

## NOTES ON ROME.

## I. THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME.

EXACT topographical description is a comparatively new feature in geography and history: the result of advanced geological and other studies. It bears the same relation to the general subject as anthropology bears to physiology, a well worked out detail. "Voyages and Travels," the folios of fifty years past, contented themselves as a rule with describing sites and scenery as the pictures affected the authors, their feelings, and so forth; much upon the same principle as the modern critic, who reviews not the book, but the writer of the book—a firm reliance upon the power of the personal. Consequently, those fine old English travel-works were weak in their topography as in their anthropology, and both were very weak indeed.

This defect is, naturally enough, reflected by books of compilation, and in the large branch of literature known as the popular. Turn, for instance, to the British Murray, the lineal successor of Mrs. Starke *et compagnie*. Read the paragraph entitled the "Seven Hills," and you will readily understand my meaning. Every schoolboy learns from his Butler, his Lemprière, or his Smith (Dr. Wm.), the list which made up the "urbs septicollis;" every collegian can go through the list of Palatine, Quirinal, &c. But one and all, when quoting the resounding line—

"Septem urbs alta jugis toti quæ præsidet  
orbi—

have a hazy idea that Rome the city still sits, as she originally sat, upon seven distinct *monti* (hills). And haziness of idea, I would observe, is apt to affect the memory: we can hardly remember long what we fail to see distinctly and in due order.

Let us try if the Seven Hills will not fall into a natural topographical series

easily understood and not readily forgotten. It is quite true that Time, by adding thirty or fifty feet of *débris* to the surface has, at some points, "rendered it difficult to distinguish the limits of the original eminences." We may be sure that the outlines of the seven, especially the four consecutive hills of which I shall speak, have greatly changed. But we are equally certain that the main features remain unaltered, and in order to avoid becoming more archæological than is necessary, we will speak of the "montes" as they now are.

A section from Ancona to Civita Vecchia shows the "humilis Italia"—maritime Italy—extending along the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene Seas, to be composed of water-rolled calcareous pebbles, underlying humus of various thickness. Down the whole length of the axis run the Apennines forming the backbone of the Peninsula, and the limestones and sandstones of the highlands have been washed down to create the lowlands, even as Egypt was said of the ancients to be the gift of the Nile. But about Rome and elsewhere there are igneous complications. We see the direct effects of the Latian volcanoes in the rolling basaltic ridge, whose extreme tongue, buttressing the left or western bank of the Almo, is still quarried near the Appian Way about the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The material is a close grained blue rock, containing crystals of lime and several peculiar minerals. The peculiar rocks of Rome itself, as we may remark upon the Monte Verde, and in the Mamertine prison, are the tufa, whose earthly texture shows chiefly if not wholly volcanic ashes, and the peperino, sand pasted together with erupted cinereous matter: a noted variety of the latter is the Gabino of Gabii (*Lapis Gabinus*): Both tufa and peperino resemble the puzzolina of Puzzuoli, the light, porous,

and friable mixture of silica, alumina, and iron, the basis of hydraulic cement. And both contrast with the travertino of Tivoli and elsewhere, a white concretionary stone, originally lime, in solution deposited by fresh water, often hard, generally containing heterogeneous matter like pudding-stone, and sometimes assuming a semi-crystalline character. The stones of Rome, therefore, neglecting the foreign marbles, are peperino and tuff, basalt and travertino.

Let us cast a look upon the site of Rome in those palæolithic days when the Alban block ceased to build up the country by deluging it with fire, and when the goodly scene was gradually assuming its present shape. Geologists still dispute whether the large watercourses of the præ-historic period changed to the comparatively small rivers of our times gradually or *per saltum*, and Mr. Belgrand has given reasons for his belief that in some cases, especially in the Parisian basin, "les grands cours d'eau de l'âge de pierre sont devenues tout à coup les petites rivières que nous voyons couler de nos jours." And the cause is as variously sought in the secular growth of the earth and in the newer theory—the *Einsturz Hypothese*, which is taking its place. But no one doubts that the valleys were shallower, and therefore more saturated than the deep drains of the present day; that the spring floods carrying off the accumulated ice and snow of winter were sudden and violent, and consequently that the rivers were giants compared with pigmies. Nor indeed can it be doubted: it is written upon the rocks in characters which all may read.

The imperial stream now shrunk to a mere cunette in its lowest depressions, and wandering about the Prati or leas of its valley, was then a broad sheet of turbid water filling the whole space between the two parallel ridges which still subtend its course. The same was evidently the case with its influents the Turrone, the Acqua Maranna, and the Almone. Old river-banks still remain to prove the extent of the original beds, that of the Tiber varying in breadth from less than

one mile at the north and south, to about three at the central bridge. The riparian material is a soft crumbling tuff, sub-stratified, readily forming caves, and easily cut with the pick; alternating with confused layers of river-silt, resembling, but a little older than, that now used for brick-making, and embedding particles of mica, limestone, quartz, trap, and other hard rocks. This incipient stone is well developed in the low and precipitous sides of the yellow buttresses lying to the north of the Pincian Hill, in the riverine front of the Capitol, at the dwarf scour called the (*Cafarelli*) Tarpeian Rock, and in other places where the summit has been shaped by nature or art.

The classical stream, at present impure and wanting a washing as badly as Father Thames, approaches the venerable ground in a succession of snaky curves. Drive along the Flaminian Way to the Ponte Molle, and turn up the left-bank road leading past the Acqua Acetosa towards the debouchure of the Turrone or Anio Rivro. Here the valley belonging to the ages which it is the custom to call geological, præ-historic, or proto-historic, is admirably defined. The right bank is a green plain with regular buttresses like earthworks, dented by occasional bays; and the Tor di Quinto hills, after impinging upon the stream, shelve away to enchain themselves with the Monte Mario. On the left bank are the grassy mounds, buttresses, and tumuli which denote the site of Turrigeræ Antemnæ (which the guidebooks will write *turrigiræ*), and are now known as the Monti dell' Acqua Acetosa. They are continued down stream by the Monti Parioli, whose sides and summits, crowned with villas and lines of cypresses, are often isolated by the beds of secondary drainage-lines passing between the heights. Many of these "Monti" are mere heaps and ridges in the old valley sole, as we may see by passing out of the Porta del Popolo, and turning to the right from the villa and fountain of Papa Giulio, under the Arco Oscuro: here we shall find still further eastward the true river-bed of antiquity.

