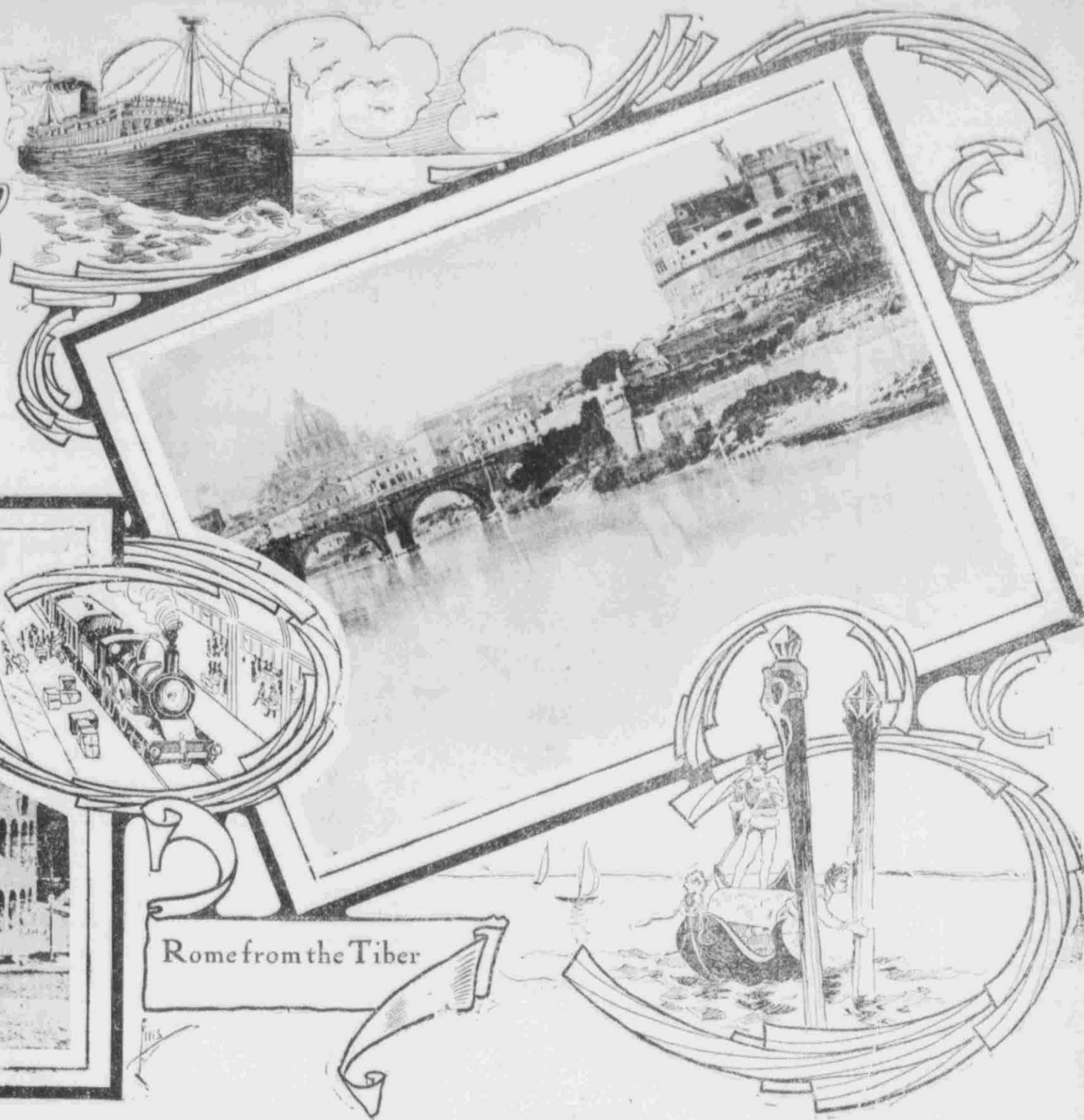


Journal of Salt Lake Pilgrimages



Colosseum, Rome

ROME, March 14.—A long, deep, sleep, as we had foreseen, to Rome. More than any other event on our journey, has our stay there impressed us, and it is with a pang that we see the dome and spires of the eternal city fade away on the landscape, as our train whistles away to the north.

