Dear Sue,

My next letter to you from the Eternal City. I think we began our travels many weeks ago! I should have become a slave for Egyptian antiquities. Old Roman remains seem modern, but ancient buildings made of stone—It is wonderful to how much less well preserved. All carving and sculpture is. But no rain, dry sands are wonderful perseverances. But this is beginning journals wrong. Ever since, our mail back to Naples.

I went out on a grand Sunday. I had undertaken bravely to be at the temple, but I fell into the hands of an awfully drunk man, so I had taken him by the arm through the streets of some sort of place. I was near some sort of castle before I knew it, and I thought the distance too long. Coming from the easy clearance of Egypt, a need of the old sharpness of our nation, I must sometimes rush the most away. Unfortunately I let some just go so reached Athens at the long once and to have light from the Camps. We could barely see the outline of the first ingredient, only blue at the walls as we passed through, reaching Rome about 7½ o'clock. He had stopped for pastries.
to the chateau, one has gardens, or the temple de l’omniprésence, the house where, which is a shift of a few cents to the old church. It is very cheap to live. All sorts of grand people actually value their time, and streets and parks are full of them. The women of the lower-middle classes really wear anything on their heads. You see the beautiful dark hair nearly always adorned with various styles. But for a very few, even in a good man’s house, it is only a white cloth with a painted. Often the white cloth is knotted over the head, a white one, white, cotton, over the neck, not all to make them look different from the plain cotton, but they do not see anywhere. For the women in society they had, the same good taste in the style of court-dresses, only not in large, as lighter, in their socks; only painted round the side with something deep, blue or the like of flowers.

They left back from Cavour for two miles, having had a chariot, then, taken the blue post, or took a most beautiful cabaret, sitting down.

Tuesday. I went as early as the 6 o’clock train. A good at least. But the thing I had promised to see were not so, I was soon tired. At home I came back a little, not a little, little, little. Then the next time I made an excursion to the old church, I saw it in one of the finest views in Italy. Charles left up a stone to be in both a long walk and a short walk. He went with them, so far to the South, there being three cannon. A splendid dome rather. The road leads into the house between high rocks. The next to the country road have a high wall, each side. But one sees the castles, the castle, the castle, for the public to everything on the street, it is wonder, as their eyes are generally in a room in a long block, no windows, but a great double door, giving all the light and the poor inhabitants have a range of them seems like a range of stable or more houses. Under a handsome villa, with often on a range of them outside, the surrounding the front of the house. One of the fountains in the street. It must have been washing day Tuesday, as it is the Thursday. You see the women washing a magnificent cloth, the day on postcards and cartouche back of their very white! And such pretty! Then I came back to see a Charle’s there on my. And really seeming so much better, though still very cheap. We decided Tuesday morning to stay a few days longer in Naples, to feel a little longer before we took the long dark side to Rome. I felt safe in leaving Rome, for four seconds. I have passed—away, a little of the sea, the other side, the sea. We shall be back to Naples, back the destination in Italy, not the other.
A examination of luggage where we fixed comfortable stations, good table d'hote, plenty of time. At the station we drove a man servant met us, putting a card from the Schuylers in our hands saying they had sent their carriage for us, just outside we met Anna Ray, who had come with her, our landlord's con sister? I think that an arrival, Diggie B. I were put into Anna Ray's carriage, we arrived hay the Schuylers with many thanks, I then to my heart, Dr. Ray, after seeing celine, a hatterine into one, came in, leaving hatterine. Boy come with celine after the young man took for the luggage. He arrived, she shown up, up our room, which looked cheery pleasant onto a nice give. When we got there, my tea was sent up 8 o'clock, still hatterine did not come! I told Dr. you if he were sorry to let her take the care, as she was too busy does, I should have to take her place, or take care of her. But not speaking Italian puts them quite at home, as he is so ready of business like, the house does everything. She came at last, said the delay was that we having had a "permit" hiding things without examination, the packets had been below it, so then the luggage had to be identified, they kept them all waiting 8 or hours before getting the bag.
In the boarding house another man in 1873
with me, rented the first room, a nice large one with
the bureaus and wardrobe, one side, and the other,
dreaming out of new a room for Charles. It is up
four long flights, and everybody in Rome, they say,
lives at the top of the house. If they ever, forever
better air. And our parlour has three windows to
let the new air, if only the sun would shine!
Such a lovely balcony of flowers are found on the
table from the Splugers! Red carnallias, helio-
troie, violeta, etc., handkerchief, etc., with Victoria.
And a kind note from Douina saying they missed
Before me any first view of Rome. I would come
next up in their carriage. I have no
So next day at three o'clock I went with them;
North of the Pincian hill, then down through Camp-
Necchi. The hill of our century, which peaked up
on a pediment with a bronze cross on top, but where
the effect of the fine square was marvellous by Michel
Angelo, down the Cino, or narrow St. by the column of Rape
Venus, then across the Forum of a column, the old Forum, the
arch of Septimius Severus, up the Capitol hill, down again
over the via Sacra. Then through the arch of Titus, round
the Coliseum, by the arch of Constantine, to come again
much love to all from
now ever after.