About the parallel of the Porta del Popolo the Tiber forms a reach running, to speak roughly, north-south, and after a few hundred yards begins the great western bend, at whose furthest projection stood the Pons Triumphalis. This is followed by an easterly road, whose extreme limit would be the modern suspension bridge (*Pons Emilii*),—where the self-plying nets curiously remind one of the Na' urah, or giant box-wheels of the Syrian Orontes,—and the strip of embankment where some score of wild craft denote the "Port" of modern Rome. Here again the Tiber flows north-south past the Monte Testaccio, curves a little to the east, and then sweeps sharply westward at the Prati de S. Paolo, the suburban St. Paul, near the celebrated basilica of that name.

The fluvial valley of the Tiber is the main feature of the site of Rome, but it is complicated by the presence of three—perhaps it would be more correct to say four—other secondary river beds.

The first is the course of the Anio, Aniene, or Teverone, which defines the north-eastern, or as we may call them, the landward slopes of the Roman hills. This stream is well known as draining the eastern or Tivoli block, a spur projected westward and south-westward by the Apennines. Its left bank receives the Fosso della Maranella, a water-course partly natural and partly artificial, which subtends the eastern walls. Of this I shall have occasion to speak again.

The second is the course of the Almo or Almone, the classical "brevisimus Almo," which exerts considerable effect upon the southern contour. It drains the Alban hills, that volcanic mass to the south-south-east of Rome, springs from the slopes about the Mura de' Francesi, and makes part of the Campagna a labyrinth of old wady-beds and channels, some the work of nature, others of man. Under the name of Valle Cafarella it forms a broad and well-defined channel: its old bed, scarped with red tufa, is distinctly seen from Egeria's clump of holm-oaks, the false nymphaeum lying in the actual valley, whilst the Via Appia (Pigna-

tello), the circus or hippodrome of Maxentius, the catacombs of Calixtus (cimiterio de S. Sebastiano), the church of "Domine quo Vadis," and the old Roman Mausolea, all occupy the broken left or western bank. The Almo, still under the name of Cafarella, now bends from south-east to north-west, and twists and flows with a breadth of about twelve feet in a wide basin past the conspicuous modern bastion "Sangalla," this part of the southern wall being built on its high right bank. Then running by the Vicolo della Moletta, its right side forms the Mons Æliolus, or Æliolus Minor (Fabricius Roma, chap. 3), and the buttresses crowned by the temples of SS. Balbina and Saba. Finally it disappears under the Via Ostiensis, not far north of the basilica of S. Paolo fuori le mura, and finds a grave in the Tiber.

The third is the Acqua Maranna, so called, it is supposed, from its origin—the slopes east of Marino (Castrimanium): though less important, it is somewhat longer than the Almo, which rises west of it. This stream, called Acqua Crabra in its upper or southern part, and La Moletta in the lower, where it drives a mill, is extremely complicated, being partly an independent feature and partly a branch of the Almo. Want of slope in the Campagna causes an immense confusion, covering the surface with a network of rivulet-valleys, wet and dry; and near Roma Vecchia di Frascati we still see the "lock and lasher" diverting into the Almo the waters of the Maranna, which there flows upon a raised leat of earthwork. Approaching Rome it bends from south-east to west, and its right bank shows well-defined and scarped sides, above which St. John of Lateran is built. It passes under the city walls near the closed Porta Metronia, forms the true Vallis Egeriæ, whose fountain of wonderful transparency and, alas for romance! slightly medicinal, lies on the right bank. Its left side is formed by the Mons Cæliolus, continued by the two other buttresses which have been mentioned as bounding the Almo on

the right. The Mons Cælius and the Palatine prolong the rise upon whose slopes the true Egeria lies, and with the Aventine on the other side (west) the Maranna passes through the Circus Maximus to the Tiber. The Maranna, I warn the reader, must not be confounded with the Maranna di Grotta Perfetta, another offset of the Almo arising from the Colle di Grotta Perfetta to the south, crossing the Via Ostiensis where stands the Ponticello di S. Paolo, and falling into the Tiber south of the great extramural basilica.

Thus the site of Rome, whose hills evidently rise above the soft waves of the Campagna, is bounded north and west by the Tiber; north-east by the Anio or Teverone; east by the Fosso della Maranella, and south-east and south by Aqua Maranna and the Almo. As is the rule of primary rivers, the Tiber flows upon an elevated plane, and beyond the hills, the buttresses and the bays of its old fluvial banks, there is a compound slope at right angles inland. The depression is readily noted by walking down the Via Nomentana (Sta. Agnese) outside the Porta Pia towards the valley of the Anio.

The present walls show the Pagan city at its largest, and a study of the Almo valley renders it unnecessary to prolong the enceinte, as some antiquaries have done, southwards. The capital of Christianity occupies both banks and the site of the old river bed—an irregular amphitheatre. There is more level ground on the left than on the right side of the fluvial plain, because the Monte Mario hills—the Janiculum and its continuations flanking the stream—run in a tolerably straight line from north to south; the eastern, or left bank, on the other hand, is disposed in crescent shape, with the hollow fronting the river, and the latter curves away westward, leaving a much larger area.

The western, or right bank of the Tiber, is easily understood when viewed from any height—the Pincian gardens, for instance—it is little built upon, and it is free from the complications of

secondary valleys. Similarly, for a study of the complicated site of Lisbon, we must cross to the opposite side of the Tagus. Beginning north with the Tor di Quinto and the Monte Mario, we notice a line of dome-shaped mountains, disposed in regular sequence, curving with the stream; their walls are either sloped or bluff with brick-cuttings, and their summits are crowned with churches and villas, with gardens, vineyards, and fields. The cypress and the stone-pine—a conjunction so characteristic of Roman scenery—contrast strangely with the huge crops of ferns and of nettles and thistles which would do honour to Scotland. Then, bending slightly westward and forming more than one parallel cut by lateral valleys, the bank projects eastward a long tongue or ridge, as may be seen by walking through the Porta Angelica, up the Leonine Via della Mura, and a mile or so westward from the Porta Pertusa. This buttress is the Mons Vaticanus, so called, they say, from the god Vagitanus or Vaticanus, or from the Vates, who here gave their prophetic answers; it contained the tomb of Scipio Africanus, and it was first inclosed by Leo IV. The range still runs southward, taking for a mile and a half the name of Mons Janiculus, or Janicularis, named from the town of Janus, or because Janus was here buried, or because it was the Janua by which the Romans attacked the Tuscans. Ancus Martius fortified, and Aurelian annexed this Janiculum, and here also is S. Pietro in Montorio, the Mons Aureus of golden sands (Fabricius Roma, i. 3) which, according to Martial (iv. 64) is the most fitting standpoint for a full prospect of the Eternal City—

“Hinc septem dominos videre montes  
Et totam licet æstimare Romanam.”