The way the twentieth century journey the first, in the great city is almost bewildering. The most modern and the most ancient seem to go hand in hand, or rather to "bump up" against each other. It is a city of paradoxes. The traveler enters or leaves it on an up-to-date limited express, equipped with sleepers, dining cars, and electric lights, and traveling at the rate of 50 miles an hour, while the vibration from the train sets aches and aches the pillars 2,000 years old, which line the way, to trembling; the rails of the road are laid along the route, by which 2,000 years ago and longer, Romans marched forth on their conquests, and by which the savages and barbarians of the north hundreds of years later swept down and conquered the city. A crack, occasional hand plays arise from the comic operas on the squares, where the trumpets and cymbals of ancient Rome used to announce the victories of her legions; the thousands of tourists who listen and applaud, linger after the band has gone, and take snapshots with their kodaks, of the statues that adorn the pillars and garlands of the Caesars. The awe-struck visitors who, centuries in hand are guided by monks through the catacombs, pause to listen to the echoes of automobile horns, as fresh loads of tourists arrive and are unloaded at the entrance. If these ghostly chambers are haunted by the spirits of the million bodies once interred there, how they must stare at what they hear and behold today!

WHERE ROMANUS STOOD.

Our little band itself stood on a spot dear to memory from many a Friday afternoon school room exercise, "The Bridge of Romanus." We search long and patiently along the yellow Tiber, for this historic or legendary

spot, made famous by Marston in his "Days of Ancient Rome." The place is pointed out by police guards and mentioned in Cook's guide book, as being at or near the Silius bridge, and as we pause to bring our kodaks to bear upon it, we have to await the passing of a group of Roman street boys, engaged in playing something that looks very much like "Dappled." As we linger and gaze over the rails of the police fence, what a host of fancies the mind conjures up! The brave Horatius, false Sextus, Lars Porsenna and all those other notables dear to recitation days, arise and pass in procession before the mind's eye, mingled with thoughts of Bishop Whitney, Phil Marquette (the younger), Ed Young, Brock Taylor, R. S. Young, Gov. Wells and the other school day creators of long ago.

DOING THE SIGHTS.

St. Peter, the Vatican, the Pantheon, the Colosseum, the Catacombs and the Forum, are the "high places" on the old Roman landscape, and the average traveler is content to "do them" and then to pass on, leaving the old walls, the crumbling pillars, the arches, and the hundreds of picture galleries to the students in art, architecture and archaeology who throng the city.

It was so with the Pilgrims from Salt Lake, who had but a week to spend in the city, and who decided to use all their time viewing the big points. Accordingly, we sauntered long and leisurely through St. Peter's, that wonderful cathedral, the greater church edifice in the world, and inspected everything from the subterranean vault where the bones of St. Peter himself are said to lie, up to the great dome that commands as gloriously a view of the city and the country round.

Another day we give to inspecting the art treasures of the Vatican, the home of the popes, and imprisoned the Italian says, a real prisoner, his adherents claim, since the Rome he once reigned over so absolutely is now made the capital of the monarchs of Italy. Said indeed, must be the reflections as he contemplates the Rome his predecessors knew with the Rome of today, and thinks of the imperial eagle, as displayed in the days when a "Marianne" came to Rome to be crowned, and when a thousand years later, Napoleon sent to Rome for the pope.

To perform the coronation service for him in Paris.

THE POPE'S GUARD.

The pope's guards, a small body of soldiers, about 200 strong, conceded him by the ruling power, are everywhere in evidence, as we pass from chamber to chamber, but of course the living apartments of the pontiff and his household, are never invaded by the feet of the tourist. The revenue from the fees charged to inspect the historic galleries, where on walls and ceiling, Raphael, and Michelangelo and a host of other masters have left their imperishable records, is said to be expended on keeping the vast place in repair. While the charge is small, the total income must be immense, as the stream of tourists and guides is an unending one from morning till night. The Sistine chapel, where the election of the popes has taken place for centuries past, and where the recent choice of the present pontiff evoked such world-wide comment, is a place of especial interest, and we linger there a long time to study the best instances of the handwork of Michael Angelo, which adorns the ceiling and walls, and the others of which depict the 400 years which have elapsed since they were laid on, are apparent as bright and vivid as on the day they were executed.

THE PANTHEON.

