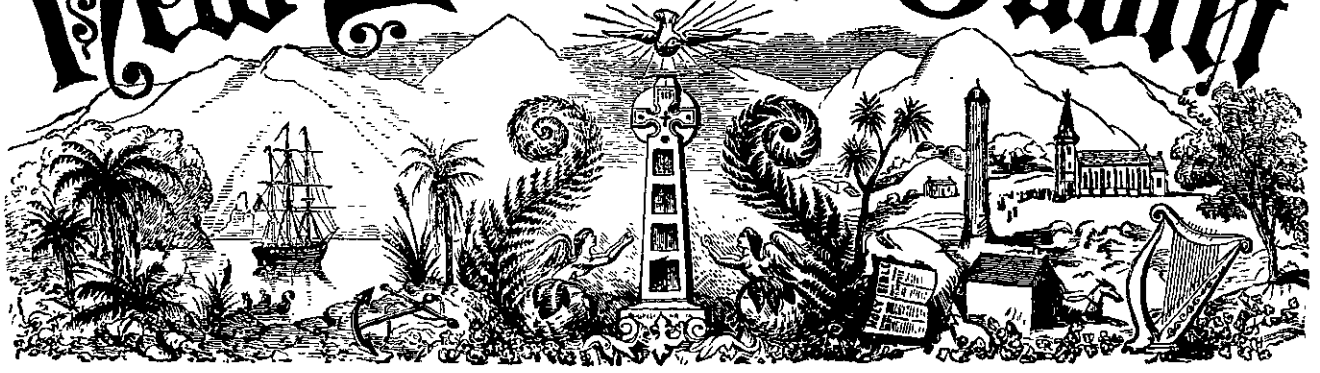


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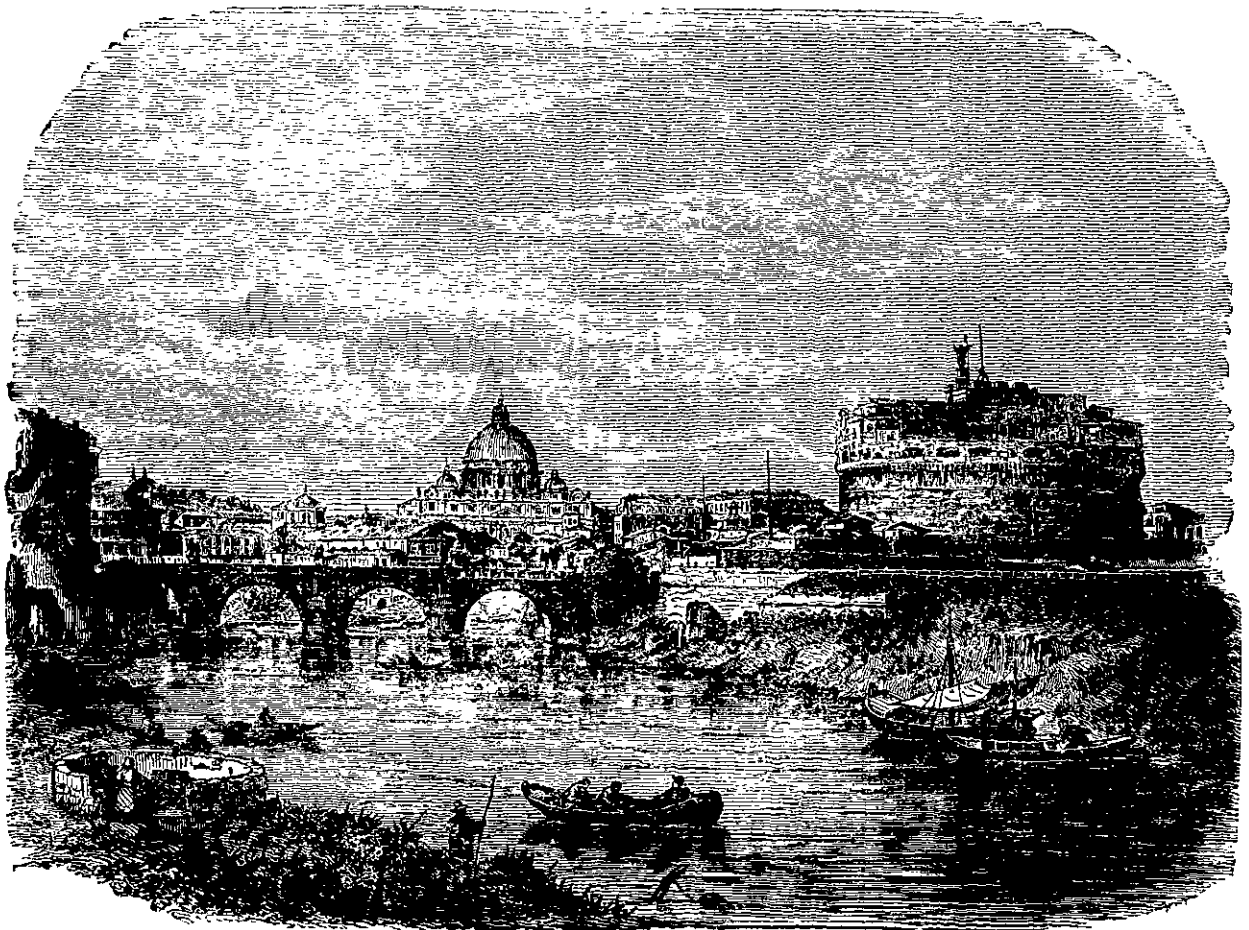
DUNEDIN: FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1877.

PRICE 6D.

R O M E .

R. JOHNSON said that the man would be unenviable who could look upon the plain of Marathon without a throb of patriotism, or behold the ruins of Iona without a stimulus being added to his piety. But this sentence was pronounced in days before the world was thrown open to tourists, so to speak; and the discovery of locomotion, by means of steam, had not then made it easy for every frivolous body, in search of a sensation that might dispel ennui, to run to and fro, and chatter non-

We, however, are disciples, in this matter, of the "great lexicographer," and such, we trust, are the greater number of those who will look at the illustration with which we, this week, present them. The Castle of St. Angelo, the Dome of St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Tiber and its bridge. Here is food for thought without end, and the names evoke a long procession moving out of distant ages, and embracing men of might and beings superhuman. From Romulus to his name-sake, the last Emperor of the West; from St. Peter to Pius IX., from Brennus to Victor Emmanuel—all manner of men have appeared in the midst of these scenes, or on their sites; and as they are suggestive to us of the holiness of the



sense, or scribble inanities with respect to places hallowed by association with a venerable past, or by present usages. Had the grave doctor survived to our times, his contempt would doubtless have been frequently excited, and he would have perceived that of those persons, "mostly fools," who inhabit Great Britain, a large number who travel make little account of Marathon or Iona—figuratively speaking; the more especially of the latter, where their imaginations are pleased to locate the ponderous shades of "lazy monks," and to conjure up a Barmecide's feast of fancied daintiness and fat living.

saint—nay, of the very glory of the angels of God itself, for did not St. Michael stand on the summit of yonder castle to stay the pestilence in days of yore?—they also remind us of the uncleanness of heathen worship, and the impiety of modern rebellion against the truth; as they speak to us of conquest and splendour, so do they recall to us loss and ruin—and lastly they present to us visions of the grandeur of the intellect. In St. Peter's we look upon the fruits of Michael Angelo's genius; the Vatican Hill brings to our memory the strains of Horace; and in the immortal song of Dante the bridge here represented has a place. In the first Bolgia the