Further on, the old right bank becomes the Monte Verde outside the Porta Portese, and lastly, La Magliana, where the valley flares out before debouching upon the bourne whence no river ever returns.

The eastern, or left bank, is equally well-defined north of the Villa Borghese, and we may assume the “Monti Farioli,”

with their scarps and outlines, their steps and terraces divided by bays and inlets, and their height, varying from 100 to 300 feet above the water, as the typical hills of old Rome. Here the muddy stream now swirling thirty feet deep in its silty bed, evidently swung in bygone ages; we see this in the scarps of the hills and buttresses everywhere more or less precipitous, except when converted by art into stiff zigzag ramps, up which horses painfully struggle—for instance, the ascent to the Barberino Palace. So in modern Babylon the Duke of York's column stands upon the old raised bank of a Thames very different in dimensions from what it is now. For a general view, ascend the tower of the Capitol, or drive to S. Pietro in Montorio, where now lie the Pincian gardens of the south-west or “city” end. A walk along the Via Sistina, the Via Tiber, the Via delle Quattro Fontane, the Piazza di Santa Maria Maggiore, and the Via Merulana, shows as clearly as possible the ups and downs of the old river side, which is always on the right hand. Another walk southwards from the Porta Pia, along the Via della Mura of the old city, will give an excellent idea of the buttresses and bays in the riverine banks of the Fosso della Maranella, the Acqua Maranna, and the Almo.

Historically and chronologically we speak of the Palatine, Quirinal, Capitoline, Cælian, Aventine, Viminal, and Esquiline. The topographical sequence, beginning from the north, along the left bank of the old river, would be the Quirinal and its buttress, the Capitol; the Viminal, the Esquiline with its buttress the Cælian; and the two isolated tumuli, the Palatine and the Aventine.

Concerning each of these features a few lines of explanation will be necessary, and we may commence our survey from north to south by the hill of the Pincii, *alias* the Collis Hortorum, or Hortulorum, derived from the gardens of Sallust. Following the ridge of the Trinita de Monti, where the model-haunted steps run up the ancient bank, we come to the lordly Quirinal. It was

added by Numa Pompilius (Dionysius Halicarnassus, lib. 2). The old name derived from the temple of Quirianus (Romulus) or from the Sabine Quirites, the citizens of Cures, Curium, or Quirium—here removed with their chief, Titus Tatius—was afterwards changed to Caballus from the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, presented to the much-defamed Nero by Tiridates, king of Armenia (Fabricius Roma, chap. 3). The breadth of the modern Quirinal is crossed by walking from the Piazza Barberini, up the Via delle Quattro Fontane, to the dwarf square of the same name, and by descending the southern section of “Four-fountain Street.” Its highest and westernmost buttress, Monte Cavallo, retains the classical name, and the length of the ridge may be appreciated by passing along the Via Venti Settembre, which forms its crest. Lastly, to understand the crescent-form bending to the south-south-east and the old river front, you follow the Via Quirinale, down the steep descent past the Tor de Conti (“Nero's town,”) to the Campo Vaccino. This will also illustrate the riverine faces of the Viminal and the Esquiline.

The Capitoline Hill here appears to be a digression, but it is not. This Mons Saturni, or Saturnius, derived its earliest name from the venerable god who lived there, ὤς λέγονται: as the Tarpeian rock immortalizing the name of the young person who betrayed the Citadel-asylum to the Sabines, it was recovered for the city by Romulus, after incorporating the Quirites with his Populus Romanus; and, lastly, it became the Capitolium, or Mons Capitolinus, from the human head found when digging the foundations of the Jovian Temple, popularly placed at the Ara Cæli; and thus it is synonymous with Golgotha and Calvary. Topographically, it is the south-western buttress of the Quirinal, and hence the Arx of the Sabines, who occupied the whole ridge. As Trajan's column tells us, the connecting neck of land was cut away to make room for his Forum, and the inscription fixes the height of the old ridge or isthmus at

about 127½ English feet—namely, the altitude of the whole column from its base, exclusive of the statue and pedestal: Mons Capitolinus is a buttress of peperine scarpd by art towards the stream, sloping in other parts, and artificially ramped towards the south-east.

The Viminal, a small and humble feature, lies immediately south of the Quirinal. It took a name, they say, from the Vimina, or Rivis, which grew along the old river bed and formed a thicket about the altar of Jupiter Viminus (Varro); Servius Tullius added it to the city (Dion. Hal., lib. 4). It is a short, tongue-shaped ridge projecting to the south-west, beginning at the foot of the southern Via delle Quattro Fontane and ending at the Via Nazionale. The Via dei Stuzzi runs along its crest, and its junction with the Quirinal is shown by the so-called Baths of Diocletian. By turning to the right and then to the left, up the Via Venezia, you can distinctly trace in its riverine point the scarpd rock of the old bed and the cut caves so common in classical ages. The limits of the Viminal elsewhere are difficult to lay down, as this part of the bank has been torn to pieces.

Worse still is the Esquiline, the largest and the most confused; there is a break of continuity in the left bank, and the complications of the Acqua Maranna render it an exceedingly tough bit. According to Fabricius (chap. 3) its ancient names were Mons Cispius and Mons Oppius. Esquilinus is a corruption, *on dit*, of Excubinus, ab Excubiis, from the outlying watch kept by Romulus (Propertius, ii. 8), and it was added to the city by Servius Tullius, whose palace was here (Livy, i. 44).

The modern Esquiline is, roughly speaking, bounded north and separated from the Viminal by the ascent of Santa Maria Maggiore, and denoted south by the Baths of Titus. The church of Santa Pudenziana shows the riverine front, which is continued behind the Flavian amphitheatre (Coliseum). Walking down the Via Merulana towards S. John of Lateran, we see on the left (east) an old scarpd bank showing the

action of water inland from the Esquiline, forming a long deep bay, with west-east trend between it and the Mons Cælius. As has been mentioned, the valley of the Acqua Maranna curves round the southern side.