The Pantheon, the home of the famous dead of Italy, continues to be used by the city and the state for the same purposes as those for which it was founded by the emperors of ancient Rome; in fact, it is the only edifice which dates from the early days of Rome, whose walls and vaulting are in perfect preservation. It is very vast, very gloomy, very sepulchral, and within its walls lie the ashes of the bones of many a notable who ruled Rome, and whose world-wide rule was the glory of the city. The last of the emperors who was interred there, in 1520, Victor Emanuel II, who died in 1878, and Robert I, father of the present king, whose remains were deposited there in 1890. The tombs of the last two are always decorated with wreaths and flowers, and the day we were there the place was being filled up in most gorgeous fashion, preliminary to celebrating the anniversary of the late king, whether his birth or death we did not ascertain, but his sword, his crown, his robes and his scepter, placed on top of a huge altar in the center of the Pantheon, the whole surrounded by a circle of tall wax candles, kept constantly burning, made up a spectacle really imposing and awe-inspiring.

THE COLOSSEUM.

It takes your breath, as you stand in that midnight of all ruins, the Colosseum, and realize that what remains is only one-third of the original structure. It was back in the eighth century that the saying originated:

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand.
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall.
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

Though the prophecy in the lines was not fulfilled, the words illustrate what the old Romans thought of the majesty of Rome, as well as of the mightiest structure of the world. The world has been able to do since in the way of stone building, has ever approached it. The Colosseum was begun at about the time our Savior was preaching in Jerusalem, and it was finished half a century later. It rested, from 4000 to 4500 people, and it staggered the imagination to think what the spectacles must have looked like on one of the festival days when the place was filled with a throng eager to see the wild beasts released from the cages below upon a band of Christian victims. Standing in the center of the arena one can see the passages from which the martyrs were led out, the space occupied by the box of the emperor, the front rows reserved for the senators and nobles, the less desirable sections higher up and the standing space for the mob on the roof of the reserved seats. What the system of numbering the rows was much the same as that of today, is shown by the numerous carved in the stones on which seats rested. What the visitor of those days would have had to contend with, can be faintly imagined.

The Colosseum is elliptical in form, and the total circumference is 541 yards.

The longer diameter is 265 yards, the shorter 150 yards, the height 155 feet. Outside the building still stands the ramp, the remains of which the gladiators washed after having finished a contest among themselves, or with the wild beasts they were often called upon to face. The way we entered the Colosseum it was thronged with visitors, and the guides say that time of the ruins of ancient Rome approaches it in popularity. A trolley car line runs to it from the center of the city, and it is only 15 minutes distant from the busiest banks, hotels and newspaper offices of the modern city.

WHERE MARC ANTONY STOOD.

To do full justice to the Forum, and having a warm holiday day for the trip, our party takes lunch baskets, kodaks and field glasses and "camps" for the greater portion of the day amid the ruins, our reading and all identifying the points of interest as they arise. The old stone podium in front of which lay the body of Julius Caesar, and which Marc Antony stood as he delivered his famous oration—at least, so says Shakespeare—is still in a state of fine preservation, but the approaches to stand where Antony stood, are too far to do a stiff bit of climbing, before he is ready for the snap of the kodak.

The ruins of the old Senate chamber, where Brutus, Cassius, Cato and the other conspirators assassinated Caesar, stand for feet to our right as we face the forum. The stone pavement on which the "Friends, Romans and countrymen" of Antony stood as they listened to his oration, rests firm and unimpaired under our feet, but it is worn smooth by the tread of generations. The arches, pillars and columns which mark the sites of the entrances to the Forum, or the temples which stood around it, still stand in stately grandeur and solitude, and as we walk from one to the other, and linger a moment to hear the echoes of the past, we are reminded more than an artist who is transferring the wonderful beauty of the ruins to paper or canvas. The two points of the temple of Castor and Pollux, the arch of Septimius Severus, the arch of Titus, the three mammoth arches of the basilica of Constantine, and the round temple of Romulus, are well marked sites, but none wonderful that all is the underground tomb of Rome, which is reached by a flight of wooden steps. There is an inscription on the tomb, but the chronicler says that few could decipher it, even in the days of Cicero. It is generally believed, however, to mark the resting place of the founder of Rome, just as the Forum itself is believed to have been the headquarters of the fight between the Romans and the Sabines, when the latter came down from the mountains in an endeavor to regain their women, whom the Romans had borne away captive. Today the grass is growing in profusion all over the field except on the paved roadway, and it forms a pleasant carpet to the feet of the visitors who come to hear the stately orator or endeavor to decipher the many Latin inscriptions which are still seen on every pedestal and over every arch.

