

Decr 29th. Received a letter from Capt. John dated Decr 2nd. Walked to the mausoleum of Augustus. Found nothing remarkable about it except its antiquity. It is nearly surrounded with buildings attached to its walls, but enough was visible to satisfy my curiosity. Mrs. Van gave me a surprise by presenting me with a very beautiful silver tobacco box, thereby endorsing my use of the filthy weed. A perspective view of the Forum Romanum is beautifully engraved on the lid of the box. Now that she has given me up as hopelessly attached to the iniquity, I propose to quit the use of it as soon as circumstances will permit.

Decr 30th. Dull, rainy day. Mr. and Mrs. Gammon called. Mrs. Van and the girls very anxious to pay their respects to the Holy Father. Mr. Gammon ditto. But the Head of the Church is not easily interviewed (as the reporters would say) and Mr. Gammon and I undertook the preliminaries for an audience. Went to a college to find a Doct. Chatard who has the privilege of introducing such persons as he may think proper to the immediate presence of His "Infallible Holiness." We were unable to find the Doct. and left word at the college that we would call on him to morrow at 11 o'clock. I would like well enough to see the pope, but I don't like the idea of his being trotted out like a giraffe in a zoological garden to be gazed at by permission or for a consideration, but the ladies are determined, and it must be done. Received a letter from Mrs. Cross, proprietress of the Hotel Suez at Naples, offering us suitable rooms for our stay in that city. Mailed a letter to the lady and accepted the situation. She will send her husband to meet us at the station and take charge of us and our baggage.

Decr 31st. Mr. Gammon and I called at the American College. Had an interview with the Doct. Gave us to understand after half an hours conversation that he would try to arrange our presentation to this August Person, but we could not be admitted before next Tuesday. Ladies to dress in black with a black veil, gentlemen in evening dress. I am prepared with proper costume but Gammon has no dress coat, but one of the waiters at his hotel is about his size, and he proposes to borrow his swallow tail coat for the occasion. We were also told that etiquette would require us to kneel on the approach of his Holiness. I propose to try it, but do not like it, and enter my protest against the seeming humiliation, but I am "in Rome, and must do as Romans do." This is the argument used to satisfy me that it is merely a form. Every body does it – still I don't like it.

Jany 1st, 1875. New Years day. Walked out to purchase photographs. Found that this day is a universal holiday. All the stores are closed. We propose to try the photograph business to morrow. We are having a little more rest just now than there is any necessity for, but we cannot leave before next Wednesday if we wait for an audience with the pope which cannot be had before Tuesday. Mrs. Van and the girls are willing to wait his convenience. But if the matter was left to my notion, we would leave on Tuesday morning.

Jany 2nd. Spent the forenoon selecting pictures of places and things of interest. At 2 o'clock took carriage and drove some 3 miles out of the city to the church of the three Fountains (an old abbey). There are three churches within a few rods of each other, the largest an ancient basilica founded by Honorius 1st in 630, restored in 1221 by Honorius 3rd. There is nothing