paris, for fear M. Mohl should be destitué - but care little for the money - they are so independent of it. She shewed me her account=books - their whole eating expenses, (exclusive of sugar, & inclusive of 4 large dinners, & very good dinners too she said) for herself, M. Mohl & her maid, were

-8-

~~for~~ /during the last month, 150 fr. (i.e. 3 fr. a day for themselves, & 15/8 fr. for the dinners) - In Paris no one depends upon their cook for their conversation. M. Roulin, who has about 120 a year, gives a dinner of 20 people every Monday, & what does he have? a leg of mutton & a haricot - This is Society.

M. Mohl had just come back from the Institut where they had had great fun - It seems the King, in leaving had thought of nothing, the poor old Queen had thought of nothing but burning some letters which wd compromise people - She had not time, & gave them to a man to burn, who whether from hurry or *treachery*, threw them into a dark corridor. The next day he sold them to the Provisionals - The old fox L. Philippe had, it seems, kept letters enough to be a bridle upon every one, & to compromise half Paris - A whole arsenal of letters was found besides at the Affaires Etrangères - Most of these were those published in the Revue Rétrospective - Today the Institut recreated itself, with the reading of a letter of Le Verrier's - in which he crawled, not upon his all fours but upon his stomach before L. Philippe - he says the King had first taught him, humble individu, what ambition was, for himself he had ~~des~~/ none

but to please Louis Philippe, or in any way merit his notice, that was indeed giving him an object that was indeed a gloire - As Le Verrier has been ramping since at the feet of the Provisionals, this letter has half ruined him. Letrône, {K. has Lêtrone} President of the Institut, who licked the dust before Louis Philippe, also danced, or is said to have danced, round the Arbre de la Liberté before the Hotel de Ville.

The clubs are the ~~best~~/ most organized power in Paris - it is the fashion & the policy to begin one's speech - Citoyens je suis ouvrier no other title is admissible now - A man having used the expression "éducation suffisante" in M. de Loménie's club, ~~another~~/ a stranger ascended the tribune with the usual *Moi qui suis ouvrier... j'irai dire à mon club qu'on s'est servi de l'expression "éducation suffisante"* threatened them with his Club, in short - Another followed *Citoyens, je ne crois pas que le préopinant soit ouvrier - s'il est ouvrier qu'il nous dise son métier, moi je suis ouvrier ébéniste* giving his direction, & je vous déclare que les ouvriers ne sont pas dupes de tout cela - This is true - & it is to this higher class of ouvrier that France looks for her safety- & to their dignified conduct that she has owed it.

Looked out of window & saw a procession of ouvriers maçons going up with a present of 500 fr to subvenir aux besoins du Gouvernemt. Provisoire - these gifts are perpetual -

Looked out of window, & saw a procession of garçons boulangers going up to the Provisionals to ask them to double their salaire & halve their time - there might be between 4 & 500 of them - walking fours & fours, arm in arm, ~~very drunk~~ (the type of Fraternité, being, it appears, to walk linked together in the Streets in 3s, 4s, or 5s - bearing before them a cage in which was ~~a woman dressed in white~~ ~~reps~~ La Liberté Triomphante, represented by a real live woman in white - the streamers, tricolours & laurels depending from her cage carried by other twenty young women in white, trooping through the rain & puddles - citadines with more women in white following - the whole very drunk -

Nevertheless, excepting these occasional processions, the "peuple souverain" makes an infinitely pleasanter mob than the bewhiskered & be moustached "jeune

France " of other days. the kindness & ~~civility of every body was quite noticeable/~~ courtesy of the "Blouses" is in remarkable ~~in~~ contrast to the insolent manner of those former worthies - & Paris a much more agreeable place now to walk about in. The absurd reports which have been circulated as to the want of liberty of speech, press, & letter writing are quite untrue - people say just what they like - With regard to their "say" about L. Philippe, it is just *nil*. he seems utterly forgotten, as too worthless for contempt - Not one finger in all France was raised to save him - not one tongue in all France is moved to abuse or even mention him. The Prophecy which he received some months ago in an anonymous letter, is literally fulfilled, Charles X a été conduit par des soldats à la frontière - mais vous, vous passerez & ne laisserez qu'une trace de boue après vous - No one sought for him, no one thought of him from the moment he passed the ~~g~~/walls of Paris - those walls of his own making Fils d'Egalité, Montez en fiacre, was all they said

The National Guard elected today their officers with the most perfect order & discretion - It is said that it has had;;

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a most beneficial influence on the people the fact of every one being eligible as Garde National, in giving them a sense of dignity & responsibility - A man must have an absolute majority of 2000 to be elected - half of them are still unclothed - & the manufacture of their garments is the occupation of some of Louis Blanc's Ateliers -

We went to the Tuileries to see the Hospital; a thing was mounting guard in linen trousers with an old woman's cloak hooked round its neck by one hook, no stockings, no belt of nor cartouche box, in age about 16, with only a musket. Presently up ran another gamin, Ps! it said by way of watch word, the other flung its cloak over it, gave it the musket, & ran off, & that was changing guard.

The rail road from Paris to Pontoise was a melancholy sight - the stations all burned - troops at Amiens, where they were expecting a row.

Paris was full of nicknames - they call Lamartine Le Pere La Tartine, tartine being a long article in a newspaper - Louis blanc chou blanc - ~~which is~~ i.e, a great bévue - & say that he cannot make louis jaune -

The state of money matters ~~is~~/ was frightful, rail road shares almost ruin - a man ~~near~~ who had an estate near Pontoise worth 80,000 & not mortgaged could not raise 400 upon it - could not sell out of the funds, because he would have lost more than 50 p cent, could not sell his house, for which the treaty was signed (before the Revolution) & was almost penniless.

{the following list of names is written in the opposite direction at the top of the page in very faint writing probably pencil}

M. Marsdon

P. {illeg Fernde?}

{illeg Nebbe?}

{illeg Newman?}

C. Wilberforce

C. Williams

{written at the bottom of the page}

If you knew how I admire the French as a nation! their very faults appear to me to arise from an excess of ideality & aspiration. E.B.B. **[end 7:312]**

9016/68 signed letter, 1f, pen {arch:?1851}

Madame

Permettez moi de vous offrir
un Rosaire, (béni par le
Saint Père, lors de mon
séjour à Rome, il y a quelque
temps) - en mémoire de ma matinée
dans votre magasin -

Croyez bien que, quand je
retourne à Liège, je ne
manquerai pas de me rappeler
la promesse que vous avez
eu la bonté de faire à
une étrangère qui
n'oubliera pas votre accueil.

Florence Nightingale
Hôtel d'Angleterre

4/7

Wellcome (Claydon copy), microfilm, 555 pages

9017/1 incomplete, unsigned letter, 2ff, pen not in FN hand, Mrs. B"s?}

The mortality among infants in consequence is something you would hardly believe - You cannot blame them for it, when you know that the best service a mother can do her own child, & the one she most frequently performs, is to put out its right eye, or cut off its fore finger, to save its being enlisted for the Pacha's army. Here was the indefatigable nun writing another law in her scholar's hearts, for the time when they should become mothers. She said she found the necessity of setting a good example to the protégées, was every thing as an influence with the protectors - It saved her, too, many a scold. When the little one came late, the Ange scolded for her - & if the Ange scolded too zealously, which often happened, she said "you must scold like a guardian angel, always bearing

that idea as your model" In class came a big girl & a little one alternately. {this sentence appears in 9019/11}

In their hospital the row/noise was at first inconceivable - The Arab knew neither how to sit nor to be silent. the sisters could not make their voice heard; but they began with raising their hands before they could raise their voices, as the signal for silence, & now the most perfect discipline is observed.

I have seen the idea of the 'Ange' System in (illeg) Ragged schools, where the dirtiest boy is made to look after the cleanliness of the others, & a large thief to superintend the morals of a smaller, where it acts too {illeg excellently?} but never so well carried out as here - women I mean

I never saw so charming a woman as the schoolmistress nun (~~at the Ednt of filles de St Vincent de Paule~~)

& when I observed her careful knowledge of the disposition of *every child* (200) & thought of the Patent improved-man-making principle at home, the Machine warranted to turn out children wholesale, like pins, with patent heads, I did not wonder at the small success of our education. Except in the Ragged Schools in Edinburgh & one in ~~Westminster~~/ Westminster I have never seen anything so perfect as this, The horrid system of classes was entirely done away with, by which we reverse the system of Providence, who does not make children come into the world like rabbits in a litter, but gives (to the majority) that finest of

all educations, the having a younger to take care of, an older to look up to - beginning in early life the discipline we all have afterwards - In my nun's school, each of the older children was the 'bon ange' of a little one, who always sat by her Ange - those in whom she had most confidence, had two or 3 daughters, this was the highest privilege she could give - And when you consider that her scholars were taken out of the most degraded population in the world, the Arab Smyrniot & Maltese, you can hardly overrate the importance of the principle she thus set in motion in their heart. The carelessness for infant life here, the horrible neglect & filth in which the children live, is something of which no Mungo Park description of the misery of an African village can give the least idea -

9017/2 {same as 9018/4, until}

...fairest

place of earth below! It reminds me always of Sirius I can't tell why, except that Sirius has the silveriest light in heaven above, & Cairo has the same radiant look on *earth below*.

& I shall never look at Sirius in future years without thinking of her.

{the following appears in Letters after the description of the boat, with minor changes}

Monday & Tuesday we were tired
& contented ourselves with putting our
house in order, sauntering about the
Consul's garden, dining with him &
making faces at his hippopotamus
of 5 months old (By the bye, his
(Mr. Murray's) kindness to us has been
beyond every thing. He has put a
room in his house & his garden at our

disposition, begun my collection of Egyptian antiquities, furnished me with an Arabic library to take with me, grammar, vocabulary & is given me a lesson in Arabic. & all on the 'kindest' way) Yesterday the 28th, after we had been setting all the morning, [sitting?] in the said room, which is about 50 ft. long, Mr. Legros, the consul's secretary, an old friend of Mr. Bracebridge's, wheedled us out for a donkey-ride, our first acquaintance with Cairo).{Letters continues} Oh could I but {9018/4 continues} ...& well content! After threading these streets for miles, we came out upon the square, where stands the magnificent mosque of Sultaun Hassan, & above it the Citadel, up which we wound, passing the palaces of Ibrahim Pacha, Nuzli Hanem, the widow of the Defterdar, till we came to the mosque built by Mehemet Alee & not yet finished, though in it lie his bones. It is of splendid size, but tawdrily ornamented, & looks better now with the scaffolding supporting those lofty domes, than ever it will do when decorated like Drury Lane. The obnoxious female is still admitted. Mehemet Alee's tomb is still covered with shawls, & carpets. I have heard people express the wish that he had lived to see his mosque finished, so much do people's ideas get corrupted here, & within a stone's throw of his splendid tomb is the court where the Mamelukes died, He counted them at break of day; And when the sun set, where were they? He sleeps now close to ~~where~~ the murdered chiefs,

& people can forget that murder, &
laud Mehemet Ali. {9018/4 continues} From the
terrace of the Mosque is what I....
{9018/4 breaks off} care of the dead as I have always thought it.
{9018/12 has this passage; p. 105 in hard copy}}
I do see the use of taking care
of the lifeless body, of exhibiting
it, if you will, making it
conspicuous. If it were not
for this material mode of
making another world visible,
we should forget it - to our
sensuous natures it is necessary
to make the unseen seen, "the

spiritual perceptible to the
senses, {there is a line drawn to the end of this sentence which is
omitted in Letters}

henceforth bury your
dead on trays, if you like it,
I have nothing to say against
it - the more notorious, &
conspicuous they/ the dead are made, the
better, i.e. without becoming injurious
to their still living
fellow creatures. (You know the plague
was never known till we began to bury).

I certainly never saw any
thing so striking as this
passage from the Garden of
Cities, the *buz of* nations
to the city of tombs & the
desert - You have read
descriptions of the desert
till you fancy you had ima=
gined it exactly - ride out
into it, & you find that
nothing had given or cd give
you the least idea of it -
a curse, a curse is the only
feeling which still moves in

your mind - every other feeling
is dead - every other idea
extinguished - but ~~the idea~~
~~of a curse/~~ this which goes wandering up
& down your vacant brain,
till even the tombs are a
relief from it. x There at
least is Thalaba watching
the night thro' in an empty
sepulchre, till the evil spirit
appears to him in the form
of his mother - & to be alone
in that desert wd well give
an evil spirit all its power.

{The passage between the x's is not in Letters, or in 9018/12}

x The Desert! - you fancy a
great plain, in which there
is always something soothing,
with a golden sky & opal
horizon- You see an earth
tumbled up & down - not as
if Providence had made it
so, but as if it had been
created otherwise, & clouds of

sand the whirlwind & the curse
had passed over it & unmade it -
{9018/12II p. 106 does not have the next line}
& tossed & gashed & scattered
it, till they had made it
what you see - Oedipus scorched
with the lightning, rayless &
sightless is what it reminds you
of, ~~it~~ & we first saw it with the
sun "veiling his burning brow" &
the Sunset dull & glazed - & the
moon not silvery but dead &
white & a range of black
hills beyond & everything in
unison with it - It is not
A curse, a curse is all you cry -
& you think of that great city - that
fair city, where scarcely any man
knows "what he was put into the
world for?" (there are a few people
in Europe who know).

You think of the Pharaohs & their
mighty power, - of Alexander & his,
& later of Mehemet Ali & his,
how he arose & reigned & thought
that he wd be called the
Civilizer of the East, a greater
name than the Conqueror of the
East, & now, not 6 months
dead & scarcely a trace of his
institutions remains - Because
none of these tried to find out
what man was put into the
world for - and the words, "the
vanity of human greatness" press
into your mind with a force
a Sermon never gave them. -
mind not the vanity of
divine greatness - S. Vincent de
Paule's sisters still walk unharmed
by all - & blessed even by Mahomet=
=ans thro' the city - Moses's influence
is still felt - even in Wellow
churtyard - the infant which
sat in its mother's arms
1849 years ago, perhaps at
that very Heliopolis we are now near
has revolutionized the world -
divine greatness always endures -

but what is *human* greatness, when
you look at the desolation of the
finest country in the world - there
were 20 millions of Egyptians,
there are now not two -

Well, we rode on into the Desert,
occasionally meeting a mounted
Arab or string of camels
coming from Suez

{9018/19 is a duplicate, but is not in FN hand}

till we reached
the tombs of the Caliphs -
imagine yourself in a wilderness
of, (some one said) almost 400 mosques,
for every tomb is a mosque,
falling to decay, but beautiful
in their ruin; every one with
a dome sculptured all over
with vines or foliage; and round
the base of the dome an Arabic
inscription on a blue ground.
Countless in variety - perfect in
beauty, these Moorish monuments
I believe they are Circassian
& belong to the Memlook Sultans
of the Circassian dynasty)
strike one as the most unearthly
records of "earth gone to the earth"

one had ever seen. One can hardly believe oneself in broad daylight - Out of these falling ruins come crawling houseless wanderers like Ghoules or lepers, who have there taken up their abode, their unhired & unpaid for dwelling, & a miserable little garden of one palm & a rose - tree, in the middle of one of the mosques was almost affecting, as the last clinging of these unnatural & degraded creatures to nature & beauty. Just then - came like the wind across the desert (the Arabs really run like the wind) an armed Arab (a police officer) seized a miserable boy, threw him down & dragged him away - the boy's white turban came undone & streamed upon the wind - the bastinado sticks appeared - the Secretary (our friend) tried to interfere, but cd do nothing - It made

one quite sick, as all the details
of govt do in this horrid country.

{9018/19 omits the following sentence}

Our priceless Cicerone dragged
me up thro' a hole in the wall
some feet from the ground into
some of the tombs {9018/19 resumes}- a square court,
with arched cloisters round -
two minarets at the two corners,
& two domes at the other two -
under the domes the tombs, along
the cloisters cells, probably for
the priests, now for the ~~beggars~~/wild savages
the court open to the sky - this
was the distribution of the largest.
The tomb had the turban at one
end, an inscription, of which
Allah was alone decipherable, at
the other - In a few years, all will
be gone - but the blue phylacteries
of tiles round the domes are as
fresh as ever - a dome to every
tomb - Oh! wonderful, & the names
even of these Sultans are forgotten.
We rode home thro' the Desert by
the gate of Bab el Nusr, the gate
of Victory -

then thro' the streets of Cairo in
the dusk, repeating the wonderful
experiment of riding over every
man, & being ridden over by every
camel, yet without hurting or
being hurt. Oh those curious
figures, those wild unearthly
figures (in the dusk) of Arab
women in their great black
shrouds, twining their wild arms
about, till they look like every
thing but a human being.

{9018 continues with other material}

We have taken our Dalabeeh,
& tomorrow the Bey whose property
it is, & who has behaved very
"handsome", comes to smoke the
pipe of peace with us, after his
mosque, & drink coffee, in order
to conclude the bargain - It being
Friday, his Sunday - I have not
yet seen the boat - which is to
be called the Parthenope, the
name being executed in Greek
letters in white tape on a blue
pennant - It has never carried
Europeans - being built for his

Hareem - we give him £30 a month - It has two sleeping cabins & a sitting one, in which "trout" will sleep - & as they have taken a much larger boat on this account, I am, I am happy to say, to pay the half. {The section marked with a line is not in Letters}

We shall not be off before Monday however, still we trust it will not be low Nile, before we reach the 1st Cataract. It is much the best boat they have seen, & is to be our home for the next 3 months.

The Hotel d Europe, where we are, is on the Ezbekeeyeh, the finest promenade in - Europe; I was going to say - we crossed it this mornng to call on Mrs. Leider, {with changes this is in 9018/19 p.142}

(Leider, unfortunately is ill) then thro' streets, to which the wynds of Edinbro' are Bond Sts, opening upon other streets, of which the first are to the second as the Bond Sts are to the first, but all fragrant with sweet Oriental smells, no dirt or carrion,

nothing but fine white sand.

(This sand is the nuisance of Cairo- one is covered with it, clothes, paper, hands, table, if one leaves the window open one moment it becomes a cloud) it is hopeless to keep oneself clean.

Latticed balconies looked down upon us - here was only walking room, & up a narrow winding stair we went into Lieder's house.

The rest of the morning I have been copying plans of Egyptian temples from the Consular Library. But in the afternoon our faithful Cicerone, Mr Legros, took us out on those war horses, the donkeys;

to call upon a Mme Rosetti, Consulesa Generale di Toscana, whose *friendship* I had made on that famous night coming from Aseh in that remarkable company, & who called upon us here, the very next day. She was not at home, so we dismounted from our donkeys. at] /to the ferry, & we were ferried over to the island of Roda, Ibrahim Pacha's garden, in the Nile.

{The following passage I have marked with a line is not in Letters}

[9]

It is not much of a garden,
except that the bamboo grows
gloriously - but the palmtree
& banana are not half so luxuriant
as at Alexandria. But he brought
us, just at setting sun, to the other
side of the Island, & there on
the 3 Pyramids, & the latteen sails,
& the solemn Nile was shed the
orange light. It was a dull
evening, we have seen none but
such since we have been at
Cairo - & if there is not a great
change, I shall think the fuss
people make about the glare
quite inconceivable - we never
go out of course without a veil
& an ugly, but that is as much
because of the Mussulman's horror
of us, as for our eyes -

But the evening was in harmony
with the view - it wd sound very
ugly if I were to describe it, the
brown Nile, which takes the
lights so well, the brown houses,
& the brown desert, & the orange
light, in such perfect keeping -

all such rich shades of brown -
the while is beautiful - the blue
& arrowy Rivers of Europe would
not do here, the Nile wd not be the
solemn God, if he were any
other; it is beautiful, beautiful,
tho' one can hardly tell why.{9018/19 breaks off here}

I can't find many Egyptian books
in the Consular Library (Mr. Murray's)
which is at our disposition. When
I say Consul, I mean him, he is
our Consul general, (Mr. Verne is only
[our Consul - we don't know *him*]){The preceding sentences are not in
Letters}

Sometimes we go & sit on sofas in
his garden - & a little Greek slave
brings us pure coffee in little
silver filagree cups, which he
brings with one hand at the top &
the other at bottom that his may not

touch ours, & a low bow - the Consul
claps his hands & in it comes -
{The rest of this letter is not in Letters}

Mr. Murray does not strike one
as a clever man, but a man who
takes pains with himself. He has
learnt Turkish, Arabic, Persian -
the first for diplomatic. the second
for common, the third for literary
business. Most conscientious in
this, & he was writing Turkish
exercises today, with a face like
a martyr with a cold in his head.
He evidently does the consul with
a conscience - & he gave me a
most philosophic lesson in Arabic.
Capt. Murray, (the brother - Louisa's
friend) is not here -

Don't wonder at the illegibility
of my letters - I had a pen - a
steel pen - one pen - I took it to
the Consul's house to write to you -
it lay upon the table - no writing
materials were there, so that it
cd not possibly be mistaken for any
body's pen but mine - Mr. Murray
comes into the room - he sees the
pen - he seizes upon it - carries it
off - into his own room - secures it
there & returns - Our pen is gone.

The ambassador of Gt. Britain was not proof against a pen in Egypt. There was no asking him for it - without insulting him - for a more manifest act of theft, a falling under temptation was never committed. For this ambassadorial deed of dishonesty he has since sought to propitiate me by shells from the Red Sea, flowers from Araby &c but it's no use -

It rains! oh heavens it rains! this unprecedented fact in Cairo has this morning occurred -

Will you tell Mr. Mackenzie when you write, how kind Mr. Murray has been to us? You need not make a history of it - for she, good soul, is a gossip, you know - give both my best love.

The beasts here are far better than at Alexandria - I am so glad Alexandria came first - for no one can imagine what it is to sleep 300 in a bed - nor the repose afterwards of sleeping but 3.. I am executing a curious Zoological collection of biting beasts, which will be of great value, when concluded. The designs are by , of each bite, with its varieties, to be attached to each biter.

9017/3 initialed letter, 7 ff, pen

Cairo Nov 30th - 1849

{This letter is in 9018/8 p.39, with minor changes, i.e.}

...nosebag, & it is
fastened by a stiff passementerie
band, which passes between your
eyes & ~~is fastened~~/ over it behind your head
like a halter -then a white....

...balloon
which is pinned on the top of your
head, has two loops at the two
ends, thro which you put your
wrists, in order to keep the whole
together - You

... consequences. With strict
injunctions not to shew your hands,
we set forth in this gear - with
the Consul's janissary, when he had
denuded of his robes of office, that
he might not be known - The Consul
followed at a little distance, but
wd not let Mr. Bracebridge speak
to us in the streets - & hovered
round the Mosque all the while
we were there, for fear of a
disturbance - ...

...net work. archway at the bottom of pulpit -
straight stairs to the top - a gallery...

... knowing what they took us for, what...

...I felt
like ...
a pleasant feeling. was struck
with its irreverence. Some ...

...asleep.
I am much more struck with
the irreverence ...

{the following section in bold is the same as 9018/8

**homeless finds a home, the weary repose,
the busy leisure, - if I could have said
where any woman may go for an
hour's rest, to me the feeling would
have been perfect, perfect at least
compared with the streets of London
& Edinbro', where there is not a spot
on earth a poor woman may call her own.
to find repose in. The mosque
leaves the more religious impression of
the two - it is the better place, of
worship - not than St. Peter's, don't
think that - but better than St. Paul's.
We mounted the Minaret - the
muezzin was just there, calling to
prayers - in a loud monotonous
recitative - The abstraction of a muss=
sulman at his prayers is quite
inconceivable - on board boat, in
a storm, it is just the same. the
hour comes, the Mussulman falls
on his knees - & for five minutes,
the world is nothing to him - death
may come, but it cannot interrupt
him - even gain may come, but it
will not disturb him. Xtians say this here
& laugh at it - but you cannot laugh.**

Cairo Monday Dec 9

My dearest people

I must just write one word to say we are off. they say we have the best boat on the river - I have not yet seen her, but shall describe her particularly when I get on board.

{Letters resumes here; 9018/8 p. 47; I copied it before I found it}

We have had a delightful week at Cairo - I wish we were going to stay longer - It is the riding in the streets, above all, which is so delightful, of which one never wearies - the latticed windows meeting over head - the pearls of Moorish architecture at every corner - the looking up to the blue sky & golden sunlight from the wells of streets, & in the Bazars the streets entirely roofed in, & so you stand bargaining for a pair of yellow slippers, you see the corner of a street with the spring of an arch, covered with Moorish net work, & the sunlight pouring thro' the square holes left in the roof, which shuts in the street - or you look into a courtyard, if you want a carpet, & see the men tailoring upon inlaid tables, with the richest fret work all over the walls.

In riding home by moonlight, the Turk sitting crosslegged smoking under a low vaulted arch - there is not a corner which is not a picture - & no picture can give an idea of the colouring - But you don't enjoy all this for nothing - A Christian female dog has two titles of dishonour here -

...loves {the sentence in parentheses follows death in Letters, (Abbas Pacha

is so furiously Mahometan that he has just dismissed all the Xtians from his service, whom he could do without; - besides the 900 Coptic scribes, who are fallen into the lowest poverty thereby) but ...

{9017 resumes with } {not in Letters or 9018}

... death. x No respectable woman walks here - except in the Copt quarter.

It is very disagreeable besides to think of what the Turks are thinking of one.

We have had a real Turkish bath

here - delightful it was & so picturesque

the marble halls - the inlaid floors, swimming with water - (& with beetles)

the mysterious light from above - X

{Letters & 9018 continue here}

... Sacrament.

One's feelings towards the Anglican Church are very different when she is hiding in corners, struggling with the Devil & still adhering to her beloved Ritual, to when she is stretched out in fatness with the millstone about her neck of the richest hierarchy in the world, & the lust of the world tempting people to make her a profession & not a vocation - I really can feel a very warm attachment to her here - tho' I suspect the good she is doing, with her translations of the Prayer book into Arabic, is next to nothing -

You ...

the better - One goes riding out, & one really feels ...

... They do not strike one as half formed beings {9018 has creatures; Letters has beings}

but as evil degraded ~~corrupted~~ creatures.

I have never seen misery before but
 I felt, oh how I should like to live here,
 what wd I give to take this field -never
 before but here one turns away one's face &
 passes by on the other side, thanking
 God that here one is not to live, I
 don't think one cd live here - ...

...complete -

tho' the Pacha does not mind what money he spends.

...

{the following paragraph is omitted in Letters & in 9018m it appears
 in a slightly different form}

We don't particularly take to Mrs.
 Leider, tho' she has been very kind to ous.
 She has an invaluable had of Cleopatra,
 evidently a portarit, not beautiful,
 she squints, but very sweet - another
 of Berenice.

{Letters continues}

We have dined 3 times with Mr.
 Murray - one day he had {9018 continues, p.49}

{a page seems to be missing;9018 continues with the description}

till the next mail came in - but we could not
 the mail comes here by a *rowing*
 boat! from Alexandria tha comes of putting our
 Transit into the hands of the Pacha.

Your letters, which I got at Alexandria
 we brought with us by our own boat from Markilla

Tell me all about the water cure.

Meanwhile think of us as sailing
 up the Nile in a fine boat with
 lots of comfort -

ever your F.

This will just wish you a happy
 Xmas - You must write many
 things to dear Aunt Evans &
 Grandmama for me - I really
 have been afraid to write - can
 I tell them that I am in Egypt?

Cairo - Nov 27 1849

My dearest people

Here we are, our second step in
 the East. We left Alexandria on
 the 25th at 7 o'clock, A.M. were towed up
 the Mahmouddeeh Canal by a little
 steam=tug to Atfeh, which we reached
 at 5 P.M. The Canal, perfectly uninteresting,

the day gloomy. I was not very well, so I stayed below from Alexandria to Cairo. At Atfeh, as we were 70 people on board a boat built for 25, Mrs. B & I plunged out without a plank upon the bank & ran across the neck of land, which still separated us from the river, to secure places in the Marchss of Breadalbane!, which was waiting to take us to Cairo. Then first I saw the solemn Nile, flowing gloomily - a ray just shining out of the cloudy horizon from the setting sun upon him. He was still very high - the current ~~is~~ rapid. the solemnity is no produced by sluggishness, but bu the dark colour of the water, the enormous unvarying character of the flat plain - a fringe of date-trees here & there, nothing else. By 6 o'clock P.M. we were off, the moon

shining & the stars all out - Atfeh? heavens!
 what a place. if you can imagine a parcel
 of mud cones about 5 ft high, thatched with
 straw instead of tapering to a point, a few round
 holes in them for windows, one cone a little larger than the
 rest - most of them grovelling up the bank,
 & built in holes. that is Atfeh; & the
 large ant-hill is the Governor's house -

On board our steamer, where there is
 no sleeping place, but a Ladies' cabin where
 you sit around all night, nine to the square
 yard, we have hardly any English no Indians,
 for luckily it is not the Transit week, {9018/8 p. 45 continues}our
 condition is not improved physically, for
 the boat is equally full of children, scream=
 ing all night, & theMr.
 Bracebridge comes down into the cabin &
 ... steamer for
 the night - which followed us. [She was
 the prettiest woman I ever saw, more
 like a sylph than a Juno, except on
 that occasion - & sat in her close jacket

& trousers, with a sash round her waist,
~~except~~ when with us. {9018 continues}
 ... all night, & talked the whole night {Letters has time}
 They were amazingly puzzled by us - &
 I was asked some 50 times if I were
 married - This redoubled the difficulty,
 I cd not conceive why one said to me
 so often, "But you *did* go to the opera
 at Alexandria" & wd believe no denial. {9018 has slightly different
 phrasing}

What we cd be going to do in Upper
 Egypt was another difficulty - & that
 we sh not travel by a caravan - At
 last we heard them settling in Greek
 that we were the singing people at the
 Opera at Alexandria - but what we
 could be going to sing at Dongola for?

{9018 continues, but is slightly different}
Another woman was explaining her views on marriage. English, she said, married late - & 15 was late. She never wd marry her daughter later than 10 or 12 & when you began to think of it, the man ought not to be more than 7. {9018 continues}

... single stick)

But even this is better than our Indian crew on board the Merlin.)

{9018 & Letters omit the preceding sentence.

{9018 continues, Letters does not}

... Jews "a cup of cold water" - as our Saviour directed - but now...

{not in 9018, but in Letters}

At 2 o'clock the moon set, & the stars ~~rose~~/shone out. At 6 the bright & morning star Venus rose - presently the pyramids appeared, 3 against the sky - but I cd not muster a single sensation - Before 10 we were anchored at Boulac & before 11, with our luggage on camels, ourselves with the Afreet running before us, the Kourbash cracking in his hand, (it is impossible to conceive any thing so graceful as an Arab's run), we had driven up the great alley of acacias from Boulak to Cairo to the Ezbekeyeh & the Hotel de l'Europe.

{written in the margin at the top of the first page}

I wd not have missed that night for the world - it was the most amusing night I ever passed:
& the most picturesque.

9017/4 unsigned letter, 11 ff, pen

From the Dahabieh the Parthenope
floating up the Nile - Dec 4, 1849
Off old Cairo 6 A.M.

My dearest people

We really are off in our Dahabieh, though not yet arranged. We are to stop at old Cairo to buy lanterns whence I shall send this to our beloved friend, the Consul's Secretary, Mr. Legros, who will walk on his head to do anything for a fellow creature. He is quite our Colyar II & I thought that Dynasty was extinct. Well, my dears, he put us on board last night - after ordering our Dahabieh away from Boulak where the Arabs & the fleas are dreadful - to the island of Roda, where he took us a twilight walk, & then left us on board - We arranged ourselves a little, but as we had but two candlesticks for 3 cabins, we could not do much. Trout sleeps in the front sitting cabin, which is really a very pretty little room. & where we breakfast & c On the divans on each side the middle cabin, Mr. & Mrs. Bracebridge sleep - then comes the little passage with the closets & then comes oi. My Levinge is put up upon one side the wooden dais, (which goes round the steerage cabin, having room for one's feet in the middle) - The Levinge is a capital invention, & as to its being choky,

the cabin of a Dahabieh at night runs no risk of being too warm. As to beasts, you must renounce all expeditions, all intercourse with your fellow creatures, if you have set it down as a first principle to keep free from these - It is impossible.

The men are now rowing, to the sound

of that indescribable roar or recitative they make - {Letters omits the next section} I forget whether I told

you that our boat is a Bey's boat, built for his Hareem, & has never held Europeans before - It has only ever been as far as Thebes. They say it is the best boat on the river - & Legros, our faithful friend, who came down with us was delighted with it. Last night, {Letters continues; 9018 also, p 51} the

moon rising behind the trees on the Nile bank, & shining thro' them, & the tall bulrushes, upon the lonely waters, was the most striking thing I ever saw after our start from Cairo upon six donkeys, which carried ourselves & our mattresses, amid the furious din of the Arabs, whose noise & confusion is something inconceivable while the stately Turk never says an unnecessary word. However Mr. Legros got us through & we had a beautiful sunset ride through the alley of tall bulrushes, out of which you can see nothing but the sky down to Ibrahim Pacha's new palace by the river side, where he had moored our boat to be out of the way. The Pyramids loomed large

in the twilight - The frog sang - & the deep quiet of those solemn waters was so soothing - I gathered a nosegay of roses on the island of Roda (Moses's island) to take with us - the last rose of Egypt. -

Now we are floating up, so gently, so smoothly, you can hardly perceive the motion - (9018 & Letters stop here, but Letters has this passage on p. 51}}

Yesterday, before we came down to our boat, Dr. Abbot, who has adopted the Turkish dress & married an Armenian wife, shewed us his collection of antiquities, I hate a collection, but I suppose these are quite priceless. Cheops's ring, Menes I's necklace, mummy bulls & ibis's, & hideous little Gods - &c &c &c. only one thing I shd very much have liked to have understood - a funeral Papyrus - but it has never been read - An Egyptian novel apparently begins with a man's death - & accordingly he dies, as you see by the vignettes - & there are the sacrifices for his burial. Then he is standing before Osiris, who sits with his whip & his hand & the dog Cerberus opposite him & Truth writing down (with an ostrich feather, the emblem of Truth), his deeds - & the 40 assessors or judges all ranged on a shelf above him - all with different beasts's heads - & another God is holding the scales & his good deeds look very light -

Then came different stages of Purgatory, which he is enduring - different Hercules' labours, of killing that & the other beast, which he has to perform. In the last Vignette you see him face to face alone with Osiris, but whether to be condemned or justified, I cd not make out. But I never saw anything more interesting than this supernatural novel, this romance beyond the tombs. I wish people would write novels so -

Farewell, my dearest people - you should have written by the French post, Mr. Bracebridge got English letters from his sister by it yesterday. However the English mail will be sent after us by a friendly boat. It arrives at Cairo tomorrow But you had much better not wait for the mails to go, but write when the spirit moves you. He Howard Galton is come, & I gave him an audience yesterday in the passage at Cairo, as he brought a letter of introduction from Mr. [illeg] ever your loving child

On board the Parthenope
off Aboo=Girgeh.

Dec 9. 1849

~~My beloveds~~

We shall have been on board
a week tomorrow, & are now thoroughly
settled in our house. all our gimblets
up - our Divans out - our Turkish slippers (mezd) pro=
vided, & every thing on its own hook
as befits such close quarters. Now,
if you ask how I like the Dahabieh life,
I must say I am no Dahabieh bird,
no Divan incumbent. I do long to be
wandering about the Desert by myself,
poking my own nose into all the villages -
& running hither & thither & making acquaintances où bon
me semble - I long to be riding on
my ass across the plain - I rejoice when
the wind is foul, & I can get ashore.
they call me "the wild ass in the"
"wilderness, snuffing up the wind" because
I am so fond of getting away - I dearly
love our Dahabieh as my home, but
if it is to stay in it the whole day, as
we are fain to do when the wind is
fair, that is not in my way at all.
However, I must tell you what walks
I have had. This morning I went
ashore with one of the crew at sunrise,
it was cold, as cold as an English
morn= in October, & there was even a

touch of hoarfrost. But when I got under the shelter of the palm-trees, it was warmer. We went inland to a village, the situation of which was marked to us by its fringe of palms - wherever you see these, you are sure of finding houses. {9018/ p. 25 continues} We met a woman leading out her flock to water ~~wa~~ a pool left by the inundation of the Nile, her {9018 p. 103 continues, but in SB's hand} A little farther on we came to a brick field, mud bricks laid out to bake in the sun, & full of chopped straw to make them adhere. It made one think of Rebekah and the Hebrews' task - at every turn. Then we walked round the village - But no European can have the least idea of the misery of an African village, if he has not seen it - No description brings it home - I saw a door about 3 ft high of a mud hut, & peeping in, saw in the darkness nothing but a white horned sheep & a white hen, but something else was moving - & presently crawled out four human beings, 3 women & a child - they made a miserable pretense of veiling their faces, before my Efreet. The only reason why they had not their camel with them was because he could not get in. Next door a maize enclosure, which differed from the first only

{page missing? }Letters p.39}

willing to patronize us. He told me that he was the Governor of I forget how many villages. ~~This one we were at was Malatia in the district of Benisouef (about half-way between that & Aboo-Girgeh)~~ that his people had to pay a tax of two dollars upon every acre, & 30 to 50 piastres upon every man - For this he is responsible to Govt, & he has to get it out of the people, as he can. he has to employ the *whole* population at a piastre a day 2 ½ d - He generally pays them in beans, as there is no bazar near - & only at this season in money. The population consists of himself, - one mola (priest) who comes from Cairo, & teaches the people, not even their prayers, - one Kadee, magistrate, who can hardly write his own name, - & the fellahs, peasants, who are *perfectly* fallow. He complained of his utter inability to improve them in any way, said he only lived with his books, that Ibrahim Pacha had schools, but Abbas Pacha had shut them all up. (of this he seemed

unwilling to speak) that the great vice of his fellahs was dishonesty - stealing from one another - he had just "bet" 500 "flying" for petty thefts. If he said to them, why did you not come to me, I wd have given you beans, you need not have stolen - No x they were accustomed to steal. He was very anxious not to be taken for a Turk, He said, they began sowing the moment the inundation began to subside - harvest begins in 4 months, from this time. The whole country/ of the land is in the hands of the Pacha - he gives lands by favour, & lets them by favour - the lands ~~of~~ under this governor had been let to his dragoman - the people live on beans & dates - they have not the least notion for gain, & accordingly they do as little as they can, & if they have not beans for tomorrow, they say God will provide. if the Govner has not enough fellahs to cultivate the land, he borrows from another village.

I assure you one never goes ashore without being sick (with this state of things) It would be 1000 times better of the people were dissatisfied turbulent - It is their content which is shocking - a contented mind is a perpetual curse -

This man told me that he had not the heart to do as other Govners did, when the people were in arrears with their taxes, stop the whole at once out of the wages, & leave them to starve: but he made them bring him $\frac{1}{2}$ a piastre at a time. He said they had no religion but to think Xtians dogs. Mr. Murray told us at Kairo that Abbas has just issued an edict that, if all arrears of taxes are not paid up within two months, every man, who has hired land, is to be dispossessed. The result they expect to be that the greater part *will* be ousted - & the land revert to the Pacha, who will put it into the hands of agents, who ~~will~~ having no interest in it but to grind the people, will let shadoofs, barns & everything go to ruin - & so the Pacha will find an increase of revenue at first, but afterwards the last state of that man will be worse than the first. "Woe unto them that lay field to field, till there be no place that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth."

Alas, alas, poor Egypt.
They have great difficulty in keeping the fellahs from running away
from their villages.

{9018 p.25 continues; Letters has this on p. 41}

Our crew are a most courteous & quiet set, they are just like children - Whenever they are not tracking, they sit in a circle, with two water jars, which they strike like tambourines, singing a sort of recitative or rather shouting it, for hours together & laughing immoderately. Hunt the slipper is an intellectual entertainment in comparison. The Reis is a dignified old man & sits apart - on the poop, atop of the cabins stands the black steersman & never moves day or night They cook their mess of the thinnest broth and bread in the little boat & eat it there. X {9018 differs here} No one is ever allowed to enter our cabins - Paolo washes us out every day. Mustafa with his cookery, is at the prow - & a little Mustafet, his son we have taken in for charity. I am not allowed to walk the deck for fear of bringing in fleas from the crew's territory. On Friday night I took my first African walk. Mr. Bracebridge & I went ashore at sunset & walked to a village inland with a minaret, the only one we have seen since we left old Cairo. He shot a crow, nothing else We took an Efreet with us. ~~Fesha was the name of the village, he told us.~~

[4]

I was so delighted to get ashore that I cd have run all over the maize fields - The maize is already 3 ft high, tho' so lately put into the ground.

Oh! if on the 7th of December, you could have looked out ~~of~~from your library breakfast table, in a clair voyant state, & seen me! ~~what ever wd you have said~~ - on the 7th we made Benisouef, (77 miles from Cairo, in 3 days) - It is {9018 p. 51} a large town, which means a large misery - & we all went on shore to buy a few things, pots & pans, & a pipe for the Reis - who had broken his - But I cannot describe it - The glorious golden Sun poured down thro' holes in the wretched mud Bazar, (in crannies on each side of which the merchants live) & the sunlight looked like a precious stone in a pewter setting - people, too miserable even to drive the flies from their faces, & therefore covered with them. lay about - The usual khan was the only variety to the mud cages - which ~~is~~consists of four mud walls for the camels, with little compart=ments, also in mud, all round the inside for the men!

The perpetual contrast between the jewels of silver & ~~the~~ jewels of G which the moon & the sun are scattering all round them, the precious stones which deck the heavens above & the Nile below at night - {Letters has "hill below"} nature all dressed

out (not as a bride in flowers & gauzy veils, but) as an Oriental queen, in gorgeous jewelry & wrought gold - ~~and~~ /with (~~illeg~~) the sordid mud & clay of HUMAN nature, & human life is perpetually before one's imagination. At this moment our crew have kindled a great fire by night on land, & are jumping thro' it like Devils, child=devils.
{9018 omits the next sentence}

It is rather tiresome always to have an Efreet with one on land, which I am never allowed to land without, & to be dogged by him every where, but it is a most courteous Efreet, & almost too afraid of my coming to harm. It won't let me even climb the dyke by myself, without helping me.

~~We have not seen any other European Dahabieh since we left Cairo - only a steamer passing to & fro to the Pacha, who is a little before us -~~

~~Did I tell you that all our crew have been presented with a pr of drawers~~

~~which they are forbidden ever to be without, under pain of death - But they have other clothes, a great blue shirt, with large sleeves, which hangs down to the knees -~~

But I must make some sort of a journal. {Letters & 9018 continue here}

All having.

The jack flies at the stern, Mr.

B's colours half way up the rigging,

all made by ourselves - {Letters does not have the next sentence} We did

not get really off from Roda till

Tuesday the 4th at 3 o'clock - as we

stopped at old Cairo to buy a lantern

& that city not affording such a

luxury - were obliged to send Paolo back

to Cairo for one.

But old Cairo afforded a view - the island

of Roda in the middle terminated by the Nilometer - with a branch

of old Nile on either side, bordered with

white houses & Palaces - {Letters resumes} a headland

running far out into the river, ahead with

a minaret at the utmost end, ter-

minating a long avenue of Caroubas -

most beautiful - a little group on

the bank, of ladies shovelling up dirt

in their hands - then the father came

& caressed his child - then the ladies

fell out, & one assisted his conversation

with gesticulating motions - then they

appeased themselves, & fell to, with

the same fingers, upon the Doura mess

which, by this time was ready under

the Carouba tree - & which they all

dipped into with their hands.

For two days we had no wind, &

tracked or rowed or pushed all day -

on the third day the North wind rose,

& we stood away for Benisouef.

That day we did not land at all.

Sometimes, when you could land, the

shores are too high.

For two days we did not lose sight

of Cairo - but her glorious citadel,

spectral in colour, still towered over

every thing. I cannot describe the

strange unnatural colouring - a

bright line of yellow green bordering

Wellcome Ms 9017

602

the Nile (barley or lupins) the hard
brown of the Desert behind, a white

(11) [5]

a white ghastly Cairo in the back ground,
dabs of Prussian=blue =&gamboge
trees stuck about. It looked as
if a child had painted it, & did
not know how - & had made it
unlike nature. We clung to dear
old Cairo however in the distance
we passed groups of ugly pyramids -
(the two Gizeh ones still kept
their ~~ugly~~ pertinacious points up, on the horizon),
then a group of 3, the Abouseir
ones, rough & shabby - then
another group of 3, the Sakhara
ones, one (the large one), in steps,
having been stripped of its filling
up stones - then the two Dashoor
ones, scarcely smaller they are
than the great Gizeh fellows,
stood out like overgrown extin=
guishers. I could not get up a
single feeling about these objects
from first to last. There is
nothing beautiful about them,
nothing picturesque - the ruinous
ones of Abouseir & Sakhara look
like exaggerated bee hives - the others,
like stray tents. There can be no enthusiasm
about any recollection or association
Pazienza!

We have made a little sail
twice in the night, but not much
Sirius shines like a little moon
along the water - the moon is now
too late for us to see her rise, but we
see her in the night shining thro' the Dahabieh windows.

{9018 contains the next passage, p.104}

The Nile beautiful.

{9018 expresses the next differently} And, in general, the solemnity
is

given by all the the colouring being
of 2 or 3 shades of brown, there
being however always sufficient
variety of tint not to be tiresome -
the brown Desert, the brown Pyramids, the brown Nile.

There seems to be little grown but
maize - as yet -

This is a very stupid letter, my
dear friends - But {9018 p. 104 continues} a sort of torpor ...

... lose all feeling of identity too, & everything becomes super natural.

But I must put up this letter for an opportunity, dearest people
farewell - Your

"wild ass of the wilderness" -
but always yours

The definement of the shapes is what strikes one, above all, in Egypt. Even the clouds have defined forms - & the birds, instead of having round heads, have little aigrettes at the top, to make them square.

{The following paragraph has a large x draw through it} We dined one day at the Consul's

with a Hungarian, whose name I purposely avoid to mention, who was one of 20 who sided with the Austrian. His lands were ravaged like the rest - & the compensation Govt has given for desolated lands is 3/4 p. cent - He has directed his steward to decline it, & left the country. "Sarved him right"

2nd Sunday after Advent

20 miles below Minieh.Be

9017/5 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen {Letters continues}

On board the Parthenope
off the desert of Shekh Hassan

Dec 11. 1849

My beloveds I always keep a letter
read & sealed in case of accidents,
one of which has just occurred in
the person of our friend, Hassan
Effendee, who boarded us on his way
back to Cairo from attending the Pacha
at Minieh, & partook of brandy.
Yesterday & today (having no wind)
we have taken long walks into the
Eastern (Arabian) desert, to look at
quarries & catacombs.

The impression which the desert
makes is ever new - ever inconceivable,
the oftener you see it, the more you
are astonished at it - the more like
a stranger & a mysterious power
it seems - If I were to attempt to
describe it, you wd not feel the more
acquainted with it. I myself, now
while I am floating along in our
smooth "Parthenope" by the soft twilight,
can hardly conceive it. It is not
the *absence* of life, but the *death* of
life which makes it so terrible - of
life which *has been* as the solitary
catacomb, the painted rock temple,
& the distant strip of green along the

Nile testify. A *lifeless* desert would be far less frightful than this *dead* desert - the idea perpetually recurring of an awful Devil at work, making this kingdom his own, overwhelming everything by some monstrous convulsion. Perhaps it is the contrast ~~between~~ of the sky with the earth which makes the terror of the Desert - if it were over spread with a dull lifeless sky like ours, it would seem less unnatural - at least one would not see its terrors so plainly, as when glared upon by such a light as this. But, while the *Earth* in our country is rich & variegated with life, & crowded with animation, the sky above contrasts by its deadness. Here, on the other hand, the sky is radiant, the light is living, the golden light, which seems to pour, not only from the sun, but from all the points of the transparent blue heavens - one looks down, & the ungrateful earth lies there hopeless & helpless, a dying withered desert. One *hears* the Devil saying, {Letters has this worded differently}

Command that these stones be made bread, as he looks upon his kingdom, & laughs at the almighty power of God, saying "here even that power cannot bring forth bread" -

This is what gives one a supernatural, mysterious feeling in Egypt - the looks naturally turn to the sky, when the earth has no beauty that one should desire it & the Heavens have ~~it~~ all beauty. The struggle between God & the Devil is perpetually visible before one's thoughts - for the earth seems the abode of the Devil, the heavens of God - & you do not wonder at the Orientals being the mystical people they have become - nor at the Europeans, where all beauty is of the earth & the thoughts turn to the earth, becoming a practical active people.

But to return to our walk - it was Monday morning, & we landed about sunrise on the Eastern coast, & went up towards some limestone cliffs we saw about a mile inland, standing high against the sky. The only living traces we saw were a pair of vultures, sitting on the topmost heights, & the tracks of jackals returning at daybreak from their feast in a little Muslim burying ground, like Ghouls. We had heard their bay at night & thought what they were doing. The sand was not sand, but entirely composed of a little fossil *Cornua ammonis*,

the relics of a former world, older even than the Egyptian world,
lying

strewn as thick as dust - Through
this we travelled up towards the
quarries, the enormous size of which
in former times was testified by ~~an~~
a gigantic propylaeum, (hewn out of
the rock, & left standing against the
sky) which is now several hundred
yards from the quarries. The stone is
not a bit of it honest limestone, but
a conglomeration of these Cornu Ammonis
I brought away specimens, as it was
so brittle, I cd dig with my nails in it
like a jackal. I climbed up to the
top of the quarry, & had a view of
the desert on the other side - nothing,
nothing but tumbled waves of sand
as far as you cd see - Round an
isolated rock, I found fragments of
pottery, & a square hewn hole in
the rock shewed the entrance of a
tomb -but I had not time to go in.
We returned home thro' the miserable
little plundered burying ground near
the shore - A santon's tomb was by
the landing place, & a mat where some
one had once prayed - & a ruined
Arab fortress. It was quite a relief
to pick up a freshwater shell by the
river side, as something that was alive.

We expected to reach Minieh that day,
but there was a dead calm. & we

[2]

anchored that night a little short of Samalood, on the western bank, which is the one always chosen for the night.' The next day was our first introduction to a rock temple - About midday we found ourselves opposite some catacombs, so took the little felucca, & rowed across to the Eastern bank - & taking the boat's crew with us, & the Sheykt of the village, went about two miles into the desert to where the quarries stood shadowless & golden against the blue sky. We found an intaglio larger than life of Rameses III (of the XIX dynasty) about 60 years before Samuel, between two hideous gods probably Athor & Osiris - with his cartouche by the side. Round the corner a small chamber in the rock, dedicated to Athor, to put the quarries under her protection - the painted ceiling almost blotted out - the pillars *in antis* broken - but a figure of Rhaebenaen, the son of Rameses the Great, (of the XVIII dynasty) with two Gods, still remaining in bas relief over the Altar - The view of the Nile was magnificently ugly from these heights yellowish green fields on the W. bank, desert on the E. nothing beautiful but the sky

{page missing? Letters p.35}

by being cleaner & having no roof, I peeped over, & saw a camel. {9018/12 p.103} My 'Efreet' back;) all the houses in the village were exactly like this, the mud walls very thick, nearly 3 ft. There appeared to me to be only one den inside, but I did not go in because I had promised not. Some little things were setting out to fetch water from the Nile each with his amphora on the head, each with a rag, which scarcely descended over the body, but shrouded the head (the Arab always covers his head) {9018/12 p. 103-104} The dogs fell back. (9018/12 stops here) The village, which seemed a considerable place, with a Governor, & a Governor's house, possessed a khan. I peeped in - strings of camels lay round the walls - a few inner cells behind them, roofless & floorless shewed tokens of travellers But I was afraid of a ~~blow-up~~ commotion, so veiled my face & passed on. a tray covered with the Turkish thimblefuls of coffee (which we also drink) was coming out - the only refinement the Arab

possesses. In every village you see a coffee house, generally a roofless cabin built of maize stalks, with mud benches round the inside - but always the thimble full of coffee - made, not like ours, but pounded, boiled for a moment, & poured off directly - & drunk black = you cannot drink the coffee in this climate with impunity - it is too heating - We walked round the village, the huts all tumbled together up & down, as animals build their nests, without regularity or plan. The pigeons seemed better lodged - they had round mud cones provided for them, taller than the houses, stuck full of pots at the top for them to build in, & sticks for them to perch on - There was not much curiosity about me, tho' they (the Arabs, not the pigeons) could never have seen an European female woman before - but they looked on with the same interest which the dogs did, no more - By the time I came back, & overtook the Dahabieh, which had been tracked meanwhile for some distance, (there was little wind & that was South) the sun was high. But it was still too cold to breakfast on deck, as we have done once - After breakfast we all five went ashore again together for the first time - Paolo & Mr. B with their guns to shoot us our dinner, they soon killed 7 quails & we

{pages are out of order; Letters has this passage on p. 53}

one third of his property - & *that* he may not leave to an heir, unless with the consent of all the others. An only daughter (if no son) may inherit half the whole property, by the Koran, & the other half by common usage - The wife seems, wonderful to believe, to have entire command of hier own property, & the husband inherits but a fourth, if she have children. And the wife or wives inherit a fourth of their husband's property, independently & over & above their dowry if he have no children. With regard

to children, the child of the slave wife inherits *equally* with the child of the real wife ! This sounds much better than expected.

If I were to begin now to tell you the infamies in the way of bribery which are committed every day in the chief court at Cairo - you wd not believe them = but you can imagine them from the fact that the Chief judge (or Kadee) of Cairo arrives yearly from Constantinople. He *buys* the place there, & may be grossly ignorant of everything, as he always is of *Arabic*, being by law a Turk - no regard being paid to any qualification, but his pecuniary ones. He, of course, depends entirely upon his Dragoman, who, being permanent, is well versed in the corruptions of the court - which is the word en petit for its "usages & traditions". Every member of every council in Egypt is named by the Pacha - & the Ulema (or learned men) who used to exercise a traditional influence over the Govt had their authority entirely annihilated by Mehmet Ali.

9017/6 unsigned letter, 9ff, pen

Benee Hassan

14th Dec 1849

{9018/9 p 54; Letters p. 55; Letters seems to follow 9017}
 My first ...day {9017 inserts here} oh my people - two ...
 ... initiation into the Michael Angelo mysteries - today...
 ... I should suppose {Letters has presume} of the Lombard ...
 ... picturesque, or of Art - (9018 omits the next section)
 one idea ... one aspiration after the
 Ideal - the Supernatural - I saw nothing
 but representations of the dead man
 during life, of his occupations, & his
 circumstances - ~~nothing of an after~~
~~life, of where he was now - in one~~
~~or two of the chambers, were recesses,~~
~~with ugly Gods apparently to consult the~~
~~{illeg oracle?}~~ But philosophy, metaphysics
 ideas, nothing of that kind was here
 nothing born {Letters omits nothing born} of the highest perfection
 of the civilization & organization of

every day life - of the mechanical
 arts - & the arts of refinement

Nothing ... {9018/12 resumes here}

... Ideal, when he does shew
 it us, in his Gods, is the most matter=
 =of=fact reality possible - merely the
 magnified attributes of animals -
 their senses exaggerated. I think ...

... Joseph
did live - that he trod where you
tread - that his boat ... &
whether his tomb was a little
more to the right or a little more
to the left matters little.

Coming out of the tombs into the
broad sunlight, {9018/12 omits this section} with a little knot
of our red tarbooshd blue robed sailors
sitting in a group at the entrance,
(such as Europeans who sit on chairs
& wear pantaloons can never form),
was a pretty picture - & the whole
valley of the Nile lay below -

Σ said that the awkward archi=
tecture of the tombs was inconceivable
with the perfection of the colouring. It

[3]

seemed to me that they attended much more to colour than to form - The architrave, which means to be what we shd call a pediment, had its lower line curved - {a sketch is inserted here} & no part of the curve was any part of ~~the~~ a circle - & if it meant to be an arch, (just where the strongest part of the arch should be, the centre,) there was a pillar, & of the 3 pillars none were equi distant - & the middle was not in the middle - Even to my inexperienced eye the effect was painful - the highest part of the curve being on one side. But the sense of beauty in the Egyptian evidently was not - I mean in the Egyptian of that age - we shall see what a later era will produce - No beauty however can surpass in impression what this first day has made - Our Dahabieh waddled slowly across to meet us - it had not been able to move a step without us - & our Reis, with his grizzled beard & his head swathed in shawls, looked like a Rembrandt, as he stood on deck waiting the arrival of the English sisters of Joseph & the Pharaohs - The queerest contrast of all

however was ~~{illeg}~~ T sitting at the door of a tomb (for she went with us) crocheting a pattern in small of a new Polka, with her back leaning against the hieroglyphs of Osirtasen, on the door post of the sepulchre. It was less painful however than the childishly ignorant Arab, who stood, degraded & brutified under the shadow of his magnificent ancestor's tomb. Poor Arab! is it the end or the beginning of his civilization - & did God intend it so, is what one asks continually.

Perhaps the thing which came most home to me was a Greek alphabet sprinkled all over the wall, the letters all manner of ways. It was like surprising the man in the very act of teaching his little Greeks in the cool grot.

Another thing which struck one was the excessive prosaic ness of the representations - Nothing was left to the imagination, Probably they had none, You were to see it all - If a drapery over a chair was painted, the chair was painted

through - Your Egyptian artist would not have trusted, as the D. of Cambridge did to his Duchess being behind the Dss of Sutherland in Hayter's picture of the Coronation - but would have painted her through. The *homeiness* of the whole contrasted so with the wild scenery outside. {Letters says 'without'}

The bodies do not lie in the chambers - but in pits in the rocky floor below - most of them now stand open - & you look down & see them running far into the rock. The place where the body lay is generally marked by a hieroglyphical tablet in the wall above - ("His body shall be cast into the PIT.") literal) {Letters puts the next sentences at the end of the paragraph} So ends our Beni Hassan day. the first of many wonders - but none more wonderful than it. {the next sentence has vertical lines drawn through it} We tracked but a very little further that day - & anchored for the night at Nezlet é Shekh Timay. ~~But first~~ I must say that the Egyptian never seemed to have an idea but he spoiled it. The idea of those lotus's was beautiful They merely swelled out a little at the bottom, as if they were growing out of rocks, their necks were just tied together by a fillet under the buds, which made the

capital - & if they could have let them alone, it would have looked like a river-cave, with natural pillars. What had they to do with painting them in stripes?

Some of the painted processions were however beautifully done - One of a man doctoring a sick goat, was in real perspective, done by an artist of genius, not of the usual Chinese fashion.

And so we crossed the river, & anchored ~~on the W. bank at~~ on an island at Nezlet é Shekh Timay. {Letters continues p.61-2}_Now it happened that Nezlet é Shekh Timay was at war with the village of the opposite bank, Shekh Timay on account of some palm trees for which ~~the other village~~ Nezlet é Shekh Timay had killed a man of the other village - & though two men are now in prison at Minieh for it, yet "blood for blood", an "eye for an eye", is the universal law here - & till every relation of the murderer is murdered, the villages are not at peace & the affair is not at an end - Now Nezlet é Shekh Timay wd not let any boats anchor there, for fear the inhabitants of the other village shd take the opportunity, & either do the boats a mischief, ~~which~~ in order that it shd be retaliated by Govt. on the nearest village, Nezlet é Shekh Timay, (perhaps by ~~retaliation~~ extermination), or crawl in upon the village itself, ~~of which~~ all the male inhabitants being now at Cairo, except 12. But we had seen the Shekh of Nezlet Timay at Minieh - & treated him with coffee on board the boat - & his daughter

[4]

had married, à la Capulet, the Shekh of the hostile village - so he gave us a letter to ~~Nezbet Timay~~, his village, ordering them to let us anchor there & give us 3 guards - & two cats, which we wanted almost as much - for the rats in my cabin are so fierce & bold, that I am obliged to get up at night to defend my dear boots & protect them in bed with me (you cannot keep clear of rats with all your care, when you are anchored near grain boats some times all night) Accordingly we received our 3 guards, the whole boat was packed up like a brown paper parcel, both sides, with mats, to protect us from ~~both villages~~ Timays & we lay, like birds in a nest, all night. N. Timay is on an island so we were cheated of a morning walk - It was the first cloudy day we have seen.

Every body knows that Mehemet Ali took possession of the whole ~~land~~ of Egypt, not only the land of the proprietors, but the income of all religious institutions - He levies besides the 2 dollars on every acre, takes the whole of the produce of some things, cotton, flax, &c - & buys the whole of the rest. the price being generally kept back to pay the taxes. & when one village cannot pay its taxes, the next is made to pay for two. The fellàhs are obliged to steal their own produce to live. They may

borrow seed from the Govt., but if they do, half is stolen by the middle men before it comes to them. In this "rabbia" of taxation, palm trees pay 1 ½ piastres each. grain, coming into town, pays a tax equal to its own price in a good harvest in the country. the income tax is one twelfth of a man's income. & Govt makes a profit of 50 percent on the sale of all produce. When one hears all this, one only wonders that the Egyptians work at all, not that they are idle - & one thinks it a proof of some civilization in them that they prefer their property to their flesh, & boast of the bastinadoes they got before they gave up their money. Adding insult to injury, Govt. makes them pay for the camels which carry their own grain to the Govt. granary. No wonder Lane says - they cd not suffer more & live.