The Cælian hill is to the Esquiline what the Capitoline is to the Quirinal. Called Querculanus, or Queratulanus, *dizem*, from its oak copses, and Augustus, because the Emperor Tiberius built upon it after a fire (Tacit. Annals, 4; Lactantius in Tib., chap. 48), it was annexed to the city by Tullus Hostilius (Livy, i. 30; Dion. Hal., lib. 3), or by Ancus Martius (Strabo, lib. 5). It is evidently a buttress thrown forward to the west by the left bank of the Tiber, and by the right side of the Acqua Maranna. The large map of Messrs. Parker and Fabio Gori, which is hung up at the entrance of the British and American Archaeological Society, makes the Cælian distinct from the Esquiline hill. But it is not so, as any one can ascertain for himself by walking up the new road leading from the Coliseum past the ruins of the Claudian substruction; here the connection at once becomes evident.

The sixth and seventh hills, the Palatine and Aventine, no longer belong to the system of the Tiberine left bank, although possibly in geological ages the former might have been connected with the Cælian, and afterwards isolated by human labour. Both, as they now stand, are detached tumuli—large warts on the sole of the river-valley. Smaller features of the same kind will be noticed in the course of the Anio. The lordly Palatine, named from Pales or from Pallas—how many gods to one city!—from the Palantes or the Palatini, or from the bleating of sheep (*palare* being the older form of *balare*), is identified with the history of the world's capital, from the Roma Quadrata of Romulus and Tullus Hostilius to the Palatium of Augustus. Its present form is a lozenge, with the long diameter generally trending north-south. The Aventine, a hill of many names, variously derived, called after Aventinus, king of Alba from the

Avens rivulet, or *ab avibus*, the birds of Tiber; also known as Murcius, from Murta, the goddess of sleep, whose temple stood here (Festus); as Collis Dianæ, from the fame of Diana, and as Remonius, from Remus, who was buried upon the hill where he wished the city to be founded (Plutarch in Roma), was added by Ancus Martius (Eutropius 1). It is an irregular square, or trapezoid, which, like the Capitoline, bounds and deflects the Tiber to the west. This hillock is mostly concealed by houses, but the *charpente osseuse* shows itself in a bluff river-front, a kind of sea cliff, to those who pass by the south-western end towards the pyramid of Cestius—a monument, by the by, quite worthy of the late M. Soyer. From the Monte Testaccio, which commands a fine view of the Maranna and the Almo valleys; the Aventine is seen to slope gently towards the city walls. Here also are good studies of the Mons Cæliolus, and the buttresses crowned by the churches of SS. Balbina and Saba.

The Palatine and Aventine were once parted by the Maranna stream, whose channel silting up became a swamp or marsh, and finally gave place to the riverine end of the Cloaca Maxima below, and to the Circus Maximus above ground. It shows the wondrous conservatism of the world, when we remember that Juvenal (Sat. 3) left the Jews living in this the true Egerian valley—

“Nunc sacri fontes, nemus et delubra locantur  
Judeis”—

and we see that they still use it for burying their dead. In other matters they have greatly changed: the grandfathers kept shops; the grandsons are princes in Israel and out of it, marrying the noblest of the land, and disdaining neither to wear graven images, nor to bear on the breast a corselet of crosses.

Such, then, are the far-famed “Seven

Hills of Rome.” As might be expected in the days when many a Cacus flourished, they were first occupied by little villages that feared the plains, and perched themselves upon defensible summits: we still see them so placed in every country part of Italy. The first connection would be by a wall uniting settlement with settlement, and doubtless in those early times the scarpd sides of the hills and the houses themselves continued the line of curtain. Such, indeed, we learn from history was the work of Servius Tullius, when he took in the seven eminences by a wall and an agger some seven Roman miles long. The Servian fortification began at the Porta Trigemina, passed south of the Aventine, including the Palatine connected with the Cælian. In the church of San Clemente, at the foot of the Esquiline, we still find remains, large quadrilateral blocks of “headers and stretchers,” much resembling the Etruscan ashlar-work, and the draughting and bossing deserve careful study. Hence the wall swept to the N.N.E. and north, and became an agger on the eastern or landward slopes of the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal, between the Porta Esquilina and the Porta Viminalis. Thence it ran westward of the great parallelogram called the Prætorian Camp; and lastly, falling south-westward, it embraced the Capitoline and united with the Tiber a little north of where it began.

Thus secured by strong fortifications, a large and ever-increasing population would gather upon the more convenient valley-sole, with its ready access to the main artery of commerce; and, finally, the masters of the world, having no foes to fear but themselves, would spread far and wide beyond the original walls, and push their dwelling-places into the fair Campagna.

*To be continued.*

## NOTES ON ROME.

## II. THE ACTUALITIES OF ROME.

THOSE who fail to read these pages will probably follow the practice of the many-headed, and do in 1875 what was done by the world of strangers—myself included—in 1873. Holy Week, once so brilliant, is now become, like the Carnival of Paris, a myth, a tradition, with much less of costume than any Volunteer levee-day in London will show. There is no girandola, there are no illuminations, no benedictions *urbi et orbi*, and no special services at St. Peter's. A cardinal now washes the pilgrims' feet, and only their respective chapters function at the four great Basilicas—the Austrian Vatican, the French Lateran, the Spanish Santa Maria Maggiore, and the Basilica of S. Paolo, once, but now no more, under the protecting wing of England. The traditionary Jew is still baptized for a consideration, at the traditional chapel of the Lateran, on the traditionary Saturday before Easter. The squares before the Basilicas are fairly crowded with carriages during *Tenebræ*, on Good Friday, but there is a very thin muster inside. It is no wonder that the genus *dévo*t, which feels so much excitement at Jerusalem, here complains that the medium is unfavourable for devotion. Few strangers, especially non-Catholics, know that at the church of St. Apollinare, where the priests are all professors, they can enjoy a fine study of the grand old ritual. Yet, though the Holy Week is strenuously to be avoided at Rome, hosts of strangers, filled with the traditions of twenty years ago, swarm up on the evening of Maundy Thursday, each with red book under arm, and are sent away by the *padroni* and directors of hotels, who wring their hands over the fatal necessity. Those who succeed in

lodging themselves delay the *table d'hôte* from 6.30 p.m. to 7.30; and the extreme penuriousness of an Italian *gasthaus*, combined with the abnormal excitement which, upon such occasions as Holy Weeks and World-fairs, seems to possess the horde of harpies that preys upon periodical migrations, makes the visitor feel thoroughly uncomfortable and *dé-paysé*.