IN THE CATACOMBS.

A volume might be written, as volumes have been written, concerning the other points of absorbing interest that invite the tourist, but space forbids more than a passing mention. The Catacombs, where so many of the Christian martyrs were interred, where so many secreted themselves from their enemies, and where so many were martyred when they were discovered, are still being explored by the monks. The Trappist fathers have been given charge of the Catacombs by the pope, and the monks who serve as guides for admission are used to prosecute the explorations. We can never forget the impression of the scene, when our party, with a number of other tourists, each provided with a lighted candle, guaranteed to last just the 30 minutes necessary to grope through the underground chamber of the dead, followed the monk who served as both guide and lecturer. We were 50 feet under the ground viewing the narrow shelves where the forefathers of the dead were laid to rest, and though we tramped steadily for half an hour, we barely touched the explorations, and were told that our tunnel was the upper end of three which had been cleared out, and that in all Rome, 700 miles of these chambers had been uncovered. The Appian way, famous in history, the little church that marks the spot

where it is alleged that Christ appeared to Paul, the house of Nero on the hill, where he stood and fiddled as Rome burned, the cave where tradition says Romulus and Remus were suckled by the she wolf, the remnants of the old Roman walls, the forum of Nerva, and the many galleries and museums, all rich with relics of the past—each is worthy a letter by itself, but space will not allow further notice at this time.

KIPLING ON A VACATION.

There is something of a flutter among the Pilgrims, on the last day of our stay in Rome, when we learn that we have been posting greatest unwelcome, for several days in succession. Our dining room at the quiet and charming Hotel Savoy, is occupied by clusters of small tables, at which groups and families are assigned permanent places. Our table is alongside that of a group of four, a small, rather quiet, shaggy-eyed, brown Englishman of about 55, his wife and two daughters. We rub elbows several days before we learn that which Miss Anthony stood as he delivered his famous oration—at least, so says Shakespeare—is still in a state of fine preservation, but the approaches to stand where Antony stood, are too far to do a stiff bit of climbing, before he is ready for the snap of the kodak.

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prattle gaily without much interruption from either party or mere.

The smallness of the mundane sphere impresses us anew, as we unexpectedly encounter Mrs. J. L. Rawlins and her daughter Alta, one afternoon on Pincio Hill. Like us they have joined the throngs to hear the military band which plays in the beautiful park two hours several days a week. Miss Lora Rawlins has been left in Paris to pursue art studies, and Miss Alta, with whose literary talents her San Lake friends are familiar, has a note book as an inseparable companion.

H. G. W.

IMPEDIMENTS TO MANCHURIAN DEVELOPMENT

The cost of transporting agricultural products is the chief item of expense in the growing and marketing of a Manchurian farmer's crops, and were it not for the fact that he exchanges only a small part of his produce for cash, that which is not required for home consumption, he could scarcely make a living on the average Manchurian farm solely on account of the condition of the country roads. The only means of transportation between interior towns is by the railroads, and the cost of carrying a maximum load of about 1,000 pounds, is drawn by four to eight ponies or mules. This method of transport is most costly to the farmer, not because of the kind of vehicle used, but because of the almost impassable condition of the roads. The Manchurian cart is indeed the only kind of vehicle that could navigate the deep-rutted, square-rimmed roads which everywhere prevail throughout almost the entire year. The only season of passable roads is during the winter when the road is frozen to a depth of several feet. It is then that the crops are moved and most of the year's business done. It is obvious, therefore, that until Manchuria has better roads for the transport of its products it cannot hope to become any considerable factor in commercial agriculture. The best that it may realistically hope to do under present conditions is to produce a little more than enough to supply the demand of its own people. With good roads and better transport facilities, however, new markets would be reached, the cost of production and marketing would be reduced by more than one-half, production would be stimulated, and the land of the future would enter upon an era of prosperity and progress scarcely second to that enjoyed by the inhabitants of the trans-Pacific states during the last thirty years. The making of good roads must constitute one of the first steps to be taken if Manchuria is to have either prosperity or progress. The Manchurian farmer has undoubtedly been greatly benefited by the opening of the north Manchurian and the Chinese Japanese railroads, but while railway communication is indispensable, good country roads are also a vitally essential adjunct to the economic welfare of an agricultural community.—Consular Report.

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