Off Manfaloot. Dec 17

We have not had a gasp of wind these two days, & have made very little progress - about 6 or 7 miles a day - Our crew are not very able bodied fellows - Today we have had a sunrise breeze, & went boldly in this morning under the grand cliffs of Gebel I went ashore the Aboofeda I went ashore the other side when the crew stopped for breakfast, & saw the Shekh Jacob coming into Egypt with his flocks & herds, such droves of buffaloes, herds of camels; & flocks of brown horned sheep, with asses in abundance. This was

[5]

quite a new sight - you forget in Egypt the existence of pastoral countries "for every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians" so purely agricultural is the land.

{The following section is in neither Letters nor 9018}

Osyoote Dec 20. 1849

Just arrividd dearest people, at the capitl of Upper Egypt, whence we are to send our letters - We have had four days of stormy weather - & made no way at all. the Khamsin blowing so strong from the S.E., that the crew could not pull against it - & we were obliged to remain anchored under the shelter of a bank. Such storms of rain have not been seen in Egypt since 1839, when half Manfaloot was carried away - we thought we were back in England we expected to have arived at Osyoote four days ago & were without milk or bread - & Mr. Bracebridge sadly annoyed by the delay. But I am glad to have seen

{this next section includes details found in Letters, pp. 64-5}

a Khamsin - for I should never have believed it, if I had not & I give you leave not to believe. It was the same as destroyed a caravan of 300 camels belonging to Mohammed Ali 6 years ago - If you have ever seen a river turned upside down & flowing with its bottom upwards, you can fancy a Khamsin - the river was literally covered with the sand, blowing from the desert. The spectacle of Thames *not* walking between his banks (in the Critic) wd not astonish me at all, for I have seen Nile walking with his bed on his head. It was not a beneficent miracle, like the paralytic man's, however at all - for it is one of those things I am glad to have seen once, & hope never to see again. Whenever we could stand upon deck, which was not often, our eyes were so completely filled with sand & our faces covered, that we could see nothing. We could not wash, for

it was no use fishing water out of the Nile, for instead of water, he gave us a stone, i.e. a sandbank. We could not see across the river - & instead of his walking between his banks his banks walked between him. This you may believe or not as you like, but I saw thro' the window, i.e. when my eyes were not full of anything, a sandbank *on the top* of the river, ~~which~~ the sand was blown up into a ridge, *upon the water*. It was like passing the river on dry ground, only the dry ground was on the top. The waves were as high as when there is a little sea in the Channel. Five times we tried to get out of the corner where we were, & five times we were swung back by an eddy like a whirlpool till we were obliged to give it up. The air was one blast of sand. In a high wind one expects to be cold, but instead of that we were hot. When we struggled on with difficulty the next day, 18th to Manfaloot - the crew went shore to bake themselves - lit. to dry themselves in an oven - after the rain.

9017/7 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen, {Letters, p.64}

near Manfaloot

Dec 17 1849

We had had heavy clouds for two days & yet no wind - the sailors did not know what to make of it. they had never seen such a sky before without a ~~scirago~~ wind Sirocco. At last this morning, after tracking, for two days, a North wind brought us gallantly thro' the straits of Gebel Aboofeyda, but towards noon, the river turning ~~(illeg)~~ to the S.E. & the crew were obliged to track - soon they could not pull against it. we got into a little bay, where the eddy became quite a whirlpool. Five times we tried to tow out of this corner, & 5 times we were swung round & back again by ~~the~~ an eddy like a whirlpool, till we were obliged to give it up. This we ~~was~~ thought the more provoking, as five Dahabiehs, which kept in the middle of the stream, passed us, going very near the wind - & one
with

her sail flapping. About 3, the Kham=
sin increased - it was a wind like
this, which destroyed 6 years ago
a caravan of 300 camels belonging
to Mohammed Ali. The air became
filled with sand. The river seemed
turned upside down, & flowing
bottom upwards. the whirlwind
of sand from the Desert literally
covering it. We could not see across the River,
& when we could stand upon deck,
which was not often, our eyes were
completely filled & our faces covered
with sand. As to the Critic making
Thames ~~not~~ to be walking between his
banks, he does not deserve the
credit of originality for that idea,
for Nile invented the plan first, & today
instead of walking between his banks,
his banks walked between him. I
saw the sand blown up into a ridge
upon the water. & it looked as
if you could have passed the river on
dry ground, only the dry ground was
on the top. ~~By this time, Nile~~
~~seemed to be walking with his feet~~
~~on his head. But it was no illeg~~
I am glad to have seen it for I should
never have believed in it, if I had not & I give you
leave not to believe. By this time Nile seemed to be walking

with his bed on his head, but it was no beneficent miracle, like the paralytic man's, for it looked as if earth, air, & water had been ~~blasted~~ blasted together into one whirlwind of sand. We could not wash, for it was no use fishing for water in the Nile - instead of water, he gave us a stone, i.e. a sand=bank. The waves were so high as when there is a moderate sea in the Channel. & the wind was hot. It grew dark - & the blast increased so that we drove a stake into the bank, & fastened ~~our~~ a rope to it for the night. Presently Paolo rushed in for one of the guns, which we always kept loaded - he said he saw a strange boat coming in sight - I ran out on deck after him - & sure enough, ~~it was a strange boat it was one~~ in the pitch darkness, I saw one of the Dahabiehs which had overtaken us in the afternoon, ~~{illeg now}~~ floating past us, bottom upwards, nothing to be seen of her passengers. she struck in the sand, just astern of us, & remained fast there - By this time the wind had increased so much & we bumped so incessantly that we were afraid the rope would not

hold, & we put out another. I could not help laughing, in the middle of all this, at the figure of our Rais, who had squatted himself at the bottom of our little boat, (which was between the Dahabieh & the bank), & sat there smoking his pipe, & taking no further interest in the question. If the rope wouldn't hold, it wouldn't, & why should he be disturbed?

I did not go to bed - we bumped incessantly - & at the stern especially so hard that we thought we must spring a leak. It was so dark that we could see nothing - but in the morning we found that our Boat had been astride of the poor wrecked ~~boat~~ all night, which had been whirled round by the eddy under us. At dawn I looked out, she had entirely gone to pieces - nothing was left of her but a few of the cabin planks, which our boat picked up, a chest of clothes, which we saved, & her oranges floating in the whirlpool. I never saw anything more affecting than those poor oranges, the last luxury of their

[11]

life in the midst of death. Torrents of rain were falling - ~~the~~ our cabin roof was completely soaked through. the sky was still one heavy mass but the wind had a little fallen, & we struggled on towed by the wretched crew, their teeth chattering, dripping with wet, & evidently thinking the Day of Judgement, the End of the World was come, (for to them rain is much what to us English an earthquake might be,) to Manfaloot - which we reached about 12. There we learnt that of the five Boats, which passed us yesterday, to windward four had gone down, & of their passengers, twenty (including women & children) had been lost. Almost all their relations were in Manfaloot. We gave up the chest of clothes to the Governor to the great displeasure of our crew, who fully intended to keep it for themselves - At Manfaloot the miserable crew went on shore, baked themselves - lit. dried them=

selves in an oven. Such a storm had not been known since 1839, when half the houses in Manfaloot were washed down by the rain. The heavens had rained first sand, & then water, for the last 24 hours.

Our hold was full of bilge water, otherwise we had no ~~other~~ hurt. "If Nile do this" said Paolo, "him see me no more." Paolo had been up & down the Nile 15 years & never seen such a storm & our Rais, who looks like Abraham, never but once. We began to think

that old Nile had got it up as a little gentillesse for us, (as Italians prepare raw roast beef & plum pudding for English) thinking to please us by a specimen of our own climate - & gratify us by a thought of Home, ~~But he now~~ But if he knew what a figure he made of himself, he wd not have done it.

The consternation of the Arabs, seemed quite to stun & palsy them - they were incapable of doing any thing. Four days of storm we had before the sky righted itself - ~~{illeg illeg illeg}~~ whoever has seen a Nile Khamsin, will hope never to see one again.

[12]

The poor wrecked boat, which passed us so gaily in the afternoon, & came back, four hours after, a mere hulk, her mast & yard arm, just appearing above the water, - had been in company with us for two days. & we had seen her merry Nubians & some of her passengers fifty times a day, in racing with one another. They had evidently broken open the cabin in their efforts to escape - but how, even in that pitchy darkness, they could not have walked to the shoal, we could not conceive.

{in another hand SB's?}

Osyoot Dec 20

Just arrived ~~at the capital of Upper Egypt~~ for today the weather has gloriously cleared up, & enabled us to reach this the capital of Upper Egypt which we had been in sight of almost for 4 days. With rapture I found myself ~~again~~ upon an ass again riding like a Caliph into Osyoot, a mile from the river side, & after our return to the boat, on this

the eve of the shortest day, sauntering like Pharaoh' daughter along the river's bank to see the sun set behind the minarets, with the mountain beyond full of sepulchres in the rock.

We must stay here two days, tho' the wind is fair at last, to let the crew bake - they take an oven for a day & night, go to the mill, buy the wheat, wash & grind it, knead it themselves with their feet, & then bake it, spending the night at the oven & going into it with their own bread; I suppose to keep it warm - Such is the method of providing oneself with bread here! We had been without it for 4 days, & could get no milk either.

9017/8 unsigned letter, 5ff, pen {This letter is 9018/12; Letters p. 68}

{9018/12 breaks off after ... mummies}
so carefully

put under his protection, all lay
tumbled about among the rocks. It
was curious to see these things, to which
a reverence ~~of~~ for Life or even for where life had been under any
form, had given birth - a reverence so great that
even in the animal, life was sacred -
to see now, not only the mummy ani=
mals, but even the skeleton of a
human being, a young woman, 5000 years ago so
reverentially cared for, now handled
by our childish Arabs, pulled to pieces,
& thrown at one another's heads.
Little she would care for it now -
still I could not bear it, more for
the feelings of those who had cared
for her, 5000 years ago., than for her own - & we
buried her decently out of sight, the
sand with a heap of stones covering.
It was little good, for 5 minutes
afterwards we found the skeleton
of her husband. But there is nothing
painful in all this = the ideas of
the old Egyptians about Death -
were so cheerful - it was so com=
pletely to them the portal of life,
that one felt as if the God of Death
must have rejoiced over his own
death, now that he is gone to join
his worshippers.

[2] {in another hand 15}

I shall not describe the caves - who ever imagined anything from description? The atmosphere within is not chill or damp, like vaults or churchyards, but warm & genial & dry to the last & farthest chamber in the rock. Little remains to tell their story but some beautiful blue scrolls still covering the rocky ceiling - blue, the old Egyptian type of wisdom, because Sapphire, its favourite stone, means as in Hebrew, to write - so the Hebrews still call their Bible, *Sephir*, the book. & the Egyptian priests, wore, (like the "Urim & Thummim") on their breasts a blue stone, a sapphire, with Truth engraved on it. The two breast-plates appear to have been exactly similar.

Mr. B. & I climbed the mountain, thro' a cleft, in search of the site of the old Lycopolis - & found on the very summit the place cleared, no doubt the Acropolis & a smaller round space, the Acropolis of the Acropolis - & such a view! not beautiful, bird's eye views never are - but all Egypt -

{pages seem to be missing}

{Letters p. 72}

imagination! The mountain here is literally riddled with tombs, & chambers. We crawled in from one into the other. We rode home thro' the modern burial ground, a city without the walls, rows & rows of square white-washed ogived enclosures, with divans round them, under which the inhabitants of the living city, which is much less handsome, lie. beautiful palms, acacias, caroubas, filled it - while the living city; base & dirty, with its houses, windowless, of sun burnt bricks, looked degraded & hopeless. How can it be otherwise when Govt. *fixes the price* of produce, buys the produce, compels work by bastinado, & not by the natural incentive, interest, & leaves the wretched fellàh nothing but taxes to life upon. The women, dirty beyond description, use their one veil for a basket - And yet they are a noble looking race. I have never seen so many tall men, noble presences, stately heads as in this wretched Osyoot & miserable Bazar, where the shopkeepers sit, keep their goods, & work at their trade in holes, 4 ft by 5, raised on either side the narrow street.

[3] {in another hand 17}

The only white-washed house is the
Pacha's palace, just inside the gate.
A number of people were crouching
at the door, waiting for audience.
"He sits & judges in the gate." the ride
into Osyoot is really through quite a wooded
country, with ponds, & white
ibis's on them, & yellow flowering
Mimosas. And at the corner
of every road is that beautiful
observance of Mahometan hospi-
tality - the covered water tank, long
& narrow, with three little starry
openings, & 3 little dome-lings -
like a Holy Water vessel, which is
always kept filled with water, for
the travellers arriving at the city to
refresh himself, even before he enters
it. I have drunk there myself,
& blest the observance towards the
stranger.

Tomorrow we leave Osyoot - & set
our heads to Thebes - but shall not,
we now fear, spend our Xmas Day
there as we had intended - Our bread
is baked & we are off. The day was

from about 10 min, to 7 to 10 min. past
5 - about 10 hours & 20 minutes from
sunrise to *sunset* today. In the middle
of the day it was hot - nights cold as
usual. In a garden in Osyoot the trellis
was covered with vines in leaf - Castor
oil plant in flower - but no attempt
at flowers any where -

{The following passage has an X drawn through it & is not in Letters}

This is a sorry letter from Upper
Egypt, my peoples - But I had hopes
to have heard from you before this time.
I thought that, by stopping her two
days, the Nicholsons would have
overtaken us, who were to
bring our letters from Cairo - But
they have not - You should take
advantage of the French mails, as
well as the English. That is the
reason that I have been so long
without letters. Since those we
brought with us ourselves to Alex=
andria, I have not heard from
England. But I almost hope now
we shall have contrary winds, that
the Nicholson boat may overtake
ours, for while we have been here, she
must have been profiting by the fair
wind - be now near us.

A noble cat has come on board of
its own accord, & killed two rats.
I believe it is a God.

But now farewell, dearest peoples.

~~I shall write again from Keusieh~~
And now that Nile has got up this
little Divertissement in our honour
as English people, to remind us of
our own climate, I hope he will
give us fine weather.

~~Your "wild ass in the wilderness,"
but ever yours.~~

God bless & He will bless you -
My Xmas love to all.

9017/9 unsigned letter, 6ff, pen
Xmas Eve. 1849

On board the Parthenope
half way between Osioot & Girgeh

{9018/13; Letters p.74}

{9018/13 omits two paragraphs} ...overhead.

Pray tell Catherine

Stanley when you see her, with my
love, that I walked alone at sunset
one Eastern evening on the sea shore
near Alexandria on the very spot, as
I like to believe, where Justin Martyr
met his old man, & as I thought of
their meeting, I thought too of ours,
hers & mine, made under auspices as
holy. But I wish she could have seen the
sunset which glorified that spot, the sands of gold, the
transparent green caves of the sea.

Till you see an Eastern sea, you never
understand the Homeric idea of Thetis
& the Nymphs, living in its caves. In
our dull green & blue waves there
seem so inducement to live - but in
the transparent green caves of the East
the colour of that green Fluor Spar, or of
chrysolite, of nothing else that I have ever seen, you

can hardly fancy that something blessed
does not live. {the next line is omitted in Letters}What an evening
that
was at Alexandria.

But I must come back to Xmas,
my beloved. What do you think of
breakfasting ...{9018/13 continues, slightly different}
of walking under a hot sun on Xmas Eve?
& what ...{diagram} I assure
you this is not in the least exaggerated.
A is Antaeopolis. Last night when
we arrived at Ekhmin, (the ancient
Chemmis or Panopolis) the whole ...
so that it looked like the *corner* of the

world, *finished off* in that way. this
division of the river into lakes gives
one continually the feeling of some
Sinbad the Sailor or Rasselas valley,
not in our sense of valley, but shut up
& made up at both ends from the rest
of the world. {the next sentence & sketch are omitted from Letters}
This is the plan of the river
at Ekhmin {sketch} the dot being the town
so that when you approach from {sketch} it looks
quite fastened off.
{Letters continues} the hills are sometimes pyramids, but
oftener this shape, {sketch} square headed.
Not one blade of vegetation, not one
cleft from the bottom to the top -
but all blown over with sand.
You cannot conceive the strange effect
of this, nature? it is not, unnatural
scenery, I should say. {9018/13 continues} As to drawing. ...

{9018/13 breaks off here}..scoop in the mud wall.

The cliffs are now all blown over with hills of sand, rising at their bases. I liked Osyoot much better than Beni Hassan. Beni Hassan is of infinitely more value to the chronologist & if it is true, as Bunsen says, that the 12th dynasty lies buried there, (which does not seem probable), for the 12th was the conquering dynasty, & the pictures on these tombs are all of peaceful arts & sciences, & matter of fact jog trot amusements) if is unique - but it is only an isolated fact in chronology - while Osyoot, with its long chain of associations is much more interesting. But I believe I have said this before. The preceding sentence is not in Letters}

Xmas Day, nearing Girgeh

{9018/13 & Letters continue}

You ... dawn.

Xmas night

Many ... looking glass - at the 1st Cataract you can buy a slave for 300 piastres (£3) but at the second, a woman costs 6 ...

Girgeh, (the second great town in Upper Egypt) {the end of this sentence is omitted in 9018/13 & Letters}where we were to have laid in a fresh store of biscuits, but sailed past it, doing ...Just before Girgeh, & just as the sun was going down, we came to another ... (9018/13 continues) (9018/13 & Letters are slightly different ... in a phantom ship by Jinn to Jinnee countries - {9018/13 continues} ... mistaking them for a blanket... ...certainly but a man...South we had come before from Cairo. ...

[7]

...once a day - & our Arabs are happy
with brown bread, ...

... Cataract, with this bed,
it seems ...

escape - We have now four cats, the
God & 3 others. The God is the only one
who does ~~(illeg)~~ any work, but he has ...

... we do very well.

{This sentence is not in 9018/13} My Levinge is without money & without
price ~~to me~~ not so much against mosquito as against draughts. -

{the end of this sentence is not in Letters} but one night that Trout
was taken ill, & I was called up, I thought
it was an hour before I could get out.

(9018/13 continues) Xmas Day ...towns,

Panopolis & Ptolemais, ... milk now everywhere & bread, ...

{The following page is not in 9018/13 nor in Letters,

I shall be truly obliged, if you will do my job of Felicetta, which I ought to have done before I went. Will you kindly write to our devoted McCracken, c/o Old Jewry, (as you, my dear mother, know but too well,) & charge him to pay, as he values my friendship, *20 scudi* to Mr. Freeborn, our consul at Rome, to be paid by him to the Superior (reverend Mother) of the convent of the Sacré Coeur at the S.P Trinità a' Monte, Rome, for a year's education of Felicetta Senzi, with my thanks for her kindness towards the child &c. It is due early in February, so that there is no time to be lost. I forgot to do it at Alexandria - You must tell McCracken that you wish it to be paid in Scudi, & therefore you send him £5, & he must give you the difference, as the present rate of exchange in Rome he will not know &c.

Farther, will you send my "Gatty" to Miss Plunkett to read (by the post), taking out any papers of mine, which may be in the book. I promised it her.

We are just entering a canal, the first piece of artificial navigation - since the junction of the Mahmondiet Canal with the Nile at Atfeh -

9017/10 signed letter, 6 ff, pen {this is 9018/14

On the Nile

50 miles below Thebes.

Dec 26. 1849

My dear Dr. Fowler

I must write you a few words of Christmas greeting from these lands, to you & dear Mrs. Fowler, - in return for yours received at Alexandria. We took your kind advice about the Chloride of lime, but Egypt is not the land of smells, & we have as yet had little occasion for it. Whatever else are the miseries of the Arab population, it is certainly not want of drainage. The purity of the atmosphere of Cairo strikes every body. The Arab system is to keep everything on the surface, & carry it away. The regulations about this are enforced with all the resources & advantages of a despotism, which defies all competition ~~(illeg)~~ from any tyranny in the known world - No doubt the absolute dryness of the climate, where nothing corrupts & the entire absence of

rain second the intentions of the gov=ernment, ~~but~~, in streets in Cairo a narrowness & depth, which, in Edinburgh, would imprison you with their stench, nothing is to be perceived but the fragrance of the Mimosa from the distant garden. We keep wonderfully free from vermin too, being careful to wash out the whole of our small space every morning with water from old Nile - & never indulging in mat or carpet or curtain.

To describe the state of this horrible country would make your heart bleed too much for me to be so cruel. their minds kept in a state of worse than animal ignorance (for Abbas Pacha has wisely suppressed all Ibrahim's schools - had he let them subsist, his Govt. could not have done so) their bodies subjected to an alternate course of bastinado & starvation - robbed of the {illeg little?} the enormous taxation leaves them by the system, which the Govt. has, of buying all the produce, & therefore fixing all the prices of the country - nothing but the animal submission of the Arabs could allow this state of

things to continue one day. The sight of every village is a painful reason against travelling here & I cannot conceive an European, especially a Western European, EVER finding a home in the East, while a corner of Europe remains. The impossibility of doing the slightest good, the feeling of utter hopelessness for ~~the~~ any future to these miserable Arabs, - one cannot wonder at their recklessness of life, (which is generally set down to Mahomedan fatalism), - for, when a plague comes & sweeps away one third of the population, as the last did, it is impossible not to rejoice.

"Past" & "Present" are words, which in Europe we are fond of using - {9018/9, p. 61; Letters, p. 90} ... Tory comes, & talks about "the golden days of good Queen Bess";... ..our antiquities ... that we did these Egyptians of 5000 years ago, had ... {9018/9 is worded differently; this passage also occurs in 9018/5, p. 18} possessed of *all* our philo=sophy - & more than our art & science - For much of theirs, that, for instance, of quarrying & raising the enormous blocks of their Architecture is entirely lost, we have no inheritance of their mecha=nical skill - & but little, I suppose, of their chemical, mathematical & astronomical science. When... .. you cannot but imagine Creation of Man - but ~~when~~ {in darker pen} I have left my "past & present" it does not want

[2]

{9018/9 & Letters continue} you find ... one God,
the distinct conception of a progression
thro' Eternity - & a philosophy so
deep that all that Moses ~~na~~ and
Solon ...
borrowed from them - & at a
time too {the following passage is not in 9018/9 nor Letters, but is
in 9018/5}
when Abraham, the most enlightened of a sister nation tries to
cut the throat of his only son, & is
only ... advanced stage of existence. {9018/5 breaks off here}
which we call heaven,
how we have persisted in calling
him the 'man of sorrows" - instead
of calling him the man who is already in the state
of blessedness - the man who has
progressed & succeeded -
But I have left ~~my words~~ my
"Past" & "Present" - but it does not need

[3]

my words to shew what it is to look out from these tombs, this "Past" of a spiritual & intellectual life, & see the "Present", the savage, the sensual, the childish life. Why ~~is~~ is there not national, like individual progression? does it not seem as if the greatest amount of progress would be secured, by the *same* nation continuing to carry it on, & profiting by its own "experience?" It cannot be a law that all nations shall fall after a certain number of years - God does not work in that sort of way - they must have broken some law of nature, which has caused them to fall - But are *all* nations to sink in that way? - as if national soil, like the soil of the earth, must lie fallow after a certain number of crops - and will England, turn into Picts again, after a certain number of harvest years, as Egypt has turned into Arabs? Or will a nation find out at last the laws of God, by which she may make a steady progression?

However that may be, I really think a traveller should consider

the question whether it is not less painful to him to travel in America, ~~whether~~ where there is no Past, an ugly & prosperous Present, but such a future - or in the East, where there is such a Past, no Present, & for a future one can only hope for extinction? {Letters does not have the next passage}

We shall, we believe, go up to the second Cataract - & spend two or three weeks on our return at Thebes. I must beg your pardon & your indulgence, never failing to me, for such a stupid letter, but I could not resist the opportunity of the last post up the Nile - & the going=for=nothing by the consul's bag, (a consideration not to be neglected for a letter not worth postage), to write you a word of my constant remembrance, my dear kind friends - who have always remembered me in their benevolence -{9018/5 p. 22 continues here}

I wish Mrs. Fowler ... every dose yourself - Either they take the whole dose in one, or they don't take it at all - ... on deck - {9018/5 breaks off here; 9018/14 p.118 continues} & last night, (Xmas Day,)Mrs. Bracebridge ... a chill in the air. { Letters p. 93 continues here}

... strangers to all the Harems...

I trust Mrs. Fowler has quite recovered her autumn illness ... an old servant of theirs

9017/11 initialed letter, 9 ff, pen

near Kenneh. Dec 28. 1849

{This is 9018/15, which is not in FN hand; Letters p. 82}

Dearest ...to deny the body. Now ... of these orders

{9017/11 seems to have pages missing; it resumes with}

...unlike Rome, at the same period of time...

... the Augustan age was hardly passed there, ...

..trouble of all enquiry. {Letters breaks off here; 9018/15 & 9017/11 continue}

Sabellians followed a different arith=
metrical ~~progression~~, & diminished them
to one ...

...The *Author* of Nature into so

many *powers* of nature, the One first into

{illeg} many second causes, - ...

... different roads.

...the Outward - the distinction of religion

by their opinions {9018/15 stops here; 9017/11 continues}to the
distinguishing

them by their forms & ceremonies

& though, while smarting ourselves under the absurdity of making a meta=physical discussion a test of religion, we condemn & despise it, we ought perhaps rather to rejoice & consider it as a progress, a step to something else. At the same time, it is curious for an Englishman{illeg}, vexed with the contro=versies of Trinitarians & Unitarians, to tread the ground where, 1500 years ago, this ~~same~~ controversy originated under different names, the Homousians & the Homoiousians - & for furious friends at home to remember, that the quarrel about the nature of Jesus, which has rent the Xtian world for fifteen centuries, did not begin till 300 years after the death of Him whose nature is so discussed - and the Alexandrian school, which lit this fire, sought in vain among the writings of his personal friends & immediate successors for any materials by which to find out what they thought about His exact nature. It is entirely a modern controversy born of idleness, of the luxury & ease which Constantine's con=version gave to the Xtian church {illeg too faint} Xtian writers, martyrs & learned fathers {illeg too faint}

3rd century speak of Jesus in terms which our father =worshippers of the 19th wd consider rank blasphemy. The opinions of this 3rd century are easy to determine. the Xtian *Jews*, imbued with the Old Test. therefore (from which nevertheless {edge of page is not clear} we{?)

affect to derive our Trinity) believed Him a man - the *Greek* Xtians, imbued with Platonism therefore, believed Him the logos or wisdom. the *Egyptian* Xtians, & therefore imbued with mysticism believed Him one out of several aeons, or powers proceeding from the Deity. The Gnostics called their 30 persons aeons.

It is curious that, with us, the memorial act, which he left for the purpose of union, & with the name of communion, among his followers, should have become the test & type of their difference.

{Letters resumes here}

But the wind has risen, & after two delaying days of tracking, we are at last approaching Kenneh. ~~I must put up~~
~~& hoping to find letters from you there,~~
am, dearest people all yours & always
yours {illeg Phake}

[3] {in another hand, 11}

I have not yet read Miss Martineau, as you charged me not. {Letters p.84 continues} We have had a good voyage of a week from Osioot to Gheneh, 150 miles, with wind 5 days, which has greatly raised Mr. Bracebridge's spirits, but we think it all too fast. If the wind is good, we shall scarcely stop at Thebes - but I hope that it will not be. that we may have just one moonlight walk there (for the moon is now full) as our first initiation to the hundred-gated City. Only imagine our being within 50 miles of Thebes. I can hardly believe it. & feel almost afraid of first seeing those awful spectres of dead Time & Space. There is nothing beautiful in Egypt to lessen the awe- which one feels before these ghastly shrouds, mere shrouds as they are in Osyoot - these bodies petrified, suddenly turned to stone in the midst of their daily occupations, as they seem in Beni Hassan. these gigantic phantoms, as I fancy they will be in El=Uksor - of a dead Past. If you can imagine seeing an awful spectre under the broad radiance of a meridian sunlight, that is Egypt - my noble, melancholy, sublime, dead Egypt.

(9018/4 p. 16 begins here; Letters p.86} {in another hand: Smith 12}

The Egyptian religion ...
..Jupiter "Capitolinus" - Yet one could fancy,
even with those ...
...mankind should be progressive...
... the Good Shepherd. (9018/4 omits the next paragraph}

We make a distinction almost
similar between Father, Son & Holy Spirit,
when we call the Father the *thought*,
the Son the *word*, & the Holy Ghost,
if I may so say, the *hand*, i.e. the
worker, the communicating medium.
As with us, the First Person of the
Trinity arranges, the Second commands,
the Third actuates or vivifies - so, with
them, Neph was the Intellect, Amun
the Will or the Active Energy, Phthah
the Wisdom, i.e. the application of know=
ledge, the fitting it into form - the Life.

{9018/4 p. 17 continues here}

Hermes ... in silence." And as, to apply the
Xtian Trinity to human ideas, the Father
might be the Philosopher, the Son "the
Speaker, & the Holy Spirit the Artist
so, clothing the Egyptian theology in

human facts, *Neph* was the thinker,
 the author of political theories, *Amun*
 the statesman who brought these
 theories into projects, *Phthah* the lawyer
 who framed them into laws, & *Osiris*
 the magistrate who adapted them to
 the particular case, or the schoolmaster
 who taught them. *Phthah* {Letters differs here} was the
 executive as *Amun* was the legislative
 power. {9018/4 continues, as does Letters} There was ...

... & upon *Khem* perhaps
 devolved ...Creator. We may perhaps
 compare him to the Holy Ghost, the
 vivifier - so that in English theology,
Neph would answer to the Father,
Amun & *Khem* both to the Holy Ghost,
Phthah to the Son in his character of
 Wisdom, of the creator of the world, such
 as ~~which~~ St. John gives it him - & *Osiris*

to his later character of bringing gifts,
 to men & suffering for them.
 {9018/4 breaks off here; Letters continues.}

With regard to sacrifices, the Temples
 of Jerusalem & of Thebes appear to have
 closely resembled each other - & the system
 of sacrificing to have been the same in both
 except that there appears no trace
 of *burnt* sacrifices in Egypt. {3 lines scribbled out}
 {Letters does not have the following sentence} How singular
 it is that while we condemn & abhor
 in the Oriental Prince the practice of
 always receiving gifts, & wonder that
 he does not prefer a more actual &
 intellectual service, we should look
 upon sacrifices as anything but as super=
 stition, natural to an infant people.

With regard to the Greek ~~religion~~ comparison, the
 {9018/4 continues here, as does Letters}
 metaphysical ...

...representations of ~~the~~/its effect on workings
of that First Cause, ... not the God of Nature" {9018/4 breaks off
here; Letters continues}
{in another hand: Draft}

Perplexed by his sensuous imagination,
that perfect artist (the Greek) saw
Apollo at work driving the chariot of
the Sun, Jupiter holding the scales of
Fate, Pluto judging the dead -
while the clumsy philosophers (the Egypt=
ian) with no imagination at all, & no
artistic hands, but a metaphysical head,
saw the First Cause throughout. (When
we say that the Egyptian had no hands,
we should rather say, no ideal - for in
the Mechanical he was unrivalled. He
was no "Artist", but a first -rate "Artisan.)

He appears to have had no ideal, no
poetry, no art - while the Greeks
overflowing with all three, erecting their

poets into the place of even theologian, teacher & prophet to them - became idolators of their own creations. Perhaps the difference between Egyptian, Jewish & Greek religion was this, that the Egyptian made the metaphysician his religious teacher, the Jew chose the statesman & afterwards the priest to be his, & the Greek elected the poet & the artist to the office.

Hence the greater preponderance of *ethics* in the Jewish, which indeed eclipses all theory, even ~~of a~~ concerning the most interesting subject to man, a future life - hence the subtlety of *metaphysics* in the Egyptian, which necessitated the inordinate use of symbols, to make it at all intelligible to the people. & having no turn for the Symbolical, no artist mind, hence the proverbial ugliness of their symbols.

The Exquisite perception of beauty & form in the Greek organization explains the third religion - & its results.

Ethics, Philosophy & Art appear to have been the characteristics of the three.

Perhaps we may say that the Greek deified the agent - the Egyptian saw the "One", working artificer like, it is true,

but always saw Him thro' the agent.
The Greek saw "a God in clouds" not
"heard him every where", the Egyptian
saw Him everywhere, working *through*
the clouds, the sun, the river. Thus the
Greek made a deity of the Sun, the
Egyptian made him only an emblem;
which accounts for the sun having come
forth from the Greek hand the sublimest
form of beauty the world has ever seen -
from the Egyptian hand a little round O.
Had Raphael not deified the Virgin, ~~she~~
he could never have produced the
woman=Goddess, - equally divine, as the
Goddess of Purity, with the Greek Juno
(Ludovisi) as the Goddess of Liberty. the
Egyptian is the old African Protestant.

There is a strong likeness between Osiris,
Isis & Horus, the triad of Philoe, - and
Plato's theory of a Trinity, in which the
First was the intelligence working, the
Second the Matter by which it worked;
& the third Kosmos, beauty or order,
the result of the two. For, according
to the Egyptians, Osiris was the Intellect
at work, forming - Isis, the Matter being
formed - & Horus Composition, or the effect
of the Two.

The Trinity of Orpheus is
 I Will or Counsel
 II Light or Love
 III Life or Life Given

All these theories seem to agree with each other, & in some measure, with the Xtian Trinity - Why should we use the obnoxious word "borrowed"? What can be more natural than that (if God inspires us, as He is in all ages doing, thro' our Reason, our Feeling & our Conscience, {Letters omits the next part} all which the Bible includes under its one word Faith) { Letters continues} than that the Egyptian Reason, Conscience, Feeling, should have borne a similar fruit to the Greek & the European Three, modified by the respective climate it grew in.

in great haste, yours & always
 yours F

I had not time to look over ~~even~~ my letter (about the Gods) from Ghoueh, so that you must wait till I come back to understand it. Perhaps I shan't understand it myself -

Will you tell Aunt Mai, & all my dear people there, that I have obeyed their orders not to write, because I sometimes refrain from going somewhere to write to you, my owns, which is a pleasure & a necessity to me - but I think it a duty not to stay in the Boat for anything else - as the ~~posting~~ places, where you have anything to see & to write about, are always the places you have to put your letters in - & the uncertainty is so great that you cannot wait to write till the next place - Tell Uncle Sam I can explain his seal now - & give to all my best New Year's love - We keep out of the way of the English famously, & have the best boat on the river

9017/12 unsigned letter, 16 ff, pen {9018/17 p. 129, FN hand & Letters p. 97}

El Karnak

The last night of 1849.

Yes my dear people, I think your
imagination has hardly followed me...
... No one could trust themselves with
their imagination *alone* there ...

... as if *you* had awakened the *Angel* of the last
Day. Imagine six columns/aisles on either
side of which the last column is *out of sight* ...

... through 160
columns of these, in 6 ranges {Letters is slightly different}
...how art thou fallen from heaven, O

Lucifer...

... star brightly shining. (9017.12 continues, 9018/17 does not) X It
has really

ascended above the height of the
clouds - And as you look upon these
mighty ruins, a voice seems continually
saying to you, And seekest thou good
things for thyself? seek them not - for
is there aught like this ruin? & does
anything matter beside this? {Letters omits the preceding sentence}
One wonders

that people come back from Egypt &
live lives as they did before - one
expects to see them come out of the
temple of Karnak, with their hair
turned white in a single night - {Letters omits the preceding
sentence}

X Yet Karnak ... {9018/17 p.130 continues}

... inhabited by worms & reptiles. {Letters omits the preceding end of
the sentence}

[2]

{This page has a large x drawn through it}... peace - *there* you feel like spirits revis=

siting your former world, strange & fallen ..

{ Letters has an omission here}... have like Job's, & let the day perish here! let darkness & the shadow of night cover it = & let that night be solitary, & no voice come therein - & let the stars of the twilight be its lamps - {9018/17 omits the following} neither let it see the dawning of the day.

And let not the night wherein we were in Carnac be joined among the days of the year - for it has no brother among them - we shall never feel anything like that again.

New Year's Day 1850

{9018/17 & Letters p.99 continue}

"I open my eyes my dear people to wish you a happy New year, & my eyes ~~open~~/look upon the obelisks & colonnades of Luxor, under which we lie at anchor, with the sun rising behind them - I have written in haste, because we shall leave Thebes to day, if the wind be fair. We arrived here yesterday - as soon as we had passed the cliff which had the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, I was on the roof of the cabin, among the hens - the Nile was too low to see much - but what I *did* see!

I could not believe that we should ever see Thebes. I was afraid to die, before our eyes shd have lighted upon it. I had a dream the night before that we had been obliged to turn back, before we arrived - Never before in my life could I understand what people meant when they said, I wanted to see so & so again before I died - I thought (rightly or wrongly) Well, if we are dead it will be so much better, I

cannot see what that will signify, ~~then~~ - never
 before in my life did I long to live
 & fear to die - I walked ... {9018/17 & Letters continue}
 ... suburb - the next day we were
 to see Thebes, if we lived. {9018/17 is in a different order}

And how she opened before us.
 The wind deadened, ...
 ...Rameseum appeared
 out of the Lybian suburb - there ~~the~~
 lay the ~~glorious~~ imperial corpse of
 the sprit which had gone out &
 animated the world. Hail to thee,
 poor glorious Egypt - ... {9018/17 continues}

... We landed, & ran
 up to Luxor to see her temple before
 dark - her one obelisk still standing
 fresh unbroken as the day it was
 cut ~~at~~ before the proplyaeum - at the
 gate of which sit two colossi of
 Rameses II - but alas! the faces
 gone - the figures covered up to the
 elbows - a third colossus a little
 farther sat at the corner of the
 Proplyaeum - its crown now only marks
 the spot, projecting above the sand -
 There stands ... {9018/17 continues} ... the legends of the kings.

[3]

{9018/17 has other material inserted here; it continues p. 134}
 In the evening we went to Carnac ...
 ... of riding over the Desert by night - at
 home one's imagination used to rest in
 a smooth desert - this was all, as usual, ...

... left of each. Around on the HORIZON ...
 ... abroad over the world *and* the
 Temple - ...{9018/17 continues}

... buried almost up to the neck -

At Luxor stands the widowed Obelisk at the propylaeum gate - ~~the~~ its fellow which stood over against it, has been carried off, as you know by whom -

Abbas Pacha {9018/17 p. 133 & Letters continue} was here last week & left the place as he found it. he was ~~past~~/below all sentiment either for the glories of his temples, or the miseries of his people - two women sat grinding at the mill when we were there under the lotus capital - a calf was rubbing itself against the painted hieroglyphics, other enemies had been there - the Ptolemies had scratched out the name of the King in every one of the cartouches, leaving the rest - & the

Persians had been spoiling the temple painting their red legs over it. I stood on the ground which is about half way above the elbow of the sitting Rameses, & could hardly reach the shoulders. From the Luxor shore, you can see the Pair, the two "Witnesses" sitting like spectres in the Lybian suburb - where we have not touched yet -

We are just off - this New Year's morning - off for the Cataracts -

Yours dearest people ever in this world or the next.

{Letters p. 103 continues, 9018/17 does not}

[8]

We left Thebes at 12 yesterday, after having stayed there a night - the view of the whole temple of Luxor from the poop, as you sail away, is beautiful. the plan of it being less disturbed by the mud huts - What the disturbance of these, is, morally & physically no one can describe - It is not the bodily misery which shocks one - I have seen greater than that in London - on the contrary, the huts in Luxor temple were each full of calves, turkeys, hens goats, camels, together with their men & women the corn which the women were grinding was excellent - the breads in the oven were of the whitest, finest flour - & as well baked as yours. If it *had* been physical misery, one cd have borne it - it was the moral degradation, the voluntary debasement which was so hideous. To see those columns lifting their heads to the sky (even now, when half buried) & carrying one's eyes naturally on high - & human beings, voluntarily losing their prerogative as men, of the "os sublime", choosing darkness rather than light, building their door ways 4 feet high *or less, choosing* to crawl upon the ground like reptiles, to live in a place where

{the film 9017/12 is out of order}

[9]

they could not stand upright - when the temple roof above their heads was all they needed - in a cold climate one cd have understood it, but here, it seemed as if they did it on purpose, to be as like beasts as they could - There was no reason - there was plenty of of room - but they chose to live all in a little yard, not even a hut to each family - pigsties & cow houses were palaces to these - if they had been deserted, you wd have thought it was the dwelling place of some wild animals I never before saw any of my fellow= creatures degraded, (thieves, bad men, women & children), but I longed to have intercourse with them - but here one gathered one's clothes about one & felt as if one had trodden in a nest of reptiles - it sounds horrible to say so But one cannot conceive how ever Moses cd set about his work of regeneration here. because they have plenty; where wd you find in England the people who had milk every day, who eat turkey & chicken - But these seem voluntarily to have abdicated their privilege as men - the thieves in London, the ragged scholars in

[10]

Edinburgh are still human beings, but these, *the horror which the misery of Egypt excites cannot be expressed, for these are beasts. What can be the ideas of virtue or decency in a people ~~can have~~, who choose to live in this way? You never see an emaciated person in Upper Egypt - you always see them healthy & fat, their bones well covered, & no signs of disease but in the eyes - The effect is all the more dreadful. And ~~Mohammed~~/ Mehemet Ali was called an enlightened ruler - I assure you no one can express the "baseness" of this kingdom - this land of slaves,

A year ago they were all deprived of arms - no wonder

{The following passage has a large x drawn through it}

I ought to take up my story from Osyoot, for I have always written in too great a hurry to write regularly -{Letters p. 94} The evening we left Osyoot, with a splendid wind, we ran aground several times. The fact was that the Modeer, or Vice Governor, who came to look at us at Osyoot, on board our boat, was so pleased with it - & it is indeed the best on the river (we have seen none at all like it) that he sent his four carpenters to measure it, which they did with their hands - & having measured one side, measured the others too. They admired the boat aloud.

[11]

Now you know you must not admire any thing, among Mahometans, except by a pious ejaculation - You must not say to a mother, "what a pretty child," but you must say "Mashallah", or What God wills (comes to pass) You must not praise the thing but the Creator - If you ever say How pretty, you are desired to bless God & if you don't you draw upon the thing the "evil eye". I wish it would prevent us from spoiling children in England - This is so touching.

If I

take

a child in my arms here, I must say, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful," - & if I admire it, I must say "I seek refuge with the Lord of the day=break for thee" - Now the carpenters had admired our boat, & the consequence was that we ran aground perpetually - the crew would not go on that night - & the night we were to have reached Kenneh, it was found impossible to move. the crew took out the little boat, rowed her a little ahead, & then pulled up the Dahabieh with the towing rope. In this way we made about half a mile - & then it was found impossible to move the boat. the crew declared there was an Efreet on board, or Shaytan (a devil) & stopped. We reached Kenneh about nine the next morning.

[1] (in another hand (19)

Hermonthis, Jan 2, 1850

{Letters p. 108; this does not seem to be in 9018}

We went on shore this morning, ~~dearest~~ ~~people~~, while the moon was yet up, to see the temple of Hermonthis - before we came back to breakfast at 8 ½, it was quite hot walking - the last few days have made such a difference in the climate, that we dine on deck, even I hardly find the mornings cold, who the first month from Cairo cd hardly keep myself alive till 10 o'clock, & the days are really ~~illec~~ hot.

There is nothing very striking about the Temple - it was chiefly remarkable as

the place, where the Goddess Reto gave birth to the God Horpire - the sacred place i.e. the adytum, or sekos was built over this - & great torches of palm leaves were lighted inside to show us the alto relievos, with which the Sanctuary, & an inner chamber for the Oracle were covered, representing the birth & nurture of this Deity, [But it was to me very interesting - (the triad of Hermonthis is Mandoo, Reto & Horpire. Mandoo is sometimes called the Sun, but he appears rather to have been the metaphysical God of War,

[2]

differing from the *physical* God of War, the mere destroyer, or Mars, who occupies a very low place in the Egyptian Theology - but representing the *Avenging principle*, the Retribution of God, the divine attribute which attaches to evil its consequences. The name of Reto signifies the "Sun & the World" & in these triads the third member is always the result of the action of the first upon the second - (generally the action of the intellect upon matter producing a some created being) Horpire signifies literally "Horus, the Sun" - & seems to have been the same as Haropocrates, or Horus - the symbol of the resuscitated *soul*, of youth, of the new birth, united with the idea of the Sun - The coincidence with our Sun of righteousness, our type of Resurrection, is striking - & the birth of this God upon earth being produced by the retributive principle acting upon Earth (Reto) is also curious. People laugh ~~how gladly~~, when they look at this Sanctuary erected over the birth place of the child=God - but why {2 lines scribbled out}

[3]

The idea of the Triad *may* have been one purely metaphysical - viz, that the suffering attached to sin upon earth, when united with light, produces the new birth, the spring=time of life, repentance - or it may have been a physical event, like the birth of our Saviour.

Whichever it be, it is a most interesting place = though there is nothing beautiful about it - & made still more interesting by the succession of ruins, ending with a Xtian church, which strew the ground - But the desire of the mind to find some law, to learn some reason for this rise & fall of nations is almost painful in Egypt. We take little pains in Europe to ~~seek for it~~ seek for it, besides a few moral reflections or pious speculations, which the fate of nations calls forth from us - a few "How wonderfals" in which the mind rests, when it is oppressed by the feeling of seeking a law & finding none; a few references to the prophecies - Ezekiel, & Isaiah do not seem to have done the same {the following paragraph has lines drawn through it; it does not appear in Letters}

they appear to have studied the characters of nations, & their consequences, with so philosophical a spirit, that they were actually able to write history beforehand in a measure. {Letters resumes}
When shall we, instead of quoting, imitate

[4]

them as far as {illeg Letters - we can} When shall we be able to say such government had such consequences in Egypt, Assyria, Persia - such Govt *will* have such consequences in England, France, Germany? There never was such an opportunity as here, where the smallest details are laid open to us, for studying history in the future - {the following stroked out section is not in Letters} ~~of the Govt. of Babylon & Assyria I suppose we shall never know enough to be able to {illeg} of much use in learning the plan of national history.~~

I should fancy that the ideas about a future state of any nation would very much arise from the natural features of its territory. The idea of a sleep after death - an intermediate state of repose, could only arise, for instance, in a Northern nation. The expanse of snow, the sleep of seeds & of nature, naturally suggests the idea {There is a line drawn in the left margin around the rest of this paragraph with the words K. 129 - North} of *repose before* the resurrection. In Egypt there is nothing to give this feeling ~~of rep~~ & accordingly we find no sleep after death in their Theology. For the sleep/lifelessness of the Desert does not give the idea of sleep or peace, but of the burning forced tension of despair, {the following end is not in Letters} when Satan after his fall {illeg strung?} himself to remain immovable & silent - ~~but~~ {Letters resumes} not the silence of the grave but the silence of sullen endurance.

[The valley of the Nile, on the other hand,

[5]

{This page has a large x drawn through it.}

The valley of the Nile gave the idea of the Elysian fields - & all between was the progress, or retrogression, of one into the other - so that the ideas of suffering versus enjoyment & both progressive, neither a fixed state, but alterable, came naturally to the people of a country, where too is not autumn nor winter, where the leaves never fall, & the frost never comes -

If you ask me whether the Desert has not greatness to redeem it - Yes, it is great, at least it has one of the elements of greatness - one ness - but it has not the most essential one - to be without change, without unrest. It gives me the idea of being perpetually restless - of Milton's Satan, turning ceaselessly from side to side in his lake of fire.

{This section is not in Letters; nor is it stroked out}

I could not (between ourselves get up a single feeling of enthusiasm about the Pyramids - nor indeed about the Pair - from first to last - bigness does not make greatness - the difference between Thebes & the Pyramids seems to me the same as between Milton & Dante's imaginations - when Dante wants to impress you, he gives an all material

measurement of the size of his spirit.
His head is 72 by 35 by 19 - &
what idea of sublimity does that
give you? So it is with the Pyramids -
there is nothing but size about
them to make their ugliness great.
Milton & Thebes knew better -
but I dare say the impression
will be quite different on a
nearer acquaintance with the
Pyramids - Recording as they do,
the most hideous oppression in
the world, - one of them having cost
its builder his House & Empire, -
the ashes of two never having been
laid in their own Pyramids, for
fear of the people - with nothing
but horrible associations, it is no
wonder that the first impression
of them should be nothing but
repulsive - not even interesting.

{Letters p.95} [12]

Mr Bracebridge & I rode up to the town directly, at high Nile you go up by water, but now it is a mile from the river - The road to this centre of the manufacturing interests, as Kenneh is, lies up steep banks, where my donkey boy held me on, through a water, & over a ploughed field. We stopped at our Consul's ~~door~~house - his two sons stood at the door, & ushered us in to a square mud area, hypaethral, the walls two stories high - & at the top of all, a latticed cage, at which I watched in vain, no faces were visible - In this mud well, two chairs were placed for us, & one for my parasol - we gave Mr. Murray's letter in Arabic, which the youths pressed to their foreheads - & they then sat down upon a hen coop - they were splendidly dressed - & a tall black slave brought me coffee, & Mr. B. pipes - Presently the old father came in, our Consul, Shekh Hoseyn, in four kaftans, (or robes) one over the other, for the Moslems dress very warm, & three turbans - & "genteel" Moslems always wear the cloth outside, {9018/ 20 p. 164} & the beautiful silks within, which is very good taste - Our Consul kissed the letter, asked us to eat bread & salt with him, repeated "Bracebridge" over some twenty times, saying Taib (good) at his own pronunciation

[12]

every time, made his Son write it down in Arabic & took our letters, which we ~~had taken~~/took the precaution to enclose to Mr. Murray there - (~~alas! he had no letter for us~~)x Then came in some turkeys, into the consul's drawing room for us to feel & buy, which we did - & then we rode away, I dying to dine with him as he asked us - but we had no time. I never wanted to dine out before - We saw a Dervish in the Bazar - with his tall peaked felt cap - {illeg inserted, not part of the letter} Abbas Pacha had just left Kenneh - he had had 101 guns fired for him - & had come on shore to visit a Santon's tomb - & then gone on board again - his steamer, followed by two others, passed us today on its way back to Cairo. x This was all that that Prince of the Faithful thought it worth while to do among his loyal people.

I went ashore at night in the most beautiful moonlight I ever saw - at the village where we stopped - & peeped into a Santon's tomb. You know that a Santon or Welee is an idiot - & it is sacred, because his spirit is in heaven, while his body only is with us. Heaven keeps it there, because he is a favourite. A saint may commit all sorts of enormities, which are but the

[14]

abstraction of his soul from worldly things, which is 'absorbed in devotion" - while his body is left without control."

On Sunday the 29th, we went ashore on the island of Metareh, where St. Pachomius had a Monastery. Here the Xtian spirit of Zeal & Devotion was nurtured - now nothing seemed to grow there but a little Indian corn - If the inhabitants are Copts, as most of the people are about there, they had not even a church, worse than the Mahometans. the crew carried Mr. Bracebridge ashore on their backs, & us on their joined hands - we walked some distance, but could not even make them people understand that we wanted to see the ruins of a Deir (monastery) And yet here Xtianity grew up ~~& flourished,~~ nursed by the milk of these institutions till she was ~~strong~~ old enough to live on strong meat - If St. Pachomius can look on his island now, is he sorry?

The people were ploughing with the rudest possible plough - but the corn comes up here, if you only scratch the earth -

In the morning, there was Khamsin - & we saw a sand bow - It was on a level with the sun; & not opposite it, as in rain bows, but about 30 from

{the first paragraph on this page has vertical lines drawn through it}
it; not the shape of a rain bow, but
of a nebula - all the colours perfect -
It had a most singular effect - it was
about mid day, so that the top of the
pillar of sand must have reached to roof height.

~~In~~ The next day we were at Thebes -

The colourlessness ... {this continues in 9018/17 p.137 & Letters p.
105

...the houses in Luxor are built of jars,
the interstices filled with mud. (9018/17 ends here}

We did not make much way on New
Year's Day - but I was so tired that
I slept all the way - tho' I had only
run up to Luxor before breakfast -
But Thebes takes so much out of one.

{This is 9018/17, p.137;

doubt it at first meant a record
Alas! it has come to mean lightness.

So when one sees the great wings
over the doors of all the temples,
the winged disk, on eis no longer
perplexed by our singular symbol
of the Saviour, a *winged Sun*, the
Sun of Righteousness arising with
healing in his *wings*

{The next part has a large x drawn through it; it is not in 9018/17,
nor in Letters.}

Paper here is precious - excuse scraps
therefore -

How curious it is that you hardly ever find
the Synthetic, & Analytic Mind in one
man, I have been making a compendious
Abridgement of Bunsen's 3 Vols for the
Brs. I should have thought that book
quite incredible, if I had not read it
in this way - the amount of laborious in=
vestigation, the acuteness of criticism, *and*
the *absolute* incapacity of giving it, or
any result, to his readers. I was an hour
& a half, with hard labour making out
from 20 or 40 pages the following - viz
how the reigns dovetailed into one another - Is it difficult
to put that into a tablet?

Amenemhe I 1 - 26

Sesortosis I 4 - 49

Amenemhe II 46 - 84

Sesortosis II 40 - 104

Sesortosis III 97 - 103

Moses = Amenemhe III 104 - 147

{This page has a large x drawn through it} {Letters p. 111}

In the Sanctuary is now the prison of the Pachas - Erment (Hermonthis) having not paid its tribute a little time ago, the village was razed to the ground, & the inhabitants had their ears & noses cut off. A few columns are left - nothing else - The place is now full of soldiers - before the revolt Ibrahim Pasha had taken away all their lands - no wonder they would ~~not~~ neither work nor pay tribute.

That disgusting Cleopatra had been at work at the Temple, making herself, Julius Caesar, & their son, into the Triad of the place - The columns of the pronaos still stand before the sekos. The reservoir lined with stone for ablution is near - And just beyond the granite columns, broken & overthrown, of a Xtian church, built at the time when Egypt was, in its established religion, Xtian, of beautiful Egyptian granite - Many of the granite columns have been carried away, & are now part of S. Paolo in Rome - A Muslim burying ground is close to the temple portico - & a pit with a goat mummy in it, a little further Egyptian, Roman, Xtian, Moslem, what is the law of their succession?

9017/13 unsigned letter, 7ff, pen { Letters p. 111]

Elephantina - Twelfth Night

{in another hand: Smith} 1850

Here we are, my dearly beloved mother,
at the island which was the birth=
place & home of dynasties; tomorrow we
go up the Cataracts, & in the evening
kiss the shores of Philae - & then
Nubia, no longer Egypt, is to be our home.
We have won the cup - we are to
go up to the Second Cataract, to see
Ipsamboul & the Ethiopian kings -
It was a chance, but we have
been successful. We sailed in
this morning to Syene - sent for
the Rais of the Cataracts - at
first he pronounced the boat
too large to go up - it was a cruel
blow - but he was only making
difficulties - & tomorrow at dawn
of day, with another English
boat, we are to make the ascent.
The wind is fair - the Nile not low,
& all is favourable - Now give us
your blessing on our journey, dear
mother, ~~illeg just bought some~~
~~illeg illeg for Twelfth Night~~

We have had a splendid sail of five days from Thebes, which we left on New Year's Day - & arrived here (without stopping anywhere but half an hour at the Temple of Hermonthis, - & another half hour at the quarries of Hagar Silsilis), with the hottest weather all the way, at 12 o'clock today. We came dancing in with a merry breeze, & whether it was that to see waves on that solemn old Nile is as unnatural as it would be to see the Colossi dance or whether it was that so much depends on the mood of mind, I was not at all so much struck with Syene as I expected. The boundary between Egypt & Nubia is well defined - the Nile closes up - the country alters all at once to black granite, sticking out of the river in a hundred little islands, hemming it in with cliffs, on both sides, striped with sand-drifts, ~~it is true~~ but projecting out of them the blacker & the more frowning.

Do you remember the island ~~died~~
burying place of the McNabs,
the river running into Loch Tay?
It is exactly like that, with
every feature magnified ~~into~~ a gigantic
form/size, every stone a rock, the island
of the McNabs Elephantina on
which the palms grow very like
firs. We anchored at Syrene, &
while Paolo went up to the Gov=
ernor to see if there were any
letters for us, rowed over to
Elephantina - & landed. Not one
stone remains there upon another.
yes, there is the ~~part~~/bit of a gateway,
a quay, & a hideous Syenite statue;
Otherwise it is one mountain
of broken pottery, fragments of
red granite, sand & mounds.
there is not an inch of level
walking - troops of South Sea
savages received us at the landing
place, ~~we~~ running away when we
looked at them, & then running
back to look at us, like a troop
of jackals, with loud yells, which

continued all the while we were there. ~~It wa~~ The island looks as if it were a world turned upside down, & then stirred up, & that was the scum which had come to the surface. It was such a world as might have been turned out of the cauldron of Macbeth's weird sisters. I am glad to have been there, but hope never to see Elephan=tina again - It is impossible for any one to come away, except with an impression of horror = there is nothing on which one can rest for a moment. It was as if a devil had been there, heaving underneath, upturning, tossing & tumbling it, till everything were in ~~stones~~ atoms & in confusion The yells of those children I never shall forget, as they threw up clouds of dust - not shiny ~~like~~ as savages (ought to be) but their black skins all dim & grimed with sand, like dusty ~~old~~ tables - their dirty hair plaited in rats' tails close to their heads, naked, all but a head

[2]

veil. I heard some stones fall into the river, & hoped it was they - & that that debased life had finished. they were not thin or starved. I gave them all the pins I had - it was all one could do for them - The very granite rocks looked all grown old - & were not sharp - but rounded into huge boulders, or fantastic shapes, as if they too were worn away and ruined & waiting for death - huge granite forms ground away like mortar. And here was the Elephanta which sent forth the fifth Dynasty, more than three thousand years before Christ, which ruled when Moeris Apappus was turning the Nile into the Faioum, a work the world has not seen the like of (turning a desert & a marsh into the Garden of the World,) a time of the highest art & science, when writing had already taken the place of mere hieroglyphs - when Ethiopia, instead of being as now a bye word for slaves & ~~Castor Oil~~ was sending out civilized kings, (instead of Castor Oil)

~~out civilized kings~~ to rule other parts of the world. And now to look at Elephantina - & see her not peacefully asleep, but the tumbled lair of a horde of savages- Nothing one reads of the South Sea islanders is so bad as what one sees here. We crossed over to the other shore, where we saw on a granite rock the cartouche of a Pharaoh, to shew the place where he had been. cutting hewn blocks for his Temple - It was Amunoph III's cartouche of the 18th dynasty, the Augustan age of Egypt - & the marks of the tools, & the wedges, by which they hewed out the huge granite blocks, were still on the rock. A boat, such a boat as a South Sea cannibal would not have put together, so rude & leaky, with an old white bearded black Charon, & a half naked woman carrying dust on her head, put to shore. Four Ethiopian women, perfectly black, were washing in the river, dancing on their clothes like imps, not with movements like human creatures.

We returned to our boat & saw there the ~~Three~~ Kings of the East, the three Magi, sitting on our divan, talking to Paolo, with each an arm passed round his neck. They were the Shekhs of the Cataract, or as he introduced them, "the Great Father is dead - the two bigs are brothers." i.e. the two oldest "I know them, ~~since~~ ours mans, since so high." The two "bigs" startled us at first & crushed our hopes, about the Boat, but they soon came to - & promised to take us up the Cataracts & on to the Second & back - without scathe. (as the pilot of Egypt does not know any further than this.) This matter off our minds, we considered our great anxiety over & our Twelfth Day most successful. (I have just bought some ostrich eggs for Twelfth Night)

A beautiful little ape came on board, not like our mangy Zoological apes, but with a green head, a back of a chaste dove colour, & a long yellow silky bit under his chin & put his little paws on our knees, he looked so clean & so clever, & when I gave him one of my "paternal aunts" Arabicè

for date, smelt the European glove
& satisfied his curiosity before his
appetites.