Throughout Italy the hotels have gained in number, and perhaps in size, what they have lost in convenience and economy. The large country towns, like Ancona, still offer you the shelter of a mere pothouse, such as you would find in an Austrian village: the only decent entertainment is in houses kept by Germans—I will name the Hotel Brun at Bologna. In the various capitals—for every great Italian city preserves the traditions and the ways of a metropolis—living, once cheap and good, is now dear and bad. We can hardly be surprised at this in Rome, where prices have doubled since 1870, the reason being simply that the population has risen to 240,000, a figure unseen by any Pope before Pio Nono. With that peculiar hard and material side which characterises the Italian, a feature seldom detected by the passing stranger, the wealthy hotel proprietor rigidly carries out the pettiest economies of mustard and cheese, of salt and pepper. He can engage any number of waiters, sharp heads, and deft hands, whom a good major-domo would soon drill to perfection in a week: he hires ten to serve two hundred, and they can hardly be expected to brush the soiled carpets or even to change the stained tablecloths. Some Englishmen boast that they avoid the houses where their compatriots congregate; I only hope that they will enjoy the Hôtel de Rome—so much praised by the guide-books—and the

Albergo della Minerva. The best plan is to take a room or rooms in a house frequented by "Britishers," such as the Angleterre, the Italia, the Costanzi, or the Iles Britanniques, and to lunch and dine at Spillman's—not mistaking, however, Spillman Brothers for the real Simon Pure. You will then have little to complain of, except the attendance and the addition. But even the choice of an apartment is no easy matter in a place where a freshly-papered room may bring on an attack of Roman fever or ulcerated sore throat.

The atmosphere of the capital, that "divinest climate" of Shelley, has been allowed to become as bad as any in Europe. Of course its evils have been exaggerated. Every autumn sets forth a host of calumnious reports, mostly traceable to Switzerland, where a money-loving race disapproves of a movement southwards, and its friends have lately armed themselves in its defence. Yet the fact remains that the bills of mortality show thirty-six deaths per 1,000 per annum, whilst Madras is thirty-five, Bombay twenty-seven, and London nineteen. Some diminish it to thirty, declaring the infant mortality to be excessive, and showing that great numbers of country-people flock into the hospitals when there is no hope of life being saved; others, again, increase it to forty-five. Many Italians are unable to live in Rome. A Florentine aide-de-camp of the king assured me that after suffering from two "*pernicieuses*," bad as those of Sardinia, he was obliged to give up residence.

Rome, like Jerusalem, is "buildd on her own heap," and the similarity of the two climates strikes every traveller. This doubtless arises because in both Holy Cities you are living upon an accumulation of vegetable and animal decay, varying from 30 to 120 feet in depth. About half the old city, moreover, is still unoccupied—a wild waste of ruin, rubbish, and rotting vegetation; and the *enceinte*, especially to the south, is a world too wide for the now shrunken proportions. Finally, Rome

asserts her new dignity by raising vast piles when public offices and barracks cannot be accommodated by old palaces and ecclesiastical buildings. Such, for instance, is the Ministry of Finance now rising within the Porta Pia; whilst all around the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, the work of destruction and construction is advancing with giant strides. Even on the Palatine, in the Foro Romano, and in the Colosseum, the spade is at work to the great joy of the archæologist, who, here as at Jerusalem, expects it to solve a host of vexed questions. Much has already been done, and more remains for future years to do. Meanwhile, the *fièvre de construction*, so well known in the French capital, here flourishes, the more so as deodorizers—especially the use of lime—are apparently unheard of. And last, not least, are the drains, which neglect has made mines of poison: visit the Baths of Caracalla on a fine balmy day in spring, and calculate what the malaria must be in summer and autumn!

Peril of climate is certainly another reason for avoiding Rome in the Holy Week, which is somewhat too late for safety. Weather is fickle in the extreme during early April. There will be a few days of burning rain-sun sufficient to make an English dog hydrophobically inclined. I had the honour of dining with a mad terrier at Rome, and for the future all such invitations are declined with thanks. Then follows a furious thunderstorm: on April 10, 1873, the lightning blew up a gasometer outside the Porta del Popolo, but the gas was too weak to do much harm. Ensues that—

"Piova  
Eterna, maladetta, fredda e greve,"

which distinguishes Rome, one of the rainiest of cities when Libeccio blows—those torrential showers and the cold damp draughts realizing the Moslem idea of Barakût, the icy place of punishment for those who delight in genial warmth. And finally, the mud, which is stickier and stiffer than that

of the London clay, becomes once more under the sun of Italy a fine searching dust, like the plague of Egypt and Young Egypt. Hence the traveller must live the life of an invalid, avoid draughts by day as by night, and muffle himself up at sunrise and sunset, unless he would risk the ague and fever of Hindostan, and resemble the country-people of the Campagna—gamboge-yellow with hepatic complications. And yet, despite all his care, he may find malaria master him in the shape of bilious remittent, or diphtheria, and fall a victim to Rome at Florence.

As you leave the Via Flaminia, and whirl into the single station so convenient in all these Italian cities for commissionaires and hotel omnibuses, you cannot help recognizing the fact that the old world capital

“Non e più qual era prima.”

A mighty change has come over the spirit of her dream, or rather she has been thoroughly aroused from the sleep of ages. New Rome, in fact, is pushing on with frantic haste, and not a few sharp eyes distinguish at the end of the race a stout young woman, principally remarkable for her breadth of chest and her Phrygian bonnet. There is a disruption of the traditionary *dolce far niente*. *Non possumus* is at a discount, and the old order is making place for the new—not without sore trouble and travail. It would hardly be safe for the Pope to officiate beyond the walls of the Vatican, and certainly it would not be pleasant, when even on the *enceinte* of the Leonine city, the unseemly words “Morte,” “Assassino,” and “Boia” (*bourreau*) are written in large characters under his name. Formerly you met a cardinal's coach at least once a day; now the newspaper kiosks, teeming with obscene and blasphemous books and caricatures, a disgrace to the Chief of Police, are alone sufficient to keep them under arrest at home. Priests and Friars, Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy, still show that we are in the headquarters of Catholicism, but there are

far more soldiers than before, and the forty or fifty Swiss guards keep within the Vatican. There is a blood-feud between the Italianissimi and the Neri, in which no quarter is given, and justice and fair play are thrown by both parties to the winds. Street “rows” are now becoming the fashion, and I witnessed a scene between a *curé* and a “gutter-boy,” because the latter passed the former laughing and whistling—

“Galibaadi ha detto à me  
Andremo à Roma senza Rà.”