The followers of the Three Kings all
sate round them in a circle on the
ground. they are to manage our
boat entirely tomorrow - our crew does
nothing - not knowing the Rapids -

Before dark we went out to see
Asouan (Syene) - traders from Darfur
were passing though with skins &
slaves, & stopping for the night - the
skins were heaped up under the palms,
& so were the slaves - most of them
girls of about ten or fifteen with
beautiful little hands, ~~grinding bread/~~ making ready measures
of meal, kneading it
& making cakes on the hearth i.e. on an iron plate upon the
smallest bit of fire on the ground
they took hardly any notice of us -
they were sitting on their heels - some
of them with three cuts on each
cheek. The Ethiopian slaves are
sold by their parents willingly for
a couple of handkfs, or a little box,
& are often exposed & picked up -
we passed a boat full yesterday -
crammed together in the boat, all
women, half naked. The Abyssinian
slaves are stolen by horsemen.

[3]

They were quite black & very small. the washing imps on the shore were four of them. As we came back after dark, they were sitting round their fire for the night. they came out to beg of us - & in the dusk, looked like skulls {she spelled is so} with their white teeth - they set up a horrid laugh when we gave them nothing - our guide poked one with his stick, when it was sitting down, as if it were a frog. We walked on thro' Syene, interminable mounds, as they seemed to us; its size must have been enormous - & nothing, not even a palm tree now - a village smaller & more scattered than any ever we have seen - not even a goat or anything that gives milk - ~~here~~ the only living things we saw were two camels, - belonging to the traders from Darfoor, & among the tombs a Bayadère, finely dressed, the most painful looking creature of all . That the only living thing now here beside the poor slaves should be a thing of vice.

Of the old Egyptian & Roman buildings
of this great capital, nothing, but
a few granite columns here & there.
~~then~~ & mounds behind mounds, a
perfect desert of them - then we
climbed up to the old Saracenic
wall - another wilderness of mounds
lay beyond the Saracenic city, & at
the top a ruin, which, by its pillars,
had been a heathen temple, then
a Xtian Church, then a Mahometan
mosque - then a ruin - we peeped
thro' a gap in the wall, & on the
other side, what a scene, a vast
Mahometan burying ground, deserted
these thousand years, & indeed
there is nothing now to be buried
there - & seeming to extend far into
the Desert - It is called the Valley of Martyrs - We had already
passed
thro' one, where the graves were only
3 or 4 fragments of granite, heaped
together. Then rocks & mounds &
black stones tumbled together down
to the Nile, an universe of death, not
even the {there is an arrow to the margin here, where "f113. Smith" is
written}

usual repose for the eye
on the river bank - but the desolate
islets of the Cataracts closing it in.

[4]

It was a place where a Ghoule could not have lived. "among the tombs" receives for the first time here a horrible meaning - a ghost would have died terror struck here in a week. ~~All other~~ The stars seemed to refuse to give their light. & it was like looking over the edge of the world. It is useless to try to describe these things for European language has no words for them - how should it, when there is no such thing in Europe. All other nature raises one's thought to heaven - this sends them to hell - it makes one think of a devil, (not of God) who has been following his ways out, turning up every thing till he has made it to his own destructive fancy - Oh if this is hell we have seen (I am sure there can be no worse) it is a fearfulness, & enough to deter us, if fear could ever do so, from sin. We came back through a wilderness of stones & sand to the river, where the few poor creatures, who inhabit Syene seemed to have congregated in boats, as shunning the land -

Is the earth worn out, that she can no longer bear man? this earth, which has nourished, - after a dynasty of her own (the Elephantine, in B.C. 3074) the Pharaohs, the Persians, the Greeks, Romans, Saracens - whose memorials strew the rocks, tho' not one of them is standing - broken pottery with Greek inscriptions I saw, a Ptolemaic quay made of Pharaonic blocks, on Elephantina, besides its more legitimate off=spring - Is the earth sick, that she can no longer bear any but the distorted monsters she has now?

Tomorrow we shall see "Him, who sleeps in Philoe", & that will cure all - The gods of Elephantine are Neph, "the Spirit of God that moves upon the waters", Sate, & Anouke - Where is Neph that he has so deserted his charge? He, the Spirit, who, when the earth was without form & void, called shape out of chaos, how curious & confounding it is, that there, in his *very sanctuary*, in his own island, chaos should have come again in it most astounding, *most* hideous formlessness - Oh Neph, why hast thou forsaken them? Is his spirit there, sitting among the ruins

of his own island? Is he sorry? Is he
a fallen angel now, whose rebellion
has been punished by the ruin of that
which his hand had made? has he
dragged down his own creation in his
fall? or what is the reason of this
horrible destruction? by the ruins of
Elephantina I could have sat down
today & cried when I thought on the *wheel*
broken, lying among its own pottery, the potter prostrate - ~~his~~
~~parting might~~ Poor fallen Neph,
will he rise again?

The similarity to our traditions of the Creator is most
striking. In Philoe, he appears in the
form of a *potter!* with the *wheel*,
making a figure of Osiris (the primitive
soul) with this inscription "Neph, who
forms on his wheel the divine limbs,
(i.e. the soul) of Osiris, who is enthroned
in the great hall of life "He is called too
"Him, who has made the sun & moon to
revolve under the heaven & above the
world, & who has made the world & all
things in it." He was worshipped in
Elephantina as the "Lord of the Inunda=
tions, (whence the ruins of his temple
have just been removed to make
the governor of Asouan a house) &
the boat or ark is his - a trace of the

old Arkite worship & evidently connected (for he is "as without beginning so without end," therefore it cannot be a material symbol) with the "Spirit" brooding over the waters, making them fruitful & "gathering together ~~of~~ the waters, & making the earth bring forth". The name of Sate means "the ray", as Neph does "the *Spirit* - Perhaps some idea of *Light* - of the Spirit producing, or acting upon, Light, & both producing Anouke (or Vesta), the hidden fire, the animating soul.

But I must put up, my friends,
for I am weary, & tomorrow is a
great day - the day we touch the
Holy Isle - the day of Phioe. Philoe
& Iona, what a poem for him who
could imagine it - what a year which
see Philoe & Iona, the Northern &
the Southern worship both. Yet it is
the same God under the different forms.

& I am whether at Philoe or at Iona
yours & ever yours my people.

9017/14 unsigned letter, 9ff, pen {in another hand: 8} Nubia, Jan 7
1850

Well, my dears, the great feat is over-
the British flag floated proudly up
the last step of the staircase at half
past one today - & found herself in
a position where she ~~certainly~~ never had
been before - & we came up stairs to
another world - It was a grand sight.
I would not have missed it for the
world. - Every body at Cairo dissuaded
us from it - but let nobody come to
Egypt without going up the Cataracts -
they have never seen such an
exhibition before, & never will
again. It is quite as interesting
in its way, as Karnak in another
or Cairo in a third - as the most
wonderful development of instinct
I suppose the world contains. I
thought it quite beautiful,
& tears fill one's eyes when one
sees the provision of God for the
preservation of life, always answering

exactly to its need in every country -
In Europe the intellectual developments
are quite enough to preserve life, & accordingly
we see instinct undeveloped. In
America the wild Indian tracks
his way thro' a trackless forest, by an
instinct to us quite as miraculous
as Clairvoyance, or anything we are
pleased to call impossible - & in
Egypt the wild Nubian rides on
the wave, & treads upon the foam,
quite as securely as the Indian wd his
forest. The strife of man with the elements,
wind, earth & water, & his *overcoming*,
was as grand an epic poem as any
I ever read in Homer or Milton.
I should have expected to find
the Triad of the Cataracts, Physical
skill, strength, & rapidity - here the
poor Arab is in his element, &
instead of the sensual, debased creature
you see him in his idle moments, he
seems the God of the winds & the
whirlpools. I think riding up the Cataract was one of the
most delightful moments of my life

~~riding up the Cataracts~~ The inward excitement of ~~our~~ European life is so great, its outward excitement so small, that a violent external call upon our senses & instincts to us is luxury & peace - the sense of power over the elements, of danger, successfully overcome, is (to me, at least, is all I can say, the excitement (~~illeg~~ ~~illeg~~) of whose inner life has been so great) one of the keenest delight & reliefs. We were 4 ½ hours surmounting the Cataracts. We left Syene at 9 o'clock this morning with all the "bigs" on board, viz the Shekhs, consisting of the "Great Father", his four sons, their children & their grandchildren, four generations, & passed through "the Opening", which the name means - i.e., the rocky portals of Nubia, formed by Elephantina & Asouan - The island of Sehayl, the ancient Sate, where was worshipped the "Ray" the Elephantine triad in gorgeous temples & chapels, is now one heap of stones - we wound

our way with a fair wind to the foot of the First Rapid, about a mile from Asouan. Here were men posted on every rock to receive us - & we threw out our first rope - To me it would be the most interesting thing to go thro' every Rapid with you to describe the unerring aim with which the rope was thrown from the poop - the man on the rock standing in the attitude of an Apollo Belvidere watching the direction of the arrow, to receive it. his keen eye glistening with the eagerness of his watch - when a sunken rock came in view, twenty eyes had already seen it, & a dozen men had thrown themselves out upon it, & were pushing the boat off, by main force, their feet only against the rock; their backs against the boat, or had plunged upon an opposite bank, & throwing themselves on their backs, were pulling the rope towards them - on they sprang from rock to rock like chamois, I did not see one false step, upon the shiny slippery Syenite, one expected them to be dashed to pieces every

[2]

moment. so the boat surmounted the First Rapid - our rope was not strong enough, & if it had not been for a strong puff of wind, which came exactly at the right moment, we should not have got through with our large boat, so Mr. B said. At the second Rapid, more men came - the divers sprang into the water, not head foremost as ours do, but sitting, or on their feet, for you must remember there is no question of sand banks here, but all hard granite - with the rope in their mouths or under one shoulder & over the other, crossed a current which wd have carried down an alligator, swam to a rock, made fast the rope *round* the rock, sitting on the noose & holding it with their feet, while they kept their hands ready for action. Then all hands on board the boat pulled at the rope, & so we got through

the Second, Third & Fourth Rapids, which are short & straight, & the angle of pulling does not require altering. At dawn of day in the morning our decks had been cleared for action - every thing carried into the cabins which could be moved to leave space for the men - & the pantry, larder, still room & scullery piled up in a heap on deck on which we were made to stand. Between every rapid comes a dead mill pond, where old Nile rests from his labours, & where all the men came on board they sate (as birds stand) upon the gunwale, not holding on by their toes, but the whole weight resting upon the back sinews of their legs - & balancing themselves by their ancles. They touch with nothing but their heels, & seem perfectly comfortable - I never saw such a feat - they look exactly like cormorants - Our old Rais perched in the flukes of the anchor, which had been brought & laid on deck.

They do not swim as we do, but with their shoulders & arms out of the

water, beating the water with their arms, & when they make a great effort, the head goes down under water & they spring like porpoises To see these men dive into the middle of a whirlpool, & go down ~~5 or 6 feet,~~ where the bottom of the river is all granite, is to us like a feat of an Indian juggler going into the fire almost incredible - or to see them come riding down a rapid upon a log, with their clothes on their heads - they come on board trembling & their teeth chattering, where a companion receives them & wraps them in a sheet as tenderly as a bathing woman, gives them a rub, & drags them to the fire kept burning on the bows, while Mr. B. administers the brandy. To see them watching the exact moment at which & at no other, it will do to let the rope go - with all their senses, eyes, ears, touch, in a state as perfect as a dog's is the most beautiful instinct I ever saw at work.

But there is a great deal beside this the skill to seize the whirlpool exactly where & as far as it will carry the boat on, to profit by a counter current, & the moment it ceases to serve, & there is no danger of the boat being whirled back, up with the sail, out with the ropes, forty hands overboard - an instant, or as Paolo call it a lamp, i.e. a "lampo" & it would be too late - We approached the Fifth Rapid, & it seemed impossible that we could be going through that - the passage so narrow, the current so rapid, the rocks so sharp. We threw out two ropes, one on each side, for here our line of tactics altered. the rapid was too winding, the angles too numerous for us to pull to a stone - we had a line of men on each side to pull at us, & of course the fixed point wanting, the difficulty was greater. Crack went something, the right hand rope had broke, & the boat whirled round - but our bows caught upon the opposite rock, the other rope held, at which 60 men were pulling - the "biggs" worked like

[3]

heroes - in the water out of the water
it reminded one of the time when
chiefs were chosen for their bodily
prowess - their strength in throwing,
or swiftness in running, the ποδωκης
Αχιλλεύς - & we pulled through -
By this time the rocks were lined with
natives, many carrying spears & clubs
the wildness of the place is beyond
expression - not a palm - not a blade
of grass - an expanse of heaps of
Syenite, with rapids between them,
the rocks hollowed out into the
most inconceivable shapes, some
like bowls, some like boilers, some
like boot jacks, some like Etruscan
vases, where little whirlpools must
have established themselves **in inun=
dations. It is the most beautiful red
Syenite. veins of quartz running thro=
mica & hornblende sparkling - some=
times layers of pure red pebbles set
in rows in the mixed granite.**
And here I must confess that the
deafening dizzying din of the crews
takes away very much from the idea
of the power. As for the "bigs" giving

orders it was out of the question, they were only understood by their gestures - one would have thought the consciousness of power would have been calm - one thinks of the Strength as so gentle - but I suppose it is only the intellectual that is still, & it is to remind us of the wide difference which lies between intellectual or moral power & physical that the latter is made so turbulent - However that be, the wild cries of these Gods of the waves make the scene more grotesque, but not more impressive. At the Sixth Rapid, which is a long winding bay, where the wind fails in its help. & nothing is to be done but by sheer strength, we were put ashore, partly to see the other English boat who, as Paolo said, "had got a stocked" a stick, a blow "& he leak". At the last Rapid, our Shekh had got out his new, his best rope, when the other broke, & now with 120 ! men pulling at this, & another rope tied to the stern to regulate the angle, slowly & steadily we saw her pulled up; & we floated into still water. A mile further down, we had seen a boat lost her back broken, her yard just out of the water.

{in another hand "13"}

Abundance of salams followed - we parted with our Shekhs of 4 generations, & set our sail for Nubia. A mile further on, we came in sight of Philoe, there, there, look, it stole upon our sight gently & softly from behind its grey rocks - such a contrast to Elephantina - it was the sleep of calm & lovely death instead of the agony of convulsion - It was all that I had hoped & expected. The wind was not high, & we stole upon the rest of Him who sleeps in Philoe like whisperers on tiptoe, just as one ought to do - But alas! the envious wind freshened, & oh we did not stop - I was so disappointed - But as we wore round her, for we took the Eastern passage, I saw long trains of camels, asses & horses with scarlet-housings on the river bank, & on the river four great boats full of worshippers crossing over to carry those offerings - & high upon the island itself a long procession of gaily coloured robes, moving to the Hypaethral Temple - It was the worship of Osiris restored - we had come upstairs into

the old world of 4000 years ago

It was the governor of Upper Egypt,
transferred to the Government of Ethiopia
& on his way to Darfur, his seat of Govt.
who had stopped here to visit Philoe, &
one moment sooner or later & we
should not have seen this enchantment,
(charming back the old worship) how
ungrateful of me to be disappointed.

A mile further & we came to a
ruined church, where my Padre Ryllo
said his last mass on his way to mar=
trydom in Abyssinia, Paolo knew him in Egypt.
not Requiescat in pâce - but let
him work in glorious toil success - {Letters adds on here}

Nubia (the Golden, alas! now the
stony & barren) is everything as a
contrast to Egypt - the river running
between two rocky steeps - the rim
of verdure diminished to a thread.
We have a pilot, who has been up to the
2nd Cataract four times this winter
already.

a boat in sight

Jan 11 near Derr

capital of Nubia

{The next line has strokes through it}

Farewell, dearest people - ever & ever
yours.

{The following pages are in Letters, p.166} {top of page very faint}

If the going up the Cataracts was strange, it was nothing to the coming down. We set off before sunrise, as it is necessary to have no breath of wind, - with the "bigs" & all those men on board. Our boat is the largest that has ever been up the Cataracts & we came down a passage, which is very rarely used - as the tossing rapid would swamp a smaller boat. That was widened for Ibrahim Pacha's steamer. I went on shore, but I stuck by the old boat - & truly it was a sight worth seeing - how she gradually accelerated her speed as she approached the rapid, which, foaming & tossing, with scarcely two feet on either side our oars, seemed as if no boat could live in it - how then took the leap like a race-horse, so gallantly, & went riding down the torrent as if she enjoyed it. Three times her bows dived under water. I don't mean that the waves broke over the boat, that they did all the time, & filled her with water, & all our biscuits, which was of more

consequence) but three times she dived under water up to the kitchen & rose again - twice she struck, but gallantly triumphed over all her enemies, & long before I have written this one line, we were at the bottom, & swung round at the end of the rapid - the first time this feat has been tried, as boats are generally run ashore on the bank at the foot of the Cataract - as the only alternative - Of course every thing depends on the steering - & the oldest "big" of all, the "Great Father" mounted on the poop by his steersman, & to be sure they did steer like masters. {Letters has more material inserted here.} The boat obeyed, & we verged not an inch to the right or the left - who watched us from the shore, thought that we could not be going down that place, that the boat had not minded its rudder, & that they had run her down there, as the only resource. (* Mr. Bracebridge & I sat on the pantry, embracing our water jar - on the top of which we received the congratulations of all the "biggs" & of all their men, who all shook hands

with us, & cried Salam the moment
 it was over. There was but one more
 little rapid to pass - & when we arrived
 at Syene & were quietly at breakfast,
 the great "Big" came in, & then the
 Pilot, & solemnly applied my hand
 to his lips & forehead, & kissed Mr. B.
 on the top of his head, & then asked
 for Baksheesh - The dignity with
 which an Arab shakes hands with
 you & begs is illeg/charming - { Letters inserts another paragraph here}

But the fun of funs was to see us
 riding up to Mahatta in the afternoon
 to pay a series of morning calls at
 the Cataract. We came down the
 wildest of rocky passes, riding /walking, (it was
 too steep for the donkeys, who followed),
 & there lay the English fleet, 6 boats,
 in a little creek of the Nile below
 the Cataracts, they had not been up -
 it was exactly like a f wood=cut
 in one of Capt. Cook=s voyages - the
 savage scene, the neat English boats
 & flags in the little bay. So we scam=
 bled down, in company with 3 camels, (9017/14 omits the end of this sentence)
 & made morning calls on the Guthries,
~~Lewis=s, & Mr. B. on Mr. Manners Sutton~~

The men of Mahatta pop out upon us
 brandishing their spears right in our
 faces for fun & like the Angel, { Letters is different } making
 Balaam=s ass to turn aside - but unlike
 Balaam=s ass, we insist upon going on -
 We found Mr. Murray at Asouan,
 just arrived - but there was such a
 "ruck =" of English boats there, all the
 Northampton party & 1000 others, &
 nothing to eat, for they had devoured
 everything, like locusts, even all the rice &
 milk of Syene, that we turned savage &
 sailed before sunrise - This animal,
 (that=s us) is impossible to tame - it
 can is never be domesticated - but
 remains in its savage state, in spite
 of all the kindness (& constraint) that
 can be lavished upon it.

I was glad enough to get away from
 Syene, which I cannot bear and
 would not so much as go over again
 to Elephantina
 {in another hand, SB=s?}

I have seen the Mirage once, & except that
 I knew it was impossible that the Nile could
 have got into the place where I saw it
 should not have been much struck with it -

{much darker pen, same hand as above}
 I must not forget to record that we
 saw a few drops of rain on the sand one
 day in Nubia, preserved by the sand
 as a curiosity in its natural Museum.
 in little round holes made for the
 purpose.

9017/15 unsigned letter, 15ff, pen

[1]

Jan 31.1850

{very faint in another hand: Kenneh}

{This is 9018/25, p 175}

I never wished so much to understand ...

...self-denial seem the impulse of man,

to sympathize {in another hand, there is an arrow to here with C. 17 written in the top margin}

[with it more than with calm & unconquerable strength...

... the grosser parts than any

struggle/feud between Good & Evil.

God must have Laws - & these laws, strange as it sounds, can be broken - nay, must be broken -

because ...

The Goodness of God, still Osiris

the suffering is the direct consequence

of the Goodness of God, {You may say,

pointing out his law - they are but ...

{the order of the pages in 9017/15 seems very confused; this page corresponds to 9018/20 p. 153}

This even here the queer little figure of

Nilus squats opposite ... {this continues on 9018/20 p. 154

...symbol of Horus ...is His goodness {9018/20 p.156}

‡ 3 2 {faint, in another hand}

{9018/20 p. 156} On the base of the wall ...

house of life" i.e. the Sun*. This

means the human frame, in which ...

... of angels.

When Isaiah says, Shall the clay

say to him that fashioneth it, What ...

...red being the honourable colour with all primii=

tive nations - ...

... in the roof) -

{in another hand, faint}

note I saw at Edbro a potter at work with a wheel, exactly

[4]

[4]

{9018/20 p. 156-60}

You never see any representation of the abstract

Deity ...

{in another hand, written in between the paragraphs:} {illeg Sowdy?}

The rest of the wall ...

... protecting the body of her husband {written in darker, underneath husband} (or brother)

When one says foolishly different Gods,

one only means different attributes -

The Egyptian belief in One God, whose ...

{squeezed in after everywhere)} The triad always means
 one attribute working upon another & the result. I am too stupid
 to make out their connexion or often their signification.

A little side Temple ...

... Perhaps the most interesting &
 {painful inserted} ...

Horus is a sculpture ...

... Whether these chambers

were only to conceal treasure in, ...

... get rid of unlucky heretics in ...

... it makes the Temple of Isis like a
 feudal Castle, & reminds one that
 the fall of that religion is nigh.

(written faint in the margin:} {illeg Bennett?}

{9018/20 p. 189 - 92}

I saw Typhon, the destroyer of Osiris,

twice -enthroned in places of ...

...there is no need of my giving a ...

...Horus= Temple

& then the Naos consisting of the

prosekos, 3 chambers & 3 adyta -...

... sacred boat (or hearse) & a mummy...

... which Mr.

Harris, a great Hieroglyph, ...

... what Osiris appears to me to have been.

{in another hand, 6}

Osiris, Isis & Horus were perhaps the ...

... expression

of her speculations about the manner ...

... Isis is the same as the Neith of Saïs -

Creation is only a Revelation - ...
 ... nature. For, in one place, where she
 is represented as releasing Typhon, in
 a myth of later date, it signifies "human
 nature",...

...Neith, (Athena) means "to walk" = & the ...
 ... should call being at the right hand, ...
 or mistress
 of Amenti (the Lower Regions) ...

[6]

the good & well-ordered principle....
 manifesting
 as she does in ~~short~~ every attribute
 {9018/20 p. 179 -82}
 of God, ~~humanly speaking~~, that is, every
 attribute of which we can have any
 cognizance, as/from its coming into relation with
 us, - must necessarily include within
 herself all the powers (or personifications) ...
 qualities of its author.-
 {written between the paragraphs Illeg Lanody?}
 With their other Gods ...
 ... the attributes of the Deity Himself -
~~the cosmogonic or creative principles~~
 they were, all cosmogonic ...
 ... heads of a young people,
 as Creation must be the first subject

which occupies their ideas, before they begin to feel the want of metaphysical attributes -

...the administrative, as by the first, ... the creative principles - ie the powers of Nature - second causes, or physical agents, ...

... on which their welfare depended - instrumental, like the Cabiri. ...

... tho= it

might become so - such were Ra, Athor, Thoth &c ...

The third Order is more difficult to define - & the distinction is arbitrary - for every body makes it different - but if it arose out of the wants of a later time, as seems most natural, it would not be the Productions of Nature, as some say, nor physical objects at all, but abstract ideas, metaphysical properties of God, after which we crave, when, in our more advanced stage, - we begin to want not only a creating God, not so much a cosmogonic Being,

{illeg 6?}

as a God who feels our griefs & carries our sorrows, a God who makes known the object for which he had brought us into the world, - more than a God to bring us into and the world about. ...

... the world

is grown old to us - & it was so long ago since ...

... we think much about it now - it was so long ago -

...we want a God

~~the good & well-ordered principle~~
 with ~~metaphysical~~/ethical qualities, not with
 cosmogonic / physical ones - the world can go
 twirling on, we say, let that alone - ...
 ... Out of this craving arose, I imagine,
 our Saviour, & their Osiris - a psycho=...
 ... grief" - our

griefs ...

... That the attributes of the ~~cosm~~-creative
 God became his ~~also~~ - was natural in
 a people, who always set the "life" above
 the "raiment" - & thought that the God who
 made the one could well make the other.

The names of Osiris, which you see in
 the inscriptions at Philoe, are "the Lord
 of Life" - "the Ruler for ever" - the "Lord
 of Eternity" - the "Good Being" - the
 "Revealer of the goods of truth" - the "Lord
 of the future state" - ...

[7]

Nephthys (the end) in the court of Osiris's
 chamber is (with Isis the beginning)
 protecting Osiris with their wings -
 for the End of life justifies the goodness
 of God as much as the Beginning -
 with them, Death was not the curse
 pronounced upon man, for his disobedience, as with us, but
 {9018/25 p.193 -9}

... "Death did not differ from Life". I ...

... which can only be excited in us humans
~~nature~~ by the idea of self sacrifice on
 the part of the Giver. The "devotion"
 of Osiris, in coming upon earth, suffering ...

Egypt. "Set", the name of Typhon in Asia, signifies something "forcible", "acting violently", - for the hand of God, which teaches us our mistakes, may be said to act forcibly, as by suffering - which to us never seems gentle - At Karnak he appears as the Great God pouring life & power over the hero Rameses - in the great days of Egypt - His name was then "Nubi", the Golden, in Ethiopia - "Bal" (Lord) of the World in Northern Egypt. At Beit-é-Wellee Rameses is called "like Bal" by a deputation of chiefs, therefore it was still in a good sense - You sometimes see the two heads of Set & Horus (or Osiris) growing out of the same neck to prove their co-operation & co-origin. He is called "Lord of the World" But later (how like us, who say that Sin has become lord of the World, that Satan has got dominion over us &c) when Egypt suffered so cruelly from the Semitic tribes - the fearful Shepherds, & remembered her sufferings during those long 900 years -...

... to be exactly similar to ~~the~~/our Beast in ...
 ... have done - for if they had looked closer, they wd have found all their own ideas there -

...The hieroglyphic of the sacred name, (Osiris) is an eye & Osiris signifies many-eyed - because the Goodness of God is not blind, but omniscient - ...

... It is as God of the Dead, that he is called "the Good" for their Hades means good & nothing about their ideas ever suggests a sense of Uncheer

in connexion with death.

Osiris ...

... the child of Osiris & Nature, was the principle of growth or reproduction - the idea of progress - he is ...
 ... the Sun & Moon are called his eyes - he is said to be "the Seen", perhaps in antithesis to the Unseen, the Unknown, ...
 ... the principle of resurrection - of rising up, not only rising again - of the life & the new life - the triumphing over the grosser parts of our nature, the material parts.

[8]

Now one can understand how Osiris, Isis & Horus (or Osiris again under the new form) are, in themselves, all the other Gods. Among the first order are {written in pencil in another hand Bennett}

Amun ...

...Ra, her son, the father & nourisher ...
 ...which gave this boat its peculiar ...
 ...for the "goodness of God" shews itself in all those forms - & ...
 ...Isis is the same as Neith, Maut, Athor, Diana, - & Anonke (Vesta) as her sister Nephthys - (~~"I am Alpha & Omega, the beginning & the ending"~~) For Nephthys [is called the "Mistress of the House", like Anonke, & Isis is the same as Nephthys, for "death does not differ from life".

{There is a line drawn from under the last line to [, with the words D - Bennett}

...Horus is, in the physical sense of growth,...
 ...Horus too is Thoth, or Hermes, the
 conductor of [souls (into his father=s
 presence) Anubis, who presided over
 the departure of the soul on its way
 to resurrection - Khonso (or Hercules)
 the third member of the Theban triad,
 in his character of "created things" the
 representative of what is created - as
 Horus is (in Physics) the world or
 Composition, the effect of the Active
 Principle (Osiris) on Nature -(Konso
 always wears the youthful hair of Harpo=
 crates). The Egyptian Hercules was also
 the abstract idea of strength - & I like this
 so much because taking this triad ~~above~~
 (in Ethics) it becomes Intellect acting
 on Will, & producing, (when the Will
 & the Intelligence are in union) Concord
 or Harmony - Now Harmony or Grace
 is strength. Champollion had the idea
 that all the Triads were links in a
 chain, in the Divine chain, & could be
 traced in their connexion as links. I

{some pages seem to be missing; (9018 continues p. 202-3)
 The colouring of the Egyptian temples
 never annoys me the least. I think
 it is beautiful. The hideousness of the
 Hypoethral consists in tall oblong
 Abaci being ...
 they had found out the Temple was
 ... too short & put on this upper story
 to heighten it. {written between the paragraphs in pencil Illeg Senvoly?}
 ... & an ancient pedestal
 appears, by the cross upon it, to have
 served them for an altar. ...
 ...12th century - The Arab
 invasion carried all before it - St.
 Mark, who preached in Alexandria,
 must come again ...
 ... curious to make it out) in the Philoe, most

{written in the top margin with a line to [e 49, Scuvdy?}
 of the faces have been scratched all over
 with a [knife. Nothing thoroughly obliterated -...

...Well, I am sure you must be very tired
 of Philoe - but it is the first & only
 time, that is a comfort. ...

... round those inaccessible rocks, made
 out two landing places, with great flights of
 steps, ...

pretty group of Isis, ...

{9018/20 continues on p. 192}

with Thoth on one side writing on a
 palm branch registering, - & the Goddess ...

...side a figure of Mau, (Truth or Insight), ...

...body. But who is the soul which has
 transmigrated remains in the oblivion
 of the broken sculpture. Requiescat in Pace -

~~I saw today at Edfu a potter at
 work with a wheel exactly like Neph-~~

One proof of degeneracy about the
 Temple of Philoe, which I never saw
 in the earlier temples, was the strange
 factitious symbol of the Goddess offering

to herself. {9018/25 continues on p. 204} Seven provincial Athors in a row I saw offering to an "Athor, Lady of Philoe - Lady of the Dead" (Lower Regions) & to another Athor behind - a general Athor I suppose.

Mr. Harris shewed us a curious Palimpsest - an old Enchorial* inscription (or Hieratic - I don=t remember which it was)...

... He was going to copy the Enchorial, which wd take him 4 days - This is what Lepsius gave out, ~~or Bunsen~~ ~~for him~~, as his grand discovery of a ...
... the benefit of it. There ~~is~~/are no end ...
... sorry to say - for one thought these tricks more French than German.

{a line scribbled out}

The Enchorial ...

... from the Hieroglyphic.

My dear Pop, I am afraid you will be quite tired of this - even your long patience but I am thine & all that I think is thine -

9017/16 unsigned letter, 19ff, pen {This is 9018/20 p. 142 - Letters p.126}

Ipsamboul

Jan 17. 1850

My dearest people, Here we are...

... place - it is so innocent, so childish, ..
 ... Her inscription calls
 her the ~~mother~~ "nurse who fills
 heaven & earth with her beneficent
 acts." ...
 ... beauty ~~from~~ to the more
 intellectual ...

of the dance & mirth, a sort of joy ...
 ... of the ~~witty~~ feast of Epicurus. ...
 ... Goddesses - her expression shews
 none ...
 ... vestibule or pro sekos, then the
 sekos, or sacred place ...
 ... half before Christ - the conqueror
 & Sesostris of ...
 ... most beautiful woman, are in
 "intaglio rilevato" ...

... One only of the representations interested ...
 ... what we call the Evil, was the giver of
 Life & Power ...
 ... the same light dawns upon the Wise ...

[2]

{In the top margin is written 129 K. with a line drawn to []
 ... In these early temples, ...
 ... wher[e]ver he appears. ...
 ... & comes with the other sons of God
 ... was only an ~~surfeit~~ /excess either of Reason,
 ... & Horus, in one figure, as we some=
 times see it - & in their united office

{9017/16 breaks off here}
 {9018/10 p.84 resumes here}
 & who stands behind him in the captive
 picture ...
 ... her temple, where the first also appears. - ...
 ... of light ~~infinity~~ /wisdom & purity - ...

... But there is another representation...

... healing on his wings."- a Sun with two ...

... in a Trinity, the Spirits of Ra, the ...

... (wise as serpents) & Maut, the great

... The Apollo Belvidere is the

Greek impersonation of him -

{The following passage is stroked out with vertical lines drawn through it}

...I have finished my little History

of Egypt, whh I hope will do us

some good, as Wilkinson=s History

is so notoriously incorrect, & Bunsen' s so confusing.

{9018/20 continues on p. 149 Letters p,130};

... forth good - or as I should translate

it, out of the well=ordered comes forth ...

... & have set our faces against Evil.

like the later Egyptians - ...

[3]

{9018/20 continues on p. 160; Letters p. 130 ff}}

... But I am in a hurry to get on to

the Great Temple. The ...

imagined - It makes the impression

upon one that thousands of voices,

uniting in one ...

... Art.

The part of the rock smoothed ...

...justly" {illeg shall have more &c ?}

What more refined idea of sacrifice

could you have than this? {9018/11 p. 89 begins here: Letters continues} Yet inside ...

... their hands arms crossed upon their ...

... he is here in his character of Judge of ...

[4]

...that Judge of the Dead had looked ...

... as Osiris

was /is - & I thought how beautiful ...

... awful attributes of the Deity -...

... Amun - the "concealed God",

Phthah, the creator of the visible world,

& Ra, its ...

... the real old altar,

upon which stood the sacred Ark -

As to having sacrifices here, ...

... the golden sand, glittering in the ...

... Osirides, which are left quite free ...

... which marks to you its onward

march, not by its second, nor its minute,

nor its hour=hand, but by its century ...

hand - I thought of the worshippers

of three thousand years ago, how

they ...

... we stand there with the same goal
 before us, only as distant as the star,
 which, a little later, I saw rising exactly
 over that same sand-hill, in
 the centre of the top of the doorway,
~~how to them~~ but as sure & fixed -
 how to them all other thoughts are
 now as nothing, & the Ideal we
 all pursue of happiness is won,
 not by because they have not
 probably sufferings; like ours, in
 their transmigrations, - but because
 they no longer suggest any other ...
 ... For I was
 afraid of being ~~missed~~ wanted - ...

of any of one's fellow creatures who ...
 ... faces - I think Europeans are perhaps
 better able to judge of them than
 any others - to Europeans they must be

[5]

always more peculiarly affecting - the
 revelation of an entirely new kind
 of life. To us toil & excitement &
 restless anxiety is so familiar that
 we have even dragged down one of
 our Gods to our life & supposed Him to feel it.... { Letters is slightly different}

... thinking of nothing at all, mechanically ...
 ... thing, instead of thinking of the Event..
 {illeg}

...describe that my last real African
 view - the golden sand, North, South,
 E & W., except where the blue Nile
 flowed, ...

... a nice bank of sand {9018/11 breaks off here; Letters continues} in the sun, & lay down on his face to sleep. I thought he had had an apoplectic stroke - (for you can see figures miles off as large as life in this atmosphere) & hastened to his assistance - whereupon he got up, & carried me down the next sand avalanche like a child. They carry you so beautifully, these Nubians, that your feet hardly seem to touch the ground - the sand is so fine & soft that you sink at every step almost to your knees -

We came back to the Dahabieh for candles & went all over the Great Temple. Every inch of it is covered with sculptures, perfectly uninjured except the colouring, which is gone - but the outlines as sharp as ever - But what is the good of attempting to describe what seems to me as sharply cut now in my memory as in the stone, but of which I shall give no idea to you. It seems to me as if I had never seen sculpture before - as if the Elgin marbles were tame beside them - as if I had now first begun to live in heroic times.

[6] {This is 9018/10 p. 71; Letters p.137 continues}

the great Rameses holds by the hair ...

... omission of the first syllable from
Rameses, who believed themselves
commissioned by God to root out the
poor Canaanites, & improve the
Philistines off the face of their own land. {the end of the last sentence is omitted in Letters}
But the most curious ...

indeed every body has seen in it only ...

... Three types of face in the captives are ...
... conquests had extended into Asia &
S. Africa -...

... immediately recall another
name, & Moses does ~~indeed~~ mean "saved" "regenerate" "initiated" (initiated, i.e. into the
Egyptian mysteries, ...

... passage in Exodus,
where his name ...
... which you see in Rameses= shield,
~~signifies~~ is dew, the symbol of baptism.)

Well, be that as it may, the ...

... consequence of the love of the Father ...
... (which is *Adam* adoring)...

[7]

... of a hard won Deity -

... those below & a row of Rameses in
conference with different Gods above
occupy all the S. wall...

the "concealed God", Phthtah the framer ...

Before sunrise the next day, ...

[8]

...The Maries could ~~not~~/ hardly have been more surprised when they saw the angel ...
 ... was risen - than I/we were when I/we saw the Resurrection, which had taken place there. ...
 ... it was ~~the most~~/an almost awe=ful moment - ...
 ... sun=light - But the reflection had lighted them up ...

have sate for three thousand years ...
 ... a moonlight.

I climbed up into the lap of one of the Colossi - the Southernmost - who is ...
 ... my beloved Temple of Ypsamboul, all ~~down~~ there upon paper, with rule & line brings it ~~all~~ down to the level of Chatsworth...

Rameses' ear is two or three feet long? ...
 ... Westminster Abbey ~~blue~~/red - ...

... the hands resting on knees, like ...
 ... were expressionless - No one that has seen them, but they ...

... spiritual
 & intellectual repose he has ever seen.
 {Letters p.144 leaves out the next paragraphs included in 9018/10}
 The Temple of Ypsamboul ...

[9]

{Letters p.144 continues here}
 The ceiling of the great Osiris Hall ...
 ..."The Almighty shall overshadow thee" - and, "as a mother will I nurture thee". The vulture, whose shadowy ...
 ... [into the presence of the Gods,
 ... the beautiful head-dress of Rameses' ~~lovely~~ Queen, whose portrait is all over the Temple,
 {in the bottom margin there is a line to [, with 145 - L enclosed in a partial circle}

{There seems to be a page missing in 9017; 9018 & Letters continue}
 {9018/ 10 p.86}

... The sovereign of Egypt really deserved to be a sovereign - for he ...
 ...more than any. He is offering

Truth to Mau, the Son of the Sun who expresses the Insight, Sight or Pure Intellect of God, - & sometimes the world, the "true image of God" - but always "the highest property of God in Nature, as well as Man". - He is that property, if \mp /we may so speak, "which proves the reality of God's attributes by the truth" or definiteness of the manifestations he makes of himself in nature. -

[10]

This is a beautiful idea, is it not? this offering Thmei (Truth) to the Gods - but

... one of the Litigants with the figure as a token ...

... Truths are no longer two, (but all is one), & does not want it.

[The king is represented so often ... for the Gods, because, said the old Egyptians, *that* benefits your neighbour ...

... Prudence Temperance Fortitude, only benefit yourself They knew a thing or two, those old Egyptians, don't you think so? When they spoke of a dead friend, they did ...

...There are eight little chambers hewn in the rock & opening out of the Osiris hall, ...
... drawn but not cut.

{The next three lines have vertical lines drawn through them}

Forgive repetition, dear people -
I have not time to correct it.
if anything is told twice over.
yours ever

9017/17 unsigned letter, 9ff, pen {Letters p. 148}

Kalabsheh Nubia 23 30'

N. Lat.

Jan 21 1850

Well, dearest people, *at last* I have a letter from you, (dated 22nd Nov Malvern,) sent after me from Cairo. ~~by the Howard Galtons~~ & tumbled in to our boat like one of Abraham's messengers before the door of his tent. {The following paragraph has a large x drawn through it}

So you are all pretty well, which is a great comfort - & Papa's eyes on the way to be better, I hope. I was so glad to hear of poor little Sarah - & do find out where Miss Trench passes the winter. I am disappointed that you don't rave more about Malvern. I did so enjoy that place. I look back upon Malvern & Rome as the two happiest times of my life - different as they were - the little lodging with Mama, as *quite* as pleasant in *its* way, as the great Dome of St. Peter's in another. I only hope you will all keep to Gully's instructions all the winter - But my reflections will be so old, that I proceed to business only begging a message to Candlin and

to Winston separately - & conveying (if it be possible,) that I hope to find them both "in statu quo" very much when I come back. {this paragraph at the top of the page had vertical lines drawn through it.}

Yesterday I spent in the temple of Hermes Trismegistus, my dear Pop, (Dakkeh) an ugly little temple - &, if it were not for the ungovernable romance I have always had about that gentleman, uninteresting - the sculptures all of the time of the décadence, about 300 B.C. & every thing shabby, stiff & rigid. Still the spirit of Hermes Trismegistus, (the Author of the Trinity) animated to me every thing. ~~He was~~ = "Thrice greatest" he was indeed - he was the first who imagined three powers forms or Virtues under one name - & who gave ~~those/that~~ name, The Name, which has stood unapproached ever since his time, a monument of his imagination, "I am all that was & is & is to be", as the inscription stood upon the Temple of Neith at Sais. Oh how great is the Spirit of God in man. how joyously

I could have lifted up my voice, & sung
"Glory to ~~God~~ the Father, ~~God~~ the Son
& the Holy Ghost" in that place. ~~the~~
God & Man & the Spirit of God in man,
how gladly I could have kissed the soil
which bore such a manifestation of
the Deity as that "thrice greatest
Interpreter" Hermes Trismegistus -
There is an inscription over king Ergamun's
head, who built this temple, calling
him "the hand of God." Yes, man is the
hand of God - & even those hooting
naked jackals, who trooped round
me, without one idea but that of
baksheesh, as ~~th~~ I sat, weary & dusty,
& giddy with the noise on a stone at the mouth of Hermes'
temple, shall be one day the fingers of
God. "For it is not the will of my
Father which is in ~~the~~ heaven", as the
greatest Interpreter of all has said,
"that one of these little ones should
perish." If it were not for this belief
in Egypt, these countries would be
insupportable.

From my stone I could see the
symbol of the Trinity, invented by
Trismegistus, covering his Temple, the

globe, asp & wings which I described
at Ypsamboul. the circle signifying
the Unity, Eternity & Conjunction of God,
i.e. the undivided divine essence,
without beginning & without end -
(which was only *afterwards* made to
represent the *Sun*) & as the globe the
Unity of the Essence, so the wings signify its
Omnipresence, vivifying & pervading the
material world, i.e. the Spirit of God,
like our dove, ~~vivifying by its motion~~
the Asp signifies the Subtle Efficacy
& all-wise energy of the Deity - (the Serpent
having always meant Wisdom) - or the
Divine Word, (its only member being a mouth)
So that in that symbol we have the
Holy Trinity complete - the Eternity,
the Word, the Spirit - & *the name*, the
great name, as given by Plato, (which
Eusebius says he took from Hermes'
stela), "I am that I am", is the same as
Moses says he found in Egypt.
The very soil seems to me sacred
I put my shoes from off my feet,
where man first found these things -
 Inside the Temple the sacred hawk,
the sun, which typified the Omniscience,
the far-seeing Deity, is seen protecting

{in another hand} [2]

And do not imagine that I am inventing spiritual meanings to these emblems - Zoroaster says of it, "The God is represented having a hawk's head. He is the best, Incorruptible, Eternal, Unmade, Indivisible, most unlike every thing, the Author of all good, the Wisest of the wise." On Hermes' imperishable stelæ he Hermes calls Him "the nameless Being" & says "this One is venerated in silence" - "remaining in the solitude of his Unity" as I have seen Him called somewhere *der grosse Einsame* "For he is the only Father - who *is truly* God" [Good?] ~~says~~/continues Trismegistus - "the fountain of all things" - "he made himself shine forth' (here is our "glory of God") "the self-ruling God". "God of Gods" (our very expression) "before essence, yet the first principle of essence, for from him is entity & essence' - "the glory of all things is God" - "the principle of all things existing is God" - "for these were boundless darkness in the abyss, & water, & a subtle Spirit, intellectual in power, existing in Chaos: *But the holy Spirit broke forth*, & the Elements were produced from the watery essence"

{in pencil} 4

But the reason for choosing animal symbols seems to me to stare you in the face. The whole of the Greek religion, in after times, is enough of itself to justify their fear - the fear, that is, of human Apotheoses, of taking men who had actually lived & making them Gods, a mistake which afterwards filled the whole of Greek & Roman Theology with deified human beings. - The Egyptian, by representing e.g. Thoth (or Hermes) with an ibis head, effectually averted this danger - it mattered little to them in the choice of an emblem, whether it was ugly or not - they had succeeded, so they thought, in preventing people from imagining that a man's body & an ibis' head could be a real being, or anything but ~~an~~/a mere emblem - ~~and~~/succeeded in expressing that all they meant by it was (in this case) the communicating medium ~~of~~/between the Divine Intellect ~~to~~/and that of man - (in others) some equally abstract conception - These emblems are only a continuation of their system of hieroglyphics & you are no more offended by their ugliness (at least I who have no artist mind, am not)

All this is Hermes, the "king, priest, & physician, & here perhaps he wrote his forty two books, the Sacred Books of the Egyptians (how like our Sacred Books) which were carried in procession - & which still existed in the time of Jain=blichus, the tutor of Julian, & of Clemens of Alexandria - O call it holy ground, the ground where first they trod, who ~~gave~~/won for us freedom & understanding to worship God in spirit & in truth - & let them all be holy to us, the Egyptian Trismegistus, the Persian Zoroaster, the Jewish Moses, who have come into such close communion with the Father of Lights, by observing the laws according to which we are to receive light. that they have not only heard His words, but have given unto men the words which "Thou gavest to them." They have received gifts for men - & no doubt all purified themselves so as to reflect that light -

{in pencil illeg Lanedy?}

Now, about the taking their symbols from animals, I admit that it is a great want of imagination - & the unimaginativeness of the Egyptians strike you everywhere as much as their philosophy & their mechanical power.

than by the ugliness of this sprawling
two legged angular **A**, which might
just as well have been made an
elegant two legged human being -

But oh Hermes; I have forgotten you -
Let me tell your merits, as the Inventor
of Hieroglyphs - Of Medicine - Theology -
Mathematics - (the ibis is supposed
to figure this last, because it makes
with its legs walking an equilateral
triangle) of his forty two books ~~treated~~
the first two were called "of the Chanter",
& sung in their processions - the first
contained Hymns to the Gods, the second
the *duties* of kings - the next four were
astronomical - the next ten were called
"of the Hierogrammatist" - of which the first
gave the Egyptians their knowledge of
hieroglyphs, the next five of geography
& cosmography - (& it is quite certain
that, in the 3rd Dyn - three thousand
five hundred years before Christ - the
Egyptians had maps, & their geometrical
surveys are proved by an accurate
ground plan which Lepsius found of
the Valley of the Kings at Thebes - already
in the 4th Dyn. we find (on the Pyramids),
the Egyptian cubit of later times - of the
most mathematical accuracy - I even I in
Egypt become in love with Conservatism -
I am now a regular old Tory!

[3]

To complete the general survey of Egypt, which was the object of Hermes in these ten books, the last four were the basis of the registration of landed property, & ~~of~~ the estates of the priests - & a description of each temple. {In a different hand *Whatey*}

The next ten books contained all the regulations as to religious worship - the "Leviticus" of the Egyptians.

The last ten books were called "of the Prophets" - the Sacerdotal Books strictly speaking - they were carried by the Prophets, the first Order of Priests, who took precedence immediately after the High Priests - they taught Law, & laid down the entire education of the priest hood - & the regulation of their mode of life.

In the books on the Survey of Egypt was found the authority for the Land Tax; the Priest Tax or free gifts - this class of books contained the instructions as to the *apportionment* of their taxes, (one, alas! of the privileges of the priests) the civil & religious Jurisprudence was in these books laid down.

(Porphyry, the tutor of Iamblichus, quotes his account from Chæremon, who, himself a sacred scribe, must have known all about every part) {very faint, in pencil, in another hand *Smith*}

The recognition of the Sovereign even was the privilege of the Priesthood. He was usually a Priest - but must, at least, be admitted a Priest, before his coronation.

The old Constitution was an *elective* Monarchy - & it was not till Menes that it became hereditary - in the 2nd Age - it became hereditary even to females - & the privilege of election remained with the priests, only where a Dynasty became extinct - But the *form* still existed - the Sovereign was formally elected by the Priests on the Libyan mountain to the W. of Thebes, the God was consulted - & the King then went in procession to the Temple of Karnak, & not till then - There were the Egyptian Comitia - A curious hint for amending our franchise might be found in these old Comitia held in the Lybian suburb - Around the candidates for the throne stood the electors - of these a prophet's vote counted for 100, a priest's for 20, a soldier's only for 1. Why should not, says Mr. Bracebridge, a similar scale, regulated by the respective education of the voters, be established as the first step for extending our franchise? We cannot stay where we are, now that all Europe has given universal franchise.

As the Mahometan Laws to this day are founded on the Koran, so the eight Books of Egyptian Law were founded

on these books of Hermes, i.e. extending them to every possible case, & recording the judgment of the King in any particular case (by which a particular point of law had been established) or his enactment, with his name -

The 1st 6 books were on Medicine & Anatomy -

{in another hand, illeg Drey?} But oh! Hermes, I have gone adrift again. How it reminds one of the Books of Moses - "Numbers" answering to the Survey of Egypt - "Leviticus" to the ceremonial books - the "Prophets" to the Sacerdotal, &c "Genesis" alone does not find its prototype - for the strictly historical element seems wanting in the Hermetic books - they prove, it is true, the most difficult points of history, but involuntarily - they prove how in this narrow valley of the Nile, this strip of land between two boundless seas, the Deserts, philosophy had come down from the Gods & lived upon earth - how for many thousand years they had know how to calculate eclipses, the cycles of the sun & moon, the conjunctions of the planets. But alas! not only not the idea, the very word of "people", did not exist, - not only not in their thoughts

but not (or rather *consequently* not) in their language - Hence we have no history - The conceit of the Jews, which made them conceive themselves, before all, a people, a people chosen of God, the exclusively & petted child of Him who has *many* children, as many as he had made, - national conceit in general, has its good as well as its evil side. It gives us history - the Jews committed the most abominable crimes under the pleasing prejudice that they were set aside by God (?to do so) - but they have left us the most curious & valuable History the World affords. The Egyptians have no History - But see how the historical element has flourished lately among us, with our strong & bigoted national feelings, which bring us home from India & all parts of the world, uninterested, untainted & un-cosmopolitized as soon as we have made our fortunes. The Egyptians have Lists, they have no Narrative - lists of kings, not the History of a Nation - They are punished by their own mistake, the irreparable mistake, which the valley of the Nile is still deploring literally in dust & sand. ~~throwing~~ sand, not ashes on her head.

{in pencil in another hand, (7)} [4]
Everything in Egypt was swallowed up
by the Priests - their very Chronology
was a religious, not civil, one, kept
a secret by the priests, & regulated
not, as in Greece, by a public festival,
(the Olympiads) but by an Astronomical
Cycle of 1461 years, the Divine Year -
{in the margin, in pencil, very faint, Burnett}

But of these Hermetic books, one
remains to us, the Book of the Dead,
inestimable, one of the fourth class
(the regulations of divine worship) &
containing their belief about the exis=
tence of the dead, & their future state.
It has not nearly all been read - but, if I
could have chosen one *to be preserved*,
it would have been this one. It is
the Deceased himself speaking &
telling his experience "through the Sections
of the Glorification ~~of~~/in the Light of Osiris".
& afterwards "of the Deliverance in the
Hall of the "twofold Justice". Lepsius
has deciphered parts - he says "the two means
"reward" & "punishment" - but why, as
Thmei (or Truth or Justice) is always
represented as the two Truths, should
it not mean that? Perhaps however
Truth in that region is no longer two.
But more of this invaluable remnant
afterwards - Where was I? on my

stone at Dakkeh - & such a sharp one! I think it so beautiful that this temple was not dedicated to the man, Hermes Trismegistus, who was a real priest & philosopher - for the Egyptians never apotheosized *men*, like the Greeks & Romans, - but to the God Thoth, Hermes, or Mercury, who was only the abstract understanding, ~~the cause &~~ the means of communication from God to man, the cause therefore of all man's success in intellectual subjects - & the success & the discoveries were therefore ascribed to him, not to the man.

The Egyptians were fond of calling themselves after the attributes of God, thus making a sort of dedication of themselves - & this the Greek incapacity of understanding the Egyptian mind has often confused - hence the mistake about Hermes Trismegistus & so many others by which the Egyptians were handed down as bringing Gods upon earth, & raising human beings to Gods. But every day the reading of th hieroglyphs improves & clears up these mistakes (Another digression - my last {in the margin, faint, illeg Fridy?})

Thoth, then, the God of Letters, to whom the temple is dedicated, appears with Horus passing life over the Reis

[5]

a troublesome one for his pains. (You know the pretty story of Thoth & Thamus in Plato's Phædrus - which I am afraid is but too true. I wish nobody had ever invented letter=writing. I have just upset my ink=pot in my lap) Thoth wears the Moon upon his head (the moon is masculine in Egyptian, as in German) because he was the regulator of time - lunar months & years being the Egyptian calendar. He communicated mental gifts to men "carrying their prayers to Heaven & bringing in return, as communication of the will of God & ALL OTHER blessings' of life". Is not that pretty? as if that was the greatest blessing. In other words, he taught men the way to approach God. ~~He too gave things their names~~ - this "thrice greatest Interpreter". & dispensed intellectual gifts to men - giving things their names - & teaching men language {in the margin, Smith}

I often wish that some of our dear good people who teach (& practise) that we must approach God *only thro' their* our Feeling would take a leaf out of Thoth's palm=branch, & see that the Intellect is *also* a method of approaching him, though not the only way - & the Egyptians were certainly not

wanting in feeling. The Intellectual sort have often made another mistake - & ap= proached him not enough through the Conscience - but that is not Thoth's affair. Thoth has an intimate ac= quaintance & close relationship, thro' his ostrich feather, the symbol of Truth, with my old friend Mau - Insight - & thro' his staff, entwined by a serpent, the emblem of wisdom, with the Greek caduceus -

The distinctions were so subtle which this singular religion, - more metaphy= sical than Plato, more acute than Aristotle, - established between the separate attributes, that we shall probably never be able to understand them now, - we, to whom the Intellect, the Understanding, the Reason are all one, while, with them, each had a separate Deity (in their attempt to popularize this far seeing spirit of Analysis) -

{the following paragraph is also on p. 147} I have seen the Mirage once, & except that I knew it was impossible the Nile cd have got there, & that Σ saw it too, shd not have been much struck by it.

It is very touching ~~to me~~ that, of all

this ancient people, the only thing remaining should be their Religion; that the most impalpable, the only Unseen part of them shd be the most durable, the only Visible to us -

{The following paragraph has vertical lines drawn through it}

I as so sorry, my dear Pop, I have all confused the rest of this letter by writing on the wrong sides - which will give you so much trouble to read it. but if you knew the hurry one sometimes writes in, & the deficiency of paper, you wd excuse

I have no time - adieu

thine ever -

9017/18 unsigned letter, 17ff, pen {9018/20 p. 162, also 9018/24 p. 167 and Letters p.159}

{illeg in pencil}

Goodbye, Philoe, φίλη indeed to me, ...

... most of it in Osiris' ~~sacred~~ chamber....

... again in the nether world, after having ...

... three weeks in Nubia ~~do indeed~~
seem to us ...

... the place where *He* had died & ...

... thought *I* had never sate {9018/20 breaks off here} in any
place so sacred nor ever could, except
in Syria.

The position of the Island high
above the water, (the Greeks call it
{in printing} abaton,) the calm shadowy *lake*
around, (which the Nile becomes

there,) the "Golden Mountains" (the
Hemaceutae which hem it ~~round~~/in,
the stillness - the tufts of wild
palms, which grow out of the
cliffs of the rock all round the
island, - the solitude, for all its
Arab inhabitants have deserted it -
there *can* be nothing like Philoe
in the world - The first moonlight
night I sat on a broken colonnade
In Philoe, by the temple of Isis,
with the *roar of the Cataracts,*
I kept repeating these words to myself
that I might believe them - & felt
how far the reality surpassed the
words - Excepting a solitary Sakia,
which often goes the whole night
round, the Cataracts' roar is the
only sound which rocks the rest
of Him who sleeps in Philoe - &
none disturb His sleep. The
full moon hangs her lamp over
his solitary bier - but ~~there~~ no
other funeral lights are there -

And, first of all, I must prepare
 you for the fact that ~~hardly~~ every thing {9018/24 p. 168 continues}
 ... & every thing is in as bad taste as all ...
 ... & I think that this very failing effort
 of the fading nation ...

[2]

though the body is disfigured & agonizing - it is ...
 ... the great truths *she* felt so deeply ...
 ... her mission is accomplished.
 "It is finished" ...
 ... till I knew every line by heart.
 Now our Passover is over - our Passion
 Week is at an end. But I shall always think of it
 as the Holy Week - & the passing
 down of the Cataracts as the passage
 of the Red Sea. ...
 ... "my St John" - We found the ~~Lewis's~~
 there - He is making a series of drawings
 of the temple of Isis. ~~without a grain~~
~~of imagination - but as correct as possible,~~
~~he seems to be a mere artisan however,~~

{ pages seem to be missing}
 {9018/24 p.171 continues}

[3]

current in ten minutes - cutting in
 thro' the rocks ...
 ... we were not home till 9
 o'clock!
 {between the paragraphs in pencil illeg *Neite?*}
 ... Another day I went with Mrs. ~~Lewis~~ ...
 ... the nicest in the island, swam over to
 see Mrs. ~~Lewis~~ ...
 ... she was, "how *could* she tell?" ~~she~~
~~said,~~ "her mother knew."
 ... & the jars were in hers or in any other house - but they

... were really swept out very clean - you could not stand upright in them - but there was always one room for the family ...
 ... But alas! the chickens & the eggs & the Doura bread ...
 ... of the bean raw & boiled, & on Doura cakes. They wanted Mrs. ~~Lewis~~ ...
 ... to her story of ~~the~~/our marriage ceremony ...
 ... he "had given for her". In Egypt ...
 ... she said 30/ they said "it was very cheap. "...
 ... before the Cadi, & Mr. ~~Lewis~~ gave away 30/ to the Poor, to satisfy the Cadi's question.)...

... his wives by etiquette, the poor man just sends them back.

Zehnab had a little row of beads round her neck & another round her waist - nothing else. I tried to persuade Mrs ~~Lewis~~ to take her & educate her ...
 ...poor woman does, excepting the Haggs, or pilgrims. ...
 ... if they express any feeling about it at all, ...

{in a circle in the margin with a line to [,H - 177 -{illeg Drape?}
 ... a ~~little~~ [solitary burial ground, each grave marked only by a little circle of stones,)...
 ... island, & down to a deep green-pool or tarn; ...

... Eastern shore of the Nile to the ruined Xtian church where Padre Ryllo said his last mass. The huts were not so sordid & the population ...
 ... we left (to whom we had a letter) with his Abyssinian daughter - the child ...
 ... really sensible nice girl. {in pencil }black He is very learned & very queer.

On Monday mornng we left our ...
 ... think whether it is ugly or beautiful- ...
 ... which I loved as much in a different way. ...
 ... in Philoe ~~reminds~~-seems like another world.

[8] {in pencil 15}

I should not wish for a greater contrast than the four temples we have seen

in two days, - Dakkeh, Gerf Hossagn, Kalabsheh & Beit el Wellee - the philosophical minutiae & analytic subtleties of Hermes Trismegistus, - the rude & awful grandeur of Phthah's cave, - the upstart magnificence & vulgar showiness of the terraces & buildings of Kalabsheh, - & the exquisite little gem of art of Beit el Wellee - the first is Ethiopian, the third Roman, & the 2nd & 4th of the great Rameses, though as distinct as possible - The first stands ~~out~~ upon a sandy plain & looks out from the top of its propylon, (as Philosophy, with her broad view & distant glances ought to ~~illeg~~do. The second, with her savage awful Devotion, is a cavern in the rock - The third is like Chatsworth, with great stone terraces & almost like gardens, down to the river - a wilderness of hewn stones, & elaborately carved capitals lies about, while the Sacred Place is unfinished - the fourth is a perfect little specimen of painting & sculpture perched at the top of a rock

We went to see it first - I never saw anything so pretty - the colours ~~have~~ are more perfect than any we have seen - and it does not give me the least the effect of 'barbaric - who calls the Loggie barbaric? It is more gay than those gems of Raphael's art - It is true that here they are intaglios which are so coloured - but the distinction seems ~~to me~~ a fanciful one - why should not intaglios be coloured? The place is not at all darker than Raphael's Stanze - there are but two chambers in the rock - the Prosekos & Adytum - the rest is in the Area without - As we have the castes of those in the Area in Brit. Mus., & as we mean when we come back to take a small lodging for 6 months over the Greengrocer's in Gt Russell St for the sake of studying these & others, I shall not trouble you ~~myself~~ with describing them now - On one side is the Great Rameses receiving Eastern captives of a nation, the Shorii, who rebelled during his father's time, & whom he reduced - Further on, he is beleaguering ~~an~~ a Negro town -

[10]

& holding a captive negro over the town,
whose legs dangle high above it,
Rameses being a great deal bigger than
the fortifications - On the other side he is receiving the prince of
Cush

(Ethiopia) who is bringing tribute -
& further on, himself in a chariot
with charioteers (I like this so much,
the king always does the most work,
he never has a charioteer) he is
pursuing the enemy into the woods
of *Lebanon*, where a wounded chief
leaning on his companions, is being
taken home. one child runs to tell
his mother, who is unconsciously
cooking under a tree, the other
clings to its father's knees, & throws
dust upon its head.

The triad in the sacred Place
is Amun Ra, Neph & Anouke -
Rameses is offering to Amun Ra on
both sides, who is blue, to denote
his heavenly nature - the cartouches
are on a gold ground, with Ra,
the Sun, Rameses' own Deity, (a
red disk) upon it - & his favorite
{illeg Thmei?}, white - very pretty.

[11]

Neph, in the Adytum is giving Rameses life & purity. But the jewel, the precious thing of the whole, ~~thing~~ is behind the door of the Sacred Place - Anouke, the Egyptian Vesta, the Goddess of Domestic Purity, whispering advice into the ear of Rameses - with one hand (the most delicate beautiful hand,) she takes him under the chin, like a child, holding up his face - The other arm falls over his shoulder. She is considerably ~~taller~~ bigger than he is, yet anything like the perfect grace of the figure, the beautiful feminine grace I never saw - & the child like attitude of the Great Hero - as the goddess breathes her admonitions into his ear, - the simplicity & humility of the conqueror, the youthful dignity of the Virgin Goddess, a more beautiful Ideal never entered the mind of man - And a fond & a faithful husband it is evident he was - & in the next compartment, to shew how he attended to the words of the Goddess, his wife appears with him at sacrifice - They were happy women, those Egyptians of olden times, to be under the protection of such an admonisher.

{1 (11) in another hand] ††]

We went up to Jerf Hossagn, with the whole village at our heels - a splendid position it is - high in the Western rocks, & overlooking the whole wide valley of the Nile, from which the sun light had just disappeared, & was kissing with its parting golden beam the Eastern side - In the solemn twilight we entered the awful cave of Phthah, the God of Fire, the Creator, The Shekh of the Village, with his descendants, walked [before us, carrying great serpents of fire to light up the rude magnificence of this terrible place. The serpents were thick twisted coils of palm fibre, set on fire, but they looked like Moses' serpent set up in the wilderness; & twisted & flamed before this Fire Shrine, this God of the Hidden Fire, who has his dwelling in the thick darkness. I never saw a wilder scene. Hephaistos, the degenerate Vulcan of the Greeks, is a corruption (his name evidently so), of Phthah. I should

[2] {in another hand}
like to have seen this dwelling of the
"Heavenly Fire", (who will some day
welcome back the "tired spirit" to its
"accustomed home", & refine away all
but the pure ore), in silence & stillness -
for I can tell you very little about
the Temple - with an Arab holding
you under each arm, for fear of
your falling over the heaps of stones,
a dozen others with torches, the
Temple perfectly chuck full, the
whole population being there to {above in pencil very faint, illeg
mtalax?} [look
at you, & the din quite overpowering
in that close cave, the whole popu=
lation being there to hoot at you - too -
it is impossible to have an idea under
such circumstances - the very strange=
ness of the scene absorbs you - And
as to understanding the Ideal of
the Sculptures, with the flickering
light illuminating it at one moment
& the next having it in total dark=
ness, you might as well try to under=
stand the poetry of the Bible, when
you were picking it out for the first
time in Arabic. All I saw was
(on either side) three figures of Osiris

[3] [###

so gigantic that they seemed to crowd you in - & you could not get far enough from them to ~~seek~~ look up at their faces - their ~~cap~~pedestals were perfect & uncovered, which we had never seen before - the depth of the ~~column~~/square pillar against which they rested so great, that it [161m seemed a mass filling up the whole space; it was wider indeed than the ~~spaces~~ width of the Arch they formed - the figures, {illeg because of an ink smudge were?} so rude, the blocks

so enormous that the effect, tho' not so artistic as that of Aboo Simbel, was infinitely wilder, more awful - It was like a Cyclopean cave or a Western forest not like the art of man. Beyond this great hall in the rock is/~~are~~ another chamber, sup=ported by two thick square ~~columns~~/pillars, & then the Holy Place, with half destroyed deities in the niche - This was the abode of Phthah, "who created all things in a perfect manner not deceptively but artificially according to

together with Truth"

("of his own will begat he us with the word of Truth") that is, he was not the Opifex, like the Greek Vulcan who

IV [4]

made only the form, - but he had the idea as well as the form, the essence as well as the manner - As a thing is not *perfect*, unless it has both the spirit & the "modus", so he created all things "*perfectly*", not, that is, made like a ghost or a shadow which is changeable - not like a perspective picture, of which only the "modus" is perfect, but like a statue, which seen from every side gives the same idea. I do not make myself intelligible, but the Egyptian idea of the creation seems to me the reverse of Berkeley's idea - where EVERY THING was *only* in *idea*, only shadows, nothing "artificially", (that is, artistically) created. different again from the Greek idea, for Phthah, ~~don't you see~~ had *both* the "Truth " & the Art - the truth of the essence & the art of the form - whereas Vulcan was only a workman - he had only the art & might make a mistake, like a workman working after a drawing, "which he *might* do "*artistically*", yet miss the idea, (which would not be "according to Truth") e.g. make a carnivorous animal with the organs of a granivorous

{pages are not in the correct order}

5 {illeg [4]}

Berkeley's God, you see, had not the form,
& the Greek God had not the idea -
The only Parallelism of a Creator is in our own
"Father of lights" - in whom, as Mr.
Bracebridge says, is no "παράλλαγη", i.e.
who makes a straight line, (see the
perfect analogy with "in a perfect
manner") ~~nor~~ & without a "shadow of turning" -
because there are two ways of
spoiling the straight line, - either by
making others parallel to it, ~~making~~ thus rendering
it indistinct, or by making it to turn,
to strengthen this, St. James puts in
that he ~~does not~~ makes it without
even the "shadow" of a turn - i.e. he
makes it "in a perfect manner, not
deceptively", i.e. not indistinctly -
St. James goes on, "Of his own will
begat he us with the word of Truth".
~~bouleu~~ βουλευσεις i.e. wishing
intending to do it - not doing it by
accident The Egyptian theologian
seems to have wished to define three
things in his Creator, i.e. *will*, *idea*
& *form* - viz that he did it intentionally
that he had the Essence, & the Manner

[7]

Now these Egyptian priests seem to have foreseen all the errors that would arise - & to have defined their Creating God so as to keep equally clear on the one hand of the God of Democritus ~~?(was it?)~~ who had no will, whose world came together by accident, by atoms, the God of Berkeley, who had no Manner, whose world was shadows, like Macbeth's dagger, - & the God of the Greeks, who had no ~~For~~ Essence. That word "not deceptively" seems to have agreed exactly with the God, (in whom there was *no* parallax), of St. James, i.e. the God who knew what he had to do & did it - in whom the thing *appeared* what it *was* - the appearance was the same as the identity - not, as in parallax, when the *apparent* place is different from the *real* place & you must allow for the difference -

The Scarabeus was sacred to Phthah, because it signified the world & the Frog also, because it was "the representation of man in embryo, & who was the

[7] {illeg ~~+++~~}

noblest production of his hands." See how close the analogy again to our God, "Of his own will begat He us with the word of Truth, ~~that we might or~~ wishing us to be an ἀρχή of his creatures" - which we have chosen to translate "first fruits" - i.e., we are the epitome of the Creation as it were, as the frog epitomizes Phthah's Creation. As Owen tells us that the brain of the human being goes through all the stages of the inferior animals & therefore encloses all the other animals in itself, so we are the perfect example, or the "beginning" (ἀρχή) of all the rest of the Creation.

I should like to have seen Phthah at work with the perfect eyes of the Egyptians priests in his Rocky Temple - before it, is an area with broken columns & Osirides, what we should call a Portico, ~~only it is~~ four figures deep - But how we appreciated here the perfect solitude of Ψ/Ipsamboul, which we shall never have again. My dear Themei, the Goddess of Truth, was daughter of Phthah.

[2]

{This page has a large X drawn through it}

We came down from Beit el Wellee (the house of the Saint - Beit the same as the Bible "Beth", i.e. hence, it was a Mahometan hermit's abode) as soon as it was

dusk - not because we had done with it, but because we really cd not stay in the press & the din, & went to Kalabsheh, which is just under the cliff, through a ruined town of heaps of stones, out of which the few remaining huts reared their low heads, as if by mistake - & sheep's heads & cows' heads & human heads were seen just sticking out among the stones - one could not divine what they were doing there -

~~Kalabsheh is the biggest temple in~~ Nubia - I never say anything so magnificent not so ~~disagreeable looking/vulgar~~. It must have been the work of some upstart nouveau riche - a Roman ~~Morrison~~/Hudson - the heaps of ruins have struck everybody as something incredible - Area, Portico, Pronaos, Naos, Adytum all are full of enormous blocks of hewn stone, ~~which~~ how they ever came there is the wonder, or, if they were ever put up, how they ever came down. You climb up mountains of stone & down again - which is the only method of proceeding in this Temple. One enormous block,

14 [3]

which had roofed the Adytum was cracked
(~~which~~/it must have been done by an ~~enormous~~/tremendous
blow from above) & now, bent like a
rotten beam - The ruins were like a
stone builder's yard - they did not strike
one with wonder or awe, but with a
feeling of dreary confusion & wasted
expense - The Adytum was unfinished -
the Gods were Roman soldiers, with
Egyptians animal heads on the top - Terrace
upon terrace & column upon column
lay in useless magnificence & extra=
vagance ~~before it~~, & a miserable
Arab mud-wall blocked up the
entrance - Two of the crew dragged
me up & down the ruins (~~which~~ looked
as if they had never been put up) in
the moonlight - & we gladly came back
to the boat, where we lay at anchor
an hour, while Paolo bought a black
sheep, (who sits up on his hind legs
like a dog,) milk & eggs, & Mustafa
bought henna, with which he & two
others of the crew died their beautiful
hands red. Mustafa is the cook, &
came in this mornng to shew his hands.
I bargained for some of the women's or=
naments but they asked such an extra=

[4] {in another hand 15}
vagrant price, that my mercantile
British spirit forbade - ~~After this~~
~~moonlight fair,~~ (I could not help
thinking, had a third {illeg genus?} been by
to have seen that deck full of Europeans
& Nubians, not more separate per=
haps are ~~the~~ men & animals, with
nothing to bridge over the impassable
chasm between them, how melancholy
it ~~did seem~~)/must have seemed. After this moonlight fair we made for
the rapids
of Kalabsheh, which can only be passed
in calm weather - the wildest scene
I ever saw, (whether it is really wilder
than the Cataracts I don't know) with its black
rocks piled up to the very water's edge,
shutting & hemming in the river - &
sticking out in little ~~black~~ islands -
with ~~the~~ jetty shadows in the moonlight -
& the deep dark pools of the river -
& here we had an adventure -
remind me to tell you of that when
I come home - I have not time now -
but there is no danger of my forgetting
it - the most savage scene, morally
& naturally *I certainly* shall ever see.
Kalabsheh is the ancient Talmis -
Dakkeh the ancient Phalcis - And if
I did my historical duty - I should tell

20 [5]

you of the wars of the Romans & Queen Candace, who had but one eye, carried on here. But you know I like a law any day better than a war - Even the wars of my beloved hero, the great Ram. I have not patience to tell, though I ~~hail his features wherever I see them~~

And, *by the same* token, I never so much as mentioned His temple at Derr (the capital of Nubia) hewn in the rock {there are lines drawn around this sentence}

where he appears with his faithful {illeg lion?}

But, upon my honour, I don't remember it. I only remember looking out between the Portico columns - & thinking that I was in the capital of the Lapatae or of some of Gulliver's travels - so ~~tr~~ strange, so little like the {illeg}/dwellings of ~~the~~ human beings did this Capital look.

A sycamore by the river shore, which was the coffee house, was the only thing ~~like~~ human/human - the white domes or bee hives, which enclosed a yard, in the corners of which were the Nairs of families, - the nests of little naked children, squatting between two stones, (like nests of young foxes,) running away when you looked at them, & then baying like jackals after you - & looking so happy &

[6] 21

so fat - their costume ~~at once~~ combining
lightness with elegance, a string of beads
round the neck & another round the
loins - small bones, well covered &
well made - things, which looked about
4 months old, climbing about like
lizards - & never so much as scratching
their little feet - the mother carrying
their babies across their hips - many
with nose=rings - whether I was
Gulliver, or Captain Cook, I don't know, -
but certainly it was as much out of our
~~my~~ common habits of thought ~~sh~~ as if
I/we had been either -

Approaching Philoe, Jan. 22 1850
Yesterday we left the Tropics, dearest
people, oh how sorry I was - this
morning I parted with my three pets,
the Chameleons, whom I have had ever
since we were in Nubia, but I ~~won~~
grandly sacrificed them, & would not
tear them from their beloved Tropics,
as I was torn - so set them ashore
this morn, instead of going to see a
Temple - today we leave Nubia, where
we have been just a fortnight - tonight
we shall be at Philoe, where we
are promised ~~two or threedays-~~
{The above paragraph has a large X drawn faintly through it}

the way, that Ergamun, a king of Ethiopia, was a funny fellow. He was the first to abolish Suicide - according to Wilkinson, it had hitherto been the custom for the Ethiopian kings to receive word from the priests, when the God desired their presence - to which summons the kings immediately attended - But Wilkinson confines this custom to the Ethiopians - whereas the great Rameses himself committed suicide, not, as it seems, from any disgust of life, as "in the high Roman fashion" nor from vanity which the oftenest prompts it now, not was it considered any extraordinary event - but simply from impatience to enjoy the society of the Gods, & the rewards held out to men who love them. I confess to me it seems more extraordinary it does not happen oftener, than that it happens so often. It seems so natural ~~to me~~ that, if we really believed what we say, ~~then~~ the child should hasten into the presence of the Father whom it really loves, & by whom it believes itself to be loved - in a childish im=
patience, not waiting for the bell to ring, or for the Father to want it. It seems to me a later & more perfect

development of the human understanding than we usually see, to perceive that the Father is everywhere, that we shall not be really nearer Him in another state than in this - that nearness is not in place, but in the state of spirit & that the submissive mind, which seeks only to be one with the Father's will, & sees that will in its circumstances, is really nearest to the Father's presence.

Rameses was a philosopher, but not yet a faithful servant, (oh dear! another digress=n) This Ergamum is called "the hand of God". Perhaps he was - not much remains to be seen of his handiworks here, from under ~~they are so black - between~~ the smoke of the Arabs & the Saints of the Xtians

I have a regard for Thoth, & laboured hard to make him out. He has a tablet in his hand, for his business in the Trial Scene in the Lower Regions, was to register the actions of the dead man - & read them to Osiris, the Judge - When without the tablet, he had a long palm branch, with a frog at the end, emblematic of the years of men, & of *his* business of overlooking their actions, while on earth. NB The frog is a man. If he had merited this office on account of his unique services, he had earned

[2]

Isis {inserted in pencil illeg Ismay?} is evidently Nature - the World
-

she may therefore rightly put on a thousand different forms - the "Goodness of God" is her husband her brother = her father how true Isaiah uses almost the same words She appears as Neith, as Athor, as Bubastis. instead of this being a confusion, the gods appearing with one another's attributes = it ~~appears~~ seems the most beautiful & deepest part of the Egyptian ~~mythol~~ philosophy - signifying that Nature reveals God in *all* His forms, sometimes in one of His attributes & some times in another - but *always* the wife of the *Goodness* of God - "for ~~his is~~ goodness is in all His works" - whatever else she is, she is always the handmaid of His goodness, of Osiris. Oh how beautiful that idea is - how far, far deeper & truer - than looking upon this world as a "fallen world", ruined by the Evil Principle, dragged down by man in his fall. "child of ~~sin~~/wrath" "born in sin" - I can see the truth in those words too - we *are* suffering as we ought to do, & as

we are not such fools as not to wish not to do, from the consequences of the mistakes of Adam, & *all* those who have come before us - but that suffering comes from the Goodness of God - Yes, Isis, is *always* the wife of Osiris, the world is not fallen, but learning - Isis mourning, Isis protecting the body of her husband with her wings, is the World justifying the Goodness of God, Nature shewing us that still He is good. I really have such comfort in that idea, when I look out on these dreadful deserts, that it seems to me as if Isis & Philoe were placed in the midst of these barren wastes on purpose - as if for an explanation & a key - Osiris says to us, as his Prototype did to Peter, Thou shall be sifted as wheat but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not. That even a whole nation of Arabs should be in the state these people are in now is a proof of the Goodness of God.

_____Horus generally bears the title of "defender of his Father" He seems to be

[3]

But I am not sure how long this praiseworthy spirit of retribution would have kept us warm. {in faint pencil M. Linstock?} {Letters p. 174} We went to the Temple, Mehemet Ali excavated the Portico, which is like a great well - the rubbish cleared out was removed (apparently) into the interior of the Temple itself - The consequence is that the Portico which is gigantic, three rows of six columns, is dark dank & damp (I don't know if the Infernal Regions have a portico - but if they have, this is surely it. I never saw any thing so Stygian) the earth in the Temple looks ready to pour down upon you & overwhelm you - you go down to the Portico by a formidable flight of narrow mud steps - the Portico itself is black as Erebus - the ceiling is covered with infernal beasts.

We walked through this extraor= dinary centre of commerce & manu= facture again to day - (the first town we have seen since Osyoot)

& felt shabby among genteel people/Arabs
I saw a school, the first time we
have ever seen one - master, ushers
& children sitting in the dust in a
yard a tin plate their copy book
a page out of the Koran their
reading book. They would not let
us touch the sacred page, but were
not uncivil. In this great Emporium
we were actually able to buy
candles, at Esne they burn lights!
we had bought the *whole* stock
of the town of Osyoot, (there were
no more in the place) - & they had
long since come to an end.

To-morrow dear people please God,
we mean to wake in Thebes - & to
wake there every morning for a fortnight
(at least) - Think of a fortnight in
Thebes -

I am so glad I put my poor
little cameleons on shore ~~in Asybiel~~
Nubia - they would have died in this
cold.

The colour of Egypt strikes us so
much after Nubia - or rather, the

(39)

no colour the difference between
the two sands is that of a dusty,
dirty floor & a golden dust -
The cultivation of Egypt looks like
vast plains after the sunk fence
of Nubia.

I have been quite glad of this
delay from the winds, & this week's
rest, to recover from the pleasure
of Philoe & prepare for that of
Thebes -

But I am sorry not to get in by
daylight.

{The following paragraph has lines drawn through it}

Tomorrow I hope to sing -
"Twas on a Monday morning
The vale of Thebes adorning
Three angels on a Station (that's us)
Were taking recreation

All by the Baltic sa"
ever, dear mother, your loving child
Monday, noon. Feb 4 1850
Thebes - Thebes - we are just arrived.
at twelve o'clock -we made no way
in the night - owing to the wind
& so I got my wish of coming in by

day light - but the Nile is so low
that there was nothing to be seen
{the next paragraph has lines drawn through it}

we are just going to sent off a
man to Kenneh to get our letters
which the Consul left there - &
send these - Please God I may
have some!

ever yours dearest people
all,

9017/19 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen

Luxor Feb 4 1850

{Letters p. 175}

My dearest people

Just as we were sending off
a courier 50 miles to Kenneh to get
our letters - we were told that
the Lord - Lieutenant here had them - & on
application, they all turned up. {Letters omits the next part of this
letter}

yours, dear Pop, of the post mark
Romsey Dec 23 - & one from papa
to Mr. Bracebridge Dec 13 - enclosing
one to me - great comfort indeed
they were - I wrote 2 or 3 letters
from Alexandria, I don't remember
which - but as you have heard of us,
it does not much signify - but
by Σ 's advice, I write a list of
where I have written from

Malta	I read your letters
Alexandria	today in the Temple
Cairo	of El Karnac &
Shekh Hassan	I have so many
Osyoot	messages to send
Kenneh	that if I were not
Thebes	so very tired &
Asouan	sleep, it would
Philoe	

Thebes (4) including Ipsamboul (1) Dakkeh
Philoe (2)

take the whole sheet. First my love & thanks to J.P. for his - & though we cannot agree about Europe - yet I am sure, if he were here, we should not differ about Egypt. Next, do give my tenderest love to Mary Stanley - I think of them so often, & when I see the strong faith of these old Egyptians, to whom Death did not differ from life, I feel how it must be so with them now, with half their family in heaven. (I wish what you say of Catherine might be true.) Poor souls! they are sorely tried - & I should think Catherine would feel it more than Mary.

I will write to Louisa - & if you have time, tell her so with my love - I am so sorry for Mr. Hannah's disappointment & sorrier still for the man who is elected. I will write to my boy too by & bye - and because I cannot bear you to have so much letter-writing - but my little History of E. has taken up much

time & sleep & idleness consume
the rest. besides some things I
have written for the B's. We are
most prosperous. The Descent of
the Cataract singularly so - the Nichol=
son boat, which came down after us
& which takes these letters, struck
on a rock. I suppose such a feat
of steering is without parallel in
any other country - we came down
a cataract which runs into the
main stream at right angles,
like water out of a cock - we
were steered just on the edge of
this gush, on the left edge, so that
when we came to the bottom, by
a motion of the rudder, & a
vigorous pull of the oars of one
side (our men were pulling with
their whole might all the descent)
the bows were got out of the
current on the left - the current
then caught the stern - & the boat
turned on her centre like a pivot,
& swung round into still water.

This is a new feat - & one very seldom tried - The Nicholson's boat was too short to try it - & she struck upon a rock, swinging to the right upon her stern - we are the first to have done it -

I must not forget to record that we saw a few drops of rain on the sand ...{this passage is found on p 147 9017/14}

We have spent this afternoon at El Karnac - where I read your letters {Letters p.175 resumes} (with a glorious sunset to do honour to this noble plain - the first real sunset we have seen for many weeks) - we stopped at El Uksor for the letters - & while we were waiting with a crowd round us, who called us the Cabiri (the Great) a woman passed by with a fish on her head as big as herself, which we stopped. Then the Lord Lieutenant, who had been to fetch our letters, came out with them, like a red flamingo - & we asked the Lord Lieutenant's opinion about the fish, which he said was a good fish - so we bought it - & he said there was nothing to pay for the ;letters - for he had made an Englishman, who was there that mornng for his, pay for the whole batch at once - Behind the Lord Lieutenant's door was a post, & to the post

was fixed a chain - & the chain went through a door by a hole - to which hole Mr. Bracebridge applying his face to see what the chain was going to do, saw that it was fastened to the neck of a prisoner inside - who smiled & Mr. B. smiled - to shew that they were very glad to see one another - the prisoner having four friends to chat with him, who were seated on the ground round him - {Letters does not include the rest of this letter}

Good night dearest people. I fear Miss Trench is dying - do make out about her - & write to her from me, if there is yet time. I am afraid to write, without knowing more - I wish I had written before I left England -

The plain of Thebes - I had no idea of its beauty - I should think there could be no other such position in the world with its river - its ~~entire~~ chain of mountains entirely surrounding it - its colours & tints of sunset

but goodnight

ever & ever your loving child

{The following paragraph has parallel lines drawn through it; 9018/9 p.69}

{illeg Murraee ?} has those interminable long tiresome processions of tribute bearers & belongs to the time of Amunoph

III. B.C. 1478 [1470?] - {lines end here} ~~Another/~~ A private tomb in Shekh

Abd el Koorneh, has the same, only varied by their being presented to

{Letters p. 210}Thothmosis III. B.C. 1557, the king of the Exodus, according to Bunsen - but caro Totmose, che fate là -

I am sure he does not know,

in verità, as it is a private tomb,

& I think the owner had much

better have been engaged in saying

his prayers, than in thinking of

his sovereign's glories & his workmen & manufactories - But, as

~~the abominable~~ Lepsius says,

what an irresistible "Trieb"

these Egyptians seem to have had

to work for History, when they

made their graves into a book

of Trades -

{The following paragraph has parallel lines drawn through it}

From the fatal No 16 however,

which is high up the Western cliff

(just below the tomb of the Mahometan Shekh,

which now names that Necropolis),

we had a glorious view of the

plain -

We rode home by the Rameseum,
& the Colossi - which perhaps were
once the sentinels of the great
Necropolis, which extended over
the whole Western ~~cliffs~~/side. There are
fragments for several hundred
yards behind the Pair, fragments
of huge tablets, covered with Hieroglyphs,
prostrate colossi &c &c which
shew that there must have been
some great Avenue or building
~~behind them~~ of which the Pair
formed the Gate.

{The following paragraph has diagonal lines drawn through it}

I wish you would write one
line to Wm. Evans, & tell him
what use his map has been
to us at Thebes, unspeakable use.
I don't know what we should have
done without it. We could not
have borrowed it, for of the 17 boats
at Thebes, no-one had one but
this of his.

{Letters p. 212; 9018/9 p. 70} I bring home some little figures
found in the tombs - Each carries
a hoe in one hand & a bag of seed
in the other - the arms are crossed
on the breast in imitation of Osiris, whose name the dead took. St.
Paul's idea
about the Resurrection of the Body
seems to have been

9017/20 unsigned letter, 8ff, pen { Letters p. 217; 9018/9 p.64

~~Medina Tabou~~ Feb 12 1850

{In a circle 5}

If there is one thing that strikes one more than any other, it is the what wd be called "Scriptural authority" for everything in the Temples of Egypt. One seems to be positively reading off (~~not the N. Testament certainly, as Daniel was, but~~) off the Old & some part of the N.T. viz. the Book of Revelations. There is the Tabernacle of the Jews carrying along the wall in the inner pronaos of the Rameseum - by the priests - only that there are four tabernacles - there are the Cherubim of Ezekiel, with two wings stretched upward & two covering their bodies, sitting upon the Sacred Ark at Medina Tabou - & as to the four Evangelists, the Egyptian would not find himself more at home under the dome of S. Peter's, or in the book of the Revelations, than I do at Medina

Tabou, There is the ox of St. Luke, the lion of St. Mark, the eagle, no, not the eagle, it is a vulture or a hawk - & the Egyptian might as well march into St. Peter's, & seeing the gigantic Evangelists under the dome, pronounce the Xtians guilty of the most dreadful idolatry, deifying four biographers under the symbols of beasts! as we utter the same imprecation against the worshippers of Medina Tabou.

We are not at all in love however with Medina Tabou, though except Karnac, there is nothing to rival the gorgeousness of its courts, & its colonnades - with their painted processions brighter than any thing in Egypt. It does not look like a place of worship - it is full of priests ` rooms & dark places - it is built up with a deserted

{6 in a circle} crude brick village - there is no Unity about it - for, in the midst of its finest procession, stands a handsome Xtian stone altar, like a church in London, though deserted these 1200 years. But it is very curious, very interesting to have seen - though never a place to become bewitched with, to have one's favourite corners to sit & ruminare in, like St. Peter's & Ipsamboul, & my dear Philoe. Its magnificence strikes one, not its devotion - its riches, not its religion - It is a place for kings & ~~emperors~~/priests to worship in, not for philosophers & simple hearted people - Rameses the Great did the same, but he did it out of piety - this man out of ostentation.

It was, as every one knows, dedicated by Rameses III, (not the Great, not my Rameses - how different was the spirit of

his places of worship) by Rameses III, the 2nd king of the XX Dyn upon his return from his immense Eastern conquests in Asia - over ~~nations~~/nations, whose names we scarcely know. He was the son of that Proteus or Nilus, (the contemporary of Menelaus & the Trojan war, who gave a refuge to Helen) - & lived about B.C. 1290 - There is an enormous hieroglyphic inscription, not yet deciphered I believe, relating to the conquests of the 7th year of his reign - Art was evidently already beginning its decadence - though the sharpness of execution & the vigour of the drawing is still as great as ever, yet the composition is more laboured, the Gods more pedantic oh it is not like my Rameses already - The Coronation procession

{In a circle 7} [2]
is curious for its magnificence, not interesting from any *feeling* it betrays - Thoth, the God of letters & Horus, binding up the king's Throne with water plants, is one of the prettiest representations, shewing that he considered an intellectual support to his throne necessary as well as that of terrestrial prosperity - & a number of Spirits of the Earth leading him into the presence of the great Triad of Thebes, is interesting - But if it were not for one's familiarity from one's youth (thanks to the Books of Leviticus & Chronicles) with every line & utensil of those processions, they would be tiresome beyond measure. But there is the Tabernacle I used to fancy when I was a child,

there is the Mercy Seat & Cherubim,
some ~~being~~ crowned with *Truth*
& others with *Light*, (the feather
& the disk) & there is much that
is beautiful in this, the Spirits of
Light & the Spirits of Truth - some
kneel by the Ark - some stand
with protecting wings - one kneels
without with outstretched wings -
truth as a frontlet & life in her
spread hands. A little figure
of the king ministers before the
sacred shrine. emblems of
goodness form the pillar of the
shrine on either side -

The battle scenes I suppose are
splendid - the Triumph afterwards
the appearance ~~next~~/lastly of the king
before the Gods, presenting to them
his conquests & his captives as
a tribute - how many tributes,
equally unacceptable, have

{in a circle 8} been offered from times immemorial
(& will be offered till the world
grows wiser) in all sincerity &
singleness of heart to God, like
this of Rameses. He has not
however the expression of his
great ancestor, while doing
this. In one battle piece, he
sits after the heat of battle,
on the back of his car, while
his chiefs lay at his feet
thousands of *hands!* His four
sons, who all succeeded him
& reigned, successively, Rameses,
attend him - & carry him in
the coronation Procession, which
is rather pretty - his children
the support of his throne.
There too the Good & Evil
Spirit pour alike life & purity
over him - the Evil Spirit

being more carefully obliterated than I have ever seen it - & with those war scenes opposite I don't so much wonder at his exciting abhorrence -

The columns of this court, which is the Inner Vestibulum or Propyleum, are gorgeous - eight square columns, from which the Osirides are gone, on either side, & 5 round pillars on the two others - on the N side a splendid portico, on what Sir G.W. calls "an elegant portico in which the circumference of the columns is 23 ft, & the height 24 ft"! is covered too with painting.

Medina is only Arabic for city, & Tabou the old word for Thebes - so that Medeenet Haboo, as it is wrongly {the rest of this letter is missing from 9017/20; 9018/9 continues}

{In a circle 10} Dendera Feb 25. 1850

Dendera I hate - a vulgar upstart temple - covered with acres of bas-reliefs one has no desire to examine, built without faith or purpose - but cleaned out by the Pasha to the bottom, so that one can walk about it but too well. the only impression one brings away from it is that the people who built it thought that there must be Gods; & that the God of the Egyptians would do as well as any other - it did not signify - take him into the Pantheon so without really believing in any God much Dendera was built & the consequence is one never wishes to see it again - & while one is there, one has no wish to examine the miles of sculptures - one does not want to become better acquainted with them or with it. It is the very sanctuary of Priest craft a wonder of holy artifice - the walls so thick that no sound can go through them - the Sekos & its two auxiliaries

entirely surrounded by a broad passage - beyond that a hedge of priests' apartments - & finally, the whole outer wall ~~red~~ hollowed like a honey comb with secret passages - riddled with stair cases - & one or perhaps two stories deep provided for, beneath, in the substructions - Into these passages you crawl through a hole which just admits your horizontal body - we found three such in the priests' apartments - they could evidently be made up with a stone from within, so that no external trace should remain - we saw other stones, which had been insufficiently put in, betraying other holes - These passages were wide enough & high enough to walk comfortably in & led from story to story by stair cases - & the whole was lined every inch of it with bas reliefs - They had probably served for initiations, mysteries &c They must have been rather stuffy. Besides these, there are all sorts of wider processional passages from roof to floor & from floor to roof. The portico of Dendera

{in a circle 11} as you know, is magnificent. I think we found the columns to measure twice (in diameter) those of Philoe - Dendera is, of course, Roman - the earliest name is that of that vile Cleopatra.

The only room which interested me was one in the roof. It was while I was there that I heard the most supernatural noise, like the sighing of spirits in hell - ~~evident~~ rising from one place - & spreading over the whole Temple - evidently some effect produced by provided for by the wind in the secret passages.

In this chamber there was a poor imitation of Philoe - an Osiris half raised on his bier, Horus giving him life - & the soul, a human headed bird, sitting on a tree at the head -

There was too an idea copied from the older monuments - all the Gods, with Amn at their head, (Thoth &c inclusive) making offerings to Osiris - a beautiful idea, that all the attributes of God are but the servants or ministers of His Goodness - which animates them all.

Horus piercing the serpent - & all the usual representations were there - One new to me was of boats with a radiating sun at the prow. But a mere list of these would not interest you - & I have no inspiration about Dendera. Outside was a frieze of kings' souls, the sun between each two with three beams coming down to Earth in the form of Lotus buds, I suppose to shew his fertilizing power.

There is a little Temple to Athor besides at Dendera -peripteral - with rather a pretty frieze on the inner side of the peripteral affair. Horus on a lotus between Typho & Mors. We rode into the sacred place - a process one does not feel like a profanation there - but which is an abomination to me in general - that we, upon our asses' feet, should be treading the place too sacred to them for any but their high priest, cleansed & purified, to enter - the place of all their aspirations & all their love -

The ride to Dendera {in pencil very faint illeg MMLtBard?} through long Halfeh grass & Doum Palms is very pretty - {The rest of this paragraph has diagonal lines drawn though it} But no letters at Keneh, my dears, - & that is the reason mine are so stupid it is so difficult to write with no news from home

{In a circle 12} [2]

To the astronomer however Dendera is dear. for upon its Portico is the famous Zodiac - & in the Zodiac the sign of the Lion comes first shewing that the summer solstice was then in that sign, instead of, as now, in Cancer - for the summer solstice began the Zodiacal year with the Egyptians, which we begin with the vernal Equinox. In the Zodiac at Esne the sign of Virgo comes first, instead of Leo, shewing that then the summer solstice was in Virgo. Now this proves that, in Egypt, the precession of the Equinoxes was already known - & it may prove more - But as both Esne & Dendera are only Roman, all that is certain is that the Egyptian astronomers wished to represent, in those two Zodiacs, two successive states of the Heavens - that in which the summer solstice was in Leo, & consequently the Vernal Equinox in Taurus, instead of Aries - & that

in which the summer solstice was in Virgo, & consequently the Vernal Equinox in Gemini - Now we know that it was before the date of Dendera that the summer solstice passed into Cancer & the Vernal Equinox into Aries - therefore it was not at all events the *actual* state of the heavens the astronomers wished to represent - but a recorded state - & if, as Champollion thinks, both Dendera & Esne are copies of much more ancient monuments, of which the present were simply restorations - & that this proves that Egyptian astronomers were acquainted with the precession of the Equinoxes at the times those monuments were made, to what a period does it not bring back that knowledge? We know that 2160 years is the time necessary for the passing of the Equinoctial point from one sign into another - & therefore it brings us back to ~~2160~~ more than 2160 years (before the

{in a circle 13} last déménagement of the Sun, which was before the Xtian era) ~~which~~/years we thus find written in the Esne Zodiac It may be however that the Egyptian astronomers were only *composing* states of the Heavens, according to the Law known to them ~~then, at all events~~ as you may compose eclipses in the past as well as the Future -

Doctors disagree -

One does so wish in Egypt to know more of this wonderful race of men the Egyptian priesthood - That promotion & power was held from the civil authority by it as well as by the English hierarchy, & that theirs, as ours, was endowed by the State is evident. But the duties they had to perform in return were enormous in comparison with ours -

Once a year every priest had to go to the Metropolis - whether it was Thebes, Memphis or Alexandria - Perhaps Moses took his idea of assembling his whole nation at Jerusalem from this - "And ye shall

be ~~to me~~ a kingdom of priests"

But the enormous power of the Egyptian priesthood was evidently given them by the Spirit of the people, to whom religion was everything - All their insurrections (in Roman times even), arose from insults made to their Gods - & The nation invoked the Gods upon every possible occasion, public & private The priests being a caste, of course all the offices & all the lands were hereditary.

But the great difference between the Priesthood & ours, & the way to define it, seems to be, (not ~~that/as if~~ the Priesthood had got hold of all the offices, political, legal, religious, scientific & *administrative*, but) that *all* knowledge & science being holy, the profession of *any* science made the Priest. It was a national state of mind we can have hardly any idea of. Religion & Law were its two characteristics, It was not as if a great & ambitious body had by degrees worked itself into all the power & influence in the country - it was as if power & influence of knowledge being sacred, made their possessors sacred - It was a part of religion
as much

9017/21 unsigned letter, 7ff, pen, Claydon bundle 121, possibly a copy?

Thebes Feb 6 1850 {in pencil, very faint 39 McLintock?}

Well, dearest people, here is your daughter really in Thebes, though I can scarcely believe it - How beautiful it is - After the extreme ugliness of Egypt, & even of ~~my~~ /our beloved Nubia, how pleasant it is to find oneself in beautiful country once more - in this glorious plain, all surrounded by those violet coloured hills, with rich fields bordering the blue Nile - & groves of palm tress & acacias & tamarisks, (quite a new sight), over= shadowing the ruins of a world.

It is not the deathbed of a *city* which you come to visit here - it is, the death of a *world* and what a world. As we crossed the river yesterday morning, & rode for the first time on the [Western bank - there she lay, the Lybian suburb there stood the two Colossi, her gigantic portal, - there hung the

{in a different hand with a line to [**N.177. McLintock ?** }

frowning overhanging cliffs, which make the grand Western barrier between *her* two worlds, her world of Life & that of Death. There is nothing melancholy about this great plain of Death, as there is about the rest of Egypt (excepting that miserable Luxor -) the people pasture their flocks & herds - & the women walk spinning at their heads - & it is more like the old life in the Bible than any very sordid life of poverty. As we sat on the pedestals of the Colossi yesterday, they came & surrounded us, with great flocks of sheep & goats & a few camels & oxen - but they did not beg or howl - & I heard a baby in a tomb afterwards (most of them live in the tombs) making a pretty little noise - the only pretty noise I have ever heard a human being make in Egypt.

{Very faint in the margin 140} There is nothing horrid in this deathbed of Thebes - the words perpetually come into my head

{The following paragraph is enclosed with lines with 'omit' written in the margin}

Her destiny is accomplished: her time of work is done

She dwelleth in the golden home her faithful toil hath won

When I see the evening sun ~~illeg~~ making golden the tips of her violet crown - her amethyst diadem of hills, which sits so royally upon her noble brow.

And the pastoral life of the few Arabs here, looks more like a new world which is beginning, an infant world springing out of her ashes, than a dying & helpless old age.

Well, we climbed up on the pedestal of the Colossi - & copied a few Greek & Latin inscriptions which told how in the times of this Emperor or that Ptolemy "I Camillus," or "I ΗΜΟΔΩΡΟΣ" heard the Memnon "once

in the first hour". But, as I am only writing my real & individual impressions, I must confess that I cannot understand people raving about these Colossi - The faces are so utterly gone that to talk about any expression is absurd, & to compare them with the Rameses Colossi at Aboo Simbel is to compare the Torso with the Apollo Belvidere - if size is the object, the Aboo Simbel Colossi are two feet the biggest - but I don't see how an ugly thing put into a Solar Microscope is made handsome - At Thebes one can afford to be disappointed in one thing, even in a great thing - otherwise I should be mad with myself at having felt so little about these Colossi - But they are each sightless, shapely ruins, they look like sightless Lear after the storm {faint pencil illeg Pare ?} as if the {9017/21 breaks off here}

{Letters p.181}the setting sun {illeg vary faint in pencil 4?}(such a sun as only Egypt can show) so clear, ~~so bright~~ with gems of living light, & behind it those violet & ~~purple~~ mountains, (not purple) with a little border of gold - the whole Western sky looking like a scene out of the Revelations so bright with "celestial jewelry" & the green plain no longer hard & raw with *this* background already in the darkness of twilight - No symptoms of ruin were here, Luxor looked as she might have looked the day she was finished; in that sunset light all signs of decay disappeared, & in [the stillness of that evening hour, with no sound but that of the flocks & herds going home, I felt like a Theban maiden sitting there on the colonnade of that solitary Temple, where she had come for the Evening Benediction - & looking out upon the glories of her native land - fair & fresh in the evening light - & yet sublime at the same time - There

[3]

she sate, looking up to the attributes
of the "Unknown God", as I too saw
them sculptured above me in the
Colonnade - and, (it is astounding
how like the human heart is in
all periods & climates - I see the
same feelings we have in every
sculpture & tomb & temple here)
~~(illeg)~~ /thinking probably very much like me -
I felt quite friendly with her -

We rode home, our asses took
to the water without difficulty,
& landed us safely in the boat
which took [us to our own Dahabieh
The guide here rides before us on
a horse with scarlet housings
& high Turkish [saddle. carrying
a spear - Now & then (all these
Arabs, even our cook, whom I
saw prancing about this morning,
ride like Centaurs) he takes, partly
because a wild fit seizes him,
partly for our admiration, a gallop
in the plain, to the amazing "discom=
fiture" of our asses, who mistake
him for Balaam's angel, & turn their
faces out ot the way.

{corner torn off page, 48 in pencil at top} day we went up to the Valley of

Kings; an hour's ride perhaps from
{the} W. bank - {The preceding sentence is not in Letters} I wish I could give you the least idea of the situation of this city, unparalleled in the world, I should think - Imagine a plain about 10 miles diameter, surrounded by these lovely hills - a river, at low Nile, about twice as wide as the Thames at Westminster - the ~~moun~~ Western mountains rocky cliffs, with deep precipitous, winding valleys or rather ravines between them, shaded by overhanging rocks, & without even the Coloquintida, much less a blade of verdure - ~~& this/~~ among them fit only for Efreets & Ghoules to live in the clefts of the rock - they look like the circle of mountains, the abode of the Jinn, which, we all know, surrounds the earth - & this within a mile of the city of temples & palaces - In these they buried their Kings - Surely there never was such a spot, by nature fitter for an imperial city - the "Valley of the Kings" what a scene that name

conjures up now in our minds {corner of the page is torn off}{of}
Great Ones of the Earth, not lying {at}
rest, but stirred up to meet an{other}
at his coming - There we spent
yesterday in the tombs of Rameses
IV, Rameses V, & the Queen Faosiri.
But what can I compare the plain
of Thebes to? the situation of London
has a river, but it has no [hills,
& then there are so few grand
landmarks in its city, as Karnac,
Medinet Haboo, Luxor & the
Rameseum make here - Rome
is more like ~~it~~ for its plain &
for its great monuments - but
then these monuments are concealed
from one another by the hills -
while here the folds are all
gathered up in the girdle - &
leave the plain smooth & spread
out, so that if it were not for
the heaps of rubbish, almost every
monument might be seen from
every other & all at once from the hills - It is this, I believe
which makes the especial grandeur

of the plain {47 in a circle} that there is a place
to stand from & see it near - & that all
is to be seen - No wind visits this
great bay - the hills are not near
enough to make a draught - & high
enough to shut it out - & from the
moment we came in here, it was
calm.

The boat is going, which takes
these letters - farewell, dear people -

Feb 7. 1850

{two and a half lines scribbled out}

{Letters p. 203; in faint pencil illeg Bennett?; in a circle 67}

The artist sate down before Thebes,
& seeing her still drest in her am-
thyst crown & golden diadem, in her
richest hues of Even & her softest
opal tints of Morn - & perceiving her
temples to be more beautiful far,
now in their ruins, when the sun light
streams in among their columns, &
the colours are softened by time,
than when all was enclosed in wall
& roof, bare unrelieved lengths of
stone, unvaried except by sculpture,
letting in no golden sun beam nor
deep shadow, he cried, Give me
my Thebes as she is now - for she [is
lovelier far in her desolation than
ever she was in her pomp & pride.
I am glad that I see thee again
& that I see thee thus. - my noble
Thebes.

[Last of all the Three, returned
Rameses, the philosopher - he neither
wept like the poet at the unpar=
alleled ruin before him, the death
of a world - nor sate down contented,
like the artist, with the sun sets
& the tints of a land, which once
had all wisdom & all knowledge -

which spoke with the tongues of
angels, which understood all
mysteries & taught them to the Universe,
but he said

Her work is done on earth - her
task is over - her [heaven & her earth
may pass away - the forms of her Gods
& the stones of her Temples - but her
words, her ideas shall not pass away.

She is gone to a purer sphere,
to perfect the ideas she had here so
well begun - she had gleaned all the
[experience this earth could give -
she needed another - she must
be adding memory to memory now,
she must be gleaning from the
storehouse of the Future as well as
the Past.

And as thou lookest down upon
the children of men, thy joy must be
full, for thou seest Europe which
knows not thee, & countries which
remember not thy name, rich in the
knowledge thou has won for them -
& where thy very existence is forgotten,
thy inheritance still lives - thou seest
of the travail of thy soul & art delighted.

Joy for thee! The Deity which here
thou must represent under ugly forms,

forms which, {68 in a circle} with all thy care, were misunderstood, & thy religion perverted
He now is present to thy soul, without form, - to thy thought, without word.

Who shall presume to pity thee,
who hast so well accomplished thy destiny ? as well might we sit over against the tomb of Calvary, & sigh, Pity *he* lived not longer!
Would that we could all say as truly as thou, It is finished.

Farewell! I am glad that I have seen thee, my beloved, my Thebes. I am content, my God. I thank Thee for the law of Change, by which, while the First Idea, the Ideal of Divine Goodness, know no variableness nor shadow of turning - the forms which manifest it, know no continuance - they perpetually put on new shape - Would the eye perceive the ray, except by the constant vibrating it causes on the air? would the Ideal be understood, except by the various manifestations, under which it shews itself? Even so, Thebes is no more - but her Death is a step in progress. Would our old father Nile make fruitful the Earth, would he know no stagnation, did

he not flow on perpetually? Would not man cease to perceive, did not the *variety* of phenomena call forth his attention to the *one* Idea? Lord, I thank Thee that we are forgotten & Thou remainest - & with Thee, every good & every perfect thing.

To Rameses I am sure Karnac is neither a heart rending thing of grief, nor a subject for an evening sketch. but a deep initiation into the ~~philos~~=/manner ~~phy~~ by which the world progresses & learns. Probably Egypt *will* never rise again - what matter? her ideas live in the meanest intellect for whom she has done her work in Europe. Greece has carried on her work, better than she could have done it. Italy added her hand (in the cinque cento) England gave a finishing stroke. Germany is perfecting it - America will some day take up the chisel. Egypt gave the Philosophy, Greece the Beauty, Italy the Imagination, England the Reasoning, Germany the Love of Truth to this matchless Promethean statue, which America will one day animate with Promethean fire, Do not let us regret the fall of Egypt, *She* does not complain. (the sun still shines bright thro' her roofless walls,) why should we?

9017/22 ¼ unsigned, 12 ff, pen {Letters p. 183; {not FN numbering}}

Thebes Feb 10. 1850

The Queen's wedding day, I think -
What a long way I do seem from
Victoria's wedding day - Nofriari's
I feel much more at home with.

Dearest people

WE have been a week in Thebes
tomorrow - a week of absolute
despair - for to come to Thebes for
a fortnight, is much like what
going to Rome for a fortnight would
be. We feel at the end of a week
that we know less about it than
we did before we came - Not that
the individual things of Thebes ~~now~~
require so much time - for, said in
the lowest whisper, there is nothing
here to compare with Aboo Simbil
The Osirida in the Rameseum have
not a head among them all -
while our Osiridæ at Aboo Simbil
had each a head apiece - the
Colossi are not to be named with
the four Rameses - & the sculptures
on the outside of Medina Taboo
are small, & confused - Karnac

is such a mass that it perplexes me with its gigantic fall - But at Thebes one feels that death matters little - it is the grave of a world that one has come to see -

Did I tell you about the Valley of the Kings - where one feels, though within a mile of Thebes, as if one had arrived at the mountains of Kaf, the abode of the Jinn (beyond which are only creatures unknown to any but God) so deep are the ravines, so high & blue the sky - so absolutely solitary & "unearthly" so utterly uninhabitable the place. ~~If I have told you this before, pardon~~ - one look at that valley would give you more idea of the Supernatural, the Gate of Hades, than all the descriptions of writing, sacred or profane. What a moment it is entering that valley, where in those ~~vast~~ rocky

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caverns, ~~the size of~~ the vastness & the gloomy darkness of which are equally awful, the kings of the earth lie each in ~~th~~ his huge sarcophagus, with the bodies of his chiefs, each in their chamber, about him - & where, about this time, they are to return, to find their bodies. (where are they now?) & resume their abode on earth - if purified by their three thousand years of probation, in a higher & better state, if degraded, in a lower. I thought I met them at every turn in those long subterraneous galleries, saw their shades rising from their shattered sarco=
phagusi & advancing towards the Light of Day once more which shone like a star, so distant & so faint, at the end of that opening - the dead were stirred up - the chief ones of the earth (If their belief is true, ~~as how likely~~ it is to be, so far as a return to

~~earth~~, they are now returning
but they will find that they do
not want their bodies (the desola=
tion & ruin there will not be so
terrible to them, as they would have
thought it beforehand) for God is able
of these stones to raise up bodies
for them. {The next sentence has vertical lines drawn through it; it
is omitted in Letters}

I have often thought
how unlikely it was that there was
any other heaven than these earths,
& that we *shall* come back, as
these Pharaohs believed, to find a
heaven in the successful performance
of some act of regeneration, - come
back perhaps as an Arab, having
won the necessary power by a
previous state, to regenerate - these
poor Arabs. Well, these Pharaohs
are perhaps now here, their 3000
years having just elapsed (to some
of them) again in the body - that is,
if he has been one "who had phil=
sophized sincerely, or together with
philosophy, has loved beautiful forms.
If not, he is, as we saw one of them, in the
form of an animal.

{in a circle 55; Letters p. 189} bundle 121

Thebes

Do you want to know how we pass our days, dear people? we rise up early in the morning, & are breakfasted perhaps by eight o'clock. then we cross the water in the "sandal ~~to~~ which is a small "Dingee" to Western Thebes - the asses rush into the water to meet us - or the crew carry us ashore - we mount the asses - & with a great multitude, for in Egypt every attendant has his ass & every ass his attendant, we repair, (preceded by a tall man with a spear, his wild turban coming undone in the wind) like a small army to a tomb - The tomb instantly fills - we suffocate for two or three hours - the Guides having, besides, lighted fires & torches therein - When nature can sustain no more, we rush out - And Goollehs, bread & dates are laid upon a stone - those who have strength then begin again till dark - those who have not lie on

stones in the valley - Then begins this
delightful ride home, the quiet, the
silence (except that no Arab is ever
silent, the donkey men & the Guides
talk without one moment's interruption,
if it is ten miles or if it is one, the
whole way home) the sunset=tints,
the goats coming home, the women
spinning at their heads - the
Gamous (the great Nile Buffalo)
crossing the little branches of
the Nile in large herds on their
way home, two little children
perhaps riding on the neck of
the largest - a stray jackal
coming out - & the Pair looking
golden in the Western sun light -
The evening picture ~~was~~/is all beautiful,
Our asses enter the river &
slide us into the Sandal & home
we come to the little fleet of
European boats moored under the
colonnades of Luxor, which really
from the river are almost beautiful
We dine, & after dinner, when
we are all hung up by the tails
like the Chamelions, pretending

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to be dead, & waiting for half past seven, or at latest eight, to bury us, lo, a dreadful splash of oars, or Paolo puts in his head, with an abominable grin at our mute misery, & says "The Hungarian count!" ~~(generally)~~ or "the German Professor!" ~~(or the Murrays) or~~ &c &c Mr. Bracebridge immediately retires to his own room, whence he is generally heard to snore - & I unwillingly, but nobly, sacrifice ourselves to our duty, sit up (in the Brown Holland dressing gowns we are sure to have on, having been much too tired to dress) & talk - but we never give one drop of tea, which has greatly limited these visitations - for, in our street, ~~where~~ the doors stand always open, & the people have nothing to do but to spend their evenings on board one another, ~~they wd do nothing else~~ One night, & one night only, we were got out - Capt Murray, good natured man, came himself in his Sandal, & positively

~~wrapt us up, & lifted us off our~~
Divan/ carried us off - And one day they dined
with us - & with all the devotion
of Arab hospitality, which distin=
guishes us, we killed, was it not
beautiful of us? no, not our horse,
we had none, but our dog - for
dinner. I think I told you of
our dog - a turkey, "as big as donkey"
as Paolo said. - Oh what a loss
was there - how he used to walk
majestically up & down the beach
in front of the boat, which he
believed it his duty to guard,
bastinado-ing the chickens, when
they made a noise - ~~No~~ He killed
two cocks the day he died - No man
could get him into a coop - (the
crew were afraid to go near him)
yet he never strayed - no dog
ever ventured near our boat while
he lived, the moment he was dead, the
hungry Luxor dogs used to come
on board every night, till Mustafa
like Cuddie's lady, greeted them
with boiling water & after his
death, we never could keep a quail

(57) [2]

a single night though our numerous acquaintances kept us well in quails,
for our four cats had parties every night - & bared the larder,
And we killed him!

As soon as our guests were gone,
sometimes before, we went to bed,
Don't think us grown quite savage
& uncivilized. It is very hard to
be all day by the death bed of
the greatest of your race - & to come
home & talk about quails or London
{the next three lines have a light scribbled line through them}& never
to hear one word which
sounds like what you are thinking
about - In those 17 boats, there was
~~not one man~~ hardly any one who cared a doit
whether Rameses lived before or
after George IV - or whether Amun
was Beelzebub or God - but rather
thought he was a Devil. {The rest of this page has light strokes
through it} The Hawages
(Mr. Feetham of the *Stoves*) was the best,
for he wanted to learn - & the German
doctor worked like a real German, at
the hieroglyphs - but he cared for nothing
but the Alphabet - The Northampton
were "real artists" - & I quite loved

{The first paragraph has a large x drawn through it}
Ly Alford for doing anything [50] with all
her heart - but their only question
was, Is there any thing to draw? &
if there "was nothing to draw" the
"kings; tombs" were "uninteresting" &
the "valley tiresome" - As for those
dreadful Guthries - and - a curious
psychological fact - one day at Karnac,
Capt. Murray popped in upon us,
chattered a moment, looked at
Rehoboam, made some of his keen
clever remarks, & popped away
again - *That was the only time
he ever went, (or had been) to
Karnac.* {in a box, **193 - 0- Dresse**
{Letters p. 192} What do people come to Egypt for?
I can't think -

Without the past, I conceive Egypt
to be utterly uninhabitable - Oh if
you were to see the people - No ideas
that I had of ~~the~~ Polygamy come near
the fact - & my wonder is now, not
that ~~Ra~~ Sarah & Rachel & their
Patriarchs were so bad, but that
they were not a great deal worse -
Polygamy strikes at the root of every thing
woman

in

(58) [2]

She is not a ~~man's~~ wife - she is not a mother - & in these Oriental countries, what is a woman, if she is not that? In all other ~~religions~~/countries, she has some thing else to fall back upon - The Roman Catholic woman has a religion - the Protestant has an intellect - in the early Christian, in the old Egypt=ian time, women had a vocation, a profession, provided for them in their religion, independent of their wife=dom - here she is nothing but the servant of a man - No, I do assure you, the female elephant, the female eagle, has a higher idea of what she was put into the world to do, than the human female has here. I never saw a religion, ancient or modern, that I could not have some points of sympathy with - but with the Mahometan, how few -

As to the climate of Egypt, I don't understand people raving about it - the excessive change - thermor drops, between 3 & 5 p.m., sometimes 33 - in the 24 hours perhaps 70 - & the wind is never warm - though often hot - but even then it is like breathing tooth combs, {This last omitted in Letters}

I suppose you have some idea
of Karnac - more at least than
I can ever give you - of the vast
propyla, looking towards the river (1)
then the immense propylæum area,
so vast that a moderate sized
temple, built by Rameses III *into*
one side, so like him
scarcely disturbs the eye -
then two propyla (a & b) ruined from top
to bottom, vast stone quarries
then the Hall of Columns, of which
no one can speak - they are, like
Him to whom they are dedicated,
"ineffable" - then come a transept, (f)
gone, all but ~~the bases of its Osirides,~~
& one obelisk - the Pair was placed
there by Thothmes I, (whose cartouche
I saw upon it - every line as clear
as the day it was cut) - this part is
much older than the hall of columns,
then comes another pair of Obelisks (ii) -one
is standing, raised by Queen Mephra
(Amun neit gori, wrongly called)
to the memory of her father, Thothmes
I & mother Amense - Mephra
reigned successively for her two

(59) [3]

brothers Thothmes II & III - who were successively engaged in driving out the Hyksos, & only the latter finally expelled them from Egypt, whence they went to Palestine, & were called Philistines - On the prostrate obelisk I could read the names of Mephra & her youngest brother T.III - (though it lies in fragments) perhaps it was a memorial of her gratitude for his success - She seems to have been a gallant Regent & a loving sister -

Then comes the Sancturary (s) - & ruins innumerable - behind the Sanctuary, the oldest part of the Temple, (o) built by that Osirtasen I, of the Old Empire & the XII Dyn - B.C.2775 carefully preserved by the New Empire, & older by more than 1000 years than all the rest of Karnak or Thebes. Then come Thothmes III's columns - temple (x), the place where his invaluable table of Karnac, now at Paris, which gave the list of Kings, his Ancestors, was (z) - & pylons & accessory temples, enough to make one desperate, beyond the {illeg Temenos?}

I suppose you know that, on Karnac, is the famous sculpture (R) of Shishak of the XXII Dyn - opposite him, the God holding, among other kings, Rehoboam, by a string, as prisoners - (There could be no doubt, of it - I could read the letters on his cartouche quite plain **Iouda Melek** - kingdom of Judah) ~~quite plain~~ Oh I was so sick of it - people seemed to think it a Holy Pilgrimage - like a visit to Jerusalem - to go & look at it - I suppose I have been there 50 times with different people - And we don't know any thing, which makes Rehoboam so very interesting to us, except that he begat 28 sons & 60 daughters, out of the Bible - a wicked old pig - he & his father, both - {Letters omits the part after except.}

But people seemed to think that Rehoboam was the only thing that was true - & that all the rest of Karnac was the work of the Phookas or something worse - the Devil [perhaps - at last I hated Rehoboam as I did the Devil, & vowed I ~~had~~ would go no more - besides that Egyptian history, art,

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religion, ceases to be interesting long before Shisak, the ~~illeg Bulogstan's?~~/ Bubastian's time So enough of Rehoboam.

I have { Letters possess } an antiquity though, which I really do value, an official seal, of the time of Rameses the Great, my hero, with his cartouche upon it. an undoubted ~~antiquity~~ reality - Who will dare to open letters, sealed with the great Rameses' own seal?

And now, I must go & délasser myself at his Ramesseum - which not so over powering as Karnac, is yet grand enough to be awful, beautiful enough to be pleasant & large enough to hide one = How many hours I have sate in that small hall of the 8 columns, where the sacred library of Hermes' books was laid up - & felt as much reverence before those treasures, which trained the men, who trained Moses, who trained the world, as ever Egyptian did - those books, which taught us, us whom the Egyptians had never heard of, the name of God.

On the walls are four sacred boats or shrines (familiar to us through Moses' imitation of them, in the Ark & Tabernacle) the two foremost are the shrines of Maut (mother) or nature & Khonso (Hercules) or Strength - the two behind are of Rameses II & his beloved Nofri Ari (the good Ari) his wife. They are all coming to do homage to Amun, the Unknown God - *Amun*, as you know, only means "Come", as Hecatæus tells us - & is therefore a mere name of entreaty or love for the God whose real name was too sacred to be pronounced - who was, as Manetho says, the "Concealed God" - The shrines are distinguished by the heads of their respective masters at the prow - & each is making a prayer - Khonso says "we came towards thee to serve thee - grant a *stable* & *pure* life to thy son (Rameses) who loves thee" - Having thus introduced the hero, Rameses simply says "I come to my father"

{pages seem to be missing; Letters p.199}

man - not an artist like his father, -
a warrior, a devout spirit, & a
philosopher - but not a mystical one.
not such good company as his father -
but a brave honest heart - and a
learned head. I feel more acquainted
with him than I do with Setos - &
he was so fond of his wife - & his father
& his grandfather - who no doubt
deserved it well. He was a bit
of a littérateur, too it is evident - as indeed all the kings were,
for
they were obliged to be skilled in
all the wisdom of the Priests, (the
most learned body of the world of
any age) before they could become
king - it being the maxim of the
Egyptians that the Nation was
not made for the king, but the
king for the nation. All the
occupations of the king were therefore laid
down by law - he was to rise early -
to perform all the business of [the
nation from day break till the 3rd hour then he
proceeded to the temple & performed
the sacrifice when the High Priest read him a sermon on the Duties of
kings - He was to have
no servants about him, but only such
sons of the priests, as had profited the

best by their education, that he might have none to minister to his caprices, The Law was to will for him - & he was to have no power but by the Law.