The Religious Corporations Bill is causing a mighty excitement; characters are not spared on either side, and the vilest motives are attributed by Progressist to Retrograde, and *vice versa*. Foreigners, as usual, are taking part in the question, and the local paper (*Roman Times*) very properly warns them as follows:—

“The address recently presented by Prince Lichtenstein and a deputation of one hundred and sixty Catholics, amongst whom the names of some well-known English and Irish gentlemen were conspicuous, the violent language of which called forth much not undeserved censure, is but one of many evidences of what we must be allowed to call the very injudicious attitude assumed by the Catholic party towards the present Government of Italy. I am sure that the English members of the Church of Rome who sanction, directly or indirectly, such intemperate expressions of party feeling cannot know what injury they are doing to the cause of their religion.”

These zealots, in fact, do not reflect that they are putting themselves in the wrong before the high court of public opinion in Europe. Whilst they use bad language, and grossly insult the majesty of a nation, the Italians appeal to general sympathy by the perfect temper which they oppose to the intemperate stranger. The latter would probably have suffered in the flesh if he had thus vented his bile before any capital in Europe but Rome. Then

came the pleasant episode of March 1873, when Mr. V—— went wholly out of his way to support the clerical party, and was “thrashed,” as he deserved, by the Liberals in the Piazza di Gesù. If Englishmen will fight the battles of other nations, let them, at any rate, look after the honour of their own nation, and make sure of winning. Even our peaceful nuns at home, I happen personally to know, were not long since “touting” for volunteers to “draw blood in honour of the Pope.” Italy is obliged to keep up, at a ruinous expense, an army and a fleet in preparation for a crusade, or religious war, which would be certain, if France could afford it, and if the Legitimists had come to power. The finest agricultural country in Southern Europe, admirably worked by a sober, high-minded, and hard-toiling peasantry, can hardly keep itself afloat; the exchequer is empty, and the markets are flooded with depreciated paper-money. It is curious to compare the state of the people in Italy and Austria. The limits of these notes will not allow me space even to outline the difference; I can only say that the Adriatic sea-board cities of the east, Trieste, for instance, who, remembering their Venetian origin, would prefer the House of Savoy to the House of Hapsburg, had far better remain as they are.

The fact is, whilst we are talking shallow commonplaces in England about the separation of Church and State, and droning over little household differences reckless of the enemy thundering at the door, the politics of every great nation in Europe are at this present moment directly influenced, and in many cases guided, by the religious question. I need hardly instance England, where, as the saying is, the Pope lately turned out a government, and I have spoken of France and Italy. The anti-Jesuit excitement in Prussia has extended to Poland, and will presently extend to Austria, where the Concordat is dead and buried, and to Hungary, where, even in the *cafés chantants* of Pesth, priests are travestied and ridiculed by the “poor player.”

Switzerland has openly rebelled against the Roman Curia. What is at the bottom of the Carlist movement in Spain? Even Russia and Greece are engaged in a brotherly quarrel of no small animosity; and Turkey is torn by intestine disputes between Christians and Christians, Moslems and Moslems, when in the early century the question was only between Turk and Nazarene. It is not astonishing that the timid and those who presage evil both look forward to one of the fiercest wars in human history, imminently impending.

The only change in the population of Rome is the mixture of the rude and energetic Northern Italians, already half “barbarian,” with the kindly and courteous race of the South. You know these Italian foreigners by their rough jostling in the street and in the station; by their never knowing the right side of a *trottoir*, and by their loud and unmusical jargon. Yet they are admitted to be the best soldiers in the country, and all over South America the Piedmontese makes a fortune when the Neapolitan remains a *facchino*. In the Campo dei Fiori you still see the broad-brimmed and gold-necklaced *contadina* with white napkin on her head, originally used as a porter's pad, with stays outside, and her feet protected by the primitive *ciocchie* sandals. She looks more at home here than the high-shouldered, huge-waisted, and bluchered specimen of womanhood who, yoke on shoulders, hawks her milk and water about London. Her husband, in narrow-brimmed sugar-loaf felt, Robinson-Crusoe trousers of goat-skin, leather gaiters connecting hob-nails and brigand's cloak of grey or blue homespun, is at any rate more picturesque than our Hodge, whose waggoner's hat and smock-frock appear so much out of place in the streets of a capital. Not a few of these men, especially beyond the walls, where wooden cages defend you from buffaloes and half-wild cattle, ride rough little nags with hairy fetlocks; they are well at home in their padded saddles, with cruppers and poitrails to match; and the

skill displayed in handling their long spear-like goads suggests that they would make good light cavalry. The boys still get excited over their *morra* (*dimicatio digitorum*), and keep up their reputation for that lust of gambling which in southern countries takes the place of hard drinking in the "moral north." The flower-girls are a pest, but not so bad as in Florence. The boot-blackening brigade is intrusive and demonstrative as Sierra Leone negroes: wear a pair of white cloth shoes or leather boots of natural colour, and you will find something to study in their faces and their language. The plague of beggars is perhaps worse than in London, and has abated nothing since the days when I was called a "brutta creatura d'Iddio"—an ugly creature of God—for advising coppers to be given to them instead of silver. We again see the wondrous contrast of wealth and misery so familiar at home—the incongruity of new churches decked with costly and splendid marbles, whilst whining *Porcioseros* display their deformities on the steps, and teach babes in arms to stretch out the hand. Here, however, beggary is the deliberate choice of pure Bohemianism, for no man need lack a meal and a bed. Amongst the Maronites of the higher Libanus respectable house-masters and their families will flock down to Bayrut and invoke the traveller's charity. In this, however, there is a sub-superstitious idea of following the path pointed out by Jesus and His apostles. This Italian beggary is simply a form of the Egyptian *bakshish* projected northwards: it is a tax which the poor man has a right to levy upon his rich brother. It belongs essentially to the land where you say "Allah increase thy weal!" not "Thank you!" where everything comes from the Creator, nothing from the creature; and consequently where all that is yours is also after a fashion mine.

The Englishman first visiting this historic city is astonished at the contrast between report and actuality, fame and development: accustomed to his huge

wilderness of brick at home, he feels himself cramped, as if he were in a country town. Presently he grows to the state of things, and he becomes a "Nero of the Neri," ultra-conservative. One of these "Inglezi Italianati" was scandalized because I spoke of draining the Campagna—'twould be such a pity to change its desert *cachet*! A third waxed almost violent when he heard of tramways in Rome—did it ever strike him that the R.R. 'bus is more like the carriage than the latter is like the *biga* or the *quadriga*? So to please these retrogrades the Romans would have to exclude every modern comfort of a European city, simply because it would not be picturesque.