He was to drink no wine - his very diet was regulated for him by law, what he was to eat, & how long he was to sleep. Every thing in Egypt ~~Dr~~Diodorus says, ~~as~~ was calculated & regulated - for the public good - a little too much calculated & regulated & ~~a little~~ good deal too much done for them - However, it certainly was wonderful what kings they turned out - & at their deaths, any man might accuse them & deprive them of burial - as Diodorus says, the state never could have lasted so long, defying Time & *his* usual regulations, if it had not been for these laws. In Egypt, the Law was king.

& the king was only the first
subject of the Law.

Another *digression* from the Rameseum before the entrance into the Great Hall of Assembly, ~~sate~~ /~~stood~~ the two small (or "young") black granite statues, now overthrown, of Rameses, (of which we have one head in the Brit. Mus.) I marked his tail, & wished he had his head again. The other head stands upon its chin, broken off - The wondrous Colossus, which ~~stood~~ /~~sate~~ before the entrance into the inner propylæum, - the great (or old) granite statue, is nothing but a ruin But how I have ~~sate~~ & peopled & rebuilt those ruins -

{written in the margin Dresse} (70)

One evening & one morning I have spent at that exquisite little temple of Koorna - & each time more in love with it - I cannot describe the beauty of its position with its crown of palm = trees, its long low portico with lotus columns - a few, (not many, nor confused) of those beautiful simple bas reliefs, representing Sethos I pouring libations before the Gods of the Future State - in honour, no doubt of his father - or the great Rameses kneeling before the Gods - his grandfather ("justified") looking on at his reception among them - for this temple was built by Sethos I to his father Rameses I's memory - & finished by Rameses II, *his* son, to *his* - the names of Rameses II & his father are lovingly enclosed in the same asp=frame on the columns, which I have never seen elsewhere - & the dedication says "The friend of truth, the tried of Ra, has executed these works in honor of his father Amun Ra, & completed the palace of his

father Sethos". This Palace temple, or rather the Great Hall, (into which you enter from the Portico), supported by its ~~four~~/six lotus columns, served for popular purposes, as well, as religious & regal. Here the tribunals of Justice sate - here the Great Assemblies, the object of which is unknown to us, but over which only the king could preside - and President of the Great Assemblies was his highest title on earth - were held - & here politics, the incarnation of religion, had her discussions -

Upon the steps of that colonnade I have sate for hours - moving with the shadow of the ~~sun~~/columns, as it turned with the sun - & looking out upon that matchless view - under the different lights, the distance to the West over the green corn fields - then the palm garden then the Eastern hills on the other side the river - then more palms,

{page(s) seem to be missing}
We have been anchored for 3 weeks
within a hundred yards of Luxor
& I have been up to the Temple
but once - it is such an odious place.
We climbed into the Adytum, which
is like an oblong box set on end &
into a number of dark chambers.
All the old part is built by that
Amunoph III - the Memnon of the
Colossi - the great conqueror, who
carried his arms into Mesopotamia,
during which time his mother
Maut -m-Skoi was regent - The
prettiest part of the Temple is
the infinity of chambers dedicated
to her - & the number of times
she occurs in the sculptures - Two
figures of Nilus, one red to indicate
the inundation, one blue the subsided
river, present the infant Amunoph
& the infant God Haska, (one of the
minor protecting Triad of Thebes)
to Amun - the mother being present.
Everything about the temple
seemed to speak of Amunoph's
devotion to Nature, to the principles

of Nature - & natural affection
(You seldom see Nilus in so conspicuous
a position) his immense conquests
seem to contradict this - but I
believe Alexander was a very
similar character or would have
been, if he had lived, like Amunoph
to be old - the sculptures are nothing
art had not yet reached its sim=
plicity - Amunoph III was only
the great grandson of Thothmes III

The propyla were added by the
great Rameses, with the two
obelisks, & four colossal sitting statues
of himself ~~b~~ in front - One
bas relief of the enemy's camp &
him taking it is curious - but
those battle pieces are so tiresome.

That the Egyptians believed, like
the Jews, that they were really
building a habitation for the Lord
in a temple, is evident from the
dedications, where the king en=
treats the God to come & take up
his abode in the house he has pre=
pared for him -

(73)

In that same chamber of Amunoph
you see Thoth choosing his name for
him, in "Lord of Justice" - a mistake
as old as the world & as young as
our time to suppose oneself called to
a power one has not - to do a thing
which is not one's business.

{The remaining paragraphs have large X's drawn through them}

There were 17 boats at Thebes -
European - 3 Northampton boats
1 Mr Murray & his brother
1 Hungarian 1 Ld Lincoln
1 Guthrie (odious woman!)
1 Hawagee boat - Mr. Feetham
of the stoves I think I liked
him much &c &c. But we managed
to steer clear of every body -
they troubled not us, nor we
them. I attribute a great
deal to not giving tea of an
evening - we should have had
a crowd every night - but as
we never gave them anything to eat,
they gradually fell off - The Murrays
dined with us once - & their boat

was a perfect coffee room -

We kept a watch dog too, in the
form of a turkey, which terrified
every body -

farewell dearest people
Let the letters to Athens be
directed not to me but to *C.H. Bracebridge Esq*
care of Revd John Hill,
with a little F in the corner, (for
fear, with my name, there shd be
a mistake, & me lose the letter.

9017/22 2/4 unsigned letter, 26ff, pen, {Letters p. 172}{34} [2]
dinner, with the company ~~sitting~~
in rows, the ladies smelling at
their nosegays - & a little music
to amuse them - is exactly the
same as 100 Mistresses of 100 country
houses endure every day in an
island the Egyptians had never
heard of - & at a time near 4000
years off -

The crude brick wall of the *old*
town of Eilethyia, which lies below
its tombs - & at the mouth of its
valley, is something gigantic. Imagine
a square (of about a third of a mile
to the sides) with crude brick wall
35 feet thick, (Mr. B. measured them).
& inclined planes leading to the top
of the parapet, common to the *oldest*
Egyptian town, 25 feet more - {Letters is slightly different} the
square seemed thoroughly cleared
out - scarcely a vestige of a ruin
in it - but these colossal walls -
the colour of them, the awful size,
make one think of a time before the Ichthy=
osauri.

On the top of an isolated rock

farther up the Valley, which we passed, all the modern population of Eilethyia women & children collect on their New Year's Day, & spend the whole day there, taking their food with them, - for prayer, those who can - such a nice plan.

The next day we were at Esne - the centre of the manufacturing interest, with a royal palace & gardens. We were astonished when we went ashore to see blue linen dying & hanging across the streets, so that the passengers had to lift ~~them~~/it up as they went along, shops & a market place, - & passing into the Bazar, we saw, oh what a "momink"! - a bale of Manchester goods. Here we burst into tears - no, we *ought* to have done so, but didn't, no emotion did the Manchester mark produce in my mercantile soul - but stop, do not condemn me - it was Sunday, & my Sabbatical habits forbade, even to *feel* anything at the sight of cotton on the day of shops=
=shutting. I thought of the streets of Manchester on a Sunday, made a rigid

face & passed on - **I** We went to the Pashalik garden - mint its only produce - into the Pashalik palace - a sarsnet French bed, (of tawdry gilding mixed with dirty blue, not so good as what you wd see at a small Theatre), its only furniture. The Guide shewed Mr. ~~Bracebridge~~ *what it was for*, & how to use it! as we had of course never seen a bed before! No other article of furniture was in the room, but the wooden Divan against the wall, with a heap of cushions - & I suspect the Pacha gets off his bed, & sleeps there. No Arab can lie except in a heap. There was not a semblance, there was not even a *possibility* of occupation all over the Palace, except in the bath. the "hama" - WE went out upon the roof - it shook under our feet - the Guide shewed us a factory from the roof - & made a Lord Burleigh nod. which Mr. B. construed to mean - "that it had been a flourish=ing manufactory of the finest Malta

web, but that the workmen had been removed to Cairo - & the place closed. The poor Gardener picked me a nosegay. I am glad to have seen a royal palace.

This was the Esne, - where, as we came up the river, at the same time as Abbas Pasha, - he, finding something ~~here~~ not to his liking, in the preparations made for him, ordered the Governor 500 lashes & displaced him. Who the new Governor was, I cannot say, but yesterday we saw him go on board his beautiful Dahabieh for Cairo - the wind was so strong that his Rais remonstrated - he ordered the Rais to be bastinadoed & the boat to proceed - 500 yards further we saw him run aground - & on the bank he beat about the whole night, & we gladly endured the worst night we have had for the pleasure of knowing that the same wind kept *him* there, stuck for 24 hours.- Little Beys have great Beys upon their backs to beat them And great Beys have greater Beys & so ad infineatum -

(65) [6] {Letters p. 200}

How beautifully one evening the setting
sun streamed in among those
columns - & the mound of Medina
Taboo in the West looked like an
Acropolis, or anything but the dirty
ruined crowd of huts it is. & I saw,
Rameses descending on the beams of
his beloved Ra - now really the
"tried" & purified of "Ra". to see what
his Temple was doing after this
long lapse of years.

Those three kings, the grandfather,
father & son, - the poet, the artist,
the philosopher - are at last
returning now - their thirty hundred
years of trial done - how altered
they will find their Thebes - the
Thebes they loved & dressed with
the most precious things they had -
the Thebes they worshipped with
such true devotion - but with
what various thoughts each
will look upon her desolation.

The poet will sit down at
Karnac before those two long lines
of propyla, her outspread hands,
& will say

Behold her stretching out her arms
for pity, which there is none to give.
Is there any desolation like unto her
desolation? Look at her, the Queen
of the Earth, the mother of Philosophy,
the mistress of Learning - & look at
her children now, naked & whooping
in their brutal glee - & she of mothers
most forlorn & hopeless, must see
them destroying the Wisdom they
cannot understand, stoning the mute
Teachers, which fain would shew
them her lessons -

Oh my Thebes, he cried, thy glory
is set, thy Sun of wisdom, which
seemed too high ever to set,
too bright to be extinguished, too
much thy own, ever to fall out of
Thy sky - for it was not the glory
of a few great men, who lived by
accident & died again - it was
the glory of a Wisdom which had
stood the test of ages; which had
civilized the world. The sun is
setting now, but he will rise again
tomorrow. but thy sun, when
will he ever rise again?

(66)

Thou art gone - thy sapphire crown
of hills is still here - but where is
the head it once encircled?

Thou are no more - the voice of
the wise men is silent - and the
nations they have educated - it is they
who lend thee the falsest fables -
I know thy face, my Thebes, again,
~~in all its~~ even in Death - but
thy eyes are closed - thy glorious
eyes, Karnac & Dayr el Bahree -
~~Alas! they will~~ never to open more -
thy voice will be heard no more
My God! why didst Thou make
aught so divine, so truly allied
to Thee, subject to time? Thou
takest away Thy own glory, when
Thou destroyest Thebes - for did
we not ascribe all to Thee? the
glory, philosophy, religion of Thy
world, all in one, depart with
her - Fair Thebes, old wisdom, but
still ever young, canst thou have
died? thy beauty passed away, to
the dark long home? "Thou shouldst
have died hereafter" Canst thou
be like thy kings, gone to the

Valley of the silent Tombs? The men
whom thou hast taught may pass away,
but thou shouldst never die. Oh!
that I could have died for thee, my
Thebes, my beloved! We may die,
but what hast THOU to do with death.
We were willing, we joyfully bowed
our heads & were subject unto Death,
but thou, thou shouldst have been
eternal, thou glorious Thebes -

But no - to that destruction which
sooner or later overtakes all, never
again to enlighten the world by thy
wisdom, never to see listening sages
at thy feet again, thy glory is gone.
Thy temples shall be lighted no more;
thy words shall no more be read.
Thy glory is departed from thee - Bow
thy head in the dust - for dust doth
~~shall~~ cover thy most beautiful forms,
& the canker ~~sh~~ doth eat away thy
wisdom. Look up no more, while
there is a Sun in heaven to see thy
shame & light up thy nakedness - for
there is no pity can heal thy sorrows,
nor compassion for griefs like thine.
Tears do but mock a death like thine.
& there is no grave can hide the corpse
of a giant like thee.

{Letters p. 205} (in the margin Drake (69)

She has taught the world the finest lesson the world could ever learn - that Philosophy without a "Res publica" was worth nothing - that the purest Religion, *with* Priest craft would corrupt. a lesson which Plato's genius was not slow to learn, when he said that Common Sense was the Sense of the Common Interest, a lesson which Moses had learnt before him - & which long ere this the Egyptian priests - who were *sincere* (at least) in their priest craft have acknowledged.

{Letters does not have the following}

They/the Egyptian priests have not been the only men to believe that ~~the~~ knowledge has come to themselves by special inspiration the Hebrew Nation appropriated the same belief - & the most curious thing is that Europe has granted it to them - not recognizing that every Truth is from above & comes by inspiration - & that God has not limited his afflatus to any nation, climate or time.

The Egyptian priests made *any* knowledge sacred - Science, Politics Art, every form in which God

manifested himself, was as sacred as Religion. They had hold of a great Truth there - of a great Error, in limiting the study of these things to a class - Europe has de=sacred=ed all these sciences but one & spread the study of them ~~among/to every~~ all - that is her great Truth - her great Error supposing that one is less holy than another - not seeing that all the thoughts of God are equally holy - & leaving the one she has christened such in the hands of the priests - Now let some new nation arise & approach every science as holy, & approach it herself - & not by the eyes of Mediators - Let our religion be no longer the Hebrew religion, not the priests' religion, but our own.

{Letters p. 178} [2]
 lightning of Heaven had rested upon them, & made them the awful ruins you see - as if Amunoph had been the author of some fearful secret crime - & this was the vengeance of God making all secret things manifest, blighting them with ~~lady~~ some Macbeth's doom -
 {very faint illeg Dresse?}

However it may stand with poor Amunoph's conscience, his Colossi don't look at all colossal - on the contrary, they look quite in keeping with every thing about them, as if *they* were the natural size of man, and we were dwarfs, not they colossal - one of our Arabs climbed up to their shoulders, to take up our tape - & looked like a fly perched upon him - a Lilliputian upon Gulliver - While we were pursuing these avocations

a large circle of these grave Arabs collected, & sat smoking their pipes at the bottom - while the women brought their flocks to come & look at us, walking at the heads of them with their distaffs - which Arab women in Egypt are not much given to -

From the Colossi we went up to the tombs of Shekh Abd el Koorneh & went into several - This is the place for Fetichism, for visions of Domdaniel, of the road to the Cittè dolente, the gate of the Gente perduta, the spot to see images of the dead rising ~~out~~ up about you - to see "the possessed" inhabiting the tombs - & verily some of these poor Arab children do look like the possessed -

When you have seen these places, you no longer wonder that the Egyptian's word for the Western Region & Hades was the same - that he believed these to be really

doors into the next world -do
you know I could believe it myself?
The private tombs are generally, ~~only~~
a transept for the entrance - &
a long narrow chamber running
far into the rock behind - the
tombs of the kings are passage
after chamber, & vaulted hall
after chamber & passage - & then
hall, chamber & passage over
again - which we, who have
gloated { Letters has pored } over Belzoni in our
youths can *well imagine*, but
which nobody, who has not read
Belzoni, as a *child*, can conceive -
But these vaulted halls deep
in the rocky girdle of the earth,
what are they like but the
entrance to another world? And
the heat, the intense heat of them
is not like this - the stillness &
heaviness -

But to return to the private tombs
in Shekh Abd el Korneh - every one
of them is now inhabited. & you see
a wild pair of Arab eyes with the
blue whites peering out of the
darkness at you - "Go not among the
tombs, there is a wild man there" -
& the transepts is full of the
victories of Thothmes III over the
Ethiopians, doura jars & dove cotes,
these poor people's only furniture -
You know I am no friend of these
tiresome processions & banqueting
feasts, the Grandisonian life of these
tombs - a funeral procession
here & there is most interesting -
but you have to look at most of them
with candles - now you see a face,
a sculptured face, whose earnest
expression of intense devotion
startles you, as the torch glimmers
by - it is a king perhaps sacri=
ficing, or a priest - or it is the

{Letters p.180}
{in a circle Illeg 44?} [3]
dead man of the tomb in life
with his wife's arms thrown - round
him. One tomb which has
just been opened, & which Mr. B &
I crawled into upon our hands & feet,
(it has not yet been blackened with
torches or cut by names) looks as if
it had been painted last week -
the white ground with the gilding
& colours looks like the most beautiful
porcelain - it is too gay & gingerly to
be pretty. - {in the margin D Bennett}

After the tombs we went up to
Dayr el Bahree, the last Temple at
the foot of the cliff (where it joins the
plain) & which even runs far into
the cliff - & looked down upon this
glorious bier. There were the two
colossal ruins of Karnac & Dayr el
Bahree - on either side the solemn
Nile, facing each other - probably
connected by a Dromos of sphynxes
the whole way, except where the
river divided it - we saw traces of
~~an~~ such an avenue for a long
distance - if so, it must have been

upwards of 3 miles long - on the El
Karnac bank, El Uksur on its promontory
on one side, the Rameseum below us
in the plain, the two Colossi; temples
& palaces as far as the eye could
reach - & everywhere, in every hill
& mound, the square portals shewing
that it was riddled with tombs within,
the worlds of Life & Death were so
near together here.

Then we rode down again to the
little Temple of Kasr e Rubakh near
the river. The sculptures in the
little chambers are beautiful but
I was weary, & while they went over it,
I sate down on the broken base of one
[of the columns in the colonnade in front &
watched the sun set.. Never did I
see so beautiful, so poetic a scene,
but no one could draw it for when
Martin or Danby try, how hard it looks -
The beauty of it too was all new to
our Egyptian eyes - Imagine looking
abroad through a grove of palm trees
& acacias, & seeing under it the temples of Luxor
on their promontory, brilliant with

{This seems to follow after 9017/22 1/2 p. 246 Letters p. 185}

(50) [2]

If they are but ordinary beings I believe Plato thinks that 10000 years will be the time before they come again. But at the end of every 1000

years, they ~~shall~~/will be able to choose what life they will have next - and, upon this choice depends much of

what they would become - for, if they chose a philosophically virtuous life 3 times in succession, at the end of that time, "they recovered the use of their wings" - but the soul, "which has never perceived the truth cannot pass into the human form." How

{the next sentence has oblique lines drawn through it and is omitted in Letters}

often I have thought that we were at liberty to choose the forms under which we should visit the earth, as it is evident that our Saviour was at liberty to choose his - & how much of difficulty it would explain - {Letters continues}

But, if I were a Pharaoh now, I would choose the Arab form, & I am going tomorrow to a tomb of a Rameses B.C. 1150 to meet him & tell him so -

In the tomb of Rameses V(the second we went into) we met one who had not been able to choose - he was revisiting the earth in the form of a pig, having lived a sensual life, & extinguished within himself the spark of eternal life. At one end of the wall, he was slowly mounting into the presence of Osiris, - next, standing before him, weighing himself his own deed, & then, being "found wanting", he was leaving the Divine Presence, in the form of a wretched pig, driven by two monkeys - there was nothing ridiculous in this representation of the natural effect of sensuality - you could not laugh - you felt it the inevitable necessity - if a man has allowed all that is divine (or human) within him to die out, how can it be otherwise? Poor pig. I shall always think of it, if

(61)

I ever see another pig, which of course one does not here.

In the same tomb of Rameses V (who was one of the 20th Dyn. but not quite late enough for my purpose) there are the Hours, each with a star on her head, to signify the hourly review the deceased king ought to have taken of his life - & which if he did not during his life, dedicating each hour to the Deity (or the occupation) of the hour - he must do, when he came to weigh his own deeds before Osiris. You never see these Deities in the temples, which shews, that they were not intended as Divinities to be worshipped, but simply that these Egyptians thought that each hour was worth religiously consecrating to its object - each was a "Genius in itself" "a fraction of the divine Essence which pervaded it"

The dead man makes an offering to
each in succession -

It is curious how entirely without
effect the outsides of these tombs are.
they are simply doors cut in the cliff,
generally with an Isis & a Nephthys,
The Beginning & the End, cut on each
side the cartouche, nothing else -
But indeed in all Egyptian buildings
you are not less struck by this - they
seem to have thought nothing about
effect - their buildings are hardly
meant to look at from the outside.

The tomb of Rameses V seems to
go an interminable length in the
rock - passage after passage, till
at last you come to the strange
vaulted chamber at the end,
where, (fresh as ever, bright as if
just from the Alchemist's hand,
who seems to have made those
magical characters on the roof, in
this the centre of the earth, the
farthest of Domdaniel's caves) gold
& red & black, the ceiling is covered
with astronomical records.

(52) [3]

In Rameses' IV's tomb, the ceiling is painted ~~first~~ with the Goddess of Heaven encircling the firmament with her arms - the figure of a man is upholding her with outstretched arms. { Letters has hands }

The sarcophagus stands in the middle, broken & empty, but in this case not overthrown -

In Rameses V's, it lies on its side broken to pieces & the fragments strewn about - how such a block could be broken is the wonder -

All these tombs slope rapidly downwards as you go in {written between the paragraphs}

I have never seen in all these representations any hint of ~~the~~/a belief in Repentance - it does not at all follow that it is not there, this language is so new to us -

~~(All these tombs slope rapidly downwards, as you go in~~

The pre-eminence of the school= master, spiritual & intellectual Teacher, of his trade above all others, is what recurs to one oftenest in these tombs. the king himself was scarcely equal to the Teacher - It was what we have

so often sighed for in England when we have said that, till the school=master's vocation was considered, as it is, the highest after the statesman's, (instead of being, = as it is now *with us* inconceivable as it sounds, ~~now~~ ~~with us~~ almost infra dig {beneath one's dignity} the training up the soul almost a lower profession than the curing of the body) Education never could prosper in England. Here, in Egypt, the spiritual teacher was before every thing, & above everything - nay, the king must himself be admitted one, before he could be the rightful monarch - & in their hands was, (unlike "type" who thought that to turn ~~alo~~ a clergyman ~~was~~ into a schoolmaster, was a sin,) evidently all the Education in Egypt. ~~These~~ It was a fatal error to these poor Egyptians - but surely it was a noble error - surely they erred on the right side, when

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they so ennobled their spiritual instructors, instead of degrading them, & experience only could teach how terrible would be the consequences.

Meanwhile, those consequences almost reconcile one to the disrepute of the office of schoolmaster in the country which calls itself the most civilized in the world.

We went into one other tomb, that of the last of the XIX Dynasty, which seemed to have held two kings in succession - for it had two vaulted halls, the last unfinished, divided from one another by long suites of chambers - The first had a gallery round it, as most of them have, divided by square pillars from the hall, the walls covered with sculptures - walking serpents - serpents in coils, covering a whole side - & now & then a funereal subject the most interesting.

All the furniture of the king was painted round this one, which was much less interesting.

After seeing three tombs, which was quite enough, we rode over the rock, or rather climbed, - for the asses followed us, & down ~~to the~~ upon Thebes.

One day we spent in the Rameseum, where lies the granite statue of Rameses II - broken & overthrown, which is the wonder of the world. & the largest Colossus even in Egypt, large than the Pair, larger than those at Aboo Simbil - but here size has almost defeated itself - for it is too large to take in the whole of any part at one time - & so destroys its own effect.

The most extraordinary thing in these Temples is the union & representation, side by side, of the most vulgar warfare, & the highest state of civilization in private & religious life. ~~Alternately the king appears (a Napoleion's~~

(54)

After the temple, we rode to the Valley of the Tombs of the Queens - it is, if possible more perfect as a place set apart under the shadow of death than the Valley of the Kings - it is much smaller, more compact, more shut in, so that you can take in the whole at once with the eye, & see that there is no outlet - it is a complete chasm, more than a valley, for you do not enter by the mouth, but climb over the sides. At the farthest end, a dark cleft in the rock looks like an entrance into Hades - other outlet you can see none - we were too tired to go into any of the tombs, which I am sorry for now, but they are not worth seeing & the view of the Valley is enough.

{ Letters breaks off here, but the following is found on p.211 }

One of the last days of our Theban stay, Mr. Bracebridge & I rode round the whole of the Lybian suburb past Medina Tabou, past a little Ptolemaic temple beyond & all round the site of the immense ancient lake, over which the dead were ferried, & which is now only marked by the

mounds which were once thrown up in its excavation. The distance was longer than we thought - the sun set there was no moon - & it became dark but just at twilight we came to the most perfectly desolate spot I could have conceived. an utterly arid mound of sand, strewed with whitened bones of men, little depressions in the sand where once they had been buried. It looked like a cursed place - as if no foot but a vulture's claw had pressed it for thousands of years - & the dew of heaven had never visited it. These were the graves of those who had been refused burial for some act of violence or treachery, some secret crime which had been brought to light against them when the Forty Two sate in judgment by shores of the Sacred Lake. There they were thrown into the ground & there they seemed to have lain whitening ever since.

I wonder whether they care for it now {The last sentence is not in Letters}

I am sure it never entered into the heart of man - to conceive of so desolate a place. & if there their spirits were doomed to wander, it must have been a weary tramp. One or two of their bones we could not help bringing home.

{in a circle (1)

~~Did I tell you about~~ Dayr el
Bahree is the most beautiful position
in Thebes & the strongest
backed by the Lybian cliff - &
overlooking from its heighths the
whole plain - & the river -
It was built by Thothmes III
fifteen centuries & a half before
Xt, that Thothmes, who ~~dr~~
finally drove the Hyksos from
Egypt & expelled them from Avario, their stronghold, (which
was twice as large as Aurelian
Rome)- out of which they
marched 240,000 men - into Syria
with all that they had. this
was the Thothmes too under
whom the Israelites slaved &
suffered. And curious simila=
rities struck me at every turn
between the doctrines they after
wards professed & his, to judge
from the small remains left of

his mighty temple - the glory
of God - God, a God of hosts &
battles - to slay & exterminate
His enemies His object - only that Thothmes extermi=
nated the invaders of Egypt &
the Israelites were themselves the
invaders - the great & universal
mistake about God seeking His
own glory seemed to me to animate
that temple - set out upon a tray
to make a shew - The king's name,
(regenerate of Thoth - who was "intel=
lectual strength") reminds one also of
Khonso, who was the representative
of created things, of *strength* in
general - (& Thoth & Khonso wear
the same attributes). he seems
indeed to have been a worshipper
of physical & intellectual strength.
In the old part of Karnac,
next door to the Sanctuary, he
represents himself offering to
the "Unknown God", the two Obelisks

(2)

& all the Service of the Temple -
 the number of each which he gives _____ written under each
 dishes other ditto - rings - vessels
 244 300 214 94

with the sign of gold over the
 gold ones - that the God might
 not mistake them for plated
 & the number for fear he should
 not be able to count. A ground
 plan of the Temple, which he
 dedicates, follows. Some of the
 vases are beautiful, quite classical.

One hardly knows whether to
 admire or to smile - to admire
 the richness of the Gifts, dedicated
 by the King, (not to making *himself*
 but *the God* a palace - (in those
 days people built temples, not
 palaces - & I must say, if it
 is a mistake, it is a much
 finer mistake, to beautify &
 magnify God's house, rather than
 your own) or to smile at the anxiety
~~or to smile at the anxiety~~
 of Thothmes, that the God should

understand & value his gift.

Thy glory, O God, & [a little of my
own too, lo! ~~it is~~ a very little ~~cha~~

I always think how abundant
must be the vanity of those

people who think God is so fond
of His glory - but we all judge,

[each his own God, by himself,

& think He likes what we like

ourselves - {**241 - R - Bennett** with a line drawn to the first [}

The numbers ~~I give~~ I noted down
on the spot for fun - they are the
real numbers.

In the Sanctuary of Dayr el Bahree
(the only part which remains because
~~it is~~ hewn in the living rock),
Thothmes is offering to his deceased
ancestor Thothmes I - another
similarity with the Jews, who are
always raving about their ancestors
the God of their ancestors, & indeed,
before Christ, no nation seems to have
risen to the idea of a God of the whole
world. Have we now? Do we not still
believe England to be His chosen nation?
Thothmes has surpassed all the
kings of Egypt in the multitude of his
temples.

{ Letters p. 221} [1] Thebes Feb 1850

One temple I have never mentioned because it was only Ptolemaic -though it *deserved* to be of my beloved Rameses. it is called Dayr el Medeeneh - & belongs to Isis. It is built just under the Western cliff, which is supported by a wall of layers of crude brick in wavy lines. & has a little hidden nook of its own among the rocks. The way to it leads up behind what would have been the Amenophium, had it stood. it is very small, only a little area, a pronaos, & the sekos, with side adyta, the one to the right consecrated to Athor, & the one to the left to Thmei, the Principle of Beauty thus identified with that of Truth. a new idea in this worship the artist with the philosopher. a most rare conjunction - for he, who pursues Truth, generally despises Beauty - & the common followers of Beauty find Truth dry & ugly. but here Thmei appears as a second form of Athor. Truth is herself beauty.

In Athor's sanctuary, the king is offering to two Isises or Athor's

at once, the one as an animal (a cow's head) the other as a woman. If this means animal & intellectual nature, the sense is very beautiful - how in [Europe we have dwarfed, instead of educating our animal nature - & through it perhaps crippled our intellectual. The European has seldom fancied any other course of discipline for his body - but that of indulging or tormenting it, poor thing!

Thmei's sanctuary is of course devoted to her functions in Amenti. And, as the doctrine of the future state was the foundation of all doctrine & all knowledge in Egypt, she revealed it to the ear of the wise & the eye of the foolish, on every possible occasion. Why is the ear so much more noble & immaterial a sense than the eye? why is the eye so much more liable to misunderstand & pervert what it perceives? The ear is not our ~~mas~~ leader, our misleader, to idolatry - it is the eye. So, in this

ancient Egypt, where the difficulty of her tremendous Alphabet & the absence of printing made reading & writing accessible to few, as in all ancient nations, the Teacher endeavoured to represent to every eye & send home to every heart, in visible symbols & dramatic scenes, the master-truth of eternal life & above all, of consequences, which they could in no other way. And we have accused them of teaching Idolatry - Alas! Idolatry followed, in spite of them. But we might as well accuse the Apostles of the ~~schisms~~/abuses in the Sedia Apostolica.

In Thmei's sanctuary sits Osiris in the prætorium of Amenti, before him the lotus, the emblem of the material world, & standing on it the 4 Genii of Amenti, who were also the Genii of the 4 Cardinal points. Cerberus stands behind them, whose Egyptian name signifies "the Devourer" & then comes Harpocrates,

sitting on his father's crook & holding
in his hands the flagellum, & a
kind of instrument (of which I
bring home a bronze specimen)
he sits there to shew that the
human being must pass through a
Regeneration, before he can see God,
or the Divine Goodness (Osiris) -
behind him is Thoth, the "Lord of
the divine words", the "colonel of
the pure spirits" noting down the
result of the moral life of the tried - then come
the scales, in one of which is the
feather of Truth, in the other the
heart of the Dead man: Anubis &
Horus watch the scales. And, led
by the two Truths or Truth & Justice,
(~~Truth~~/over Justice being written "Thmei,
who dwells in Amenti where she
weighs hearts in the balance: none
of the wicked escape her") behind
appears the dead man himself,
in prayer, pressing the feather of
Truth to his bosom, as if to say
that whether she condemned him
or not, Truth was what he henceforth
desired. Over him is written "Arrival {Letters continues, 9017/22 3/4
p.321}

{ Letters p. 195} (61) [4]

But his queen's prayers for her
hero are much longer)"the good Ari
says - " I come to do homage to my
Father. My heart is joyful with the
love Thou bearest me. I am in joy
when I consider thy benefits. O
Thou, who establishest the seat of
thy power in the dwelling of thy son
(Rameses) grant him purity &
stability" {faint, between the paragraphs, Dresse}

It is rare to see any but spiritual
prayers on Egyptian walls.

On the roof of this Library is the
celebrated Astronomical ceiling, which
decides the Sothis cycle, the heliacal
rising of the dog star, the date of
Rameses' death, B.C. 1332. I am not
able to throw any increased light on
that question to an enquiring British
public, & will therefore leave the
broken fragments of my wretched
neck on the spot for your instruction
& proceed to worship Thoth, my beloved
Thoth, to whom the Egyptians religiously
ascribed all their discoveries & all
their writings - which the stupid
vain glorious moderns have misinter=
preted into worshipping a God Thoth &
believing that he wrote books.

Thoth was the intellect of God - ~~the~~
not as regards Creation - but as "the
arbiter of the human heart & intelligence"
as regards *His* intercourse with *us*.
Amun calls him, "Soul of my Soul,
sacred Intelligence of my Intelligence" How
beautiful & how true then is the
attributing all their books to Thoth
by the Egyptians - Socrates vowed a
cock to Æsculapius at his death to explain to us
that now he was *well* - & we have
taken it for a truckling to the spirit
of the times - the Egyptians ~~would~~
called their writings the writings of
Thoth, because they wd take no honor
for them to themselves - & we have
accused them of the grossest idolatry.
▼ What they meant precisely by their
Triads & Incarnations I suppose our
age is not metaphysical enough to
find out - Champollion is too obscure
about it - but I believe he thinks
that every attribute of the Deity, - as
it manifested itself in different
relations, or on different objects, -
may be said to put on, of course, different Incarnations
that thus every divine quality passed
through various "transformations".
Thoth, for instance, was the last

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Incarnation of Hor=hat or Horus the Divine Wisdom - the first "transformation" was Pait noufi (the "good hearted") - this is very intelligible to us, that the first manifestation of Wisdom shd be Goodness, another was Mooi (thought or reason) this may perhaps mean that the greatest work ad extra of *benevolent Wisdom* was our power of reasoning, the last was Thoth, or the intercourse of the *Divine Reason* with *ours*. This is beautiful I think. So Osiris was the Incarnation of Amun Ra & Isis of Maut.

All this was embodied in the Myth that Osiris & Isis were sent to Earth to civilize the human race, after the "re=organization of the physical world" i.e. the fall. Thoth was to assist them - to "teach men the way to return into the bosom of ~~their~~ God." he taught them to speak, to write, he promised "to make them gentle, to give the humans prudence, temperance obedience & love of Truth." (did he?)

- on the door of the Rameseum library is written the famous title "Cure of the Soul." But more philosophical than we, the Myth does not make Thoth's

business to draw them humans out of a "fall" but out of an "infancy". I have called it a fall, but the Egyptians believed the world not "fallen", but *infant*

Osiris, Isis & Horus, (or Thoth) ~~or Khonso~~ were the representation of the Trinity in *its connexion* with the *human* part of the Creation. But you will ~~say~~/wonder how I understand how Isis could be Maut & Neith too. Neith was the type of *moral* power - as Thoth was of intellectual power. The myth of her birth from Amun is that before Creation began, she was *one with Amun* - that then "God smiled & Nature was - for immediately from his *voice* (what a beautiful idea - from the immaterial voice - the very echo of God's soul) proceeded a being perfectly beautiful, Nature, & the Father of all things made her fruitful" Some think that Maut (Mother) was no individual Goddess, but the title of all.

And now it is easy to understand Champollion's idea that all the Triads were but links in a chain - These triads had to explain *all* the phenomena of the moral, intellectual & physical worlds - they were to embrace, as it were, all that we perceive, spiritually or naturally - the third Member of each Triad was ~~the~~ the result ~~the~~ physical or spiritual.

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the two first Members were the causes
the one the *positive* cause, the other
the *negative*, so to speak - Of the
different Triads one or two members
were often the same -because
different attributes working on the same
negative substance, will produce
different results. Athor, the principle of Beauty is the 2nd
of more than one Triad. Thus all the
Gods were but a circle of forms of
Amun & Maut - These Triads were
linked together by metaphysical alliances
the last of one Triad being often the
first of the next. or the result
becoming a second cause - & the
temple of the place was probably
dedicated to that Triad, or to those
distinct portions of the Divine Being,
which had had most effect upon *it*.
~~them~~ individually. Osiris, Isis & Horus,
the Triad manifested on earth was the
last of the Chain - which then merges
again into Amun, Maut & Khonso -
Horus, the "support of th world," (or
"heavenly science") seems to be the origin
of the Greek *Eros* or Love. With him
the chain was completed - & Horus, by the
Triad of Kalabsheh, of which he was the first
becomes Amun again - for Amun was the A & Ω.

But where was I? sitting on a stone
in the eight columned hall of the Rame=
seum - There is a harmony in the
Rameseum, which you do not find any
where else in Thebes - it is so compact,
so well proportioned, so intelligible,
it is the very image of Grace in
Strength & Strength in Harmony -
I thought perpetually there of the Ethical
Triad, the Intellect acting on the Will
& the result being Harmony - It is not
that the intaglios are particularly
beautiful - they are not - but the
whole is so beautiful - at first you
are rather disappointed - is that all
that people have talked so much
about? but every day you admire
it more & more - while every day
you like Medinet Haboo less & less.
It is just on the edge of the Desert -
the tombs begin immediately behind -
taking up no superfluous ground - not
trenching on the cultivated land - oh
bright Rameseum - how like the spirit
of thy builder thou are - he never
spent time in superfluous words, I am
sure the compact, energetic, muscular
minded
{this is followed by 9017/22 1/2 p.257}

{Letters p. 207; this connects with 9017/22 1/2 p. 263}
(71)

& between these stems, the great
colonnade of Luxor on its promontory
which becomes higher & higher, as
the Nile sinks rapidly - & which
one night, was like a colonnade
of chrysophrast shafts in the
sunset. then more grove, &
under it a tall black veiled
figure moving among the palms
with a vase upon her head -
& here the birds sing, the first
I have heard in Egypt, & there
is water & sakias -

This temple is the only place
in Thebes I really cared for - for
it is impossible to love Thebes -
one stands in awe of her - one

209 - P - Drasse

feels a wonder stricken reverence
before this marble headless statue of the
Philosopher of the World - but not
a tender respect, as for Philæ &
Ipsamboul - There is no place I
wish to linger in - there I nothing
I can love, except perhaps this
little temple of Gournâ.

We have been most unlucky in
our weather at Thebes - The sun sets
I can reckon up - one the firwst night
in Karnac, one the second at Koorna,
one at the Rameseum, one more at
Karnac - & that is all in 3 weeks
And, for th ugliness of a sand storm,
give me the orangest fog in London,
& I don't think it is uglier.

{The next paragraphs have a diagonal line drawn through them}

My dear people - this is a very
stupid letter - but if I had found
a letter at Keneh, it would have
given me a fillip - & I am sure.
it would have been much less stupid.

Write next to

care of Revd John Hill

Athens

altho' I think it is only "for the honour
of the thing" I give you a direction.

We shall go to Syra, hear there
from the consul, whether the Athens
row is quite over - probably it is
so even by this time - if not, go to
Marseille or Trieste from Syra -
which is the rendezvous for all
the Steamers. {Letters p. 207, 9017/22 p. 263 continue here}

{ Letters p. 208 continues here; it connects with 9017/22 1/2 p. 266}

There is something in Karnac so expressive of him to whom it was dedicated - (Amun, the "Concealed God") that one begins to think, as I have often thought in St. Peter's, that Architecture is the only way to speak of Him - the best mode of religious expression - Hermes Trismegistus says, "It is difficult to thought to conceive God & to the tongue to speak of Him. One cannot describe by material means an immaterial Thing, & what is eternal can be allied but with difficulty to what is subject to time. The one passes, the Other always exists . The One is a perception of the spirit. The other, which is known by the eyes & the senses, as visible bodies can be expressed by language. But What is Incorporeal, Invisible, Immaterial, without form, - God - I understand that God is ineffable" This is so true yet less ineffable by archi=

ecture than by any other mode
of expression. St. Peter's and
Karnac are the only two worthy
expression of Him that is ineffable
I have ever seen - yet how different
~~St. Peter's~~ Karnac an expression
of His thought - St. Peter's of His
action - Karnac of the philosophi=
zing appreciation of the Deity -
St. Peter's of the moral. Karnac
leads to meditation - St. Peter's to
emotion. each so like its religion
Karnac to the thoughtful meta=
physical Egyptian - St. Peter's
to the fervent Roman Catholic -
In Karnac you think - In St. Peter's
you feel - In that intricate hall
of columns you see how the Egyptian
has thought out (through the mazes
& difficulties & intricacies with
which the Government of the Earth
is full to our minds) the Deity
who would answer to the phenomena

(75)

he saw the attributes which would explain those difficulties - in the long uninterrupted space through which the worshipper of St. Peter's looks from the door to the altar, from the Altar up to heaven, you see how the feeling unthinking ardent heart has rushed at once to its Creator, careless of all the problems which it has regarded as temptations to its faith - & has left to a Devil to solve - The Egyptian loved his God with all his mind - the Roman Catholic with all his heart. The Egyptian would never have made a missionary, I suspect . the Roman Catholic has never made a philosopher - The Egyptian mind with its satire & subtlety, reminds one of Pascal, & shews, as he did, how truly earnestness may be allied with these.

How Karnac contradicts all the tales that have been fabricated by Greeks & Romans about Egypt. (Oh Egypt, Egypt, says Hermes, (in at least as true a spirit of prophecy as Ezekiel), a time will come when in the stead of a pure religion & a pure worship, thou shalt have no longer aught but foolish fables, incredible to posterity, & there shall remain to thee no more but words graven on stone, the only monuments which shall attest thy piety. But they do attest her piety. The very name of the king who built Karnac is unknown, one read it Sethos, another Osirei, a third Menephthath - what does it signify to him now? ~~but~~ the ideas he has left us are imperishable - in his monument alone remains uninjured & legible that much denied truth, which he has embodied by causing himself to be represented with the Good & Evil alike pouring upon him.

9018/9 p.69, not in FN hand; in 9017/22 2/4 it is in her hand

I have never said anything much about the Private tombs - because they were such a vexation of spirit. We took a great deal of pains to hunt out No 16, which nobody could tell us off - & one day, after a weary round, we found it. it is the tomb, (where all the funeral processions of the famous royal scribes are, & the judgement scenes one is so familiar with in pictures), in Shekh Abd el Koorneh - Conceive our disgust, when we found it *entirely destroyed* by Lepsius - the parts he could not take away intentionally scratched, so that hardly a Aiyan could be made out, tho' the remains of the colours were as fresh as ever - I could have sate down & cried . ~~with vexation~~ I don't know when I have felt so ashamed of our race - a man who professes to be labouring for Truth - An entrance is broken into the next tomb, where the same industry has been going on & all we could make

{the next page seems unconnected and is in SB's hand}
educated by the King not to making himself but the God a palace {This is the same as p. 293-4 supra}
... a very little. The numbers are... fun.

{This page seems unconnected to any other at this time}
out was a chariot driven by its master
with 6 running footmen & most
spirited horses, stopping short at the
door of a house, the horses thrown
upon their haunches - capital - The
destruction of this did not affect
much - but the wantonly spoiling
of the very faith & heart, the inmost
soul of the old Egyptians, I could
have wrung my hands -

Another tomb in the Assaseef (a)
which I was particularly anxious
to see for its funeral scenes, we
laboured out with the map with
toil & trouble, & found it *filled up*
(by the Arabs; I believe)

The tomb of Sethos I, Belzoni's,
has been cruelly mauled by Lepsius.
From the Rameseum two bas reliefs
~~are~~ mentioned by Champollion are
clean gone - hewn off - & the marks
of the hewing all that is left. in
short, Thebes will very soon be
laid upon men's shoulders & carried
away. But Lepsius is the unpar
donable sinner.

The tombs we saw I did not think
very interesting. One in Koorneh

{these pages also seems unconnected}
rocks of the Cataract, which looks
half joke, half caricature, of which the
Egyptians were evidently excessively
fond. to imagine that Osiris was
nothing more than the Inundation &
Isis the land, seems to me little
better than Strauss, who sees ~~nothing~~
~~more in it~~ no higher idea in the
Resurrection of Christ than a country
apothecary, who ~~de~~ teaches his pupils,
live in Bethany, disappears behind
the Mt. of Olives, & reappears on the
other side. {the next sentences have oblique lines drawn through them}

What are the historical
elements ~~of the illeg illeg illeg~~
~~illeg~~ of the story of Osiris,
I am sure I do not dare to say
even to myself. He *may* have come
twice as well as once, - he may not
have come at all, not as a person of
the Trinity. ~~But~~ {lines end here} such an ~~n~~ interpre=
tation as that of the 28 cubits, which
I believe was originally Plutarch's,
seems to me the worst species of
Idolatry, far more revolting than
that of which we accuse the old
Egyptians, & *impossible* to them -
Theirs was the worship of Ideas, not
(~~I have begun the next page on the wrong side~~)

the principle of the Resurrection - of
Life or New Life or Eternity - the
ultimate justifier of the Goodness of God
the principle by which even these
poor Arabs shall live again -
{9018/25 p.185} The explanation of the Myth of Osiris
by the Nile & the Inundation, which
the German school & Wilkinson himself
are so fond of, seems to me detestable.
No doubt the Egyptians were provincial -
is pierces through in every line they
draw - in eery conventionality which
clothes (or disguises) their Gods & men
but to imagine that even this
provincial people could see no other
proof of the Goodness of God but the
yearly inundation - could mean ~~nothing~~
by the 28 lotus plants on Osiris' body,
only the 28 cubits it rises at
Elephantina - & this too when
the Nile had a God of its own,
who occupies a very subordinate
rank, & is seen generally only on the
dados or friezes of Temples, or on
the pedestals of Kings, binding up
with his water plants their thrones,
or concocting an inundation under the
it

9017/22 3/4 unsigned letter, 27ff, pen

One day we went through the huge fragments which lie prostrate & half buried behind the Pair - there are above 18 Colossi, whose enormous limbs lie strewn about - In a direct line some hundred yards behind the Two, are two gigantic stelæ, with their faces to the Earth some thirty-feet long - & covered with inscription most delicately cut. Champollion says these were probably the backs of the seats of other two Colossi - which are now buried under the earth - & he thinks all these enormous fragments belonged to a building called the Amenophium, & built by the Amunoph III whose portrait the Pair represent. & which stood before the front Propyla, as the four statues of Rameses II before Ipsamboul. The deposits of the Inundations are gradually immuring in muddy forgetfulness these consecrated fragments as effectually as ever nun was walled up in Convent wall. But, by the space covered with these vast blocks, the Amenophium must have been at least as large as Karnac. At the side of the Pair, in the same block, is the mother of Amunoph, the same as you see her in the Temple of Luxor. {Letters has another paragraph here}

{in a circle 3, in the margin in pencil a space}
Ugly Medina Tabou - how I hated
you, with your gaudy colours, - your
squat columns, as high/round as they were
round/high. your Coronation scenes, more
vulgar than Hayter's, more profane,
than his "Communions of the Queen" -
your modern looking 3 storied
palace, - not forming a part of the
Temple, as if it belonged to the king
to live there as minister of the Gods -
but stuck up in front like an
impudent Blenheim porter's lodge,
as if to say no one comes in here
but by paying £1.5 or 3 enemies'
heads - its very balconies made of
captive heads, not like the great
Rameses, but like a common
Pasha tyrant - his battle pieces
represented on the very area of the
Temple, not decently exiled to the
outer wall, as at Karnac, but
the king's chariot with those prisoners
tied under the axle wheel, a piece
of savage cruelty you never see else=

where, degrading the very Sacred place,

If Karnac is the St. Peter's of
Egypt, Medina Tabou is the Madeleine.

It is just such a Temple as Napoleon
would have built - & the Apotheoses

~~is not more~~ of that vulgar tyrant
in La Madeleine is not more

indecent nor inappropriate than
the battle & coronation scenes in
Medina Tabou of Rameses III.

It is the very Sanctuary of low
oriental despotism, baseness &
pomp. it reminded me of Napoleon
through out, with his Josephines &
his Marie Louises, his notions of women,

& his coronation of his wife. You
see Rameses surrounded by his ladies,

(how unlike the loving Nofriari &
her hero at the Rameseum - "lovely

in their lives & in their death they were not divided") You
see the Queen put out of the way

on a shelf in the Coronation scene/~~Scene~~,

like the miserable wife of a Louis
Quatorze - The empire was falling,

& barbarism beginning, which could
build a Medina Tabou

(4)

The very shrines (in the sacred Boats) at Medina Tabou seemed to me degraded - the cherubim were still the same - they could not deprive them of their crowns of light & life in their hands - but instead of the symbol of Truth, they held that of power & dominion - instead of the ~~emblem~~ of heavenly kingdom, which is Truth, they held the earthly kingdom.

A whole troop of Gods were leading ~~holding~~ the king into the presence of the Great Triad, as if in a multitude there was *safety* - so different from the simple group of Isis leading Sethos at Karnac - the knowledge of Nature (bringing a man to the calm Intellect, the serene Will of the Deity - (Amun, (come) we will call him by no other name, that mysterious but loving title of a God, whose real name was too sacred to be ever ~~named~~/spoken & is now unknown) Khonso,

crowned with light, waiting behind
to *full=fill* the patient, humble
but earnest learner of the ways
(in which His God manifested himself)
with strength & a harmonious
will - to crown him with grace &
Eros. So I understood that
glorious procession - But here
a crowd of second rate Deities
(he did not "desire earnestly the
best gifts") three jackals, three
hawks, (use not vain repetitions)
& I don't know what besides are
trooping in, with the king among
them, into the presence of the
Deity. I thought He would say,
"What a crowd" when they came in -
"& what a noise - my true worshipper
comes with the still small voice."

From the time of Rameses III
(B.C. 1290) Art & power of Egypt suddenly
declined, & the glory of Egypt
departed for ever - It is no wonder.
The ugly Gothic battlement of
Medina Tabou is peculiar to the
reign of Rameses III, & the whole
affair looks more like the feudal
castle of a savage chief than a Temple
of the philosophic Egyptian.

{ Letters p. 221 }

(9) [3]

written, only means the "city of Thebes"
{ Letters omits the next section }

On the other side is the vast
lake, across which the bodies
were formerly ferried on their
way to burial. ...{this appears in 9018/9 p. 69}
...buried.

From Medina Tabou you can
see the whole circumference
of the Lake.

{ Letters resumes }

It is not a Temple one cares to

go back to - it reminded me so
much of a London church -
The beautiful little temple of
Goorneh, old & untouched, I long
to see again - all the sacred
place here is built up & covered up
with the ruins of the village { Letters is slightly different }
~~here~~ -- but what Sacred place
shall we ever see again like
Ipsamboul.

Dearest people, I am writing in
the greatest possible haste for a
steamer (!) which has just
brought Mr. Murray & is going on
to Cairo - & I wd not miss the
opportunity for one line
forgive all stupidities

(I wd not go in a steamer on
the Nile, if you wd pay me for it,)
& I were never to see the Nile
without it -

yrs ever, dearests all
no time for more - farewell.

[2]

{this connects to 9017/22 2/4 p.198 supra}
of a soul in Amenti" & in two rows
above the heads of these, sit the
42 Assessors - a figure of the dead
man kneeling before each row -
the name of each Assessor is
written over each - but to figure
them to the minds of those who
could not read, they were necessarily
represented with different heads,
the heads of animals, to characterize
to the eye of the foolish the different
sins. Diodorus Siculus says that
in the Rameseum the judgment
of the hero Rameses is represented,
& the appearance of his soul before
these 42 judges - I should so like
to have seen that - alas! it is
gone, but it shews [how faithfully
kings & citizens were alike brought
to give this account of the motives
of their actions. Thmei too was
the directress of the royal power,
which thus *invoked* truth - to preside
& the greatest title of the kings on
their obelisks was "friend of Truth"
(Thmei) She was the protectress of
{with a line to [**R. - 241 - Drasse /Saudy** }

Egypt - the first born of Ra (light)
And she was the president of Amenti -
because there temporal appearances
vanish & give place to eternal truths.
In Egyptian but one word signifies
truth & justice, because to know
truly & act justly was, in their ideas,
one.

In this way the most metaphy=
sical ideas of the Egyptians were
made popular - the soul of the dead
entered into Amenti that is to say,
into truth - the presence of truth -
he ~~weighs~~/examines the *motives* of his actions
they are *then* weighed -
- Thoth (wisdom) writes the moral
result. Osiris (the goodness of God)
calls the purified being into a
higher vocation - & the impure,
NB the *same goodness*, sends back
to be purified under a new form
till it can present itself cleansed
from every lower feeling before him.
And what is our own idea of
the separation of the sheep & the
goats, of the different *places*
assigned to the Good & the Bad but
another popularization of the same idea.

In that dialogue of Hermes Trismegistus between Pimander & Thoth, he says what Truth is.

The soul went thro' several mystic regions, before it re began the course of its transformations - those transformations which only meant the trials the stages the divine Emanation has to go thro' before arriving at perfection. & even, before Judgment, it visits many regions.

One of Osiris' names is "Lord of Life, Eternal *Mediator*".

Thoth (divine wisdom) is said to have *come* to earth with Him, when he put on flesh to civilize the world - & in the same myth, never to have abandoned Him - even when he took up his abode in Amenti as judge of souls. How beautiful that is, that wisdom always attends the divine Goodness, whether in judging or in mediating.

"The body dies" says Hermes Trismegistus, "because it can no longer carry the Being. What you call Death, is only the dissolution of the senses. The soul the Being does not die."

-"Truth is what is eternal & unchangeable, truth cannot be on the earth though God may have given to some, the faculty of thinking upon Truth - but nothing is truth upon earth, because all is subject to change, to new combinations. Man is not the Truth, because only that is true which remains what it is. What changes, so much that it cannot be recognized, how can that be Truth? Truth is then what is immaterial, eternal, The earth is only corruption & generation. ~~every~~/all generation proceeds out of corruption - the things of the earth are only appearances & imitations of truth, what painting is to reality."

Thoth goes on - he hears "the Voice of the Light" - & "THE WORD CAME FORTH from this voice of the Light"

"And *the surface of the Earth was covered with water - & the Word of the Spirit was borne upon the face of the waters.*" And Pimander (i.e. the "Thought of the Divine Power") said "I am the seed of Thought, the shining *Word, the son of God.* think that what hears & sees in thee, in [thought, which is *God the Father - & their union, that is Life.*" Is it not wonderful?

[6]

"God created, with *His* WORD, or λογος a third Intelligence - & *He is the Spirit of God.*"

(what is this but "Who proceedeth from the Father & the Son.?"?)

In this conversation of Pimander & Thoth, he goes on to say that there are seven agents, whose action is called Destiny {in pencil, faint, Bennett}

that "the *Father of all*, who is the *light & the iife*, created man *after His likeness & received him as His son.* & being pleased with man *in His own image*, gave him power over His works."

(and God saw everything that he had made - & behold, it was very good - & he gave man to have dominion over the fish of the sea &c &c)

man then "falls into slavery" God warning him "that the love of the earthly part of himself shall be the cause of his death"

"he then who knows himself ~~conquers~~/ wins the good superior to himself" & "he, who let himself be deceived by the love of the body is thrown into the shadow of death." "God, who is Wisdom, willing that every man, who had part in His Wisdom, should know himself."

At the end, Pimander returns among { Letters continues; page(s) seem missing }

transfigurations are put together in a series of bas reliefs. His [primæval form is Hor-hat, "the great Hermes Trismegistus" "divine light" - or "wisdom" the "heavenly Hermes" then, he becomes, he becomes, Paitnoffi "the good=hearted," - as the first manifestation to us of the Divine Wisdom is in its goodness - in fact, we can hardly separate the two ideas, - if we observe our thoughts, we shall find that we form no conception of what is perfectly wise but that of Perfect Goodness - we always think of Satan as having committed a great folly - The third Incarnation is " Arihos Nofri" (the sweet singer) Pythagoras & Plato both learnt from the Egyptians to consider music of the greatest importance - & the 'music of Egypt was regulated by law, as being one - great means of educating their youth & as being too as great a leader to harm as to good, Musicians, as well as politicians, in Egypt were priests & Plato even says that his famous plan of education was

[4]

borrowed from the Egyptians, in which his discipline is to teach the youth by beautiful forms & fine music & having settled what those forms & what that music should be, to allow none other by law. (it being unspeakable the importance of such things in "rectifying the perverseness of nature") ~~early youth~~) He goes on to say that the Egyptians were so right in this, that it must have been the work of the Deity - & that - to be able to consider such things, so as to make laws about them, (to reduce them to law) was in the true spirit of policy - & in fact, he says, they ascribe the music they use to Isis, & the poetry likewise.

So, you see, we have Plato's authority for not considering Arihos Nofri as a trivial Incarnation - & the Greeks in imitation, made *their* Mercury the inventor of the Lyre.

The fourth Incarnation is Mooi (thought or reason) which may perhaps mean that, as the first work ad extra of *benevolent Wisdom* is directed to our emotions, which are the first things developed in the youth both of nations & of men, so its second work is our power of reasoning. The last Incarnation is Thoth, or the intercourse of the *Divine Reason* with *ours*. having given us intellect, He does not leave it without inspiration, with communion with Himself

Thus Osiris, Isis & Thoth are the forms of Amn, Maut & Khonso in their relation with man . The sacred Ark or boat of Thoth is precisely similar to that of Khonso - proving him to be but a secondary form of Khonso x

These five Transfigurations are represented in the bas reliefs of Dakkeh - to shew how Thoth, in his different forms, accomplished the organization of human society. teaching them writing, "sacred things" & then writing for them.

In the Triad, of which he is the x a hawk's head, crowned with the disk & crescent, surmounts the prow of each.

head, a Goddess accompanies him,
(Nehimeou) whose name means
the "preservation of seeds". How good/wise
that is, writing being evidently
the great preserver of the germs
thrown out by human reason.
She seems to be the same as the "Lady
of Letters" one so often sees at Philæ
with Thoth.

But I dare say I have told
you all this before - & I am so
afraid you must find my Triads
& my Temples so tiresome - dear
people - one comfort is they are
all coming to an end, & you won't
be bothered with them long.

The worse of it is, that I bring
home *nothing* pretty or curious for
you. I thought in England one
had nothing to do but walk into
the tombs & choose out the
newest jewellery! whereas there
never was a place like Thebes
for the impossibility of getting
anything - unless one brings away
the base of the young Memnon to
unite it to the head we have.

But I hope, dear people, you
have not found Thebes quite "flat,
stale, dull & unprofitable" - I am so
afraid you have - an "idiot's tale"
you don't know how difficult it is
to write anything about such a subject.
it is like getting a Genie into a
bottle. & when I have written
a letter, I could sit down & cry,
to see what I have made of it.
Because it is not I who have failed,
that I cry about, it is Thebes I
have profaned - & I would so gladly
do something to shew you what a land
you have sent me to, what
recollections you have secured for
my whole life - And I have seen
no book which has been worthy to
write of Thebes - the primæval,
the pre-Adamite world. how
little idea I had of her - how
little I have given you -

(23) Karnac Feb 1850 {in light pencil Bennett}

Karnac is the history of a race - the greatest race perhaps that ever existed - a race of giants - who illustrated themselves in their successive generations in the Temple Palaces of Karnac., it is the political, ethical, & religious manifestation of the "Unknown God" - it was the residence of his vice gerents, the kings - the sanctuary of his wise men, the priests - the place of Justice, In Egypt where one knows that religion was to them the basis of every thing - that politics were but one incarnation of it, science another, that the king really believed himself God's vice gerent, submitted to have his very time & occupations laid out for him by what they conceived Divine Law in the actual *faith* that he was a servant & not a ~~king~~ master in Egypt, where we know that those things really entered into the very belief of their minds, that they felt as well as knew them, there is nothing

repulsive in finding the Temples
consecrated to every form in which
He manifests Himself.

From the XII Dyn., nearly 3000 years
before Christ, to the Ptolemies, 300 years
before Christ, you find in Karnac
illustrations of the race.

Those in the Great Hall, the Hall
of Assembly, of the times of Sethos, are
the most beautiful in Egypt, quite
equal to those of Ipsamboul itself.

On the wall of the Propylon - **a**, to the
left entering from the first area, (the
other Propylon **b** alas! is in ruins)
there is a group of Sethos, {Letters omits the next section} led by
Isis,
who holds [him by the hand, &
entering the presence of Amn & Maut -
the Intellect & Will of the Father,
while Khonso (strength or harmony),
stands behind him - which is I
think the most beautiful I ever saw -
the attitude of the king - the humble
but eager pressing forward into the
presence of his God - Nothing so perfect
in expression can be conceived.

On the same Propylon wall a little

farther on, he is {Letters continues} kneeling & offering himself in the form of a little figure, which is eagerly bending forward on its knees ~~representing offerings~~ Immediately beyond this, as if in answer to this devoting, of himself, the Good & Evil Spirit are pouring over him life - as if to say, Give me thyself, my Son, & thou shalt learn to draw life out of evil as well as good - out of *all* experience "all things work together for good to them that love God." The Agathodæmon or Trinity hovers over head, not as usual with wings outspread, but a little depressed as if to "cover him with its feathers. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful than this whole conception

In the upper compartment his father Rameses I is rushing into the presence of Amn. quite different in expression & character. but, without the cartouche, which always gives the name of the man, you could not mistake the different kings by their different character of their devotions -

Beyond ~~was~~/is a bas relief in the

second row -which quite puzzled me - Sethos is standing before Amun Khem - (the union of the Wisdom & creative power of the Deity) between them is a sceptre standing erect - & leaning against it, two other sceptres, with little figures climbing up, some with two feathers, some with one, on their heads. Whether this meant that the God gave the king undivided sovereignty, & that the little fellows were climbing up & trying to take it - or whether they were aspiring sons, or what, I cannot find out.

Farther on, Sethos, is sitting at the feet of Amun, (with his back almost leaning against His knees) who is blessing him - Thoth stands before recording -

In the ~~anteroom before~~/previous compartment Thoth & Atmoo, ~~God~~ are leading the eager Sethos in perhaps meaning that he has *completed* some business wisely, who in the next, you see, is comfortably ensconced at the feet of the God. Succession was a great element in the Egyptian pictures.

Alas that all this is corroding rapidly with the Natron, with which the soil is filled - which is heaped half way up the wall = £100 would clear this magnificent hall (in this

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country where the people in the
manufactories work for 30 paras ($\frac{3}{4}$
of a piastre 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d) a day & the Pasha
spends his money in bribes at
Constantinople & in the lowest sen=
suality. The monuments of Egypt
are going fast - all that is that can go -
but of that anon - One head of
Sethos is just above the heaped up
soil on that Propylon wall, **a** the
rubbish reaches to the chin, & soon
will cover it entirely - & it is not here
as in the other monuments, where
the ~~soil~~/sand is a preserver - this Natron
soil is a corroder - this head is
the most wonderful Ideal of
sublime serenity & child like trust
& confidence I ever saw. Σ went
back to look at it that last day
again & again. I tried to compare it
~~in my own mind~~ with Guido's
Speranza - but it is so different
from the Xtian ideal - though one
can hardly tell in what - there is
a purity in these heathen (?) ex=
pressions which is not in the
Xtian - in the heathen, it is the

first fruits of a spirit soaring to God.
in the Xtian it is the *returning* spirit
There is that absence of the doctrine
of Repentance which has struck me
so much in these records of a
nation's religion. The Xtian ideal has
sinned & suffered - there has been
struggle - asceticism - the cheek is
pale with vigils - the eye stained,
with tears. It is Resignation, not
Serenity - Meekness, not Trust,
composure, rather than happiness -
the spirit has weaned itself after
long effort & weary suffering from
the love of Sin & Earth, & placed
its joy alone in the Beyond, in the
Far Away - in the Future. The
heathen Ideal is quite different. It
is Purity, in opposition to Repentance
There is always something of the
Magdalen in Xtian representations -
there is always something of the Virgin
in the heathen. It is the sinless
soul, which has never left the bosom
of its God which finds him, the
Omnipresent, as near in one spot
of his Creation as in another - which
does not wait for another world to

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enjoy His presence - the Xtian looks for *comfort* in His society hereafter the Egyptian for happiness in itHis-
~~society here~~. There is not asceticism in the Egyptian ideal - all the gifts of its Father ~~he~~/it will accept from that Father's hand. there is no struggle - the soul has never loved anything better than its God. there is no hope - it is all trust, trust that the Present is as much its Father's Blessing, its Father's gift as the Future can be, there is no Resignation - for where Evil is to give life as well as good, it is absurd to talk of resigning oneself to a Benefit. Then Resignation becomes Love. {**M' Lintock**}

I don't mean to say that the doctrine of Repentance, in the sense of Change of Will, ~~from~~ μετάνοια, found no place in the Egyptian Theology - it is evident from their doctrine of transforma= tions, stages of purification that it did. I only mean that the Ideal of their sculptures was Purity not Remorse that Repentance with *them* did not signify pain - {illeg} & that, instead of looking upon God almost solely as we do as

a moral Deity, they looked upon him as an intellectual, moral & natural Deity - as the God of Wisdom, as well as of Ethics - as the God of Politics, as well as of Religion - as the God of animals as well as of man - And query, whether we do not do much harm by looking upon him so exclusively as a moral God? if the intellectual man considered him as the God with whom he could commune about ~~intellect~~ philosophy, as the God who inspired him with those philosophical thoughts, as well, as a God of Moral requirements, he would not feel so inclined to think ~~upon~~ of Him as ~~One~~ ~~who~~ calling him away from philosophy to do something else as - one who did not care about *his* discoveries, but only about his moralities - I don't mean that one life was given us to improve our intellect, another to improve our moral nature, & another, something in our feelings, I think that very unlikely - because you cannot conceive of God without his Moral Nature. It enters into all his attributes - & therefore man, to become

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one with Him, must always cultivate all parts of himself together - but I do think it a fatal mistake in Xtianity (which certainly with the Egyptians was not one of theirs) to approach God only morally.

But I must go on to the side wall **c** of the great Hall of Assembly (on the N.E. Here Sethos is kneeling before all the different deities - making the offering to each which to each will ~~like~~/be acceptable. This sounds monotonous - But it is not. There is the greatest variety of attitude & expression - sometimes eager - sometimes devoted - sometimes submissive - To the lioness headed goddess Bubastis he is offering a little Typhon - I cannot guess the meaning of this - Farther on, enter Sethos kneeling - he is evidently advancing upon his knees, & very fast. this is before Horus - I don't know what he is in such a hurry about -

I saw on this wall a very perfect sacred Boat **d** with the shrine on it - so perfect that I could write down every part - which

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I did for the curiosity of it, Over the shrine or "mercy seat" was the Agathodæmon or Trinity, (the globe, asp & wings) - Then came a hand pointing the way, a Thmei & the Symbol of Life "I am the way & the *Truth* & the *Life*." then the three emblems of Stability, Purity, Light & a hand giving the sign of Set, the Evil, in it - ~~giving~~ {The following section is missing in Letters}The border at the top of the shrine was a frieze, with alternate asps & Horus'es holding Truth both asp & Horus crowned with Light. Thermesthis (the asp) & Horus are the death & resurrection - Upon the shrine were two cherubim standing, crowned with Light, & holding Truth in their hands, protecting Life, (i.e. a figure holding life) in the middle - a kneeling figure on either side. {Letters continues}

Below these were two Cherubim kneeling, crowned with Light, & holding *Life* in their hands - with their wings, (one stretching upward, & one covering their bodies, like Ezekiel's cherubim) protecting a

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Horus, crowned with Light & holding Truth. Upon the prow of the boat were Neph (the spirit) the two figures of Truth & Light - a sphynx, or the union of physical & intellectual power, ~~which is~~ offering the hieroglyph of "chosen" i.e. its most chosen offerings - & the king kneeling.

The rubbish being heaped up to nearly the top of the wall, allowed me to examine this ~~sacred~~ Boat, & help one's eyes with one's fingers - but it was so very plain that there was hardly any need - & I was ever so glad to see it so distinctly, because it explains ~~so much~~ many things in the Bible, "truth as his frontlet" & "life in his hands" - "righteousness" in truth "upon him for a garment" &c. the form matters little - the shape of the shrine - it was these curious emblems which made it so interesting.

The whole of the 134 columns, which support this Hall, are covered with bas reliefs, either simple intaglios or alto relievos, as the light requires ~~it~~. the effect being given,

Σ said

by the varying depth of the cutting. They are by very different hands - it seemed to me that all those in relief were very inferior to the intaglios. One group of Amun=Khem & Tamun, (the female Amun, a form of Neith, as peculiar protectrix of Thebes), I remember, which was quite beautiful - You know they are as simple as possible - a mere outline like Flaxman - very stiff, but what expression in that mere outline.

The ruin of these columns is something supernatural - in some, one of the mill=stones, which form them, has been twisted out of its place by a Ginn, while the one above & the one below it have not been disturbed - so that parts of the figure no longer fit. In others, the whole column has fallen bodily & leans against the next architrave, (which yet it has not disturbed) - dragging its own Architrave with it. But most of the architraves remain in their places. we climbed upon the roof, & walked along the lines of architraves, looking down upon the

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forest of columns below - The construction of all the Temple roofs is the same.- the middle aisle of columns is nearly twice the height of the others - the two nearest aisles are raised by blocks to the same height - & the stone beams laid across - so that the roof of the three middle aisles is level - & cleristery windows are left, which lighted the Hall. Of course, the blocks of stone are sometimes enormous, but feet never give any idea - On the roof are the remains of what must have been another story, perhaps two, as no one could have carried the stones up there for purpose of warfare -

The architraves which are fallen give one the opportunity of studying the cartouches - there is as much variety in the execution of these as of anything else - & though in a Cartouche, there does not seem much room for the imagination of the Artist, yet there is variety - some seem to have taken the Gods literally - others, poetically, others artistically - some set to work

with earnest belief, & you see their good faith in every line - others did not believe much in the God, but made them as pretty as possible - others are quite literal. We crawled under one huge block, to study the Evil Spirit (*Set*) in *Sethos'* cartouche after whom of course he was called - Sometimes it is done with life in its hands - some times with a shepherd's crook - the expression of its ugly face is as various as possible - In one place *Thoth* is writing *Sethos'* cartouche - I must say *Thoth* made a good choice there -{ Letters inserts another paragraph here} The South West wall of the great Hall & the right hand propylon tower **b** (entering) are so ruined, & the rubbish so high that one cannot see much - but they belong to *Rameses II's* reign, who completed his father's Hall - & as they are very inferior in point of art, ~~they~~ it does not signify so much - I was very glad however to find an *old* Representation (*Rameses II's* time) of what I had seen as *Esne*, (but did not care about, as that is only Roman, & therefore it was no proof,)

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of the "fishers of men". On Karnac, Horus, Rameses II & Neph were ~~are~~ drawing in a net, in which were enclosed a number of birds, "pure spirits", Thoth stood behind with a scale upon his shoulders. (At Esne, the net contained *fish* as well)

(Everywhere in Karnac you can see old sculptured stones built into new walls by successive generations).{Letters omits the following}

Maut says to Rameses, we give thee hundreds of thousands of years of a constant & pure life. {the following paragraph Letters has above}

Of this Sethos I, Lepsius thinks that Joseph was the Premier - Bunsen puts him a great deal further back in the Old Empire (XII Dyn) I had rather it should be Sethos, because I feel so much more familiar with him than with the Osirtasens & I like to think of Joseph walking in the Great Hall of Karnac

But how useless it is to try with words to give any idea of the ruins of that hundred-gated Karnac. I cannot even count its approaches - By one of the secondary entrances, but which I liked the best to come by (to the left

of the great Avenue from Luxor),
you approach through a dromos of
sphinxes - and four great pairs of Propyla,
3 of which are standing, one after the other. all with colossi
sitting ~~or standing~~ before their gates.
each of them a moderate sized
Temple. Then, round all the plain,
at every step you stumble over a half
buried sphynx, or a granite colossus,
or the substructions of some subsidiary
pylon, or mount your ass upon a
broken hand, gigantic enough to make
a step - {Letters omits the next part} Of the 4 Propyla of this
approach, the first has two (white
marble) standing colossal statues of
Rameses II on the inner side ~~his dagger~~ (stuck in his
belt a hawk headed dagger) on the
outer a prostrate statue of Horus, whose colossal hand, holding a
Papyrus, his broken off {illeg alone?}
Before the third are four sitting
colossi - two of Thothmes III & his
son Amunoph II - the other two
are undistinguishable - on the
Propylæum towers behind the colossi
is Amunoph II holding a number
of figures by the hair, but they all are
armed - so that they are not captives. { Letters continues}
The view *through* these three Pyla
(& of the palms beyond, which now
fill up the Avenue of Sphinxes) is
beautiful.

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{The following section seems not to be in Letters}

This approach (by these 4 great propyla) brings you, not to the great entrance through the first N.W. Area (which fronts the river & which itself has its own dromos of sphynxes), but to the little prosekos, **f** which holds the two obelisks **g** of Thothmes I - only one is standing - this is separated from the Great Hall (on one side) by ruined propyla of Amunoph III - originally the façade of the whole Temple & (on the other) by others still more ruined from another prosekos or transept, **h** entirely surrounded by Osirides, of which not one is perfect - & which held the two Obelisks, **i j** the largest I believe in Egypt, of Queen Nephon, the daughter, wife & sister of kings, who raised the one still standing to her father Thothmes I - ~~one is~~ the other is prostrate & broken to pieces - they are the most beautiful granite & the most beautifully ~~cut~~ sculptured I ever saw - On the top, Amun is blessing Thothmes III sitting at his feet in Sethos' favorite attitude - But all this gives you no more idea than a Guide Book.

Am I to tell of the two sacred lakes, their
shores lined with quays & ruins -
& their waters reflecting propyla
& towers? of the great entrance
from Luxor, which leads to the
mightiest Pylon of all, (but which has
a temple of its own, & a large one
too, built by Rameses VIII & Bocchoris,
before you come to *the* Temple of Karnac.
From the first Propylon (1) of *the* Temple,
which overlooks all the plain, you have
a glorious view of the whole, of the
entrance from the river, of the
plan of the ruins of the Pyla for
miles round. You look across the
river, & you see on the highest summit of
the Libyan ridge beyond, the comitia
being held for the election of the king,
the God invoked under his blue
canopy of Heaven, they were always held in the open air & then the
whole
train descending the steep cliff,
winding its way by temple & palace,
terraces & gardens, perhaps down
the Dromos which led from the
Temple of Dayr el Bahree to the
River - but never resting till it had

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crossed the river, ascended the Dromos on the other side, & consecrated the king in the temple palace of the Unknown God - The train passes under the propylon on which you are standing & fills the immense Arca within - I thought I heard their shouts - the triumphal march. I looked, alas! what do you think it was? an army of Arabs - harnessed to an enormous stone & dragging it away to build the house of the Governor. So is Egypt losing her ruins day by day - her temples, the only thing she has left - And Mohammed Ali cleaned out the two Roman temples of Esne & Dendera & left Karnac to destruction.

The temple of Karnac is entirely enclosed by a Temenos wall (2) { Letters omits the next part} at the *inland* end, the S.E. the one opposite the River end, is another Pylon, another entrance & another little Temple before it - some distance to the North, beyond the Temenos, is another Pylon, another Temple, & a crude brick city wall.

{ Letters resumes }

Near the sacred lake, where a little
Temple of Sabaco once stood, I had
such a view of the Great Hall - when
you get the light shining in *between*
the 17 aisles of columns & shewing their shadows
& don't look down too much upon
their tops, that is the way to see it.
You know that the *whole* of the
outer walls of the Great Hall is covered with battle
scenes, out of the life of Sethos, (one
side **3** of Rameses II (the other**4**), tire=
some beyond measure, I thought.
And now I have ridden all round
the Temple & wish I could have
taken you with me - I see the rich
plain round, the belts of palms,
the narrower strip of cultivation,
but very green, on the Libyan side.
The Nile could ~~h~~ never have come
up higher that side than it does
now, as the tombs begin immediately
behind the now cultivated ground. & the
Egyptians wasted no ground.
besides that they wd not have let
their tombs get wet. I see the sun setting
behind the mud village, which, before his glory, itself
looks glorious - & seems to send up a cloud of incense to
Heaven in its evening ~~fire~~/smoke. I see the violet hills. But how
can I make you see them? as I did on that last night our farewell
to Karnac.

{ Letters p. 245}

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to take care of your health, as to go & sacrifice in the Temple - therefore the Doctor was as much a priest, or a sacred character, as the Hierophant or the sacrificer - The priest was not the Doctor or the Lawyer, but the Doctor or the Lawyer was a priest.

Medicine was a subject of law & it was not legal to study more than one species of disease - the number of doctors for each was all regulated by Law. But how this omnipresence of law had its origin in the physical nature of Egypt - & how differently it would work here from what it would in our Northern countries, it is impossible for an European to conceive - God seems to have created Egypt as the personification of Law - a country without rain, without variations of climate - its ~~harvest~~ food annually provided for it by an annual phenomenon without example in the world for its regularity - beginning & ending the same day. it makes the character of an Egyptian so different from

that of the self=dependent, liberty seeking European - that it seems as if Egypt was the very land for the observation of Cause & Effect, so much more certain must the noting down of consequences be here - as if disease, weather, *returns* of every kind, from the Public Health to the Causes of Crime might be here so much more easily calculated than any where else, that the things which seem to us *most* variable, most precarious, & *least* ~~subject to any~~ fit to find a place in any Almanac we can construct, may in Egypt be actually, (by studying the Law, which is easily discoverable), be made the subjects of Law. To find therefore every individual thing in Egypt a measure of Police, every thing provided for by Law, does not seem here extraordinary, while in Europe it would be impossible, with our present ignorance, with our future wisdom, not desirable -

On the other hand, the effect became again a cause - & no doubt, owing to the severity of police & of regulations in general - the Public Health & every thing else in Egypt was much more regular than we can conceive possible. then every year the same phenomena recurring enabled the college of priests to study again, as our books say of Ireland, "Its Evils, their causes & their remedies". And so the wonderful *Bill* for mummifying all animals, & the other administrative measures of her religion cease to be wonders. In Egypt, science deserved to be religious, she was so practical.

On the Propyla of the Temples Astronomy was studied. In Egypt our week of 7 days had its origin - its origin in a mistake no doubt, (viz in believing that there were but 7 planets), of which the Sun & the Moon were two.) still a most useful invention. All our calendar we have from Egypt Chemistry took its name from Egypt's (Khemi) own wd.

Astronomers & Philosophers then were priests & also alas! astrologers

which Greece never inherited with Egypt's other legacies. But in Egypt's early times, Astrology only meant the study of the stars & of their influences upon natural phenomena. e.g. their rising & setting upon the changes of the weather & the seasons - which in Egypt was peculiarly easy & certain - & might be catalogued.

Greece, where religion played so small a part, who had so poor an idea of a priesthood & where the service of the Temples was its only occupation, can give us no true account of the real feeling which surrounded the Egyptian priesthood. so that we are almost in ignorance about it. But you find the priestly caste in every office, disdaining none, & extending from the king, who was often a high priest, down to the porters of the palaces - Always with the head shaved & the linen tunic, you recognize them on the monuments in every office from the scribe, with his pen behind his ear, (there's a precedent 4000 years old) to the panther-skinned priest of Osiris.

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The women too have offices & vocations in the church - as in every church except ours - the wives of the priests, the daughters of the kings were employed - In the very tombs of the Queens, you read some such title of the kind.

What the education of the *highest* order of priests was, we see by that of Moses, who was prophet, legislator, general, politician & philosopher, all that was necessary to make a king, as the Egyptians said. & how he beat the Egyptians wise men at their own weapons. Clement of Alexandria says that he studied in the colleges of priests, & particularly the hieroglyphic & symbolic Art.

How entirely we have mistaken the character of the institution of the priests in Egypt is wonderful, though it is not wonderful because how can we conceive of a nation, who wrote its religion upon its public monuments. (fancy the statue of the Duke of York inscribed all over with the belief in a future state) to whom religion was what politics, what railroads are to us.

There is something very beautiful in all knowledge being so religious that the very professing of it consecrate a man - to the Egyptians Sir Isaac Newton was as holy as St. Augustine - the one sort of knowledge was as much inspiration as the other. In this kind of priesthood, there is nothing repulsive, is there? though its later degeneracy has taught us what seeds of danger there were in it, - & how to avoid them, (by having none at all) has taught us that priesthood but too easily becomes priest craft = & we have reversed the lesson & said that priestcraft is priesthood.

Champollion says that he has measured 50,000 square ft of sculptures on one Temenos wall. I suppose there is no parallel to this in any land = and in Egypt, every monument is its own interpreter, it bears its own date, its own history, its own faith engraved upon itself. There is no occasion to go, as in Greek & Roman history, to a number of traditions, all of which we know to be false &

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uncertainly to grope for the truth only by comparing the false. Would we but study the language, here we have the contemporaneous history of every monument written upon its own self. Oh! who will come & read it? For the philosophy of History, what country stretches out its hands to press such facilities upon us as Egypt? In every other one gets one's knowledge out of books - have even we, in our ignorance, feel we have read what we knew from the monuments themselves

25% S/ Drasse/

[There is too this certainty that, though the Roman & Ptolemaic monuments are often disgusting from their style of art - yet Champollion says he is convinced that the ancient Gods of Egypt were still reigning the day their temples were closed by Xtianity - that the inscriptions of the Roman & Ptolemaic buildings are exact copies of the Pharaonic - as is proved by all the many cases, where the blocks of the pre-existing building were used for, & built up in, the Restored one. The Triads never changed - On

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the Roman temple of Kalabsheh which I was so disgusted with, there was a previous Ptolemaic one & one before that, of Amunoph II - the creed the same n all, as proved by the Inscriptions of the old blocks.

Homer, like Pythagoras & Plato, studied in Egypt - the things he revealed to Greece in his poetry, he did not learn them there - he found them here. As Champollion says, how feelingly he puts in Ulysses' mouth "It is not a good thing, the government of many - let there be but one chief, one king" - having had the opportunity of comparing the prosperity, philosophy & religion of monarchical Egypt with the rivalities & ambitions of Greece. having seen in Egypt once faith, one hope of a future state - kings bowing their heads before it & their religion - law ensuring order throughout a vast empire - the highest classes submitting to it & the rest following - monuments which no work of man has equalled. writing, i.e. the Demotic, in general use - no wonder Homer was épris with Egypt - he spoke avec connaissance de cause, when he made comparisons in his own mind which were "odorous" at that time.

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27 Feb How(Diospolis parva)

We breakfasted in haste, mounted our bridle-less asses - & were off before 8 o'clock to see a tomb at How, about a mile inland, which has a Judgment Scene - It was a most interesting ride - an immense plain with cultivation about a mile in depth - then without warning, an apparent difference of level - or lickings in of sand, { Letters has tongues} but only divided by a sharp straight line, began Desert & reached to the feet of the square of mountains or rather cliffs. the whole of this Desert under our feet being evidently but the lid of a subterraneous city of tombs.

& I sat down on the sand, & were surrounded by the Shekh & all the elders of a neighbouring village - draped & coloured like Guercinos - red, blue, & brown - the Shekh like a St. Peter, with crimson turban, white beard, they seemed a well-to-do village & did not cry Baksheesh & there was nothing of the usual sordid look about them - that heap ~~brown heart~~ of brown drapery they wear upon the shoulder is so like Gercino

But conceive our desperation when we found the tomb we came to see positively carried away bodily - the stones, the painted stones, gone to make a sugar=factory at How ~~not a~~ where Mr. Bracebridge saw them afterwards - not a popular enterprise, but a private speculation of a son of Ibrahim Pasha.

This sugar factory employs 200 people, who are paid 30 paras a day 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. - it goes day & night an Englishman directs it.

About How is very pretty, when the sugar chimnies are out of sight - Acanthus & Sycamore - & wells for the passer by -

Girgeh, with its 7 minarets, looks almost like an European town from the opposite shore - the Modeeh's boat anchored there at the same time as ours, he having arrived on business - that business being, I suppose, to make the miserable villages pay twice over ~~again~~ there can be no other here; we went to the Latin church - which, to judge from its size, must have a congregation - but the

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Latin father was gone to Osyoot - but
with what joy I only entered a
Catholic church again {Letters has Christian} -really my
heart leaped within me - just to
see the Missal again - The Mass
book was in Coptic & Arabic

Girgeh is the second town in Upper
Egypt - & we saw a school with
6 scholars, who wrote on a tin-plate
very tolerably.

There were no candles to be had
in all the town of Girgeh - & the
Coptic clerk of the above church
promised to *manufacture* some
for Paolo, his particular friend.
In about 3 hours they arrived
pure wax with the honey in it
they certainly were - but unless
appearances are very deceptive,
they were stolen out of the church's
store & we are now burning
the ecclesiastical candle. I hope
our friend is fulfilling his promise
& now manufacturing for the church.
Fancy going to the second town of
Egypt & like David, feeding on the
shew bread - There was no path
up from the river to the town & all

day long the unfortunate water carriers were coming down a perpendicular steep bank with their skins to fill & climbing up again with a stick - But Girgeh itself is crumbling into the river bit by bit. Here I saw four= storied houses - every window walled up with unburnt bricks - & every appearance of being uninhabited - but with a woman on the roof - or a blue veiled face sticking out of a hole in the third story. Anything so forlorn as the brown mud walls which make the streets of Egyptian towns without windows, without any openings, but the door, is impossible to conceive. One thing I must say for the poor women one meets walking alone in the streets they never peep - they never try to shew their faces - but are always most conscientiously covered - you never see anything but the oldest most withered hag unveiled.

A ruined mosque in Girgeh is the most desolate thing I ever saw -

We left Girgeh at night, but when we had gone 3 miles, were obliged to put back for the wind - the next day, we struggled on to Ekhmin, the ancient Chemmis & *modern* Panopolis (i.e. Roman Panopolis) but there is nothing left but enormous mounds dividing the wretched village into three.

(27) Osyoot March 9 1850

We have been just a fortnight in coming from Thebes to Osyoot, owing to the North wind blowing like a tempest whereas the whole distance from Thebes to Cairo is generally done in 8 days. This would be very aggravating - as all this time that we have been lying at different places, we might have spent at Thebes (& been just as forward on our voyage, & what would not another week at Thebes have been worth to us) but that we have been living at Thebes all this fortnight & ever since we left her Arrived at Osyoot, we went straight up to Lycopolis - the view & the place were as interesting as ever, but our grand eyes rather disdained the more=than=three=quarters effaced sculptures & the cartouches, which did not determine the time. {Letters has "their age"} However my noble mind was bent not upon tombs but upon hareems upon Mustafa;s (our cook's) "womans"

I don't care a doit about seeing Abbas
Pasha's hareem - one never gets
further than the sweetmeats & the
fine clothes - but I do want to see
the common hareems. So, armed
with needles & pins - we went to
Mustafa's house, nominally to thank
for some bread they had presented
us with; on our way up the rvier
Oh! what a curious sight it was
the incongruities - the principal lady,
the married sister dressed like an Oriental queen,
but without a shift, or any thing
washing { Letters has "which could be washed"} next her skin - &
sitting
upon the mud floor - no furniture
but a slave - & the square holes for windows stuffed with mats
~~for windows stuffed with mats/~~ The second wife in a blue shirt stood
on the threshold. the
mother was baking down stairs & 2 slave wives peeped in the door
I never saw anything ~~so beautiful~~
so really beautiful, as the woman's
dress - of course it was her only one -
cachemire trousers of a delicate small
pattern - a "~~yelek~~" with hanging
sleeves, of ~~the most beautiful/~~an exquisite Brusa
silk, crimson & white trimmed with
gold binding - a "tob" with immense
sleeves, of lilac silk - & over it,
for the Arab never wears her gayest
clothes outside, a purple gauze drapery

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embroidered with silver - & veil of the same colour, embroidered in silks & withal, she had the carriage of an empress, as she pointed to the carpet she had spread for us, & invited us to eat. [The kitchen, where she had been baking, was a mere tent, screened off from the yard, by mats & poles & there was no other furniture - but a few pots & pans, & one very old clasp knife, made (apparently) by Tubal Cain which was given us to eat with. The house was a large one for an Arab, & the room we sat in was upstairs. room it was not, but a shed. Of course the woman's dress was not a fair specimen, as Mustafa having asked whether we would not go, had been up & in the town since day break preparing for us & was himself so fine we did not know him But there was not the slightest fuss or vulgarity in their way of receiving us when we did come - you never see an Oriental in a fuss - when a Shekh asks you for a baksheesh, he does it like an Emperor.

In Egyptian, "Mai" means "the beloved"
Rameses was Amn Mai, the beloved
of Amn. I have so often thought
of our Mai when I read the inscrip=
tions - You see I had an Egyptian
prescience in my childhood. { Letters omits the following paragraphs}

Don't think we are bringing home
anything precious or pretty - people
believe in England that one has
nothing to do but pick & choose -
alas - there is nothing to be had -
{There are faint diagonal lines drawn through the next paragraphs}

Please read & send the enclosed,
if you think well, to Louisa Mackenzie - It is so long
since I have heard from home
that I am afraid of writing to any
body, for fear of something having
happened to them.

But we are now drawing near
to Cairo - & shall soon hear, I hope -
{ Letters resumes}

I saw the prettiest sight I think
it is possible to see, riding up to Osyoot.
a rough black buffalo ~~pulling~~/bending down
his great hairy head to be caressed
by a delicate snow white ibis, which
was stretching up its exquisite swan
like neck to reach his face it was
the most beautiful epitome of God's
creation, of the most spiritual &
most refined helping the coarsest

{the following page does not seem to connect with anything}
~~is~~ very like the old Egyptian the
body was the seed - The hieroglyph
on the little mummied figure are
the dead man's name offering to Osiris for his soul, then
"Let all that the deceased has done,
he reckoned & told. how he has
dug the fields - sown the fields -
watered from the wells - & brought
the grain of the West to the East."
~~In one of the kings tombs~~ which
is a quotation from the Book
of the Dead - (one of Hermes Tris=
megistus' sacred books). In one
of the kings' tombs, Osiris is
rising again out of a heap of
corn seed. The Book of the Dead
gives the three parts of the dead
man's course - the first the poems
hymns & prayers ~~of~~ offered for the departed in the stage
before burial - the second, those
offered by him in Hades after
his separation (i.e. the soul's)
from the body - the third after
soul & body are reunited in
heaven. many trials & sufferings
it undergoes during the second stage.
one of the prayers of the Dead prays, that his name may
germinate in Heaven by the Divine Sun.

9017/22 4/4 unsigned letter, 25 ff, pen

(76) [1] Valley of the Tombs Feb 1850
How little I have ever said about the
Tombs of the Kings - in which never=
the less we spent many days - of
that long valley, which leads up to
it - where the bird does not
sing - where even the Coloquintida
never grows - where I never saw
one single living thing, excepting
~~one day~~/once a solitary jackal, who
trotted tamely across the road,
as if "unacquainted with man."
the rocks are all full of heat=
cracks - one juts across the valley,
like a great Sphynx; others sit
upon the ridge, like a long line
of vultures - the valley continually
seems to close in as if you had
come to the End of the World: to
a faithful follower of Bunyan,
it seems the very Original of the
Pilgrim's Progress - there was the
place, where, in my [childhood,
Christian fought with Apollyon,

there was the place where lay
Giant Despair - at last you
come to a point in the valley,
really no wider than a cleft
in the rock, & scrambling in,
you find yourself in a gorge,
or rather a small amphitheatre
without any other outlet. This
is the Valley of the Tombs.
Not the first time, not the second,
but after you have become
accustomed to it, a number of
doors in the rock are perceptible.
~~there are the tombs.~~ You enter
them all by the same silent door -
no statues mark it - no splendors
attend it. no sign betrays the
deeds, the last palace of the
Great King - upon it all is the
same tale, simply told - ~~a dark~~
a Disk, enclosing a Scarabæus, the
symbol of regeneration, or rather of

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successive resurrections - & a Neph,
which here means the sun entering
into the lower hemisphere; Isis,
the Beginning, kneels on the left,
the West, of the disk - Nephthys,
on the right, the East. This is
the summing up of the whole -
of the life of the being within -
like the Sun in his course from
the East to the West, the man
was to be the vivifier & illuminator
of Egypt, the source of good to her,
physical & moral ~~good~~ - his death
was to be like the Sun descending
into the hemisphere of darkness,
thro' which he passed to appear
again in the East, - either to continue
his transformations, or to return
to the bosom of Amen the Universal
Father according as his deeds had prepared him to do. (The Beginning &
the End,
you see, have changed their places
in this frontispiece of the tomb).
It may have peculiar reference

to the life of the Pharoah - Pharoah being simply Pa ra, the sun - (in the Egyptian, like the Hebrew, there are no vowels) & the sun being the peculiar model of the Pharoah.

But I like to think of it as the epitome of man's life in general

Amen is the same as the Hebrew Amen, which signifies Wisdom or Truth - & was no doubt derived from the Egyptian.

The inscription over the tomb is said to shews that the Buried began them during their own life=times. Osiris, Lord of Amenti speaks & says, "I have granted to thee a dwelling &c to thee Osirian &c still living." the kings generally began their tombs before any other work, but that "still living" might only mean the "immortal soul."

You enter the palace gate - the palace of Death - temples & statues you can see elsewhere - palaces too of the living - but these palaces of Death you can

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see nowhere but in Thebes - & no
one can ever describe the feeling
you have on entering them - ~~you feel~~ it seems
as if you were really entering Hades,
"descending into Hell," the caves of
Domdaniel, - as if you had passed
the Gates of Life, & were coming to
the abode of immortal spirits, -
Michael Angelo's terrible Sistine
chapel is the portal - this is the
continuation - the tombs of Thebes are
not in this world. The third time
I went into Sethos's tomb, (the
father of the great Rameses), it
was alone with Paolo - he carried
the light - in the last room but
one I was sure we should find
a stair masked by a false floor,
as Belzoni says he did. We found
it, half filled with rubbish & began
to descend. The stair was covered
with crumbling fragments. I told

Paolo to go on, & I would wait for him. I saw the torch grow smaller & smaller, & I sat down on the ground. He descended about 240 ft, & the stair turned to the right, leaving me in total darkness & silence. I never felt a stranger feeling than at that moment, ~~that~~/which is not wonderful, seeing that I never could have been in such a situation before, far below the surface of the earth. I am glad to have been in that tomb alone. though but for a moment - It is well to have seen the crowded den of Irish beggars at Edinburgh, the drawing room of a London party, the sepulchre vault of an Egyptian monarch - though none of these are the natural home of the spirit. But all are good as experience - As Paolo came up, the rock crumbled & fell in, & we scrambled out.

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To return to the door of the tomb, on the left as you enter, there is always a bas relief of the King presenting himself to Ra, i.e. the Sun in the Meridian, in the splendour of his course - who says to his representative upon earth, We grant thee a long series of days to exercise the attributes of Horus upon the earth. This is to signify to the Angel of Death that the king does not mean to die directly, for fear of some mistake. But now begin the symbols of Death - on the ceiling in hieroglyphs are the details of celestial privileges - & immediately after the last bas relief comes the disk of the Sun (with the same scarabæus & Neph upon it) - descending to the West, which is symbolized by a crocodile, the emblem of darkness, into which the king is about to enter, & the head of Athor,

the daughter of the Sun (or Evening),
who receives him when he descends
behind the Western Mountain - By
all this of course is typified the
king's death. † The darkness here is
not the Primæval Darkness or Night,
but the transitory darkness which
precedes sunrise†

Now follow long corridors with
untranslateable emblems. The plan
of ~~Sethos's~~/Sethos' tomb, as well as I could
see it, was this - {a sketch is inserted here} which being
interpreted, is, first a deep steep
stair case, ~~much longer than I~~
~~have made it~~ then an inclined
plane - another stair case, (3)
another inclined plane, (4)
a small square hall (5)
where every body knows
the story of Belzoni finding
the pit, (which seemed to signify
it to be the end), of his filling up the
pit, beating down the wall beyond,
& finding himself in ~~the~~/a Great Hall,
supported by four square pillars, (1)

(80) [3]

which still is not the Hall of the Sarcophagus - In this hall we all agreed was the most beautiful group we have ever seen of Osiris, with Isis behind, receiving the king, who is led lovingly in by another God - Beyond this hall is another, with the outlines only sketched in & left unfinished. Then you descend still lower by another steep stair - find yourself in another inclined plane - more steps - more inclined plane - then a small square hall, where the Gods of Amenti are receiving the king - & then by a few steps, you descend into the mighty cave, the upper end supported by six square columns - small chambers branching out of it on every side - & at the lower end the Hall of the Sarcophagus, with its mystic ceiling beyond, an unfinished hall with 4 columns - & beneath this, is the

half closed stair which goes no one knows where. How any one who has time & liberty, & has once begun the study of hieroglyphics, can leave it till he has made out every symbol in this tomb, I cannot conceive - Did I not hope my life wd be spent in a very different way, no object would tempt me so much, there is such a rich reward - I never can help asking myself, has the world been much the better for the Pyramids, for the Colossi, for this, for that? if the Pyramids were destroyed or had never existed? But the world would be very much the worse if the Tombs of the Kings, if the sculptures of Ipsamboul had never existed - in fact it seems to me as if out of the *tombs* of Thebes all the *life* of Europe had come - as if, without Thebes, (or some other Thebes, which is the same

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thing), we should have been nothing.
And what is there is not yet half
read. {**Bennett** in between the paragraphs}

Then the beauty of the colouring of
these Intaglios . no one can describe -
all the rawness is gone, which you
see without, here it is rich, subdued,
gorgeous, softened by a golden brown
ground.

The first Corridor represents (on the
Eastern wall) the march of the sun
in the upper hemisphere - (on the
Western) in the lower - the images of
man's life after death in the two
worlds, which he may have laid
up for himself. Each compartment
of life, or hour of the Sun, is divided
by a door, guarded by a Serpent.
At the third hour of the celestial,
the upper region, the Sun comes to the
zone, where is decided what body
the soul is to receive during its new
transformation - these transformations only meaning the successive
trials the soul has to go

thro' before arriving at perfection - & here is, in
Rameses

V's tomb, the pig scene - with
gluttony written over the victim -
Cynocephali, Thoth's emblem, types
of celestial Justice, conduct the criminal.
At the 5th hour, the Sun passes thro'

the region of repose, where happy souls, crowned with "truth", under the guidance of the "Lord of the joy of the heart", gather the *fruit of life* - or cultivate the "fields of Truth". Over them is written "these shall reap the fields which are their portion & the Sun says to them "take your sickles, reap your harvest, carry it to your dwellings rejoice in it & present it as a pure offering to God."

In the Lower Hemisphere, the region of darkness, (on the opposite wall), the Sun, in mourning from head to foot, traverses 75 zones inhabited by souls in different stages of purification - & each stage presided over by a Spirit of different form, with a drawn sword. the souls are sometimes bound to stakes - & the Cherubim are bringing up to them their sins - sometimes head downwards, - sometimes their hands bound & without their heads. sometimes, dragging their hearts upon the ground. It is impossible to conceive the human stupidity, which has seen nothing here but human sacrifices, or the torturing of prisoners - Pythagoras

(82)

says that these represented the conflicts of the intellect & soul. Champollion has read on each zone the stage of the patient - & upon the Wall of the Lower Hemisphere is written; "these souls see not God, hear not the voice of the great God "&c & on the opposite wall "these have found grace in the eyes of the great God; these inhabit the dwellings, where they live upon life celestial; the bodies they have ~~abandoned~~ /left will rest for ever in their graves, while *they* will rejoice in the "presence of the supreme God." Is not this a proof that the Egyptian did not believe in the *purified* soul taking up the *same* body? - perhaps they thought, as sounds very likely, that the degraded soul, after having passed thro' the stage of purification, might "*try again*" in the same body - but not that *all* had the same round to make over again - which sounds such an useless repetition. Besides, Champollion believes he has found quite sufficient reason for the mummification of bodies in the

fact that, till the pious & ignorant monks of the Thebaid forbade this ~~"diabolical custom"~~ /"diabolical custom" under pain of damnation, (which practice accordingly ceased about the 5th century), the Plague was unknown - & immediately in the latter half of the 6th century, Egypt gave the plague to Europe, which she had for 50 years. The Egyptian priests, like the Mosaic, made health a sacred care, & medicine a sacred science - & accordingly, when they found that every year, after the Inundation, the heat corrupted the animal bodies, which had been all that while in the water, & that after the highest inundation came the worse plague - they ~~Egyptian priesthood~~ struck at once at the root of the cause, by ordering & consecrating the mummification of men & animals - & by this great measure, made Egypt the healthiest & finest country in the world - Now, every plague, which has ravaged Europe since the 6th century, has ~~been~~ /been born & bred in Egypt - scarcely a year does she escape - *before*, when the East was laid bare, it was unknown in

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Egypt, & even now, in Upper Egypt, the hottest part, there is no plague, because the Nile does not reach the burial grounds, nor drown the animals, the valley being so deep & narrow. Elsewhere, after each Inundation, there is a Plague for Egypt † & for her neighbours consequently in the Levant.†

Well, these two series then represent the Soul's progress in the different Hemispheres ~~then~~ Hermes Trismegistus says what happened to their Soul after its ascension towards the Father. In the conversation between Pimander, †(the divine Thought) & Thoth †(the divine thoughts communicating itself to man) for Socrates took his idea of the Dialogue the "Socratic method", from Hermes) Thoth asks what happens to the Soul? & Pimander answers that "the body is destroyed, that the Spirit ascending, leaves in the 1st zone the liability to increase & decrease - in the 2nd, the power of evil, & the deceptions of idleness - in the 3rd, earthly desire - in the 4th, insatiable ambition - in the 5th, arrogance

& rash pride - in the 6th, the love
of ill acquired good things - in the 7th,
falsehood - the last thing accomplished is the desire of truth. And
the soul, thus purified,
& losing its passions & its desires,
returns to the state so longed for,
& is placed among the powers, and
rejoices in God, thus those to whom
it is given to know God; become God."
be like him for we shall know him as he is.

After this Entrance Passage, which
represents the two Destinies of man
after death, comes the small square
hall, where figures, as large as life,
of the several Deities of Amenti,
receive the king. Anubis with the
jackal's head, Ra with the hawk's,
&c - Do you laugh? , with all her
Grecian prejudices thick upon her,
did not - but said she never saw
any sculpture so expressive as this
Anubis, & hoped, when *she* died,
she should see such a welcoming
jackal coming to meet her. The Horus
is equally beautiful in expression.
And we came out of those tombs
fully convinced that it was not only
the *best* (to represent Gods with
animals' heads) but the *only* way!

{Drasse in the top margin} (84)

Now, with regard to the kings, it must be known that it was out of the souls, which came forth victorious from all the stages of purification, out of those most purified, that God chose the soul of a King - the Soul to fill so difficult & new a position - such a vocation - If the soul performed it with piety towards God & man, if it made Egypt happy, & kept itself pure, it reascended immediately to God, & saw Him through Eternity - because so trying a mission must have raised it towards Him - The King was constantly reminded of this in the daily sermon, which was preached after the sacrifice, who he was, what was his calling & what its consequences, if not fulfilled. (There seems to me probably a great deal of truth in this idea) Did he not fulfil it, any one had a right to accuse him after death, & deprive him thereby of burial - of which there are several instances.

In the first square chamber of Rameses III's tomb (poor Bruce's)

the Gods are each welcoming the king with the best celestial gifts - Ra gives him an emblem I was not able to make out, Thoth gives him purity, Anubis gives him stability, and Nofri-Atum gives him life.

Atmoo mean to "complete" or to "perfect" - & seems to have reference to the completion of time - the winding up perhaps of the dead man's experience upon earth - the making up of his conclusions. Atmoo answers to Sol Inferus or darkness - evidently not in the sense of an ending, since it is with *life* that he presents the king - but in the sense of an accomplishment (of that stage, that is) In the same sense he is called upon the Obelisks the "Lord of Years". for the Obelisks, you know, were dedicated to Ra, the Sun, who may be called the measurer ~~out~~ of time, & of whom Atmoo was but a form - & the word obelisk means "sun=beam" Atmoo is like the guardian Genius of the tombs - he is seen there so often - & generally as Nofri=Atmoo - "nofri" simply meaning "good" - and a "good" comple=

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tion "being certainly the idea, which would be most likely to occur in the tombs. He is called, in his legend, "Defender of the World:, in this sense - this mixture of two Gods in one seems to be instead of a confusion, the best defence of the Egyptians - as we should speak of two attributes being blended - so you see Amen=Neph blended into one, - Amun being wisdom & Neph spirit - it means the "intelligent Spirit" of the Creator -

~~How am I to go through all the illustrations of the three worlds, painted on Sethos' tomb?~~ I wrote down all the illustrations of the 3 worlds painted on Sethos' tomb. ~~them all down~~ on the spot, with a farthing candle - but did not understand the half of them - so how shall I make a description of them. In the first great hall (of the four pillars) what struck us most was a procession of hours, holding Sethos, as a mummy, by a chain. The hours were twelve, each with a star on its head - each was itself fastened by a link of the chain - & the end of the chain was round Sethos' neck. How beautiful

the idea - the king was bound to each hour for its occupation - he was not master of his hours - but they were masters of him (& indeed the kings in Egypt, seem to have had less liberty than any one else - their very hours, private as well as public, were all regulated - & the most extraordinary thing is that Diodorus tells us that they adhered, in their private as well as public life, to these regulations of Law - & that it was impossible for the king to give a hasty sentence ~~or~~ "one dictated by revenge - or the impulse of anger". Law seems to have been the Deity of the Egyptians.)

This chain of Sethos' hours is a splendid idea - one hour the inevitable link to the next - ~~one hour~~ the next following its predecessor & being the consequence of its predecessor as certainly as grains of sand in an hour-glass - if one link is broken, all falls to the ground.

Under this procession of Hours is the beautiful group - Horus (or Rege=neration) leading the king lovingly

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into the presence of his father Osiris - the Judge. Horus has (I think) one hand on the king's shoulder, the other holds his hand - & thus, standing behind him, he seems to encourage him to go in with the most beautiful hopes or rather trusts - how cheerful were these old Egyptians' views of Death & Progress.

On the four square pillars of this hall are groups, or rather Dialogues (on each side one) the most different in execution, - some masterly in expression, others by a mere workman's hand - of ~~the~~ Sethos holding intercourse with divers spirits of Amenti. One I remember with Anubis, (opposite the Hours) which in colouring, so rich & subdued, in expression & everything admired as much as I did. (Wait till you have been in the Tombs & you won't laugh!)

In the unfinished hall beyond this, the outlines are merely sketched in, & you see the corrections of the master - the tomb being closed up on

the king's burial, Sethos died & this was left unfinished. But I think it is all the more interesting for that - Some day in my old age, when more Champollions have arisen, & all the Hieroglyphs have been read, I shall look back to the lists I have made of the figures in that room, of which I don't understand one, & read them with a new mind. Serpents winged, Champollion says the Serpent with two human legs is Neph) legged, many-headed, erect, in all manner of attitudes - a procession of Gods carrying the great serpent Apophis, which I believe Champollion thinks to be the final Victory over the great Beast; a succession of ~~mummy~~ doors, with men lying between each - which Pythagoras says means the successive stages of progress, the successive lives through which we are to pass. How could we ever go back, after this wise belief, to imagining that the Soul's destiny was sealed (at the end of half an hour of existence) for good or for evil. and its books made up for ever? Annofre (the Opener of Good) the name of Pythagoras' beloved Egyptian teacher., (as also of Osiris) told him

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that the soul returned after 3 or 10 thousand years to the same position, & tried it over again, no doubt with the new powers for improving it, which experience had given. By this, as Pythagoras (I think) says, we are not to understand the exact number of 10,000 - for numbers with the Egyptians were all symbolical - 10, as the Limit, meant "man, purified from sin & returning by a new birth to unity whence he proceeded" - as 9 meant "man not purified from sin" (being 4 & 5 - 4 = intellect 5 = sin & 9 = intellect united with sin.) so that you see Plato's ten thousand years (look at his Phædrus) which he had from his teacher Chiusmn (or Neph) only meant completion, or return, to Unity or Harmony. I took particular notice of the numbers in the tombs, (for the sake of future discoveries on this subject) & because even in the Bible 40, 70, 4, 7 are used in a way, which can neither mean a matter of fact, nor be accidental - every body lives 40 years, or reigns 40

Years, or a multiple of 40. In the tombs the Nos. are almost invariably 4, 7, or 12. I have seen 3 & 13, but) seldom. Now 4 means Religion or Wisdom - 3 Action - & 7, being 4 + 3, "Intellectual Agents - In the Bible the candlesticks, the gifts of the Spirit &c &c &c are all seven. Plutarch says that Pythagoras got all his ideas about Numbers from the Egyptian symbols - & Py. says "Know God, who is number & harmony." [How profound

[220 - Q - Drasse]

that idea is - not as if numbers had any mystical charm or power in themselves - but because number is the only certainty & God is certainty - We may get hold of the wrong number - but that is no disproof of the ultimate certainty - when once we may have learnt the right one, we are admitted into the Sanctuary of God, the only Invariable - we may prophecy, as Isaiah did, that is, we may write the history of the Future as well as the Past. For numbers, with God, can never alter - if such & such is the state of

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the soul now, it is written with as much certainty as that $4 + 3 = 7$, what will be its state after a certain period - Pythagoras & his numbers had the deepest meaning we have ever reached - & number is the nearest thing we know to inspiration. How comfortable is the trust which comes from this - number (or invariableness) & goodness is all we need to know of the Deity & these are written all over the Egyptian tombs.

Well, where was I? From the hall of the four columns you go down that steep stone stair, now broken, ruined & slippery, which every Belzoni devotee knows so well - he could not find it, but sounding the wall in the unfinished chamber & finding it hollow, he broke the hole into the stair, which still remains; on that descending passage you see Osiris with an altar & burning flame before him - which, Pythagoras was told by his Teacher (Souchis the

"animating" - this was the name of the Egyptian arch=prophet, & Pythagoras' other teacher) meant the aspirations of the intellect or the soul. Then, in the two long descending passages which follow, (are painted the 12 divisions (of Amenti?) then 9 more. Amenti has been supposed by Plutarch to mean "the *giver & receiver*" as if it indicated succession, stages - the succession of sphere, thro' which the spirit, rising in its progress to becoming "one with God" has to ~~pass~~/enter & to leave. The Egyptians, & after them, Pythagoras, have continually used the phrase, in describing the course of the human soul, that it has to "return into the bosom of God", that its long series of transformations are to qualify it to re=enter the 'vital centre", the "Central Unity", to recover its wings that it may "fly away to its pristine abode" to "Unity whence it proceeded" - & one cannot help thinking what is the good of all this bore & all this purifying, if the Spirit is only to be reabsorbed into the great Centre, to return to Him who gave it? But now that I have seen the tombs, I am sure that that was not ~~their~~

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meaning of these expressions but that the great old Truth, that the end of life is, to become "one with the God" was theirs as ours that that was the sense of these doctrines. & that all these states of trial were but to compass this - Upon the wall of the descending passage, No 4, in Sethos' tomb, are painted successive inclined planes, with doors, each guarded by a serpent - evidently the ~~doors~~/entrances into the successive stages - At the bottom of the 2nd staircase, No 3, flies with extended wings, the Goddess of Truth - into her domain the dead man has now come - for here there is no deception. The favorite Title of the king, under all cartouches is the "friend of Truth" or "speaker of truth."

But where were we? just entering the Hall of the Sarcophagus - the great Hall - First you see a figure with a spear threatening a serpent, then a range of 12 mummy closets, with open doors, which Pythagoras interprets (in the same way) as a succession of spheres, the whole series surmounted by a serpent - then, ~~a-suc~~ but they are innumerable.

In a side chamber, No 15, seemed to be bas reliefs having reference to the great initiations - Ra was marshalling his 24 hours, those of the day, far apart; those of the night, near together - two Deities were capturing a serpent, who was stuck full of knives - But those, which are supposed to have peculiar reference to the Mysteries, are where a man holds threestrate figures by a cord - which are seen farther on, headless - a Deity having cut off their heads - (the Hierophant held a knife over the necks of the Neophytes at a particular stage, to represent their regeneration).

Of the grand vaulted Hall of the Sarcophagus no 14, the upper part is supported by the 6 square pillars (13) the lower is one great painted space. When this is lighted up by a ~~great~~/straw fire, you can conceive nothing so mystical, so strange, so gorgeous - Isis flies with outstretched wings over the whole of one end, Nephthys over the other - The whole is as fresh as if it had been

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painted 30 days instead of 30 centuries. The hall is covered, ceiling & all, with "the whole cosmogonic system & physics of the Egyptians," so Champollion says much has not been read - but what has, shews some "old truths, which we have thought very young". but clothed "in mysticism the most refined" Champollion calls it the most valuable astronomical science.

Sethos' tomb surpasses all the others in point of art, as much as Raphael surpasses (illeg Cimabue ?) - & the difference is very similar - but I confess some of the others interested me more - In all of them, a bas-relief (which, in Sethos, is in the first Great Hall, No 6) gives us the Egyptians' ethnological ideas - It belongs to the 3rd hour of the day, when the sun begins to warm all our countries - & shews the Ethnography of the time - 4 families, led by the Shepherd of Nations, Horus, are there distinctly drawn - (4 figures in each) the Egyptians - modestly called mankind, - who is red, the colour of the

heat of fire - (the female Egyptian is painted yellow, the colour of the light of fire - I think that is rather pretty - making the man the warmth & the woman the light of life Fire, I suppose, of course means life) the Negro, - the Asiatic, - & a fair tattooed savage clothed in skins, with the tail still on, who can that be, I wonder? you don't expect to meet your papa in an Egyptian tomb, who *can* he be? alas! that is the European, my much revered grandpapa. Different types are taken for these four families in different tombs - In Rameses V's the third is an Assyrian, with a magnificent dress - in this tomb of Sethos, a simple Arab - but *our* progenitors are always the same, there can be no mistake about *them* - the undressed skin for clothes, the tail, the tattoo, the savage feather head dress, the white complexion.

Red is of course not because the Egyptian was red, but to give him "l'air noble".

{**Bennett** in the top margin} (91) [7]

Rameses III's tomb, though not to be compared with Sethos I's in point of art is to me more interesting - In a small hall, before that of the Sarcophagus, (which is dedicated to the 4 Genii of Amenti) are the 42 divine assessors, each of whom was charged to examine the king upon one sin - the "accusing Spirit" or the sins taking shape & form, & beginning to ask "Is it I?" or "Is it I? of which thou art guilty" - they have most of them animal heads, typifying what they are - in this tomb, the stag's head is luxury, the tortoise sluggishness, the crocodile greediness (the tribunal which on earth, at the edge of the Sacred Lake, refused or granted burial to the dead soliciting it - was but an image of this supposed divine tribunal)

Under each Assessor, you see written Rameses III's confession or justification. I have not got drunk, he says, I have not been lazy, I have told no lies, I have not stained myself with impurity, I have not shaken my head

at hearing words of truth, I have not uselessly lengthened my words I have not made slaves of the Egyptians. I have not devoured my heart; ~~all~~ the commentators, for fear of being immoral, qualify this with "have not had to repent," but I think it means, have not weakened myself by "repentance unto death" - how many have followed (morally) the example of a great type of men, Judas, for want of Rameses' philosophical idea. The two Truths, (i.e. two Thmei's) head the Assessors [Thimei?]

In Rameses III & Rameses V's tomb you see the king's funereal boat pulled by men up a steep bridge. It won't move. & the Scarabæus (regeneration) stoops from heaven, to which it clings with its hind legs, while with its fore=legs it pulls up the boat. In that same tomb of RamesesV are most plainly figured the successive stages of Amenti, each with a door - or as Champollion reads them, the "abodes of the Sun".

We went into the tomb of my beloved Rameses I more curious as

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being the oldest in the Valley, & the best in point of art, except Sethos, than from any thing else - for it is small, only one chamber & a passage, which is entirely blocked up with fragments - You have to lie on your back, & slide down in that attitude with your face against the roof.

I saw in it the same succession of mummies in closets, as in Sethos of which the last three only have always the "neter" (~~or~~ (sign of the God,) I thought this might mean that in the last 3 stages they were made "one with God" In the hall of the Sarcophagus of Sethos' tomb a succession of squares contains first apes, then serpents, thirdly humans - can this mean that we are at first no better than apes, then we get as clever but as wicked as serpents, & lastly only we become human? In my secret soul I believe that these wise Egyptians meant nothing more by their animal transformations than the animal vices we display - & that they believed *this* life to be *one* of them - not the *first*

for all, nor that we return to a beast after being a man - unless indeed we have qualified for such a descent - but that I, for instance, am an ape now, that being neither my first nor my last transformation.

But I was Rameses I, not an ape just now & in his tomb. There is a little niche in it - where his mummy is treading on a serpent - Neph on one side & the Cobra Capello (the sacred Asp Thermnthis, the giver, of Death) on the other. The asp was sacred to Neph - (in all the tombs he stands in his sacred boat with the Asp over him). & is quite different from Apophis, the Great Serpent, which the Gods "put under their feet". Here it is evidently meant that Death is lifting him up to another world. The asp was so different from the serpent in Egyptian estimation, that it makes the king's head dress, & was therefore called by the Greeks βασιλισκος & by us basilisk -

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In all the tombs is a curious bas relief of two inclined planes, (with figures ~~climbing/~~ climbing up) it, the two being separated by an abyss & serpent.

In Rameses V's tomb, I saw the procession of the Hours a little varied (it was on the left of the first passage) the foremost figure, the first of the Day was a little bigger than the rest, as if to say that upon the first depended all the rest - that he led everything - then come 11 hours, distinguished by a star, & connected by a serpent - then twelve other hours, in 3 companies of 4, each four having a different head - a human, a hawk's, & another - whether this signifies the different occupations, intellectual, animal &c I can't tell - This dozen is again closely tied by a serpent - But I believe Py. learnt from his friend Unnofre that this procession of Hours simply meant the chain of Cause & Effect -

that, as 12 o'clock follows 11, so surely, so inevitably does effect follow cause, so certainly does one action proceed out of another. or, as he would put it, that number reigns in the moral kingdom as certainly as in the physical - so that if we would but study, instead of studiously avoiding to investigate the laws of inspiration or of thought or of influence, we should read them & find them as immoveable as the march of the Sun - Instead of saying, as all sects, one & all, seem agreed in doing, "Oh! do good, have faith - don't look for the result, but believe that some good will come - say what you think right liberate your conscience - and - have faith. Yes ~~yes,~~ you are quite right "not to look" for any result - because you won't see - & if you don't see, you will leave off But, if you would but believe in Pythagoras' numbers,

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you would see that, as surely as 10 follows 9, so exactly is the effect tied to every word you say, the result to every moral as well as physical cause - Instead of "casting your bread upon the water, hoping it will return after many days", instead of scattering your seed, trusting that *some* will come up - study the laws of the human mind, as you do those of the human body - (you don't give medicine in that way - but people would shrink from the idea of subjecting thought, inspiration, to anything so formal, so material as Law; & so they will go on to the end of the world, shooting in the dark, influencing each other & themselves by *accident*, hoping that *something* will hit. Oh! Pythagoras, what a wise man wert thou! how differently would the question of Inspiration & Education have been treated by him, which we shirk, one & all of us, & shall I suppose for evermore.

Opposite the procession of Hours in Rameses V's tomb are the chambers of the Sun - divers compartments, with Ra in the top shelf, each guarded by a serpent putting out his tongue - a fiery tongue.

But, my dear souls, I dare say I have told you all this before - pray excuse my dreadful reptitions, for I sometimes write in such a hurry that I cannot tell what I have already said & what not.

In Rameses V's tomb is the famous pig scene - the patient coming into Osiris' presence in the form of a man - & retiring in that of a pig - after having weighed his own deed, & found *himself* wanting. In Rameses III's tomb this scene is in the place of honour - [enshrined at the very extremity - in what would be the sekos in a Temple - I do hope it is the King himself. it is not impossible, for, in Sethos II's tomb, his name is scratched out, an instance, Champollion thinks, of a king being refused the honour of burial - & the tomb He had made before death having therefore his name removed from

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it after, & it is quite evident, with Rameses III's pig, that it was not sculptured & painted like the rest of his splendours, but just cut in afterwards, as it were - & if so, it would agree with the idea his Temple of Medina Tabou gives of his character. So I shall call the pig Rameses himself till further notice - & I hope the grave was not to him what, in Egyptian, it is called "beth=nofre", the good house

{**Dresse** written between the paragraphs} In Sethos' tomb, a rocky Divan runs

all round the side chamber, No 15, where perhaps the chiefs were laid about their king.

The Scarabæus is often seen connecting earth & heaven, in the sense of Regeneration - hanging on to heaven - its head on earth.