And Rome as she now stands simply wants everything but gas. Whilst other nations and their capitals have progressed, she has been sleeping—sleeping in the sun—like Barbarossa, who still sits slumbering amongst the enchanted hills.

Compare the Vienna of the present day, the gorgeous metropolis, with the little *hof* which existed even up to 1860, the head-quarter village girt round by its *ring-mauer*. But at Rome, men who remember as far back as 1830 find most of the quarters absolutely *in statu quo ante*. Take, for instance, British Rome, which is bounded north by the Piazza del Popolo, south by the Piazza Miguanelli, east by the Pincian hill and the Trinità dei Monti, and west by the Corso; and whose arx, or stronghold, is the Piazza di Spagna; with the exception of a few sesquipedalian letters in gold sprawling over the walls, and a few alluding to the newly-invented art and mystery of photography, what is there changed? Still you find the old institutions, the red-volumed folks flocking in and out of Lowe the grocer's, Piale the librarian's, Spithöver the stationer's, and so forth. The state of life is drowsy as Bernini's old font-shaped fountain (*detta della Navaccia*) that plays drearily in the dreary square. The "Church of England" is not ashamed *afficher* herself when compelled like a

pariah or leper to lie outside the walls amongst the 'busses and the butchers—*proh pudor!* Really, let me ask, was Cromwell the *ultimus Romanorum*? Again, in the Ghetto, the local rag-fair, what progress is there, except that the Hebrew grandees have moved out of it to palaces and suburban villas? And the whole Trastevere, is it not as foul and graveolent as of yore?

Rome, the capital of Italy, and, as the experience of history shows, far more liable to be attacked than even Paris, absolutely has no fortifications except the patchwork of old walls which a falconet could breach. How long is this to last? Inside there is not a sign of flagged *trottoir* except in the Corso and scattered about detached streets; you must tread upon a *pavé* of small uneven blocks, an *opus Alexandrinum*, which seems intended to enrich the pedicure. Asphalt, which is creeping through Pests, is unknown except to a few hundred yards about the Piazza Navona. And where are the tramways which render locomotion so easy to the middle classes at Vienna? Romantic replies—when rage permits—that the streets are too narrow for these latter-day abominations. Then why not adopt the sensible plan of Brazilian Rio de Janeiro, and let the pointed finger on the wall denote the only direction allowed to the driver? I know of no modern city where street railways would be more economically or usefully laid down than in Rome; only you must prolong the Corso into the Foro Romano by knocking away the mass of corruption about the Via Marforio. The three main thoroughfares radiating from the Piazza del Popolo, especially when a broad embankment shall run down the left bank of the Tiber, seem built with a prospective eye to tramways. I suppose one must not speak of churches, but we surely long to see a few of the 360 cleared away: let us specify the S. Bonaventura Convent on the Palatine Hill; the SS. Cosmo e Damiano, which deforms the old temple, and the ugly pile of Sta. Francesca Romana, which

has taken the place of Venus and Rome.

During the whole of the last generation, Italy perforce confined her studies to politics, and was compelled to throw everything else overboard. We all know the effect of this style of excitement upon the Irishman, who in the course of half a century has become a moody and melancholy man; his wit and humour survive only in books, and economy rules with a rod of iron where profuse hospitality used to prevail. Under the influence of politics, Italy has lost even her pre-eminence in art. The rooms in the Vatican which offer for sale the pictures by modern painters make you hurry through in shame, feeling that your eyes cannot wholesomely rest upon their rainbow tints. Artists there are in abundance, chiefly, however, foreigners, Americans and English; but art, which you see in every bit of scenery around you, apparently cannot be reproduced. The *kunst-sentiment* is dead, or asleep, as in Greece. Even mechanical art has rapidly declined. The cameos and the mosaics which our mothers wore are no longer to be bought; like the good old shawls of England, their place is taken by a lower article at a higher price.

But Italy will now bid a temporary adieu to the exclusive cultivation of politics, and will return to the normal business of human life—how best to live. She has nobly dared and grandly done: it is to be hoped that success will not turn her mobile head. When she cried in 1848, "*L'arte de la guerra presto s'impára*," the host of field-marshal's smiled with some pity and more contempt. When she proclaimed to the world, "*L'Italia farà da sé*," statesmen listened with a polite incredulity. She persisted, however; she *did* learn war, and she *did* help herself, and struck her own swashing blow. Then the nations believed in her, for nothing succeeds like success. And after realizing the vision which Dante saw through the gloom of five hundred years, she is again turning to the realities of existence.

She is pushing her commerce far and wide over the East, and taking high rank amongst European nations even in distant Japan. Already, after a few years of existence, the Royal Geographical Society of Italy, under my excellent and energetic friend, the Commendatore Cristoforo Negri, numbers nearly as many names as that of Great Britain. Presently she will have a newspaper. Curious to say, there is nothing that deserves the name of a first-rate periodical throughout the length and breadth of Italy, haunted as she still is by the politic ghost.

Meanwhile Rome still vegetates—*elle vivote*—upon art and commerce. The latter is chiefly represented by “doing” the stranger—by *pelare la quaglia*. The hotel-keeper, the cicerone, *et hoc genus omne*, flourish. There is also a stout competition in the matter of counterfeits, and of course there is a brisk trade in “holy things,” images, crucifixes, and rosaries, blessed by his Holiness. The Roman shop is a study. I know of only one establishment which might decently appear in a European capital—Maglieri’s, Via Condotti, Corso. The rest remind me of their humble origin—the hole in the wall which Cairo still possesses; and the glass cases hung out every morning and taken in every evening are worthy of a country town in Essex at the end of the last century. Of art I have spoken; you can still buy everything from a bit of old bronze to porphyry models of the ruined temples. Of antiques it is only necessary to say, avoid them, like the Damascus blade at Damascus and the Egyptian Scarabæus in Egypt.

### III. THE HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF THE TIBER.

The first glance at the Tiber bed, deeply encased as it is in banks thirty feet high, convinces the potamologist that it must be a most troublesome stream.