I don't like coming to the Astrology, I have such a "ribrezzo" for it - though I don't know why, after all as we find at least as much ~~from~~ about it, in the oldest book, which gives us information about Egypt, as we do ~~fr~~ in the tombs ~~about her Astrology~~. Genesis tell us how Joseph was sent for by the Pharaoh

to explain his dream. Exodus how
Aaron & other Egyptian astrologers had
~~a competition in prodigies~~ held the
lists against the Egyptian astrologers
in prodigies. It is not wonderful
to us to find astrology mixed up
with religion among the Egyptians, as
among the Hebrews - the "priests",
with both, meant not only the
ministers of religion, but the ministers
of science - the same men taught
the worship of God, & the facts of
nature - in the same hands was
all spiritual & physical knowledge.
One is not surprised therefore to find
often a confusion - Astrology is perhaps
the point where the two colours run
into one another & make a blur.
But we find no fault with the He=
brews - why should we with the Egypt=
ians? The most curious part of
the story is, that Manetho, the
high priest & sacred scribe of Heliopolis,
who wrote his history at the command
of Ptolemy Philadelphus, appears not
only to have given his sovereign ~~this~~ an
account of the past, but also some

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prophecies (out of the books of Hermes Trismegistus) about the future.

That all early nations should be governed by great men, by monarchs, spiritual or military, seems the natural course of things - That a nation should think it safer to put the power into the hands of a spiritual than a military monarchy, seems so tempting a mistake - that one rather despises - the Gothic nations for a want of spiritual feeling, that they should prefer *chiefs*, where the more mystic & finer Oriental organization preferred *priests* - In the middle ages, among the Southern nations of Europe, perhaps owing to their Sanscrit origin, spiritual monarchies came in again, in the form of the Jesuits - & of the two, the feudal system appears infinitely less respectable than the religious system - in that the one appeals to an undoubtedly lower part of us than the other - The day of monarchies is over, heaven be thanked

but a little prestige, a very little one, let me have, for Egyptian priest & Jesuit orders -

That it *is* over, it seems to me we owe mainly to Greece - what inestimable obligations we have to her. One cannot regret the fall of Egypt. not even poetically can one mourn over the Greek conquest. That Greece misunderstood the religion of Egypt, that she palmed upon her elder sister, almost her foster mother, the most ridiculous fables, that she tried to "teach her grandmother to suck eggs", all that is true. But, without Greece, we should have had no Egyptian history, - without her, the Egyptian philosophy would never have benefited *us* - Europe seems to owe her philosophical existence mainly to the mixture of Greek & Egyptians genius - The Egyptian priest, like so many a learned man, seems to have had no power of imparting his knowledge, no idea of teaching us babies. He made, like Bacon, a wretched

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schoolmaster. Without Greece, we should have had no Manetho - without Pythagoras & Plato, Egyptian philosophy would have staid, where she was put, in the tombs. She had no active principle, no power of motion in her. She was like the first member of the Triad, incomplete, unfertilizing, without the others - Greece came in & made the second - & Europe is the result, as the third.

Manetho, though an Egyptian, was the child of Greece, & of Greek education, & wrote in Greek - & only Plato's transparent genius could have made Egyptian philosophy intelligible to us. Egypt gave the learning; Greece gave the form.

But where was I? apologizing for Egyptian Astrology - what a "turn" it "giv" me when I first saw it in the tombs - Because, among the Hebrews, it was only mixed with religion - in the Egyptian tombs, one sees it mixed up with the purest meta=physics - which makes the confusion in one's cranium still greater

Champlion says, that in such a political system as that of Egypt, where religion entered into all Ethics, & all Science, - formed the base of all politics, social & foreign, - of the whole Organization in fact, civil & political - where religion was in their every thought, word & action ~~where the flag/flag was not~~ not "Civil & Religious Liberty" but Civil & Political Religion, - ~~where~~ religion, (like every sentiment, which has been strong & lasting ~~would be eternal~~, took in the whole of the Universe, & pressed the study of every part of it into her ranks - In such an Social organization, every science must have two parts - one, the facts observed, which, since our Bacon's time, has alone been called Science - the other, the speculative part - or the connexion of the Science with the Faith. Out of this grew Astrology, the ancient consecration of Astronomy to Religion - ~~Out of this grew~~ the dedication of every

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part of the body to a God, (i.e. an attribute) as the head to Ra, the lips to Anubis, the feet to Phthah, &c &c - viz. out of the idea that every created thing was under the government of a God.

Champollion gives an explanation of the astrological picture, which covers the ceiling of two ~~passages~~/halls, & one passage in Rameses V's tomb - which is not interesting, but very queer - so I send it. I saw it, in part, on a ceiling at Dendera. The Goddess of Heaven surrounds the whole ceiling with her long arms - & divides it in half - one half represents the march of the sun in the 12 hours of day - of night, the other. In the East, the Sun is being born under the form of a little child, (with his fingers at his mouth), enclosed in a red disk.

Mooi (Hercules or Reason) standing in a boat, lifts in the child. two Goddesses nurse him. The boat sets sail upon the Celestial Ocean, which running from E. to W., terminates in an immense lake & then returns.

Each hour of the day is given by twelve disks on the body of the Goddess, in the picture by twelve boats, in which the Sun sails with a company, which varies with every hour - standing upon both shores - In the 1st hour, the Spirits of the East present their homage to the new born Sun, standing in his naos - Sori pushes off Seb with a hare's head, stands with a sounding pole, which he does not use however till the 8th hour. Horus is the Raïs, with Hakè as his lieutenant & 3 others. On the banks are the Spirits who preside over each hour of the Day. (The 7 Deities in the boat are supposed to represent the Moon & Planets)

In the 2nd hour, are the Spirits of the Kings, with Rameses V at their head, meeting & adoring the God in his boat.

In the 4th, 5th, 6th hours, Rameses V assists the Gods in their war against the great Serpent Apophis, hidden in the ocean -

In the 7th, 8th hours, the boat sails by the Elysian fields, where, under the trees, are walking the "pure spirits"

When the Sun approaches the West, Seb sounds incessantly with his pole

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Gods upon the bank carefully direct
the boat, which turns the great
Basin, & reappears in the stream
which flows from W. to E.

But the company has disappeared,
no one is left on the bark but the
pilot, who stands motionless &
silent before the Naos - & Thmei,
(who presided over Amenti) & is consoling
the Sun in his hole - During these
12 hours of night, the boat is towed,
as at the present day - Genii are
the towers.

A table of the influences of the
constellations for every hour is below -

In these tombs, the kings are all
undoubted portraits - & the counte=
nances vary excessively. Sethos
~~is~~/has much the best. But Rameses
III, I am sorry to say, has not a
bad countenance, in a beautiful
group. where he stands before
Osiris, whom Isis is protecting
with her wings.

{in the top margin **Bennett**}

I went into 7 tombs in all
Rameses I - the earliest
Sethos I - the best in point of Art.
(Belzoni's)

both of the XIX Dyn. 14 centuries
before Christ -
Sethos II - the last of the Dyn. whose
name is scratched out. & the first
king of the XX Dyn. Nilus, the contem=
porary of Menelaus - seems to have
appropriated the tomb -

13 centuries before Christ

Rameses III - the largest of all
the tombs (Bruce's)

Rameses IV

Rameses V brothers

this last the most curious & meta=
physical of all

Rameses IX quite in the decadence
of art

all four of the XX Dyn. but all
declining in point of beauty &
execution - both the sentiment
& the drawing becoming more
laboured -

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And so farewell to the Valley of the Tombs - to the Valley of the Shadow of Death - the most curious of man's creations perhaps. Since, for what after all, were these palaces hewn & sculptured & painted with such curious art? Were they walled up immediately after the solemn burial, & the openings concealed with anxious care - & only remembered in the Traditions of the Priests? Were they meant never to be opened again by mortal hand? Or, at the end of the 3000 years, the "Orbit of Necessity", which is just about now expiring, - did the Egyptian priesthood fondly hope that their throne was established for ever upon earth, & that some of their descendants, perhaps they themselves in their returning bodies, would be here

to open them, & to welcome the returning monarch? Was all that learning & art & labour really to be buried for ever? or who was to read it & profit by it within? did they look upon the tombs as indeed a "long home" & that the spirit was there to profit by their care? or were they working for future ages?

The tombs give no answer - & these unearthly treasure-houses of Earth's best learning confound all our usual experience of human motives & man's usual modes of action as much as if we were to find records of the creation of the planets & their primæval launch - from the Central Sun, written by the hand of some Genii, in a language decipherable by us - & laid up for us in the caves of Elephantina or the fossil Forests of the West.

9017/23 unsigned letter, 10 ff, pen {in faint pencil 32 Dresse}
Sunday.

Feb 3. 1850. {Letters p. 169}

My dearest mother, We have been a week coming from Asouan to Thebes, owing to a strong North wind against us - & bitter weather, such as Paolo who has been up the Nile 25 times, says he has never felt the like of. The wind is like March, & the whirlwinds of sand such that you feel like a Hippopotamus in your skin - & the air is nothing but a sand rain & the river a sand bank. We have been 48 hours at Esne from sheer inability to get on - scarcely going on shore, because of the blinding sand - though hardly able to keep ourselves alive in the boat. Everything in the boat looks as if it had not been dusted for a month - & my paper is so covered with sand that I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this.

Tonight the wind a little fell, & we immediately took advantage of it, to pull all night, hoping to be at Thebes tomorrow -

We have had 24 days of this wind, a thing quite unprecedented in the annals of Egypt, where 3 days wind is the calculation - & then calm -

We have seen on our way
Kôm Ombo, the morning after we left
Asouan, a stupid temple -

The quarries (sand stone) of Hadjar
Silsihh the same afternoon - ~~that~~ the
quarries are the same ~~every where only~~ as in Derbyshire
it was a beautiful day - & a very pleasant walk -

The next morning Edfoo, a
Ptolemaic temple only - but the
people did not beg - & the breed of
cows with heads like antelopes, was
the most beautiful I ever saw - &
~~except~~ the brown sheep, with large
ruffs (~~tilleg~~)/round their necks, holding their
heads erect - & with lively intelli=
gent manners like a dogs, coming
to look at us & speak to us - a
donkey ~~at~~/on the roof of the Temple
must have walked upstairs - the
whole roof was crowded with huts -
the scale of the building magnificent,
the Propyleum 120 ft high - but
we did not even attempt going
up, the atmosphere was in such
a state with sand.

The next morning we rose up
early, saddled our ass, took our
young men, & rode three miles into

{in faint pencil (33)}

the desert of Eilethyia - the oldest ruins in Egypt. the donkeys had no bridles - but a cord round their necks - I could choke my donkey, but I could not stop him. However they knew their business much better than we did. The desert was not an ugly desert, but a beautiful valley with isolated rocks standing up in it & rocky sides, no verdure of course - but like the gigantic bed of a dried up pre-Adamite river, not like a crumbling ~~well~~ desolation - In this vast valley we found a "lodge in the wilderness," a little chapel built by Amunoph III - the last king but one of the XVIII Dyn.

B.C. 1638

with the colours of the sculptures as fresh as if they had been just done. Here the people must have come out from Eilethyia for evening sacrifice - & it looked so like a place of worship - so still & holy - sitting on its little stone platform - It is dedicated of course to Eilethyia, & on the door is a little sculpture of the great Rameses - attended by

his son, a priest, in the office of fan-bearer. His fan is a feather of the sort which Eilethyia, when she covers the roofs of temples with her wings, bears in her claws - so that that representation means that with her fans she shall thoroughly purge her floor -

In the Northern hills are the famous painted tombs of Eilethyia - about one of which, (that of the Admiral of Amosis, the restorer of the Empire after the Shepherds B.C.1638), every one has heard - so I shall not trouble you.

I think they are very curious, but very tiresome. It is the Sir Charles {Letters 'they give'} Grandison of old Egyptian life - & it is such a bore going over all those details, that one of them is quite enough - & that we had at Beni Hassan - There is one comfort however to be drawn from them - that the conventionalities & bores { Letters omit 'bores'} of social life are the same ~~from~~/in the two ends of Time & Space - the master & mistress sitting before

{very faint pencil (illeg 39? Hberting?)}

Gizeh - March 18. 1850

You are dear good people - ~~& I~~
~~have been very impatient~~

I have found here no end of letters
from you - all good news - {the rest of this page has faint lines and
a large faint x drawn through it}

& that

of Catherine Stanley I think best
of all - I enclose a note to her,
which you may send, if you like it
if not, not. I was so anxious
about Gdmama & Aunt Evans,
that that I think was next best
& all your home news is delightful
But I am in such a rage with
the Edinbro' Bathursts - ruining
their own example - *they* had no right
to turn Catholics - But I must not
expatiate - I should like to have
been home to see Henriette mar=
ried - & as we are still quite
uncertain about Greece, it may
be so still. But I hope not.
As at present decided, we stay
at Cairo till Mr. Hill writes from
Athens "come" or "don't" ~~ap~~ - if
"don't", we sail straight from

{crossing out continues} Alexandria to Trieste - We had intended to leave Cairo by next Sunday's packet, but we may perhaps now be here three weeks - till we hear from Athens.

We arrived ~~at Gizeh~~/here on Saturday {illeg April?} morning, 16th {vertical lines drawn through the next sentence} (having spent a lovely & a pleasant day at Memphis the day before) {crossing out ends} & Mr. Bracebridge said we would send in to Cairo for the letters - & we would go up the Pyramids - because then, if anything *had* happened, we should at all events have gone up the Pyramids {Letters is slightly different} have got in that - ~~sight~~ this, though said in joke, I believe pretty much resumed the feeling of all viz. that it was a very good thing to have the Pyramids to occupy our attention, while waiting for the letters. However, a greater than Mr. Bracebridge decided - the Khamsin - & it made its decision with so loud a voice that to the Pyramids we *could not* go - ~~that~~

So Mr. B & I mounted our asses & rode in to Cairo for the letters - which, after a world of trouble, & frequently hearing there were none, we got - many & thick & happy ones, thank God - & you - you are very good people

Nothing however decisive about Greece - so we came back again for ; & wandered about ~~in~~ Old Cairo in the afternoon -

Sunday we went in/to church upon our asses - & meeting the ~~Murrays~~, just landed, went in to luncheon, ~~{illeg illeg illeg illeg}~~ & then to call upon the Lieders -

You have no idea how queer it is to come back again into the world of life, & civilized wants, & customs, - after having been for 3 months & a half in the land of Graves - among Death & a World of spirits - but the spirits of the old Egyptians are such good company - & preach such nice cheerful sermons upon Death & Hereafter = (Bless my soul - what

{the next two lines have faint vertical lines drawn through them}
a sermon that was that I heard yesterday
I was so afraid I should speak).

I never shall forget the strange
feeling, as we sailed up to Cairo
on Saturday, of hearing a band
of military music in the distance -
we who have heard nothing but
the music of the stars, or the still
small voice of the Dead, for a
whole winter.

[This morning we set finally &
resolutely out for the Pyramids -
but we had not got to shore,
before the shore became invisible
for the sand clouds, the wind
covered us with water - it was
hopeless - we said to the asses,
wait - a welcome word to the
Egyptian, who will wait for
24 hours without moving, if you
tell him, & came back - & at
this moment I can hardly write,
& cannot even see Roda - We
are keeping on the boat, till we
have accomplished these unaccom=
plishable Pyramids, & are lying
off Gizeh - as it is too far to go from
Cairo.

(Illeg 42?) [2]

And now for Memphis - beautiful poetic, melancholy Memphis - no one had prepared us for ~~the~~/its beauty of Memphis. We thought of it as a thing to be done - tiresome after Thebes - but still ~~it must be done~~ /that we must do - We had three fair days of sailing, from Minieh, & had not been ashore - The last night a storm got up - & we were obliged to anchor - but rain! 3 drops fell - & the wind was so terrified that it fainted away - By dint of tacking we got on the next day to Bedreshayn - but took the little boat to get there - Paolo went up to the village for asses - & shortly we saw (~~illeg~~)/Gad return, (we starving & shivering meanwhile in the boat) driving before him a troop of asses about 30 or 40 (Gad, if I mistake not, means "a troop") After some delay, we mounted, no ass having a bridle & rode along a causeway till we came to the most beautiful spot you can imagine. I have seen nothing like it, except in my dreams

certainly not in Egypt - a palm forest, the old palms springing out of the freshest grass - the ground covered with a little pink flower, (of which I have tried in vain to preserve a plant for you) & with the most delicate little lilac dwarf iris - here & there a glassy pool, & a flock of [goats & kids - the long sunlight streaks & shadows falling among the trees. It looked as if Nature had spread her loveliest covering, had grown her freshest flowers, to deck the pall, & put into the grave, of Memphis. I have seen nothing like this palm forest in the East. And, in the middle, in a grassy hollow, by the side of a bright pool of water, lies a statue of the great Rameses - the most beautiful sculpture we have yet seen. (I must even confess that there is nothing at Ipsamboul to compare with it.) I never felt so much the powerlessness of words -

{Letters omits the next 5 lines}
do you know I never was so much
affected by any thing. I don't
believe there is any thing like it
in the world, except the Sta Cecilia
decollata in Trastevere at Rome -
There he lies upon his face - as
if he had just lain down weary -
you speak low that you may not
wake him - to see the desolation
of his land - yet there is nothing
dreary but all so still. It is
the most beautiful tomb stone for
the grave of a nation I ever saw -
I felt as if God had placed it
there himself - & said Very dear
to me thou wert, my land of Memphis,
the sweet green grass above thee
spread - & one of the most glorious
statue in the world to mark the
place - I really could have cried,
when I heard them talk of
turning it round upon its back
as if what God had placed there,
man should not touch - This statue
was given to us - what luck we did not
take it. {Letters is slightly different}

We went down into the hollow to
see the features - they are composed,
serene, purified beyond any thing
I ever saw - with such a smile
on the mouth & such an intellectual in
the brow - I had rather look upon ~~any~~
~~thing~~/that face again, than upon any
thing in Egypt. The art is so
perfect that the stone has all
the softness of flesh - the high=
blood nostril, the short upper lip,
the moulded brow, you are really
afraid to touch those colossal stone
features for fear of insulting ~~them~~
him. and he lies so calmly, upon
his pillow - the pillow of his mother
Earth. Nothing is broken but the
legs - in either hand is a Papyrus,
with is cartouche upon it - Though
the eyes are open, it has the most
perfect appearance of repose -
But I am ashamed to speak
about the Art, when such an
expression is there - the spiritual=
ized, transfigured expression, not
indeed of a Christ in his Transfigu=
ration but of an Eschylean ~~trans~~
creation, a Prometheus or an ~~Abdiel~~/Abdiel of Milton -

[3]

This was the colossal standing statue, which perhaps stood before the great Temple of Phthah - At some hundred yards distance is a cluster of three mounds, about a mile round, with walls of crude brick, varying from 12 to 24 ft thick - this we pitched upon in our own minds as the site of the Temple of Phthah - that wonder of ancient times - I brought away a crude brick, full of straw, which mayhap the Israelites may have made, for ~~this~~ school. At all events it is of no Arab building - but of a real old Egyptian one - But I feel as if I had lived so intimately with Moses & Rameses for the last three months that I did not care much about their bricks, when I had themselves - Today I walked with Moses under the ~~pains~~/palms - through the Desert where he killed the Egyptian - about the Palace, where he lived as the grand-son of the king's ~~daughter~~ - round

the Temple, where he derived all his ideas of a pure worship, & (sifting the chaff from the wheat), thought how he could retain the spirit of the religion, while getting rid of the worship of animals. I forget whether it was in Manetho, or in Strabo, that it says, that Moyses was a priest of Heliopolis, who wished to change the worship of brutes in Egypt. But I have often thought he may have tried that in Egypt first, & failing gone to the Hebrews. I looked at the line of hills & of pyramids which he had looked at - & thought that probably the hills were more altered than the pyramids - how grieved he must have been to leave Memphis - ~~with~~ guilty of ingratitude, as he must have seemed to her, towards his princess Mother, who had so tenderly & wisely reared him - & given him the means of learning all he valued so much, as the way of raising his brethren - that first - that single instance in History, as far as I know, of a gentleman, a learned man, a

{faint (14)}

philosopher & ~~an Egypt~~ a gentleman,
forming the plan of himself edu=
cating savages, & devoting himself
to it. It was like Sir Isaac Newton
keeping school among the Nubians -
Charles James Fox turning missionary.
There was more of the Roman
Catholic, of the Jesuit in Moses
than of the Protestants. *We* should
have said what a waste! to
squander such talents among
miserable slaves, who
won't understand you - keep in your
own sphere -you will do much
more good among the educated
men, like yourself - I don't know
any man in all history whom I
sympathize with so much as
Moses - his romantic devotion -
his disappointments - his aspirations,
so much higher than anything he
was able to accomplish - always
aspiring to give the Hebrews a
religion they could not understand
{The next sentence has diagonal lines drawn through it and is not in
Letters}

[Then in his measures, he was a
little like a Jesuit - as well as in

{This page has a large X drawn through it and is not in Letters}
his devotion - that astrology, which
I always think as little about
as I can help. I never could bear
reading about his magic, when I
was a child - & his doing evil
that good might come. that
abominable taking away the jewels
from the good natured Egyptian
women & telling them that God
wished it - & the killing the
eldest sons - I only hope it is not
true - but I think as little as
possible of all that Jesuitry, magic
& jugglery - which could not have
been Moses' doing - but his coun=
sellors, of whom Manetho says he
had many - & walk with him
under the palms, when he was
working out his highest aspirations
for the good of his people - that
unprecedented feat in history, by
which he converted a caste of slaves
into a nation - but I will not
falsify my conscience by believing
that black was white, & wrong
was right, because Moses did it
& said that God did it.]

{Letters resumes}

(15) [4]

Well, we rode on through palm groves, & corn fields, & by a small lake, where once the famous Sacred Lake of Memphis stood, over which the dead were ferried - to the edge of the Desert - which once was the Necropolis of Memphis, & which we call the Desert of Sakhara; [a desert covered with whitened bones, mummy cloths & fragments, & pits - not here & there - not in one place & than in another, but strewed like a battle field, so as really to look like the burial place of the World - Of all that mighty world not one living man has remained to us - only this valley of their bones. Here Ezekiel might have seen his vision of the dry bones, & *passed by them* round about, for there were very many in the open valley & lo, they were very dry. Here the pyramids lost their vulgarity, their Come, look at me, appearance - & melted away into a fitting part &

portion of this vast Necropolis,
subdued by the Genius of the place.
Hardly anything can be imagined
more vulgar, more uninteresting
than a Pyramid in itself - set
up upon a tray like a clipt yew
in a public=house garden - it
represents no idea, it appeals
to no feeling, ~~exc~~ it tries to call
forth no part of you but the
vulgarest part - astonishment
at its size, at the expense -
Surely size is a very vulgar
element of the sublime -
duration you will say is a better -
~~yes,~~ that is true, but that is the
only idea it presents - a form
without beauty, without ideal,
~~but~~ devised *only* to resist time -
to last the longest - & age is an
idea one is so familiar with in
Egypt, that, if a thing has
nothing *but* age to ~~repreilleg~~/recommend it,
you soon learn to pass ~~it~~ by it
~~to~~/for the children of Savak & Athor

of Time & of Beauty - No, the Pyramids are a fit emblem of the abominable race they represented & *overthrew*, have they a thought in them? it is a thought of tyranny - & what earthly good they ever did to any human being but upsetting the wretches who built them, I never could find out; except determining, by their mathematical accuracy of their position that, in 6000 years, the axis of the earth has not changed an iota its direction. As a monument of time then the Earth is as good as the Pyramids. Well, I had been very loath to see the Pyramids - but here we stood, at the bottom of the oldest monument of man in the known world. the large Pyramid of Sakhara, which is now believed to have been the family tomb of the first of the III Dynasty, Sesorchris I, three thousand & a half years before Christ - There is nothing left to testify of man's

existence before this. It is not above 300 ft high - & has a chamber excavated beneath it in the rock 100 ft deep - into which you descend by a well. I should like to have seen the mysterious cave, but it was impossible. This pyramid, unlike the others, is made of five great steps -

I ran up a mound near it, from which I could see the whole of this Necropolis of the world - sprinkled among the church yard, stood the nine Pyramids of Sakhara - on my left to the South; the two of Daschur, of which the nearest is almost as large (by 30 feet) as the [Great {Sawdy written in pencil above this} Pyramid of Gizeh. both these are supposed to be of the 3rd Dynasty - near them the two brick pyramids - mere ruins - on my right to the North the three Pyramids of Abousir - (of the three last king of the III Dyn) - & beyond them, but seeming quite near, the ~~three~~ two Giants of Gizeh,

(11) [5]

with the smaller one of the holy
Mycerinus - (all of the IV Dynasty -
B.C.3229) Above my head was
the great Pyramid of Sakhara, B.C.
3453 - But their ugliness was
softened away by the shadow of
death, which reigned over the
place - as ~~in the~~ moonlight
makes everything look beautiful
& as tombs but a little larger
than the rest, sprinkled over this
burial place of the Earth, - ~~bu~~-as
voices but a little louder than the
chorus in this great Elegy, I
felt they were quite in keeping
with the place. but how different
was the Egyptian Elegy from those
of modern days - "He is made
one with nature", sing we - the
Egyptian puts his dead *beyond*
nature - out of the reach of
Nature, (you may say, in an unna=
tural world) alone, where God
only can come, beyond the reach
of all that is under the Sun,

beyond the arm of all protection
save that of God alone where only
the wind can blow & the sand
heap arise, the Egyptian sows his
dead. And well has the seed
come up - & well has God kept
~~them/His trust for him.~~ It was a sublime
idea, confiding his dead to the
Desert of Sakhara - the Ocean itself
could not make a more eloquent,
a grander tomb - I could have
wandered about that Desert &
those tombs for hours - but
fatigue & those screeching Arabs,
the two great Egyptian evils,
drove us away. Here & there
we stopped - at the tomb of
Psammeticus II - a modern of
600 years before Christ - the
predecessor of the Pharoah ~~Hphra~~/Hophra
of the Bible - who was the predecessor
of Amasis, the patron of Pythagoras
& Solon, & friend of Polycrates of the
XXVI Dyn. this was a series of
chambers, excavated in the ground -

to which you descended by a pit -
the chambers were vaulted & had
pits in them - the hieroglyphs were
clear, but of the decadence -
{Sawdy in the margin}

A granite mummy sarcophagus
here, an ibis pit there stopped us,
as we rode away from the Arabs,
& back to Memphis, by the long
palm grove & village of Sakhara,
Again we stopped, & had a long
look at our Rameses, whom we
found still sleeping on the turf of the valley -
we clambered over the mound
two gigantic clusters of what
must have been Temples we
thought we verified - here & there
we found an Athor capital, a
granite procession = official, bearing
on his shoulder, one of those staves,
with kings' heads, which they
carried in processions - Otherwise
the city of three thousand, six
hundred & odd years before Christ,
founded by Menes himself, lay
asleep under the green sod & the
palm=trees, "at her head a green grass
turf at her feet a stone."

The difficulty of writing about Egypt is that one feels ashamed of talking about one's own impressions at such a death bed as this - & yet, to describe the place itself, one cannot - there are no words big enough. It would be better to make a picture of it & be quiet - for those who can. For Memphis has wound itself round my heart - made itself a place in my imagination. I have walked there with Moses & Rameses, & with them I shall always return there -

But now I must go on. I told you how Saturday morning Mr. Bracebridge & I rode into town from old Cairo about 3 miles. I always feel so grand when mounted like a Caliph on my ass - how he deposited me with Mme François, my friend & hotel keeper, how I walked up & down the dreary sandy large high room, with no furniture, but mosquito curtains

(19) [6]

& getting impatient, looked out of window into the white unwindowed street. how one solitary individual came down the street, who, looking up at the same moment that I was looking out, turned out to be the mad Count we met on the Nile, who gave us birds & books, but whose name we never knew, how I was very near jumping out of window, ~~up~~ second pair back, upon Count _____'s head - but remembering I should have to give [with a line drawn round it **257 - S - Sawdy**] back the books, ~~p~~ refrained - how Mr. B. came back with only one letter - how Mr. Legros followed - with a new pair of primrose coloured gloves, put on for us, in which he looked like a dear old bear in satin shoes, - how he wanted me to go & see the Hippopotamus - how I, getting uneasy about , wanted to go back, - how he mounted us on our asses - how

Mr. B, at the door of our Consulate, remembered he must go to the Greek consulate/merchants - how I rode into the Consulate ass & all taking my ass with me as a sufficient chaperone, & a quite maternal protector, even tho' she did not speak as Balaam's ass did - how at this moment two handfuls of letters arrived - how I snatched - how Mr. Legros said won't you get off now to read your letters - how I did it - but remembering in the house the gross impropriety I had been guilty of in leaving my ass, & coming without her, implored to go into the garden - how I climbed up upon a white wall to be modest & retiring to read my letters - how shocked I was when wine & biscuits arrived & were deposited by a dumb Arab in beautiful trousers before me. (if it had been coffee I might have had fewer scruples), how I crawled down again - & remounting our asses, for Mr. B. had by this time come back, we embraced Mr. Legros - & ambled away

(20)

to old Cairo at a pace Caliphs might have envied. {The next section has been crossed out, not in Letters}

Now the Murrays
are come back, ~~Illeg illeg illeg~~
~~illeg illeg~~ from it involves a
certain amount of dinners - & also
the giving up of a very large amount
of reading their books, idling in their
gardens, & ordering their coffees,
which we had intended to {illeg perpetrate?}
~~but how naughty we are - for they~~
have been so kind to us.
{Letters resumes}

Well, we fetched & spent the
afternoon in Fostat - (old Cairo) -
very interesting - tho' somewhat differing
from Memphis. First we went
thro' narrow, narrow streets with
threads, not gleams of sun thro'
them, where the Moorish balconies
overlapped, not met, over head -
to a Coptish church in the Roman fortress, where a Coptic
funeral was going on - women couchant
on the floor & howling - coffin a
mere shallow tray - with the body
in it, covered by a pink gauze!
priest chanting - when he had done,
finery torn off the corpse, which galloped
away, followed by the women howling.

Below the church, we went down into a grotto, or crypt, supported by four slips of columns on either side, making three aisles, very small & low, about 8 paces by 7, certainly the oldest Xtian place of worship I ever was in - without excepting the Catacombs of Rome - Mr. B. thought it older than any ~~Xtian~~ church at Jerusalem - There, it is said, a serpent was worshipped by the Egyptians, till the Virgin & Child made it their abode, when it disappeared - Certain it is that all sects, however inimical, Copt, Catholic, Greek, Maronite, believe in the tradition, & each says mass there - I can't help, like Robertson, believing in tradition, with one's own reservations. It is astonishing how much more difficulty we have in believing in an antiquity 1800 years old than in one of 6000. We have lately been so intimate with buildings of thousands of years, & cannot now believe in one of hundreds.

(21) [7]

But however that may be, it is certain that many martyrs were made here - that it served, as a Roman dungeon, in Diocletian's time - (it is within the Roman camp of Fostat - & near the gate, where the Prætorium was) - It is certain that Mary was in old Cairo - & I shall believe the rest, till further notice. ~~Mrs. Linder~~ says it could not be, because of its being ~~in the~~ so near the Prætorium - Begging her pardon, I don't see - it was much more likely that Mary should put herself under the protection of the Romans, who cared for no religion, (Till the Xtians persecuted them - & what did they know of Herod's quarrels?) than under the enthusiastic bigoted Egyptians, who, like us, hated & despised every nation but their own. The insignificant Mary could be of no importance to the Romans, except as a Roman subject.

From hence we went to a Coptic convent, still in the Roman fortress of which the church is of the 3rd century - full of beautiful Moorish screens & ivory work with Saints which work all sorts of miracles - one of a "patriarch Abraham", who, with the help of a believing shoemaker, saved the Xtians' lives, by making a mountain move, to convince a hardly believing Caliph they shewed us his & the shoemaker's picture - & the mark on the pillar where he rested his head when he prayed - Is it not curious! evidently some mixture of the visit of Abraham to Memphis & the "Xtians" substituted in the tradition - plus a picture of the Virgin & Child by St. Mark - plus a St. Onofrio, whose shrine was covered with bits of hair nailed under his picture, by believing tooth=aches, who, having done this, are cured. There cannot be a doubt that Onofrio is the same name as "Unnofre", (revealer

(22)

or opener of good) the name of Osiris,
& that this refers to Osiris, as the
manifestation of the *Goodness* of God.
We went to the rooms at the top
of the Convent, where sick Copts,
(among others, Dr. Abbot's wife), come
to get well. & the Roman Catholic
odours savoured sweet in my
nostrils - But I never remember
so strange a feeling as looking thro'
a chink in the convent wall (in
a great state of rapture at
finding myself really again in
something like Catholic precincts)
& seeing the Pyramids as large as life
in the plain - strange incongruity!

After alternating Osirislattery &
Mariolatry (on my part), we took
a third dose in the form of
Amrou's mosque - which, when he
took the Roman fortress 16 years
after the Hegira for the Caliph
Omar, he built, calling ~~it~~ the
placed Foslat from his leather tent.
for he was 7 months at it - i.e. taking the place -
He made it the royal city - now
his mosque stands among mounds

& ruins, desolate to see -But oh!
what a beautiful thing it is - an
immense open quadrangle, with the octa=
gonal well & water "de rigueur" in the
middle - at the further end a
colonnade of 7 aisles, so light &
airy they look as if they were there
for their amusement - & were
dancing with their shadows. not
at all burthened by a sense of
their responsibilities - but laughing
merrily with the sun beams -
The adjoining side has rows of columns 3 deep -
the other two one - you never saw
anything so pretty - or so gay -
the pulpit & reading place, the
niche towards Mecca, & Amrou's
unhonoured tomb in the corner,
are still there - But it looks to
me like the place of worship of
the Churicaunes, or where Titania's
mischievous elves make their
devotions - not at all where a
reasonable Mahometan, like my
self, could. We rode home over
those desolate mounds, - the ancient
Rameses of the Egyptians, where the
Pharaonic palace stood, in which

(23) [8]

Moses met Pharaoh, (only a little more to the South), ~~then~~ the Babylon of the Persians, (who christened the ~~new~~/re-built city after the Babylon of the East), whence Peter wrote his first Epistle - (there seems no doubt that this *is* the Babylon he mentions at the end - & that he came here with Mark, whose stay at Alexandria every one believes) - ~~lastly~~ the Fostat of Amrou, who built *his* city at the Northern end of the vast Babylon - then Saláh=e'dien (my old friend Saladin) came, 500 years later, & moved it still further to the North to Masr el Kahirah - (the victorious Masr) which we have degraded into Cairo - & upon the citadel are *his* ruins still seen -

All this story the mounds tell, besides the Roman one - for all the convents we saw are within the Roman fortress which now contains a Xtian village - & five steps away, is the Jewish synagogue, which you can only go into on a Saturday, where the oldest copy of the Law

~~was~~ / is found- & which is called the
synagogue where Jeremiah was,
when in Egypt. I think it
matters little to the spirit of the
thing to verify the exact spot,
whether five feet to the right or
left, where these men walked &
talked. If I can believe that
here Jeremiah sighed over the
miseries of his father land, - that
here Moses, a stronger character,
planned the founding of his -
that here the infant eyes first
opened, which ~~stood~~/looked aside from the
ideas of "father land", & of "the God
of Abraham, Isaac & Jacob," &
planned the restoration of the
world & the worship of the God
of the *whole earth*, is not that
all one wants? There is no
want of interest you see in Cairo,
even after Thebes.

(24)

And now, my dearest people, I must put up - very much more comfortable in my ~~own~~ mind I can assure you since I have had my letters. If you can read this - it is not the fault of the Khamsin - at this instant the floor of the cabin is $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch deep in sand - our faces are covered like the Hippopotamus - & I cd write much more easily on the table with my finger than on the paper with my pen. It is almost dark & to sit in the sitting cabin, which is the outer one, is impossible. Let an European wait till he has seen the Nile in a Khamsin, before he turns up his nose at a London fog. We are come over to the island of Roda for shelter - just where the cradle of Moses stuck - but have not been on shore yet.

{The following paragraph has diagonal lines drawn through it and is omitted in Letters}

Mr.B.

however has, & has seen Zirinia, the great Greek merchant - who says there is no sort of difficulty in going to Greece - & I think our plans now stand thus - to take a little house in Cairo - & wait here ~~till~~ three weeks - then go to Smyrna, do quarantine, & then to Athens - as

there are boats now from Smyrna
to Athens, without stopping at Syra -
& it is only 3 days quarantine at
the Piræus - {Lines stop & Letters resumes} In 3 weeks every thing
at Athens must be settled between the Fleet & Otho - & this
dreadful wind over, which will most
likely last now all thro' the Equinox
~~over~~ - {The next sentence has lines drawn through it and is not in
Letters}

The Northampton's have got
our rooms at François's - & the
Transit Hotels are unbearable - But {Lines cease}
I think we shall be nicely perdus in
a house . {Letters continues} However, all this is "en
l'air", or rather "en sable" at present.
And if you were to see the "sable" on
the ~~paper~~/paper, you would think it a
sandy foundation - And the moon has
just become visible, ~~with such a~~ /all covered with sand
~~sandy face~~ - She wants her face
washed, & a clean shift - We lie
~~perdus~~ here, because we are in
mortal fear of a party to the ~~Pyrds~~/Pyramids -
people in Cairo are always making
parties here - & ~~dear old Legros~~
~~wanted to go with us~~. All the boats
from Thebes are coming in - ~~but the~~
~~Guthries go tomorrow~~ {The next part is omitted in Letters} there was
such
a shaking & bowing after church yesterday -
& at Shepherd's Hotel - "but we, my Parthe,
sit above it all - we are alone with the stars" -

9017/24 unsigned letter, 18 ff, pen, not in Letters}

Alexandria April 6

My dearest people

Just off by the Trieste steamer
for Corfu - there to do quarantine
& wait for decided news from
Athens. We have given up
Smyrna, because the news
will not be so certain there.
If it is feasible, we shall take
the steamer from Corfu to Athens,
via Gulf of Lepanto - if not,
we shall come on to Trieste
by the next opportunity. At
all events, write to Athens to
the direction I gave you -

We shall be 3 or 4 days going
to Corfu.

I have just had a dear letter
from Pop, date March 14th - so I have
had altogether from you

1 Marseille
1 Alexandria
1 Nubia
2 Luxor
9 Cairo
1 Alexandria

I have so much to tell you about
Cairo, but we have been so hurried
that I have not a moment -
as we had not the least
intention of going by this
Trieste concern -

I have just despatched
two boxes for England -full
of rubbish, which you may do
anything with you please -

Turn over

yours au revoir

Mrs Lushington will call
upon you, bringing from me a bracelet
for Pop's birth day - be kind
to her - she is a nice little
woman -

I send the key of Mr. Brace=
bridge's box. We have this
day despatched *four* boxes &
a mummy board - ~~two for~~
(of these, two boxes are his &

two mine) they will arrive by
the Prussian ship Fury 6 weeks
from this date. You must
write to McCracken enclosing
this key & saying that mine
is fastened to the box.
that he must claim them,
forwarding to you the bill
& my boxes, (which have
W.E.Nightingale upon them)
to Atherstone Mr. Bracebridge's
& the mummy case.

Don't write to McCracken
till near the time.

I will write from Corfu.
four boxes in all you understand
& one mummy case.

{Letters p. 290} Cairo. March 1850

I knew so little about the
Mahometan religion and it
interested me so little, that I felt
quite strange in the mosques of
Cairo. In Karnac I felt
that their God was my God,
{the next two lines have scribbles through them}
more ~~perhaps~~ than the "God of
Abraham, of Isaac & of Jacob."
In Ipsamboul, I felt more at
home perhaps than in any
place of worship I ever was in.
But Egyptian Mahometanism
I never could understand, never
could feel any interest in,
never could look upon as a
religion at all. However I
must say that Arabian Maho=
metanism is very different - &
that the mosques of Cairo are
quite as wonderful, quite as
poetic an incarnation of the
intercourse of man with God
as anything in Thebes or Nubia
itself. When one goes into

{pages seem to be missing; Letters p. 291}
the Moorish part of Cairo (they
say) which is one great Alhambra.
But it is impossible to describe &
the great drawback is that, as
you must have a firman & a
Pacha's janissary & pistols &
whips & I don't know what
besides to visit them, you must
not loiter, you cannot go again,
& they remain in one's mind,
quite ineffaceable, but still
one great dream of confused
magnificence. For it is more
like a dream than anything else
to me now that I have been in
Cairo - tho' I must say it
surpasses everything that the
names of Bagdad & Damascus
& Haroun El Rasheed ever did
conjure up in those childhood
day of dreams -

We spent many days among
the tombs - those tombs of the
Memlook Sultans in the Desert
I told you about - & I wish we

(28) [2]

had spent as many weeks - so
wild, so dreary, so beautiful,
so deadly fair, as they raise
their spirit like heads in the
Desert - you become an Efrete
yourself wandering among them
Yet there is nothing in them
hideous like the Pyramids, which
become more utterly repulsive
the longer you look back upon
them for here the mosque
& the foundation are always the
principal feature - the tomb
is merely the supplement, {Letters is slightly different}
the human element is always
the uppermost - while in the
Pyramid it is only the selfish
~~the mosque for his~~/in these tombs the place for fellow =
creatures to worship God - the
~~foundation~~/school for them to learn God
is the main thought {the next section has lines drawn through it and
is not in Letters}

in these
tombs in the Pyramids I
assure you the "Look at me"
voice they raise calls forth nothing

but ~~that~~ "I won't look" in return. {Scribbling out ends}

Still, though it is against all Truth
to feel melancholy among images
{written vertically in the margin **Slip 9**} of Decay or Change, I must
confess

that [those Memlook Tombs
are the most profoundly melan=
choly place I ever was in.

There did sit the Pyramids on
the other side the river (I
knew they were there, tho' I did
not look, as one knows that
the Devil is looking over one's
shoulder) - utterly repulsive,
but defying Time, though they
have been the quarry for half
Cairo - There lie the most beautiful
creations of man's hand, crumbling
away; in a very few centuries
they will be quite gone - & one
thinks, Is Beauty & decay the
same thing? can ugliness &
selfishness only be compatible
with Duration? - If it is God's
thought there can be nothing

melancholy ~~about~~/in it- But what
is God's thought about it? It cannot
be a law that only perishable
Materials have beauty.

Well, I wish I could describe
these mosques & tombs - we
had three, which we always
managed to go to - El Berkook
El Ashraf & Kait Bey - you
know - the general plan of them -
they are either all made
after the original pattern of
Asur, (the first built after the
Hegira), viz square hypathral court,
with the tank in the middle,
& porticos all round - the
portico opposite the entrance
being the deepest - 5 to 7
ranges of columns - & out of
~~it~~/this, under its little dome, the
tombs of the Founder - under
this portico is the pulpit & the
niche towards Mecca - Turn

thy face to Mecca I soon found
myself saying. But these won=
derful places of worship what
idea do they incarnate? I cannot
call it anything but sensual
Unitarianism - {Letters is different} as the prevalent
religion in England now (among
those who have anything more
than a geographical religion)
is said to be intellectual Unitarianism.
I do not feel that I understand
it the least. & I doubt whether
it is possible for an European
really to seize the mixture of
sensuous enthusiasm & severe
unity & purity of idea in these
extraordinary places - thrice
extraordinary, coming out of
Egypt - Where is the Holy
Place? you say where is the Secret
Sanctuary? you walk round
an open court - you look up to
a cloudless sky - down into a
pure cistern - nothing but air,
earth & water is here - where

(28) [3]

shall I hide myself? was my
first feeling - are there no
mysteries, no initiations, no
ceremonies in this religion for
the poor human mind, striving
after images, to lay hold of -
none - But here is silence,
here is space, here is room for
thought in these vast colonnades -
turn in here, walk up & down
among those columns - no one
will disturb you here but
those prostrate men, with
their faces to the ground, as
silent as yourself - are you tired
of your daily work, & the busy
city - here are places where
every one may have rest &
thought - And so it is - oh -
if the poor women had but
been there, I could have said,
this is the very thing I have
so often sighed for in London,
where there are tens of thousands

who never from their first to their 71st year, never have one moment alone, one place to pray, to think. And here, in this noisy & infidel Cairo, they have spared these magnificent spaces, open & always open & open to all. Æ

But what am I to think of? is the next question - Are there no images, no deeds of God or of God's saints to speak to my eye, to excite my thought - None - There is not a single image - a sentence of the Koran is the frieze, the ornament. The most rigid Unitarianism is the first thing which strikes you - & the last. Nothing is to alter the purity of the idea of the one God. { Letters has another paragraph here }

But it is not the Western Unitarian who has built this - though there is severity in doctrine there must be enthusiasm in practice

And I cannot tell you how touching it is, to see, (among these "infidel dogs") man giving *all* his best to God - - the fairest that he has, the most precious, the most costly - instead of - keeping it for himself. It is literally lavishing his best - ceiling, wall & floor are inlaid with the most delicate mathematical patterns, ~~of m~~ those of the ceiling made of mother of pearl & different coloured woods. those of the walls of a mother of pearl, lapis lazuli & precious marbles - those of the floor, of pietra dura; more beautiful than any thing I have seen at Rome. Here there is nothing held back. God was to have *all, all* the best. It was not, how can I choose that which will make most show at least cost - but what is most beautiful, most costly? that must be for the house of God. ~~Ruskin would be satisfied here.~~

And yet, there is nothing, nothing of the pomp of wealth here - On the contrary, upon first coming in, nothing strikes your eye - you are only pleased by the perfect harmony of the whole - the wonderful & subdued richness - after a time you discover that you are in the midst of gold & precious stones & mother of pearl. Certainly, as Jacob said, this is none other but the house of God.

Then they could find no other frieze worthy of it but what they believed the word of God - round the springing of the dome runs, in all of them, in gigantic gold letters upon a sober blue ground or yellow, a sentence from the Koran, sometimes outside as well as in. and certainly no more beautiful frieze could have been invented, perhaps it is this that has kept the Arabic character so

(27) [4]

beautiful, while all others have
become so prosaic - In the
Mecca niche the name of God,
no image of Him, no glory round
it, generally holds its solitary
place - You never go into
a mosque & find it empty

But what go ye out for to
see? What are the worshippers
of this most dreamy, yet
most sensuous Unitarianism
assembled for there every day
& every hour of the day? Is it
for a daily sacrifice, either
actual, or commemorative - for
a sacrament - like the Jewish,
the Roman Catholic & the Protestant
for a mysterious charm, which
wins the Divine Presence down
upon earth - like the S.S. Sacra=
ments - The God of the Muslims
~~demands~~/has not sacrifices, no
mysteries - no charms - the only

incantation, by which the Muslim invokes His Presence, is his own devout spirit - the only place where he seeks & hopes to find Him is in himself. It is, after all, the most enthusiastic faith, which, disregarding the help of ceremonies, disdaining the use of images, sets itself to finding God in its heart. unaided by communion with others, by the infection of enthusiasm - (except occasionally, as in the Darweesh dance), in its own solitary heart. It is impossible not to be touched with admiration & sympathy at the sight of a Mussulman at his prayers - his perfect abstraction - & his entire simplicity.

Ah if the poor women were but there also.

{This paragraph is on p. 294 of Letters} Even the very domes catch the sentiment. At St. Peter's I observed

(28)

the bridge of rays was three
which entered thro' the windows
at the rising sun to remind
us of the Father, the Son & the
Holy Ghost - At Sultaun Hasan,
the dome which after St. Peter's
has struck me the most, two
rays bridged the vast
mysterious ~~gloomy~~ / solitary space -
for there is but one God
& Mahommed his prophet.

I think a Cairo mosque gives
you a better insight into the
Oriental mind than any thing
else can. It is the religion of
the Arabian Night, of Solomon's
Song, of Genii - It is the most
dreamy, the most fantastic,
the most airy & yet sensuous
religion. It is the religion of
Undine before she had a soul.
But it is not the religion of
men, but of spirits - not of
rugged, crooked, hard-necked man.

It will never lead a man to
morality - to inflexible, unswerving
duty - to the spirit of
sacrifice, excepting in as far
as with his sense of beauty
& his dreamy enthusiasm, he
loves to give all to God. The Egyptian
is to me the philosophical
view of religion - the Protestant
the moral - (nothing else) the
Roman Catholic the spiritual,
which make self-sacrifice an
enthusiastic pleasure - & goes
merrily to its *martyrdom* - the
Moorish is the imaginative,
I had almost thought the
fanciful view of religion.

I am afraid I can give you
no idea of these mosques & tombs.
when one has said, the purest
of Moorish architecture, tout
est dit. I confess to me the lines
are far more beautiful than the
Gothic - In the Gothic arch
diminishing & diminishing &

(29) [5]

diminishing, line within line &
again, within line, I am bothered
& provoked - & it seems to me
to see the hand of man dimi=
nishing the thought of God. and
adding precept within precept,
till he has twaddled it all away,
with his Nineteenthly & his
Twentiethly. But in those
airy caves, which fill the top
of the Moorish arch, in those
delicate stalactites over head,
I seem to look up into an
ocean cave, to see the hand
of man simply applying the
thought of God, to see almost
a work of God himself. In
beauty, nothing surely can come
near the Moorish architecture.

In the Memlook tombs, we
always went first to that of
Sultaun Berkook (E' Zaher Berkook)
Every one knows his history - how
he was a Circassian slave - how he

was regent for the last of the Bahree Memlook Sultans - & deposing him, in 1382, founded the Dynasty of the Circassian Memlook Sultans, to whom Egypt & Syria remained subject for a century & a half. My Berkook ~~having~~ twice repulsed the Tartars under Tamerlane - Round that solitary mosque are evident traces of a learned foundation, & of "riwaks" or apartments, for the students, where now the jackals dwell, I mean the Egyptians. I like those first words of the Creed, "I believe in God," so much, I want no others. { Letters is slightly different } I have so often said them to myself in Egypt. The rest I like - in Latin - because good men have repeated them in Latin under every clime - but that analytic compendium of our Saviour's life, is like all summary Obituaries,

{the first paragraph on this page has a large X drawn through it}
summarily tiresome - & looks like
what it is said to be, a pot
pourri of the Apostles, as if the
Apostles has stood round at
a child's game, & each put in
a sentence as fast as he could,
not to be thrown out. As for
the third part, I only believe in
every other sentence - & if I were
to sit down, as some honest people
do, when they are saying, "I believe
in what they don't believe, I should
be jumping up & down all thro' it.
But those four words, "I believe
in God" run in one's head
perpetually in Egypt. I believe
in God, Him who knows all,
who can all, who loves all,
& *therefore* no one can ever be
lost. & *therefore* Egypt *will*
be saved. & *therefore* one can
believe even of *these* creatures
that "it is good for them to be
here." I believe in God &
therefore Egypt is not hell, as one
would otherwise believe.

But I have left El Berkook
& his two minarets, which I think
are the most beautiful in Cairo.
not rising in steps one story
above the other, nor yet like
a Chinese cap - but each
exquisite little balcony bowing
down to meet the one below
it. (the next sentence has lines through it} but a coloured photograph
is coming home for you of it,
so I won't describe it.

After El Berkook, we go to El
Ashraf, (a Sultan of the same
Circassian Dynasty) & perhaps the
gem of them all. It is on the
other plan. no hypæthral court.
an oblong mosque with coloured
glass windows - & roof inlaid -
& out of it the tomb, a double
cube, (including the dome) with
dado, niche & floor all rich
with marbles & mother of pearl
a new pattern you discover every
time you go - or a new figure
forming itself out of an old one -
& yet, tho' the longer you look, the

(31) [6]

more you see, a cross here, another figure there -there is no confusion - the eye is not displeased at the intricacy. The colours are very few, red, black & white - with a little blue most generally. Here a little girl, who I believe was a mother, held my paper with one hand & her baby with the other, while I was tracing, & did not ask for backsheesh, a fact which I record. Our third tomb was El Kaidbey, (near the end of the same dynasty) during whose reign Grenada was lost by the Moors, 1492. This is the most magnificent of them all. The square mosque, with the horse shoe arch on the four sides, opening on every side to a raised divan or recess - the floors of which were strewed with *palms*; & the ceilings rich with the sober colouring of the most beautiful & precious inlaying - the Koran frieze - The tomb within, double cube, with the beautiful

woodwork screen round the grave -
Mohammed left his sacred foot
print here. one of the few fanatics
I never could feel any respect for -
{illeg written between the lines - it was very easy to manage men in
that way?}

Then the beautiful entrance to
the mosque with a little school
opening out of one side, where the
master with his little establish=
ment of a few breads, {Letters has beads, but this says breads} a few
leaves of the Koran, & a few bits
of tin for the boys to write upon,
welcomed us rather unusually.

Our second day at the tombs
we rode back, past Kaïd Bey
& the citadel wall, & stopped at
the point, where Mary on her way
to Old Cairo must have looked
down. From this point six
cities of the dead & one city of
the living lay before us - all the
vast Southern cemetery which
we had not yet seen - all the
plain, thro' which Moses once
led out the Israelites on the
morning of the Exodus - & beyond
on the other side of the river the

whole line of the Pyramids, Dashoor,
Sakkara, Abouseer & Gizeh --~~we~~
~~so~~ I never saw a more extra=
ordinary view. We rode on thro'
the tombs, & in at another gate, Bab el Karafeh
within which lies the great square
of the Rumeyleh, surrounded by
its splendid mosques, & over topped
by the Citadel. From the
Rumeyleh you pass down a
narrow street, with a beautiful
black wooden house with mesh=
rebeeyehs on one side - & on the
other, high, high above your head,
the gorgeous arch of the porch,
(to my mind the most beautiful
thing in Cairo) of the mosque of
Sultan Hassan (This gentleman
belongs to the Dyn. of the Bahree
Memlooks - the one preceding the
Circassians - & built his mosque
about 1356, two years after his
death) (I have such difficulty
in not putting the B.C. to my dates)
When Salah-ed-Deen & his successors

ruled over Egypt, they strengthened themselves by buying Turcoman Memlooks or white slaves, & bringing them up as military slaves on the island of Roda, (wherefore they were called the *Bahree* Memlooks, or Memlooks of the river - Bahr is river) One of these white female slaves, the "tree of pearls", Sheger=ed=Durr, was married by one of the Sultans descended of Saladin - & she began the Dynasty of the Bahree Memlooks, putting to death her step son, for his purpose. This was in the time of St. Louis at Damietta. Sultàn Hassan was later by a century.

Oh the glory of that mosque - you enter by this towering arch, (from the top of a flight of steps) with its little caves at the top, into a dark porch, surrounded by four arches & with an inlaid wall in the front & turn to the left, where men bring you straw=

(33) [7]

canoes & fit them on over your shoes
Then you cross the sacred threshold,
& find yourself in such a court
~~a large hypæthral court~~ as
large as any of the mosques hypæthral
instead of being enclosed of each side by
~~but on each side enclose it not~~
rows of colonnades ~~but~~ vast
arches span the whole side space (like
the Temple of Peace) - the Eastern,
the largest & loftiest of them all,
seemed to me like one of those
dreams which one has when
one is a child, when the bed
seems to rise & rise over your
head & to expand at last into
something unknown in magnitude.
I could have sworn I had seen
Sultan Hassan before - His Eastern
arched vault is like Westminster
Hall in grandeur, {the end of this sentence is scribbled through} if
you could
fancy Westminster Hall cleared
of all its horrors - This {scribbling ends} it rises
free & clear to its summit
only a gigantic sentence of the

Koran on an arabesque ground runs
round it. But the tomb, the
mysterious vastness of the tomb
behind - as you look in to it
from this arch - with perhaps
one solitary figure, in his flowing
scarlet robes entering it. the
dome rising to one knows not
where - &, the corners for the
dome filled with those woodwork
caves - How I should have
liked to have gone there alone
& again & again.

The next day we went to the
mosque of Sultan Taylool - {Letters has Teylool} - which
is very curious as a "monument of
architectural history", {the next is scribbled over, not crossed out}
you know, &
all that, You know (scribbling ends; Letters is slightly different}}
he was the
man who first ~~a-la~~/like Mehemet
Ali, said "Adieu" ~~to~~/like the Khaleefehs
of Bagdad - "I will reign in your
stead, not only in Egypt but in
Syria." but as he was a Turkish
slave, he could not be Khaleefeh,
or descendant of the Prophet - therefore

the Kaleefeh, as head of the church,
was still prayed for - there were
farces then as well as now. This
Ibri [Teyloon was in 883 & the curiosity
of it is, as everybody knows, that
its pointed arches prove their
existence in Saracenic architecture
3 centuries before ours - & that we
borrowed them from the Saracens.

Well, the Arab name for the place,
"Kalat el Kebsh", recording the tradi=
tion that this was the place where
Abraham sacrificed the ram,

interested me more - We went
along the ruined roof & up the
minaret - the decay of the mosque,
which is crumbling away, arches
& all is cruel - & it is dangerous
walking there. In the large ruinous
court grow trees about the tank -
& while the party walked round,

& I sate & meditated, & wished
there were such places set apart
in other crowded cities for solitude.

{the next line is scribbled over(illeg was in Sultan Kalaoon - the
trees?)

From Sultan Teyloon we came out
by another gate into a street, a

narrow little street, so rich with
woodwork, meshrebeeyehs, & carved
doorways, that this must have been
the place of the Arabian nobility.
Then we rode thro' the town. &
stopping at the small City= gate,
got off & went into a little street,
where we cd not ride - such a picture
of Oriental life. In the tiniest
meshrebeeyehs, we saw blue bundles
shewing that the women had got
in, body & all - I wonder they did
not break down. We peeped into
shady courts - & then we rode out
across the Southern country of tombs,
which we had seen yesterday, to
a mosque in the side of the
Mokattàm. Even the Mokattàm
is riddled with old Egyptian tombs,
like Lycopolis - & in its yellow range
this modern mosque { Letters has the tomb of a sultan} nestles itself.
We wound up the cliff to it. Such
a view - & in a gay little dressing
room, laid out upon a tray &
with an open window, thro' which
he is looking out at that wonderful
view, lies his Vizier - such a nice way
to be buried.

(35) [8]

I crawled into some curious little cells I don't know what they were. Then we came down into a modern Turkish family tomb - so clean & dressed with flowers - [such a nice homey place - But I did not stay in it. for there was a mysterious gloomy lurid sunset behind the Pyramids, the first & only time I have ever seen them look well - like the fall of Babylon. They looked immensely large & spectral - & it was like the Last Day - that sunset among the *tombs* - as we rode home through them in the gathering darkness, for it was already twilight. The tombs all looked wan & spectral as we passed them. there was still that lurid glare in the West - & the graves of nations seemed to lie about us. We rode in through the great Place of the Rumeyleh, & passed Sultan Hassan with his towering arch in the twilight - he too looked like a spectre, but a friendly one.

{ Letters is slightly different} But I have not told you of our field day among the Mosques - Aimè - how little I can tell about it. We enjoyed at last the privilege of going out like princes & furnished with a firmàn, we set forth. First rode the Pacha's janissary armed & carrying besides a whip - then the Consul's Cawass, entirely arrayed in white & also armed - then our Janissary - & finally we. We went first to El Hakim, a ruined mosque of enormous size, thro' which a thoroughfare now runs. It is close to Bab el Mur & was founded in 1012 by that man, I don't know really whether he was a prophet/true man or an impostor - the Khaleefeh El Hakim, of that race of Fatimeh - which at first only ruled over Northern Africa, (over the real Moorish race), having made themselves independent of Harroon El Rasheed in 800. These gentlemen now thought proper to possess themselves

of Egypt, & founded El Kahireh, & called themselves Khaleefehs. El Hakim founded the Druses & this mosque After it, we went to the mosque of Sultan Kalaoon {Letters is different} - *then* to El Azhar - *then* to the Hasaneyn, *then* to El Mu=eyad = *then* to Sultan Hassan again - But oh if you knew how difficult it is to bring away a single impression, hurried thro' them - with a party - Mr Legros calling to me, & very properly, to keep close & not to loiter - the Pacha's Cawass driving back the people - & seeing the whole ~~concern~~ in one day - as well might you see Rome in a day. I had rather have seen but one or two - they are all mixed up in my head - & miserable has been my account to you, dear people, of the mosques - However it could not be helped - so I will just say that Sultàn Kalaoon stands by the Morostàn, which he founded (the madhouse) in the most beautiful

of all the streets of Cairo - {the next sentence is scribbled out} I send

you home a coloured photograph of it. {scribbling ends} We were so hustled at the corner where we got off our asses, by the angry people, that we could not stop a moment, but we wd not submit to drive in a carriage, as some of our party did.

We made a ~~wow~~/vow & kept it ~~so~~/"Strong" that we wd not get into a carriage all the while we were in Cairo.

You can see nothing of the best streets if you do - it is brutal & it is unsafe.

Kalaoon was the founder of that Dynasty of Bahree Memlooks, to which Sultan Hasan belonged - & this mosque was built in 1284

{The next sentence is scribbled through}

El Mu=eiyad was of the Circassian Dyn. afterwards - In Kalaoon's tomb, a little quiet place, we found a man praying - he moved when we disturbed him & began again. so intently, so intensely, yet so quietly, you wd hardly have thought he was yet in the body.

One of these tombs is exactly like the Alhambra - Over the grave is the

dome, (the tomb is not separated, ~~from~~
as in the rest, ~~of/from~~ the mosque ~~as in~~
~~the rest~~) & supported by four horse
shoe arches - & the whole, arches,
windows, everything, covered with
that exquisite white fret-work,
that delicate tracery of the Alhambra.
The effect of this, looking into it
from the dark mosque beyond, is
fairy-like - the mosque is the
richest we had seen - all, even
to the *bolt* of the door, the ceiling,
the niche, the pulpit, the wall,
the doors, being inlaid with
mother of pearl, woods & precious
stones - yet all subdued to the
most lovely harmony - in sober
livery clad - the fret-work tomb
was like a moonlight night -
the mosque like a gorgeous sunset,
when it is beginning to grow dark.
I have sometimes seen that effect
in nature, never before in a
building. And I cannot con=
ceive anything so beautiful.

{the following section has a large X drawn through it}

The most curious part of our day's
work was however, there is no
doubt the Azhar & the Hasanayn
El Jama el Azhar (the "splendid
Mosque") is the University of the East.
After the usual scuffling with our
slippers, we found ourselves in the
great Hypæthral court, which was
entirely full of people.

{this seems written on an envelope with the address visible *England,*
the post mark AP23, 1850
and the ends of words then London}

9017/25 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen {Letters p. 305}

Cairo
~~March 1850~~

Dearest people I bethink me I
have never told you about the Azhar,
El Jama el Azhar "the splendid mosque"
~~have I?~~ certainly the most curious
mosque in Cairo. After you pass
the usual winding porch & passage,
you find yourself in the large
square hypæthral court, but crowded
with people, sitting, standing, praying,
talking, & making, so unlike the
other mosques, a most tremendous
noise. The whole court is sur=
rounded with buildings - & at the
farther end is the deep, deep
portico; 8 columns deep - divided
in this case from the court by
partitions between the front row.
It was all matted or carpeted,
the walls & ceiling quite plain, &
here there was the most profound
balance - only leaning against a
pillar here & there stood a Shekh
or Imàm, & at his feet a circle
of men sate either intently listening
or writing or learning by heart -
grown up men - none of them boys -

& the Muslims put us to shame by the care, with which they learn their religion. with which they study the Koràn - & listen to commentaries. It is said that in Cairo, the Muslims are generally much better instructed in their religion than the average of Xtians ever are in theirs - how these grown up men can find the time is the wonder.

That was the most Oriental sight I ever saw - those lecturing ~~Imams~~/ Ulama, those silent circles sitting on the ground - no need of desks or benches - each had his little plate to write on upon his knee, his ink=stand, like Ezekiel, in his girdle - each sate cross legged on the mat. It carried one back into the Temple of Jerusalem, where the boy Christ sate down in like manner among a similar circle. into the days of Arabic learning; when Baghdad & Damas=cus were the Universities of the world. You cannot conceive what a picture it was - the robed & turbaned professor, the Oriental

dignity of the listeners. We went into a side chapel, called the Chapel of the Blind, where 300 blind students are maintained upon a foundation. One was sitting with his back to the wall chuckling at having got his lesson well -

We could not stay, for the people were getting wretched at the presence of the Xtian female dogs in this sacred mosque. & the Cawass was obliged to protect our departure, not with his sword but with his whip, which he carried on purpose, beating back the people - Our departure was very like the way in which one backs out of a field, where there are angry cows. As to the Mussulman horror of us, I never could feel anything but the deepest sympathy for it, the deepest humiliation at exciting it. When you think that a woman, who goes with her face uncovered, is with them, more indecent than a woman who should go (with us) ~~perfectly~~ naked - that

it is here the stamp of a disgraced character - it is exactly as if a Dancer were to come, in her disgraceful dress, into Salisbury Cathedral, & exhibit herself there, during the time of service, as a degraded woman. Would not the vergers put her out? I only wonder at the tolerance with which we are treated here, not at the contrary - but it makes an European woman's life in the East a misery.

The Azhhar, ~~you know~~, is the University of the East, for it is the University of Cairo, & Cairo is the only city, which keeps up its reputation as a school of Arabic literature. The riwaks or apartments for the students still surround three sides of the court - each country or province having its foundation. All the instruction is gratis. nobody pays. & formerly the students, who are mostly poor men, were supported - but that ~~nice~~ man, Mohammed Ali,

(49) [2]

that great prince, who has such a reputation for advancing civilization, just took possession one fine day of all the lands of the Azhar - (among the other Mosques) & consequently of all the salaries of the Ulama or learned men - so that they now receive nothing, but are obliged to maintain themselves by private lessons &c. There is some credit in being a professor in the Azhar now - & giving away learning gratis - To do so, permission must be obtained from the Shekh of the I sh like to see our Cambridge men asking permission to teach gratis. {written between the lines} mosque. The poor students must also get their living as they can, & the Imams of mosques are generally chosen from among them. but since this great confiscation, their number has, of course, diminished. And what between Mohammed Ali & the French invasion the learning of the Azhar has ~~not~~/altogether deteriorated - which no doubt that good & wise man was glad to see {there is a line drawn to [joining **Slip 15 - Bennett** in a circle to it}

From the Azhar, we went to the Hasaneyn; the most sacred of all the mosques. The Sheykh at the door read our firmàn over twice, before he would believe that we were to come in & then an Imàm ran to shut the silver doors of the place, where the head of the Martyr El Hoseyn is buried - the grandson of Mahomet, the son of his daughter. I had got off from my ass first & might have run forward too; but I was ashamed to give them pain in a place, where we were only upon sufferance at all. The Hasaneyn has nothing to see in it, any more than El Azhar - There is no hypæthral court - it is simply a portico carpeted & supported by many columns - But the silence & twilight of the place are very striking - One solitary professor leaned against a column, with a circle of, I suppose, 80 men at his feet -

(41)

We rode home past my favourite Sebeel, one of those public fountains which there are in almost every street in Cairo - the most beautiful specimen of Moorish architecture & Moorish hospitality. It is a semicircular front jutting out into the street with three grated windows - behind each window a trough of water & a chained mug. you put your hand thro' & drink. A deep wooden coping, carved & coloured, overhangs the windows - generally with all the beauty of Moorish fret-work. & above or beside is a school room open (except by pillars) to the street - But Mohammed Ali ~~has~~ seized upon the funds of all the Sebeels, which were generally the gift of private individuals, & they are fast going to decay. When there is not a Sebeel, there is a Hod at every corner of the street - a trough - under a little arched recess - But the commonest thing is to see a sackkha, { Letters has 'sackiha' } or one of the old water

carriers with a goat=skin of water at his back, giving to drink out of his spout to every one who passes by, having been paid to do so by somebody - either for the sake of a dead friend - or of some Welee, whose festival is being kept - or if the person has been simply making a visit to ~~the~~/a tomb. They chant, the sack= ihas, while they are doing this, offering the charity in the name of God. It is so pretty & you are supposed to implore blessing if you drink, for the person who is gone.

That riding thro' the streets of Cairo is so endless in its delight tho' how you ever get thro' you know not - the ass manages it - it is true your ass driver keeps up an incessant "Shemalak, Shemalak", Thy left, thy left, "Riglak riglak," thy foot, thy foot. Hôt, hôt, attention, attention, tho' whether this is addressed to the ass or the passengers, I never could make out, for in spite of hôt, shemâlak, & riglak, nobody stirs & the 20,000 asses, which are said to perambulate the district every day, for in Cairo no one but the slave & the beggar walks, tread on to the tune of squashed babbies.

9017/26 unsigned letter, 1f, pen {Letters p. 322; there is a large x in the top margin beside Bennett in very faint pencil}

My dearest I write the enclosed only for you - it will give you no idea of the temples of Thebes - but it is what they said to me - me it reminds of them, tho' I am afraid it will not you. To me the six great temples of Thebes were the efforts, of different characters, (successful & unsuccessful according to the state of ~~mind of the man~~/ the vessel, as is the case with all inspiration,

to render into form the inspirations of each of the Great Triad of Thebes - (Amen Maut & Khonso)

Karnak & Amen, the
Medina Tabou of "Concealed God"

B.C.

They were built by Sethos I & 1397
Rameses III 1290
Luxor & Maut, Nature -
Koorna of (mother) of all things

B.C.

They were built by Amunoph III 1478
Rameses I 1409
Dayr el Bahree Khonso = strength
& the of or grace
Rameseum Horus = Eros or the World,
Beauty, or order,
Thoth = wisdom,
whatever you choose
to call him for

these were all the same - They were
built by Thothmes III B.C. 1557

&

Rameses II 1388

Rameses II seems to have had a
peculiar affection for *Atmoo*, a
Theban form of his own Ra, whose name
means to "complete" or "perfect" &
his whole Temple bears the im=
press of his love of harmony. ~~to me~~

(Atmoo leads him into the presence of the God - Atmoo writes
his name &c)

Rameses III on the contrary reminds
me perpetually of that old roué
Solomon, whose book Ecclesiastes
he might have written, I think.

Such as I have, give I thee - the
ideas are too vaguely put for any
one but you to make them out.

FN

9017/27 unsigned letter, 12 ff, pen {Letters p. 323}

(2) X [1]

And the sons of the Theban kings
presented themselves before the
Lord - And he said, Behold, I
send you upon the earth to govern
& raise the nation that I love. Build
me an house that I may dwell
in - And the sons of the kings
said What house, Lord?

And the spirit of the third
Thothmes descended upon earth.
And he said, Behold, God has
sent me to drive out the invader
from the land & to glorify
His name in the nation that
He loves, that there may be none
like her upon the earth. So
he went forth with the bow &
with the sword, & the enemy fled
before him - with their hosts
240,000 men & he pursued
with his chariots & his horses
till the land was utterly purged
from their feet & the glory of

the kingdom of Egypt was great
there was none like unto her in
all the world.

Then the soul of the third Thothmes
exalted within him - & he said,
I have raised the glory of the
God of Hosts. the Lord of Strength
shall be His name - & I will
choose me out a high place
which shall overlook all the
land - on the high places of
the Earth shall be the dwelling
of my God - & he shall see the
beautiful land of Thebes, whose
glory is above the kingdoms of
the world - and he chose
him the height of Dayr el
Bahree - And he built there
a temple for the God of
Armies - for he said, Glory
& Strength are my God -
By the strength of my arm &
the power of my intelligence have
I gotten myself the victory - ~~for~~

X

~~the laws of God are mighty~~

And he offered to God all his riches & all his mighty spoils, & he made a list - & he inscribed it with the names & the numbers of the vessels of silver & vessels of gold, which he had given to the Lord - And he said, Surely His glory is great & mine also -

And he reigned 40 years - and his spirit returned to God who gave it.

And it came to pass that, after four & twenty centuries, the spirit of Thothmes returned to the land of his forefathers - And he revisited the Dayr el Bahree & behold not one stone remained upon another - And he said, How is this, Lord? And the Lord said, Because thou didst think that I loved glory, & that my greatness was

in

{pages seem to be missing} Letters p. 325}

(4) [2]

And the spirit of the third
Amunoph was sent upon Earth
And he over ran all the land as
far as Mesopotamia - & he called
himself the Lord of Truth - & he
said, I am become like unto God.

Therefore he said, I will build
a temple to Nature - for by the
laws of the Universe have I
conquered & she is my mother.
And he chose him out a place
by the river side - fertile & full
of corn & cattle - & he called it
El Uksor - because he said, I
have built me palaces for the
Mother of all things - & he
remembered his own mother, who
nursed him upon her knee so
tenderly & who governed the
kingdom so wisely during his
wars - & he dedicated to her
chambers in his Temple - & he
made many dark places - &
secret chambers - & a Holy place,
into which no eye could see -

because he said Night is the
genesis of all things - primæval
darkness is the mother of the
world for darkness is more
than light. & day was born of night.

So rested he in nature, not the
God of Nature. & forgot that
darkness is only good, because out
of darkness proceedeth light.

And, after three & thirty centuries
of purification, the spirit of Amunoph
revisited the temple he had made.
& he found it full of unclean beasts
& creeping things - & of the unclean
things the most unclean was
man - & he that crept the most
vilely of all the dogs ~~th~~ & goats
& asses the most abject was man.

And Amunoph said, My ~~temple~~
kingdom has become a base kingdom -
& my temple the dwelling of beasts,
not of Gods, nor even of men.

And God said, Because thou
hast worshipped nature, not me
because thou hast seen law, not
the God of Laws, in the world

around thee {X in the middle of the line} because thou didst
think thou couldst become the
Lord of Truth, by observing truth
& therefore have I filled thy temple
with that thou didst seek. Lo,
there is nature & natural life,
crawling about thy ruins.
thou must be the servant of
Truth, not her Lord - & Truth
must be thy Master.

But because thou hast loved
thy mother, & preferred her in
honour - because it was not
thy own glory thou didst seek,
therefore I have not destroyed
thy temple - it shall stand, but
stand as a den of beasts.

{Bennett written in the top margin X} [3]
{Letters p. 326}

And God said, I will send a
new race upon the earth to govern
Thebes, my chosen - And he sent
the spirit of the first Rameses.

And Rameses said, I will build
a temple for the great God. Yet
said he, Not so, for how can the
Unknown be known? how can the
Spirit find a *place*? ~~I will~~ how
can the Concealed be manifested?
I will seek me out a place under
the shadow of the palms, in the cool
of the garden - & it shall be
dedicated not to the glory of God,
but to the manifestation of God
to Nature, the benevolent mother.
And at Koorna, where the palm
trees grew the tallest, where the
mimosas were the greenest & the
shades were the freshest, where
the sound of the sakia was heard,
& the women brought their flocks
to water there he built the house
to the manifestation of his God -
but pure was the spirit & bright

the soul of the builder - & short
was his purification - for before
the temple was finished, his Spirit
had been recalled to the God who
gave it. No monument records
his wars - nor are his name nor
his glories found on the stela nor
in the tomb but morning & evening
the Theban maiden came with her
flocks & herds to sit upon the steps
of his colonnade - & to look out over
fields of waving corn & under the
shade of the groves to the Eastern
palaces & the distant hills - & bless
his peaceful name -

And, when Rameses revisited
the earth, not to dwell there, but
to see his children & his children's
children making his name eternal,
he found his Temple completed in
his name - he found Justice done
here in his name in the great hall
of the Temple set apart for it - he
found religious assemblies - &
political, the incarnation of religion,
here held - he found his son loving

his memory - & his son's son loving
his father's, & binding up their
names in one.

And there, though the voice of
the speaker, & the tongue of the
preacher has long been dumb,
the flocks & herds still come,
the Acacias are ever green - &
the sun still sets upon the
amethyst crown of Thebes.

[4]

And the spirit of the first Sethos
was sent upon the Earth - the warrior,
the Artist, the philosopher - the tender
& conscientious heart.

Shall I build a house unto the
Lord, he said, I will but it shall
be a house to the Great Unknown,
the Unutterable the Infinite Himself,
to Him to whom great things are
as small, & small things as great
to Him to whom a thousand years
are but as a day, & a day as a
thousand years - to Him who creates
good & evil - who has formed
darkness as well as light.

I will build a Temple, he said,
mysterious as the Future & vast as the
Past - yet it shall be the symbol
of a Day - of so small & definite a
thing as a Day - that my people
may know that upon the hours of a
day are laid the Destinies of Man, -
Karnak itself shall be but the image
of a day.

And he built a Temple to the One
God, such as the world has not seen
a hall of columns, like a forest of

the West - & the columns seemed to support the sky - Peradventure among them the Unseen will appear, he said.

And there were 6 mighty columns on either side - for twelve are the hours of the Day - & they are the pillars of man's soul, he said. Can we make the hours too great or too awful - for upon them is built the temple of man's perfection.

And on either side were raised 60 lesser columns, yet loftier & greater than any the eye of man had yet seen, the columns of the 60 minutes - For he said, The minutes make the hours. That my people may not despise the "day of small things". So, when the shadow of those mighty columns moves round with the sun, shall my people see that every minute casts a mighty shadow upon the Future, (though it is but a little thing), even upon *all* the Future. Each minute is great as our father Time - for time hangs upon a minute.

And my temple shall be so high
that it shall seem to connect Earth
& Heaven - even so doth Time,
mysterious time, whose minutes
flow on noiselessly like the sand,
yet remain firm as the rock in
their effects.

And he lighted his Temple with
the light of Heaven from above -
even as time, he said, is lighted by
Eternity - & till the light of Eternity
is thrown upon them, we cannot
truly judge of our deeds.

And he said, Shall we have nought
that is Evil, have nought but the
enervating Good? Nay, but even
with God impossibilities are im=
possible. Can man have the good
of patience without suffering?
have the good of happiness & the
good of suffering & both from
Happiness? can he be taught without
Evil? the Law he has broken
without the consequences it has
caused? But without consequences
there would be no law.

Let us have Evil, he cried, O my God.

And he caused himself to be represented
gifted with life by the two Spirits of God,
Good & Evil = that all the people
might see that their king accepted
suffering.

And he called the Unknown God
"Come" - because he said He "cometh" to
His creatures & manifests Himself
unto them - and he said

Nature is good - for she maketh
Him known - But nature is not God.
Yet shall she lead me into the presence
of God. And she did so.

And among the columns of his Temple
he found his God.

And he overthrew nothing which his
fathers had raised - he carefully
preserved it all - for he said,
The Unknown is the God of my fathers
also - they sought him after their
manner - & we will all seek Him,
each after our own. But, in the
faithful observance of each daily
hour & its occupation we shall find
him best.

And he caused himself to be
represented on his tomb with the
chain of the Hours round his neck -
not heavily weighing him down,

(10) [5]

for each hour bears its own portion
of the chain, its own burthen but
binding him to *full=fill* his Hour
for he said

I am not the Lord of my Hours - but
I am their servant - for each hour
is a Genius, a messenger of the
Unknown God. So will I seek my
Lord - & then in the Temple he
shall come unto me.

Thus the vast mysterious Temple
of the immeasurable Karnak, &
the stedfast procession of the
little Hours alike witness of God
to the mind of the true Artist.

And when Sethos died, there was
joy in Heaven - & the Spirits of Heaven
arose & went forth to meet him.

And he said, "*Come*" Lord - & the
Lord said, Here, my child.

And God said, His temple shall
stand for ever - & that image of
good & evil shall not be effaced -
for my servant has read me aright.
& the Unintelligible has become
intelligible to him -

And Sethos returned from heaven
to his own temple of Karnak - & he
saw his own name forgotten - so
that one man read it one way &
one man another - but his idea
was still living. Of all the Temples
in the Land of Thebes his alone
shewed forth to the world - (clear
as on the day which first ~~shewed~~
saw them sculptured) the thoughts
which had inspired him, & which
shall still inspire man - And he
said, It is well, Lord.

And he saw a silent & a
melancholy Northern race arise - &
they visited his own loved land
of the south - & they said

We have suffered much Evil - yet
a thought *comforts* us - it will pass
away - this is but a world of trial -
therefore we can endure.

And he said, I have suffered
much Evil, but a thought *inspires*
me - it will not pass away - it
bestoweth life - this world is eternal
& giveth Eternal Life - therefore we
need no *comfort* for Evil is but
another name for Good.

{in the top margin Smith}

And the spirit of the Great
Rameses was sent upon earth, purified
by intercourse with his father - he
came, the Warrior & the devout
Philosopher & he delivered his
nation from her enemies - & he said,
It is the Lord.

But he said, We know the Lord
but by His works - the Great First
Cause - by its effect alone - now
the first of its effects is harmony.
therefore will I build a temple
unto Harmony, unto Eros - for
wherever the Lord is, there is
harmony, which is grace or strength.

And my temple shall have in it
the Sanctuary for the Intellect & the
Sanctuary for Religion, - & the Sanctuary
for Justice - & the Sanctuary for
Nature - For the Lord's grace
is in all His works - ethically
it is Concord, the harmony of the
Intellect & the Will - physically
it is Beauty or Order, the harmony
of the active Intelligence & Matter

morally it is Eros, or Love, the harmony of Intellect & Feeling - intellectually it is Reason or Heavenly Science, the harmony of Power & Light .

These are but forms of the same, & in my temple there shall be a place for all.

And he built him a Library for the Learned & a temple for the Devout, & a hall of Justice for the People - & a tower to survey the world above & the world below, by night & by day. For he said, All the faculties of man must be cultivated in harmony.

And he said, The Complete, the Perfect shall be the Genius of my Temple & the spirit of my mind - because Perfection or the harmony of all things is the characteristic of God - who doeth no exaggerated nor imperfect thing. My temple shall not be awful in size nor stupendous in Art - but it shall be finished in all its parts.

And he placed in the library the sacred Books - & in the Hall of Justice

(12) [6]

he placed statues of the Thirty Judges without hands, & with eyes cast down - & an image of Truth about their necks, because he said The judge should receive nothing, neither be guided by affection in his judgments - but that his eyes should be intent on Truth alone.

And he caused himself to be represented conducted by the Spirit of "Completion" into the presence of God.

And he said, My temple shall not take up the space in which man can cultivate the fruits of the earth - not so in the Lord's will - that would be destroying the harmony which he has created - I will build Him an house on the edge of the Desert, before the Tombs - so shall it join the two regions of Life & Death. And the winds of Heaven shall blow around it. & it shall stand upon a hill, so that it cannot be hid.

And he represented with himself his wife & his daughter & his mother

because he said That we may be
together in the temple of the Lord.

And in two & thirty centuries he
returned upon the Earth & the Lord
was pleased with his Temple & with
his servant's offering - & He said
Thy temple shall stand, my son, &
thy recollection shall not be effaced.
- though thy own statue shall be
overthrown - & the features thereof
be disfigured & destroyed - yet shall
the devotion, with which thou hast
worshipped the Perfect Goodness
remain, & its influence not be
wiped away from the earth -

And the loving Nofriari & her
hero are still seen there side by
side worshipping the Perfect.

{Letters p. 333} {**97th, Smith** written in the top margin}

And there was an interval in Egypt
her Power de[clined - her kingdom
was given to strangers - her people
to Anarchy - her arts of peace &
of war were forgotten - disorder
reigned where once was concord.

Then the third Rameses came
upon earth - & he restored power
to Egypt - & he extended the
terror of his arm over all the earth,
farther even than his great forefather
had done - And he said

The earth is mine & the fulness
thereof - Now will we dedicate
ourselves to her pleasure & her
glories. & whatever our eyes desire
will we not keep from them. But
the people believe in a God - in a
Higher than I - therefore, as Ruler
in the name of the Most High,
shall I have more glory in their
eyes. Therefore will I consecrate
my Coronation on the walls of a temple to the
greatest of the Gods - for He only is

worthy to be my Guardian Deity - &
will emblazon my victories on the walls
& they shall bear the record of the
splendour of my power & the greatness
of my name. And we will eat & drink
& withhold not our hearts from any
joy in the precincts of the Holy Place,
& I will tread upon the necks of the
"red-bristled barbarians" - & I will say
that he has put them under my feet.

And all that he said, even so
he did, & sons & daughters were born
unto him. & he said I have esta=
blished my kingdom for ever.

But from that hour there
was no more prosperity in Egypt. though,
when the stranger saw her ~~luxury~~/ luxurious, he
called her prosperous - & the sceptre
passed away from the hands of Thebes
& of all the sons of Rameses, there
was none to support the glory of his
name. And Religion from being inspired,
became laboured - & that which was
artificial was called Art - & Pomp
was called Power - till the throne
was transferred to another land &
there were no more Rameses.

And the third Rameses has not yet returned upon earth - though one & thirty centuries have been fulfilled - for he is wandering in weary ways - he must purify himself from the lust of the flesh in the form of a swine, from the lust of the eyes in the form of a peacock, & from the pride of life in the form of a stag - through forms of the lowest animals must he pass - a loathsome pilgrimage - & when at last he revisits Thebes, (not his beloved Thebes except as ministering to his glory) he will find his temple hewn in pieces to serve another religion - not a trace of his sacred place remaining - nought but the record of his pride & the memorial of his low ambition.

{this does not seem to be in Letters}
Bedouins

The sisters must remain with the brothers - ~~use~~ But if ~~they~~ /he does not choose It? It is impossible - she is his own blood - But if the brother's wife dislikes her? It is impossible - she is his own blood.
Who governs you? God.

The unchaste woman has her head cut off by her own relations on the ground that the chastity of the woman is a pearl above all price - that it is in her keeping.

9017/28 unsigned letter, 23ff, pen {Letters p. 270, the first paragraph has lines drawn through it and is not in Letters}

Cairo. Hotel d'Orient

March 23. 1850

Well, my dearest friends, you have been most good in writing. I have just got by the last mail a letter from you, dated March 7, another from Aunt Mai of the 1st. When I arrived in Cairo, I found 8 from you & one from her. Somehow I am afraid that my dear Pop has not been well - & I wish she would take a great rest & not write to any body for some time - ~~With regard to us,~~ Greek affairs go ill. I ~~don't~~ /do not very well know what we shall do. ~~They have intercepted all Mr. B's letters..~~ We have not been able to take a house here, because Paolo was ill - so {vertical lines continue} we are at this Hotel (at all events till Sunday fortnight) in order to see how Greek affairs turn up - Mr. Green of Alexandria, on whom we depended for information, as

his brother is consul at Athens has,
in like manner, no letters from him!
{striking out stops; Letters p. 519}
No one can know like the Brace=
bridges how entirely right Lord
Palmerston is in the principle -
though wrong perhaps in the manner &
time of the thing. But here for
four years has that obstinate
knave of an Otho gone on resisting
these just claims. it is ~~as~~ not
as if they had only *just* arisen -
but he has been dunned for
payment these 4 years & never
has paid, though we have a right
by the treaty to put in a receiver
at the Piræus & pay ourselves by
the customs - ~~As for that~~
~~lying article in the Times, which~~
~~we have only just seen, it lies~~
~~in its throat, as every body in~~
~~the Times does & antedates~~
Pacifico's case by 10 years - {the rest of the paragraph has lines
drawn through it} which
you may tell it, with my compliments
And if Otho sees himself backed by all the
English papers in this way, he will hold out for ever.

mistaking it in the English for a love of tyranny.

But I must to business - seeing
that all but { Letters p. 271 begins} European politics are
disgusting, disheartening, or distressing,
- these three - & here there are
no politics at all - only Harem
intrigues, & deep grinding, bru=
talizing misery. Let no one live
in the East, who can find a
corner in the ugliest, coldest
hole in Europe - Give me Edinbro'
wynds rather than Cairo ~~illeg Thebian?}~~/Arabian
Nights - And yet they are such
an attaching race, the *poor* Arabs,
the tears of our crew at parting
with us, their round merry
faces a mile long, sobbing out=
side the door, & all for what -
merely for not having been mal=
treated. I am sure I could not
have imagined what real sorrow
it was to part from them. If I
had not been crying myself, I
should have said what a pretty
picture it was yesterday - when

they all came up to the Hotel to bid us goodbye - they begged to see me - else I should not have done it again - & when I went in, they were ranged in two semicircles - all their shoes left outside - one black face leaning against the white drapery of the bed - even the stupid old Rais cried - & my particular friend Abool Ali, arrayed in a beautiful new brown ~~filleg~~/zaaboot & w clean white turban, was spoiling all his new clothes with wiping his eyes - Then they all pressed forward to salute us, Arab fashion, which kisses your hand & presses it to the heart & to the head. & then they all would do it all over again - & then we parted - & shall never see one another more - In the evening three of them came, who had done us particular service, for a particular conversation by appointment - And About Ali, who is very anxious

[2]

to marry, (but cannot save the 150 piastres necessary, to buy a "tob" or garment for the lady, a sauce pan, a mat & two tin dishes, which is all the father or any father requires) agreed with me that he would really save 75 pi. within a year, if I would leave the other 75 pi. with the Consul, for him to have when his share should be ready. He further promised he would not beat his wife, which he said he should not have occasion to do, as she was not a Cairene, but of the country & very steady, & that he wd not put her away when he was tired of her - he was not profuse of words, & I believed him - & then he swore, not by my request, but by Allah & his two eyes, another hand kissing followed, & so we parted. I will say a crew of more native gentlemen never existed. they never showed

any curiosity - never peeped into our cabins - ~~but~~/ and, though always - ~~(not~~ only kind but ~~+~~ *empresés*, they yet never intruded themselves. The only thing that disconcerted them was that Mr. B. sometimes left us with strange gentlemen at Thebes, & kept them with him, instead of sending them to mount guard over us.

{This paragraph is in Letters, p. 283}

Well, we left our dear old boat on Thursday the 21st wringing her hands, while we irrigated the ground with our tears all the way to Heliopolis. But we had such a glorious day there - ~~I had~~ to let us down easy at parting with the boat - we could not have adjourned to the noisy, dusty, bustling inn & Indian table d'hôte at once - I had always made a sort of Saints' day to myself of the day I should spend at Heliopolis, where [Plato walked & Moses prayed, {in the bottom margin **T. p.2 of 3.**}

where Pythagoras was sent by God
where Solon & Thales learnt all
their wisdom - the nurse of Athens -
the Alma Mater of Egypt & (through
her) of the World. that small city,
which had ~~such~~/so great an influence
where the priests of the Sun dwelt,
who were celebrated all over the
world "for learning & meditation" -
It shall be my Sunday, I thought
no soil, not even Thebes, is so
sacred as this - And oh! how
Nature has respected it. {Letters resumes} But
~~I suppose~~ I ought to begin my
story in order - Where did I leave
off - at Sunday 17th, I think? But
I must kill a few of these flies,
unlike Sir Isaac, before I begin.
I am getting just as bad as the Egyptians & let them settle all
over my face in black clusters,
resigning myself to the will of
Allah & the flies. {Letters omits the following} And you will
be pleased to hear that your

{in the top margin Bennett}
 hint ~~about~~/to use the Castor Oil dripping
 was only prophetic - [after the Turkish
 bath yesterday, I resigned myself
 to Castor Oil in my hair (Aaron always
 used Castor Oil instead of Bear's
 grease as we know) & I must say, - a quattr=
 occhi, -that he was right, & that
 the Castor Oil here is much the sweetest.
 {Letters resumes}

Well, I have disturbed the flies,
 but now you must wait another
 moment, while {the rest of this sentence has lines drawn through it} I
 pour a little
 Camphorated Spirits along my skin {stroking out ends}
 to check the saltatory exercises of
 a few dozen fleas {stroking out resumes} down my back
 Some people are always undressing
 in Egypt, but bless my soul! if
 I were to do that, {stroking out ends} but I might as well
 devote myself to the pleasures of the
 chase at once & for ever. {the following is omitted from Letters} A
 little
 ballad I think, ~~no~~ in the style
 of Chevy Chase, called Flea Battle
 might do me good, which, while I sing,
 you may go to breakfast.

Now, let the fleas settle - to
 return. On Sunday we called
 on the ~~Lieders~~. Mrs. is a humbug
 Shylock would have made as a

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good a missionary - & not have
salved it over with unctuous
words - Him I like, but don't adore.
On Monday was the great Khamsin
which you will have no difficulty
in conceiving of from the letter it
produced - for I was obliged to
write to you on that day, because
of the mail. On Tuesday we got
up, thinking of nothing at all - ~~but~~
{ Letters resumes } it was still Khamsin, but there
was so little, that all of a sudden
at 8 o'clock, we made up our minds
to go to the Pyramids of Gizeh. - we
were tired of playing hide & seek
with all our acquaintance at Cairo,
who, especially dear old Legros,
wanted to make a party there
(how any English woman can do it,
passes belief) we, were tired of
having the boat off Gizeh, & so we
went. Paolo was too ill to go
with us, but we thought we could
manage - with two of our noble crew.
The road from Gizeh is very pretty -

nothing like Memphis but fields
of corn - & acres of that exquisite
little dwarf lilac Iris. We went
along a causeway between an avenue
of Tamarisk - the remains of the
old causeway built to convey the
stone from Toora, (the "Troici lapidis
mons", the ancient "Troja") which cases
the *inside* of the Pyramids (the *outside*
is built from the Lybian quarries)
are quite perceptible in the
present causeway (refer to your
Herodotus) Presently those forms
of perfect ugliness loomed upon
our view, but, chuckle ye Europeans,
through a grey fog - or sand -
that was becoming however {Letters has 'not unbecoming'} presently
~~you~~ we reached the Desert, as
usual - without the slightest
warning - &, an Egyptian donkey's
wont, my ass immediately lay down
to roll, an operation he frequently
repeated. In 1½ hour we were
at the foot of the Great Pyramid.

(leaving the Sphynx to our left), but no feeling of awe, not even of wonder, much less of admiration, saluted us - there is nothing to compare the Pyramid with. you remain from first to last, insensible of its great size, which, as it is its only quality, is unfortunate - As it was now calm, & wind might get up, we immediately ~~{Illeg}~~ began to go up - (i.e. Σ of course did not) As to the difficulty of going up, people do exaggerate so tremendously - there is none - the Arabs are so strong, so quick, & I will say so gentlemanly that the difficulty is nothing - they drag you, in step too, giving the signal, so that you are not pulled ~~joint from~~ up piecemeal - The only part of the plan I did not savour was the stopping ~~as soon~~ every time you get warm to get a good chill on a cold stone - so

that I ~~came~~/came to the top long before
the others - Arrived here, I walked
about, trying to call up a sentiment;
the stones certainly were remark=
ably large - the view was remark=
ably large - the names cut ~~there~~
were remarkably large - here
are *three* sentiments - which will
you have?

I don't know why the Desert of
Gizeh is so much less striking
than that of Saccara - one can,
in Egypt, so seldom render an
account to oneself of one's im=
pressions - perhaps it is that
Sakkara looks like the burial place
of the world - it is so grand &
desolate & lone - & so riddled with
graves - Gizeh looks like what
it is, the burial place of a family
of kings & their courtiers. the
remains of buildings, too, about
the place, gives it the look of
habitation, makes one think of
porters & sextons & men &
women - the *utter* loneliness of

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Sakkara, away from all that one is accustomed to see under the Sun, makes one think of souls, not men - of a planet, set apart to be the churchyard of this, which is the house - It was not at all cold or windy on the top - & we did not at all hurry ourselves - then we came down. But no spirit of Rameses or of Moses helped me down the steps - only the spirit of Cheops gave me his arm, & very bad company I found him - About half way is a grotto, formed by a very few stones having been taken out - & this does give one some idea of size. {The next section has lines drawn through it}

The most striking impression, which the largest & oldest ~~Pyramid~~ building in the world conveys, with undiminished force, to one's mind, is the ~~gross~~ impropriety of the whole proceeding

No opera dancing is half so bad.
- as the saltatory exhibition of
coming down the Great Pyramid
the Arabs begin at the bottom
with tying all your clothes in a
knot behind & as by this time
you have learnt that the Arabs
always know best, you laissez
faire - But in coming down,
after having shaken the marrow
out of your back by 80 or 90 jumps,
you embrace an Arab tight round
the neck, & fairly swing your=
self down by him - being perfectly
sure of his standing like a column.
After all, it is not worse than
Polking - & looks singularly
like it. One comfort is that,
tho' one's flannel petticoat
is the only garment that
clings with any attachment to
one's company, the Arabs
look upon it with very different
eyes from the English - as it is
here a festive or state garment,

& two of our crew, to whom I gave
flannel waistcoats, always wore
them *outside* their mantles or zaaboots.
{Stroking out ends; Letters continues} You stop a few courses short of
the bottom, under the wonderful ~~part-houses~~/doorway, which makes
the entrance to the inside - every
body knows it by picture - It is
made of four huge blocks {A large M is scribbled out, there are three
lines crossed out and illegible, with other lines written above them}
Here clad in brown holland & flannel, (one comfort is that the
Arabs look upon this last with very different eyes from the English,
as it is
a festive or state garment, & two of our crew to whom I gave flannel
waistcoats always wore them *outside* their mantles or zaaboots.)
(~~illeg~~) having taken off your
shoes, you are dragged by
two Arabs (before you had three)
down one granite drain, up
another limestone one, hoisted up a place,
where they broke a forced
passage, (how they ever found
the real one is a miracle +
you creep along a ledge - &
at last ~~you~~ find yourself in
the lofty grove(, I can't call
it anything else), up which you
ascend to the [King's Chamber.

This is the most striking part of the thing - you look up to what seems an immeasurable height - for your light does not *approach* the roof, only the ~~overlappings~~/overlappings in the sides, which gradually approach one another as they come nearer the roof, give you any measure - & you see nothing but black ~~stone~~/stone blocks, blocks you should not call them, but surface for you can barely perceive the joints. Except this, I think the imagination can very well supply your place in the Pyramid - fancy yourself a rat in the Embley drains ~~in sixteen Acres~~ & the thing is done - after you have crawled, ramped & scrambled for two hours in black granite sheaths - without an inscription, without a picture of any kind, but the Arabs fighting for the candle - "The Mind" I assure you, "is satisfied". As to the difficulty, there is none, people talk of heat, the Theban tombs are much hotter of suffocation. I did not even feel the thirst, which in Egypt

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is no joke - of the slipperiness, it is impossible to fall with those Arabs. The only danger you can possible meet is that of catching an awful cold, ~~where~~ in your bones - as many ~~(illeg)~~/bones, so many colds that is unavoidable.

But I suppose, as we have got so far, I must scramble in with you - though very unwillingly - when I was a rat then, not in Pythagoras' time, but on March 29, 1850, which I can but too well remember, I arrived after running in my usual manner down one drain & up two others, but without finding anything to eat, though they were large airy drains for me, to a sort of black tank with a flat roof, & a lesser granite tank in it, without a cover, where they say a very bad rat indeed, & the grandson of a worse, Shafra Chabryes, laid his bones - & he made

the rats work so hard to heap up
this mound, which the Big Rat,
his grandfather, had begun, that
they would have no more kings
of that rat family. There is a very
curious way of getting out of the
grandson rat's chamber - it seems
the architects thought to stop it
up for ever by granite portcullises,
which you can still see with their
grooves on the four sides of
entrance drain, & to climb out
themselves either over the port
cullis, or by a passage which,
some say, came out under the
chin of the Great Sphynx, shutting
up the drain as they came along.
But the portcullises are broken
through, & I, for my part, got
under very well - some of the
native rats with me spitting
continually to moisten the stone
for our pats. In the great granite tank

{in a circle 8}

are outlets to the outside of the
rat hill, such as ants practise
in *their* anthills, to let in air.

I was very curious about these
port cullises, which I thought a
surprising thing to be done by
my forefather rats 5000 years ago,
& went over them again & again,
but cd not, for my ~~filleg~~/life, make out
how they ran out. Afterwards I
ran thro' a very easy drain,
without a fall in it, to a house
with a gabled roof, just under
the middle of the mound. After
this, we wanted to run down the
lowest drain, which burrows
almost to the centre of the Earth,
in the living rock underneath.
but the rubbish has filled it
up so entirely that even we
rats are worsted, & it requires
a mole, so we were obliged
to give it up - as you know we abhor the infidel race of moles. For my
part, the

drains are so much like one another
that a travelled rat, like me,
[who has seen one, has seen all.
The other rats were very good na=
tured in hauling me down the
broken drain you remember - &
then we ran out above ground -
I for my part thinking that the Rat who made
all this might as well never have lived at all.
{This next section is later in Letters) Well, my dears, I expect you
will murder me. I cd almost
murder myself - all I can say
for myself is that I have
faithfully rendered, in blue ink,
what impressions the Pyramid
makes. {Letters continues} As I was leisurely crawling
up the last passage - my two
Arabs having been left fighting
for an end of candle, Abool Ali
ran down from the outside, seized
my hand, & dragged me up trium=
phantly to the top, with the usual
Kel=e=hel, with which they haul
up the yard, or pole off a sand
bank. With this appropriate
introduction, I emerged (oh could
any one but have seen that scene)
to find - a hareem from Constantinople

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about fifty women, all looking like
 feather beds in their huge "habarahs"
 veiled up to the eyes - & three grave
 Turks, their happy possessors - all
 sitting over the door of the Pyramid
 like a semi-circle of vultures, waiting
 to see me come out, (& drinking
 coffee in that happy prospect) &
 bonnetless, shoeless, in my flannel ~~petticoat~~
~~& brown holland literally realizing~~ /& brown holland
~~{illeg illeg illeg~~
~~illeg state~~ If I had had
 "an umbrella in case of fire, it
 would have been something, Mar=
 chioness". But Σ was my "mar= {Letters has 'good angel' }
 chioness" - she had not been in -
 &, tho' she could not speak for
 laughing, she pounced upon me,
 wrapped me in a shawl, stuck
 on my bonnet - the Turks *never*
moved a muscle [they probably
 thought me some description of
 Sheytan - which are very common,
 as well as Efreets, in Egypt -
 {the following is not in Letters} As I stood at the mouth, in my
 spectacles & stockings, one of my

{this page has a large X drawn through it} Arabs approached me, & with a solemn reverence, holding my spectacle case in his hand, which he had picked up in the Pyramids, he kissed it, saluted again - & presented it like an Emperor to his Empress - They are very respectful to Sheytans in Egypt.
{6 lines are scribbled out}
{I illeg retired to the open plain, commanded by the angle of the Pyramid, Illeg?} which a Louis Quatorze might have envied for his lever. They spectators observing the gravest attitudes of contemplation - We then mounted our asses, {Letters resumes} And now what will become of me? That I can never revisit my native country, an outcast from my hearth & home, is certain, & the smallest evil resulting from an ill-timed sincerity - a victim to Truth, I must remain, - In England where

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Egypt is considered as a tray for
Pyramids, & ~~nothing~~ little else - where
not to have prostrated oneself at
the foot of the Pyramid is not
to have admired Egypt - where
Egypt = Pyr. & Pyr. = Egy. because
things which are = to the same thing,
are = one another, which is out
of Euclid - it is mathematically
proved that either I have not
been in Egypt, or I am no fit
inhabitant of the land of England.

Q.E.D Goodbye - I am putting up
a few articles for Norfolk Island,
where I have engaged a steerage
passage by the next convict ship. {the previous sentence is omitted in
Letters}

You will never see me more. One
thing is a comfort, the Pyr.s will
never see me more.

But before I sink, like Ld. Palmer=
ston, ~~a victim to~~/under ignorant persecution, I
will endeavour to atone for my
errors by riding round the other
Pyr.s. The second, built by the
first Cheops, B.C. 3229 (abominable
man) is the most perfect in its

exterior casing - but the rats { Letters has 'we' } did not go in - The Great one is built by the 2nd Cheops & finished by this grandson, the last of the Dyn. (IV Dyn.) It is no doubt a marvel of mathematical accuracy - the four ~~corners pointing~~ /sides lying to the four points of the compass - ~~the height~~/ no easy matter with that size of building -

height: base:: 5: 8

½ base: perpend. height:: inclined

height: base. &c &c All

that is very fine - but does not make an impression.

Next we rode round the 3rd & small Pyramid, where Mycerinus the Holy, who still lives in songs & hymns was laid by a grateful people - he was the third of that unlucky dynasty (we have his body & the cover of his sarcophagus) ~~he was the 8th of that unlucky dynasty.~~ there is a beautiful prayer upon our lid - (Beyond this, are three little Pyramids, half ruined, where the 2nd Mycerinus & his wife and daughter lay) Nitocris, the heroine of all the romance of Egypt,

finished (~~& lies in~~) the 3rd Pyr. in which she lies. She is the original of Cinderella, of Herodotus' story of Rhodopis (the rosy cheeked), of Strabo's fable of Naucratis, her name means Neith the Victorious. [she is still seen by the Arabs, a beautiful shade, wandering round her Pyramid - She maintained the throne 6 years in the name of her murdered husband, (B.C.2973. 6th Dyn.) finished her Pyramid, invited the murderers to the consecration - when she avenged her husband & then perished by her own hand. But her sarcophagus has disappeared - Here you can see quite plain the two causeways, which led from the Pyramids to the river - a rounded head of rock, forming one side of something like a great entrance - & near it, the Sphynx. My dear people ought to have some conscience - as to the expression of the Sphynx, you might as well talk about the

expression of the High Tor. You can make out much more perfect faces there. Well, some people have imaginations - & some have not. Go to. I hope, when my portrait is exposed in the same condition as Thothmes IV's of blessed memory, people will discover as many marks of profound intellect, great sweetness, & propriety of conduct, united with perfection of feature - A wonderful gift is "Einbildungskraft" certainly - May a portion for 7 & also for 8 be mine, before I visit the Sphynx again. It is the more abominable, because ~~T's~~IV/T IV being so late, as B.C. 1509 has no right to be so defaced. But if he would ~~do it~~,/be so, I can't help it - He is said to lie inside - but some say the Sphynx only contained the outlet for the workmen, who closed the entrance to the great Pyr. Well, let them all rest in peace & let them let me rest too. As we rode away,

we saw the tombs hewn in the rock
~~I forgot to mention the/~~ & another causeway,
plainly visible, ~~which leads/~~ leading to the
Lybian hills. We found our boat,
stretching out its motherly arms
to us, off the Nilometer at Roda
& dropped down directly to the
lower end of the island, (where we
lay the *first* night we went on
board). There we found Mr. Harris,
who came on board directly with
his charming daughter, a black
& a great friend of mine - & the
only pretty picture I had had in
my mind all day she gave me -
Years ago, she used to sit with
her father in the moonlight on
the side of the Pyr. a few courses
up, watching with a gun the
jackals & wolves run by. Fancy
the old white headed man, the
little black dab of a child, the
ugliness of the Scene softened by
the moonlight, watching the troop
of jackals whistling by like a
rushing wind in the deep shadow.

Palm Sunday. 1850

I am afraid to think of what I've done.
look on it again, I dare not. What?
denigrated the Great Pyr.? Traitorous Scot,
~~you might as well have sold your king.~~
But after all, ~~what is it I've done?~~
would any Xtian lady or gentleman
of my acquaintance feel much
interested by crawling in drains,
of which the only observable trait is
"granite"? or "limestone"? "limestone"? or
"granite"? for more than 12 or 14
hours, the time varying according
to the taste & pursuits of the crawler.
That cannot be so very interesting
which nobody but an explorer
wants to go to twice. Egypt is like
a vast Library, the finest, the
Alexandrian library of the World -
you read & look & study & read
& look & study again - & if it is
so interesting to me, you say, who
can read one word a page,
what must it be to him who can
read two. At last you come to a
huge folio, which the Librarian tells
you is the oldest & biggest book in
the world - you run up the ladder -

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& turn over one blank page after another. You soon get tired of that work - & you will never run up those steps to look at that book again. The devils may like exploring the Pyrs I don't. & I don't call any book worth reading, which is not worth returning to many times.

Mr. Harris discovered some names of the Shepherd Kings in the tombs about the Pyr.'s which may lead to something -

{The next paragraph has lines drawn through it & is not in Letters}

As for his daughter, she is the only person I can talk to about Egypt, we "understand one another". I forget whether I have ever told you about her - She has now left Cairo. {Letters resumes}

On the 20th, we rode up into Cairo to find some rooms - {the next sentence is scribbled out & not in Letters} the Northampton's had taken ours at François's - so we came here - the French hotel. {Letters resumes} where I am sitting at this moment with open window, 6 o'clock in the morning, three minarets & a palm visible above the trees of the Ezbekeiyeh, the

beloved Nubian old friend of a Sakia
going under the windows - & all
kinds of Eastern groups under the
trees. But oh! what we call civilized
habits - how much less really savage
was the dinner of our poor Arabs,
(which took 10 minutes preparing -
10 min. [eating, & then they all
jumped up & thought no more
about it) than the mortal 1½ hour
we spend every day here, out of
the 24 God has given us, at a
table d'hote of Indians, I holding
on tight to my knife & fork that
at all events the changing of mine
may not prolong the awful time.
& say, at the least, one chef & two
assistants to prepare it - that is
36 hours of time to get it ready.
& if we are 30 at dinner - that is
45 hours to eat it. & I always
get up & go away, when we are
full.

After taking our rooms, we returned
to the Boat, to pack up in a Kham=
~~sin-i.e in a perspiration.~~ And
between our feelings & the Khamsin,

a camel would have pitied us, ~~we~~
~~were so hot.~~ Towards sunset, we
took our last walk on Roda, but
the sun went down, that Khamsin
day, in a glare of red sand; & we
came back, without waiting for
sunset, after walking ashore in
our dressing gowns. That was our
last night in the ~~boat~~/Parthenope, the next
mornng, we dropped down at sunrise
to Boulak - intending to go to Shoobra -
but the N. wind was so high we
cd get no further - so we were
got out of the boat joint by joint -
dug out - & shovelled into the
little Sandal, where 6 of our men
rowed us down in a Nor=Wester
to Shoobra, mounted us on asses,
had a great hand kissing &
launched us on the wide world
again. I had had my head out
of window all night - it is so
convenient to lie in bed & have
one's head thro' the window - &
enjoy my last night on board the
quiet boat - the sweet Parthenope -
she has done us good service -

& now she is looking so dirty & desolate - no one to clean her out or make her look pretty. I dare say by this time she is full of fleas & Hareems - & not *my* Parthenope any more - & she was so sorry to part with us - *I* have another Parthenope, but *she* will never have any one to value her as we did.

{Letters inserts the paragraph found on page 522 & then continues below}

We now proceeded, as well as our feelings would allow, thro' rich fields of corn towards Heliopolis - the mounds are small - a gateway of Thothmes II (the man of the Exodus) has *just* been dug up by the Arabs, proving that there were two Temples here, one beside the famous Temple of the Sun - to which the obelisk belongs - The hieroglyphs on these prostrate door jambs are just as fresh as ever - Atmoo, who was a form of Ra, & peculiarly the Lord of the obelisk, promises the king purity, life &c & calls him the friend of Truth, in them. From here we rode into a garden of citron, orange & almond trees, & there among them, stood the famous Obelisk with the cartouche of Osirtasen I upon

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it, fresh as the day it was cut - the oldest existing "sun beam" (its companion is gone) yet equal in beauty to the most modern - it records Osirtasen's dedication of the Temple - the same Osirtasen who built the oldest part of Karnak, & who, putting Joseph back to the earliest date possible, must have raised this Obelisk 20 years before he came into Egypt, i.e. B.C. 2775. In that case, Joseph's nameless Pharaoh was the Great Sesostris of the Old Empire & this man his uncle - (of the XII Dyn. the same as Beni Hassan, which alas! we were obliged to pass with heavy hearts on our way down, we had made so slow a voyage.) Now the wild bees have settled all over it - & each gentleman has made himself a house to live in - an uncomfortable place I must say to stick on upon) but they seem to like it, & their pleasant hum filled the citron trees & cactuses - & the sweet smells floated on the air. How pleasant it was - how lovely

this Obelisk stood before the Temple
where all the learning of the world
was cherished - here Moses sate -
& Plato - the pair of truest gentlemen
that ever breathed - but Moses was
the greater man - because Plato
formed a school, which formed
the world - but Moses went
straight to work upon the world,
(as if God had been abroad & left his impress on the world)
the chisel to the block, his delicate
perceptions upon those miserable
savages he was not only the sculptor
but the workman of the statue -
the *scholar*, the gentleman & the hard
working man all in one. And here he learnt
& here he thought. Tell Aunt Mai
I ran all over Roda desperately to
find her a bulrush without success
I could only bring her some rose leaves -
but I gathered her a citron branch
from Heliopolis, which is to me
more sacred, as much more
sacred as the grown up man is than
the child - & I dare say he was a
very nasty one - he must have been
a devil of a child at 3 months to
make such a row they could not
keep him - but the place where he

learnt & felt & thought & groped
after his vocation, I could have
walked in that garden for days - but
we were obliged to go - Here Plato
lived for 13 years - he did not think
3 enough to finish his education -
the Grecian & the Hebrew philosophers,
how they twine themselves round
one' heart there - I feel as if I
should know them again, better
than many people I have lived with,
all my life - should now Plato's
child like simplicity & humility,
who as "meek & lowly in heart",
& gave all the glory to Socrates, his
friend - & Moses' dauntless soul,
but sensitive mind. He was a man,
I cannot approve St. Paul's sentiment,
& say of whom "the world was not worthy",
but a man worthy to do his work
in the world. Oh Moses, come again,
how much you are wanted.

I did not walk so much with
Pythagoras there. I believe he was
mostly at Thebes - when he came
over with an introduction from
Polycrates to Amasis (XXVI Dyn.)
Amasis gave him letters to the priests
of Heliopolis - who referred him to

Memphis who referred him to Thebes where they were very much surprised that he was willing to undergo the ordeal & the severe preparation necessary to be initiated. At Dendera there are some maxims about the Unity of God on the wall, signed with the name of Unnofre, the teacher of Py. One thinks of him more at Thebes.

I am so glad that doorway of Thothmes has been found, because, if he was the king of the Exodus, that was built at the very time Moses was here - Some think that a fortified wall extended all the way from Heliopolis to Avaris & Migdol was upon it - & that Thothmes II, brother of the Third, drove the Hyksos all along this wall to Avaris, by/near Pelusium, whence the Third expelled them, & raised this Temple on his way back. We were loath to leave the garden, but we rode about it - found a broken stone of my friend Rameses - & the well where Mary rested - for Heliopolis has recollections from Moses & Pythagoras & Plato down to Mary - & a man with an ass

{faint in a circle 14} [10]
was coming out at this time just like
old Joseph - & then we rode home
through long avenues to Cairo the very
way Mary & the baby must have
come on their way to Fostàt - & I
thought of her all the way, how tired
she must have been - {in pencil between the paragraphs Bennett}

The next day we sate at home, we
were so weary - & the Harrises came
to wish us goodbye, & to see my sacred ibis,
(of which they had never seen one,) ~~Egypt,~~
& compare it with the ancient sculp=
tures {the next 4 lines have been stroked out & are not in Letters}

so I have not changed it,
thinking, when an Antiquarian
thought it so precious, Shore
might still make a good {illeg}
for it in England. {stroking out ends} Mr. Harris is
now the best antiquarian in Egypt -
& his daughter is very learned too -
I was very sorry to part - she is almost
the only person I can talk to about Egypt, we "understand" each other.

The next day, Saturday, we did
not do much ~~either~~ I ran about
all the morning after bird men,
~~& got so a few more for Shore.~~
in the evening we rode up through
those never ending pictures of streets
to the Citadel - Mr. Lewis, who is just
fit to tell one those sorts of things, as

he has been every where, says there is nothing like Cairo - no Moorish architecture to be compared with it (for the best style)- that Constantinople is a degenerate mixture of the worst Italian - & no Arabian city that he knows comes near it - which I can well believe - But Mohammed Ali's mosque on the citadel! how such a building cd ever have entered the ~~(that was a fly made that d)~~ imagination of men to conceive, passes belief - two minarets like Mordan's patent pencil cases set on end - a mass of white ugliness - & you see it from everywhere - We were allured into the old lion's den, where our Embley sofa first met my eye - then two of our chairs - we made out the corner where he sat, with the Pyramids thro' the window to his right. splendid French curtains - but what nonsense, with his European furniture - Then we went down Joseph's well, that incredible work, which is hewn through the living rock from the top of the citadel to a Sakia, which pumps

up the water from the Nile. Some call it the work of Salàh e'deen, but there is no doubt he only cleared it out - & that it is an old Egyptian work - None others would have done it - it may have been ordered by Joseph - but they shew a concern at the bottom which they call his tomb - It is a square shaft made in the living rock.

Sunday we went to church - but ~~that~~/how could a man ~~could~~ preach such a sermon in the land of Moses! went to sleep, I composed myself as usual to think of something else - but was disturbed by the fleas - 2 or 3 people fainted for the sake of something to do. Oh! goodness, go out, good people, to Heliopolis & see what your race can do you won't learn it in that church at all events - unless such a ~~mirac~~/feat of technical stupidity can be esteemed a miracle. & I staid at home the rest of Palm Sunday - you can't think how interesting it is to see in the old sculptures the custom of strewing palms in the way -

Cairo is overflowing with Franks - but we have hitherto refused all invitations - we were so tired -

Today we have been to the Bazar -

but ~~it is so~~/you have no idea how difficult to find anything in Cairo you would like ~~you have no idea~~, unless you buy the house & window - that wd be a present - I never saw such picture as the end of the silk Bazar, with a Moorish arch at the farthest corner, & two others on either side where it is fastened up by a chain & you can look about without danger of being borne down by a string of camels. And then the groups you see - I did buy a scribe's inkhorn, such as they wear stuck in their girdles in the sculptures like Ezekiel's man "which had the writer's ink=horn by his side" - & they sell all gold smith's things by weight, so we had to go to the Govt.'s scales to have it weighed, as Govt manages everything, for which we had to pay - & then, in the little gold smith's shop, which ~~you know~~ is nothing but a square box or shed open in front upon the street sate, on the front, a woman wrapped in her black silk habirah, all but one eye, which was a very pretty one, bringing all her diamonds & pretty things & even her silver Golleh tops for sale, probably separated from her husband, She asked

[11]

no questions, shewed no interest, but
ate, the picture of meekness & despair & resig=
nation, while her things were offered
to us by the goldsmith - But the
Bazars are so queer - there is no
choice, no stock, but people walk
up & down the shady street, (being
roofed in at the top) with their
bracelets & things in their hands -
which if you catch a sight of, you
may buy, if not, not - {the end of this paragraph has lines drawn
through it, & is not in Letters}

I shall

try to get your Portière &c - but I cd
see no Brusa silks or any other
today, which you wd like. If we can
still go to Smyrna, that wd be the
place.

{Letters resumes }Alas! we have now done with Egypt.
Cairo is not Egyptian - it is Arabian -
the day we sailed into Cairo, we were
at the place, a little South of Old Cairo,
where [Moses, after going to the Pharoah,
at Rameses, & returning to the people
several times, led them away at last -
the Arabs have a tradition marking
the spot where he sate & counted them
passing by - "Goshen" took in Old Cairo
& Heliopolis - & extended Northward

all along the right Eastern bank of the Nile.

The only thing which now remains to us of Egypt is the Pyramids, which stand there looking as if they would wear out the air - boring holes in it all day long -

I am sure that no European can at all imagine the entirely different feeling with which one lives in Egypt from anywhere else - nor describe it. It is perfectly distinct from Rome or from anything in our living countries. It is like going into the Sun & finding there not one living being left. but strewed about as if they had been just used, all the work, books, furniture, all the learning, poetry, religion of the race - all the marks to give one an idea of their mind, heart, soul, imagination, to make one feel perfectly acquainted with their thoughts, feelings, ideas, much more than with many of one's own kin - one opens the Journal of one life lying in the table, one feels almost ashamed of prying into her secrets - one sees another at his prayers - one walks

{in a circle in faint pencil 20}
about expecting every moment the people
to come in - but not a living being
all, all are gone - & not one "escaped
alone to tell thee." but it is not neces=
sary for any one to tell the tale - You
read it written everywhere - but
still, the star is a deserted one -
it had [a race, of which not one
remains - for, besides that Egypt
to an European is all but uninha=
bited - the present race no more
disturbs this impression, than
would a race of lizards scram=
bling over the broken monuments
of such a star. You would not call them
inhabitants, no more do you these.

so farewell, dear, beautiful,
noble, dead Egypt - the country
which brought forth a race of
giants - giants in war, art,
science & philosophy - farewell,
without regret, without pain,
(except a merely personal sorrow)
for there is nothing mournful
in the remains of a country which
~~has so nobly done its work &~~
like its own old Nile, has over=
flowed & fertilized the world,

& to which you can so plainly hear
its Maker saying "Well done."

Goodbye dear people I am
afraid you are more tired of
Egypt than I am - But I have
mercy now upon people for writing
such stupid books upon her, it
is so impossible to write any thing
else - Yours ever -

{this appears in 9018/25 p, 199 - 201}
wish I could detect it...
...soon have them also by

heart. Mr. Harris told me ...
... studded with stars in the background

{There are two ff at the end not in FN hand}

p283 reworded

We reached it through rich fields of corn.¹ The mounds are small. A gateway of Tuthmosis III, the king of the Exodus, has just been dug up by the Arabs, proving that there were two temples here, one beside the famous Temple of the Sun, to which the obelisk belongs. The hieroglyphs on these prostrate doorjambs are just as fresh as ever. In them Amun, who was a form of Ra, and peculiarly the Lord of the Obelisk, promises the king purity, life, etc., and calls him the friend of truth. From here we rode into a garden of citron, orange and almond trees, and there among them stood the famous obelisk, with the cartouche of Osirtasen upon it, fresh as the day it was cut--the oldest existing "sunbeam" (its companion is gone), yet equal in beauty to those of the best times.² It records Osirtasen's dedication of the temple--the same Osirtasen who built the oldest part of Karnak and who must have raised this obelisk twenty years before Joseph came into Egypt, if we put him back to the earliest date possible, i.e. in 2775 [c1900] BCE.

¹ Var. 9017/28 We now proceeded as well as our feelings would allow through rich fields of corn towards Heliopolis.

² Var. 9107/28 the most modern.