The large quantity of silt suspended in the yellow water raises the sole by

slow but certain deposition. The swirl is so great, that north of the Porta del Popolo a columnar inscription cautions unwary swimmers; and thus the banks are undermined and fall. There are two large and many small bends to check the regular current required to carry off a sudden and violent access. In places the bed narrows till the stream at all times flows like a sluice; for instance, about the Ponte Sisto (Janiculum Bridge) and the ruins of the Sublician. Finally, there are the large sand-banks near the Acqua Acetosa and the Isola di S. Bartolomeo (the ship of Æsculapius), which break the river into two, and which cause sensible retardation. Hence the chronic flooding of the Pantheon; the destructive deluge of December 1870 still marked upon the walls of the Corso and elsewhere; and the immense loss of life and property which history, especially in the seventh, the eighth, and the fourteenth centuries, scores down to the account of the imperial stream. And in such matters history will inevitably repeat herself.

For these evils there is absolutely but one efficient remedy. It has often been proposed; indeed, I am told that during the last eighteen months it has been heard of in “the city.” It has always been approved of, and after the fashion of other mundane things, after being labelled “highly advisable,” it has been placed upon the shelf with due honour. The immense impetus which must presently be given to Rome cannot fail again to bring it on the *tapis*, and whether this time it escape from the realm of limbo or not, the good intention cannot fail eventually to be carried out.

The panacea in question is simply the diversion of the Tiber. The vehicle will be a relieving channel upon the same principle as, but upon a much larger scale than, that which Florence has dug in the left bank of the Arno.

As a cursory inspection of the map proves, there is no room for such diversion on the right or western bank. Here the Tor di Quinto, the Monte Mario, the Vatican, the Janiculum, and the Monte

Verde, form a continuous line of embankments, and although the land behind them may be, as it usually is, upon a lower level than the river-bed, the cost of cuttings, of locks, and of other works at the offset and the inlet of the canal, would be fatal obstacles to the project.

It is not the same with the left or eastern bank, where, by going sufficiently high up the stream, it is easy to secure a sufficient fall. At this point, above the Rome and Florence Railway, would be an embankment, provided with gates and sluices in order to control the action of the new channel, and, by a barrage across the Tiber, the same power would be exerted over the main stream. Hence it would cross the Anio or Teverone Valley, which is well defined as that of the Tiber itself; with the same scarped sides, and the warts or tumuli rising from the sole. (I may here mention that the historic Mons Sacer is a mere section of the ancient right bank of geological days, rising opposite the Nomentan Bridge.) It would then traverse the course of the Fosso della Maranella, which rises south-east of the Porta Furba, and which, after running from south to north, falls into the left bank of the Anio. Here all the difficulties end. A short cut from east to west strikes the valley of the Maranna, and another, but a shorter, falls into the Almo, or Cafarella, on a line with the second milestone of the Via Latina, or Frascati road. Thence it would pass down the old course, where the two conspicuous cliff-faces, one small, the other large and close to the great Pauline Basilica, define the form of the ancient river-valley. About this part the Tiber bends sharply to the west, and here the canal, sweeping gently to the south-east, would by an embankment with gates and sluices convert the old channel into a port connected by a tramway with the heart of Rome. And thus we should secure efficient drainage for the rich Prati di S. Paolo, a copy of the Prati di Acqua Acetosa to the north; their malaria at present compels even

the most seasoned monks to remove during the summer and autumn.

An English engineer, who shall be nameless, proposes a curious up-stream and up-hill scheme. He would let the waters of the Tiber into the valley of the Anio or Teverone, which, as I have said, is perfectly well defined by side buttresses and natural earthworks, and above the Nomentan Bridge he would strike up the equally well-marked course of the Fosso della Maranella. I need hardly point out the enormous expense necessary to turn a stream from north to south and indeed the only way to account for such a project coming from a man of education, is the fact that it was suggested by the inspection of a map to one who had never seen the ground. This is undoubtedly an excellent prescription for doing away with a good name.

The gates and sluices of the relieving channel would readily enable the engineer to clean out the Tiber bed, and by deepening it to neutralize the danger of smaller inundations. Thus, too, the sides would be prepared for a river embankment, which, being the first necessity for riverine towns, appears generally to be the feature last thought of. Yet even the Thames will probably be embanked before the end of the present century, by a race which, if not always sure, is certainly always slow. The Tiber is now bordered by rubbish heaps and foul dwelling-places, except the strip of quay to the north-east, called the Ripetta, and a similar feature to the south-west, La Ripa, where the voice of the English sailor sounded in past centuries. Presently we shall expect to see it with the *καλή ἀκτή*, the *pulchrum littus* of classical days, prolonged down both sides. Finally, after cleaning the Tiber of mud and the deposits of ages, it would be easy to make it an ornamental stream, with banks three miles long, the most pleasant of promenades.

The idea of laying dry the Tiber bed is enough to make the antiquarian mouth water. Imagine the treasures which its



waves must veil : these hoards of past ages would suffice to store the museums of all Europe. What a list of valuables sunk under its brown waters and browner mud might be drawn up from the annals of the past ! It is enough to mention one—the seven-branched candelabrum of massive gold from the Temple of Jerusalem, which fell from the bridge when Maxentius was put to flight by Constantine.

The insulation of Rome would doubtless tend greatly to diminish the terrible malaria of the Eastern Campagna. Drainage to the new channel would be facilitated, and by subsidiary works, the home of Tertiana, Quartana and all the fell sisterhood of fever would after a time be converted into one of the most salubrious and productive districts of the Romagna, environs right worthy of the greatness of Rome, past and present. In 1874, the rich land lies fallow, bearing grass without cattle to graze it down. It is admitted that with improved drainage and irrigation some 311,550 hectares could be placed under the plough, and that the widely-scattered farmsteads could be centupled. The increased value

of this wide area would counterbalance the expenses of the works, and by draining without and building within the walls, Rome will silence the voice which is still proposing Florence as the seat of empire. The Holy City is not so much the capital of Italy as the capital of Europe, and consequently the capital of the civilized world.

In these days, when the Suez Canal converts Africa into an island, when similar works are proposed for the Isthmus of Panama, for the neck of Corinth, and even for Southern England, from the Bristol Channel to the Solent, and from the Solent to the Thames ; and, finally, when it is seriously contemplated to make another and a Southern Mediterranean of Northern and Saharan Africa, this plan for insulating Rome can hardly appear extravagant. And in considering the expense, it may be observed that such works are carried out in Italy with more economy than in most parts of the world : labour is abundant, wages are cheap, and perhaps detachments from the several *corps d'armée* might be utilized.

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