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. Starkie et compaginis. Read the paragraph entitled the "Seven Hills," and you will readily understand my meaning. Every schoolboy learns from his Butler, his Lempriere, 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 tot quae presidet oris—"

have a hazy idea that Rome the city still sits, as she originally sat, upon seven distinct montes (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 archaeological 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 Tyrrhenian 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 quivered 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 tufts, whose earthy texture shows chiefly if not wholly volcanic ashes, and the peperino, sand pasted together with erupted cinerous matter: a noted variety of the latter is the Gabino of Gabii (Lapis Gabinus). Both tufts and peperino resemble the puzzolana of Puzzolone, the light, porous,
and friable mixture of silica, alumina, and iron, the basis of hydraulic cement. And both contrast with the travertine of Tivoli and elsewhere, a white crystalline stone, originally lime, in solution deposited by fresh water, often hard, generally containing heterogeneous matter like pudding-stone, and sometimes assuming a soft crumbly character. The stones of Rome, therefore, neglecting the foreign marbles, are peperino and tuff, basalt and travertine.

Let us cast a look upon the site of Rome in those palaeolithic 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 pre-historic period changed to the comparatively small rivers of our times gradually or per saltum, and Mr. Belgrand has given reasons for both, and 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 encore aujourd'hui." And the cause is as variously sought in the secular growth of the earth and in the newer theory—the Earth's Hypothesis—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 wore out the bed of the valley, and consequently that the rivers were giants compared with piggies. Nor indeed can it be doubted: it is written upon the rocks in characters which all may read.

A superficial stream now shrunk to a mere cunette in its lowest depressions, and wandering about the Praetor or less of its valley, was then a broad sheet of turbid water filling the whole space between the two parallel ridges which still subdivide the 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, toward three at the central bridge. The riparian materials are of 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 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 sors called the (Cafarello) 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 amphy curves. Drive along the Flaminian Way to the Ponte Molle, and turn up the left-hand road leading past the Acqua Acetosa towards the debouchure of the Turrone or Anio Rivore. Here the valley belonging to the ancient empire is the custom to call geological, pre-historical, or proto-historic, is admirably defined. The right bank is a green plain with regular buttresses like earthworks planted by occasional layings and the for di Quinto hills, after impinging upon the stream, shelved away to ensnatch themselves with the Monte Mario. On the left bank are the grassy mounds, buttressed and tumuli of Turrigere Antemeno (which the guidebooks will write terrigere), and are now known as the Monti dell'Acqua Acetosa. They are continued down stream by the Monti Paletto, 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 the old 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 Giovanni, under the Arc de Oceo: here we shall still find 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 Triumphales. This is now utilized by an oaken road, whose extreme limit would be the modern suspension bridge (Pons Emilii), where the self-plying nets curiously reminded one of the Na'urah, or giant box-wheels of the Syrian Orontes, and the strip of embankment where some score of wild crat 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, the Antone, 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 Appennines. 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 "brevisissimum Almo," which exerts considerable power upon the surface of the valley. It drains the Albin hills, that volcanic mass to the south-east of Rome, springs from the slopes about the Mura di Francia, and makes part of the Campagna a labyrinth of old wady-beds and channels, some of 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 tufts, is distinctly seen from Egeria's clump of holm-oaks, the false nymphone lying in the actual valley, whilst the Via Appia (Pignatello), the circus or hippodrome of Maxentius, the catacombs of Callistus (cimiterio de S. Sebastiano), the church of "Domine quo Vadis," and the old Roman Mausoleum, all occupy the broken left or western ridge, 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 Elioletus, or Elioletus Minor (Fabricius Roma, clap, 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 (Castrimunia) through less than nine miles, somewhat longer than the Almo, which rises west of it. This stream, called Acqua Crabara in its upper or southern part, and La Moletta in the lower, where it divides the orographically 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 flat 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 Egeriae, whose fountain of wonderful transparency and, alas for romance! slightly medicinal, lies on the right bank. Its left bank, skirted by the Mons Celinius, continued by the two other buttresses which have been mentioned as bounding the Almo on
the right. The Mons Caelius and the Palatine prolong the rise upon whose slopes the true Feronia lies, and with the Aventine on the other side (west) the Marana rises from the Colle di Grotta Perfetta, another offset of the Aimo arising from the Colle di Grotta Perfetta to the south, crossing the Via Ostiense where stands the Ponticello di S. Paolo, and falling into the Tiber south of the great extramural basilicas.

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 Terenore; east by the Fosse della Muranella, and south-east and south by Aqua Marana and the Almo. As is the rule of primary rivers, the Tiber flows upon an elevated plane, and beyond the hills, its bedchambers and the bay of its Aventine 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 cortical as some antiquaries have done, southwards. The capital of Christianity occupies both banks of 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 west towards 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.

Further on, the 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 with the huge crops of ferns and of nettles and thistles which would denote honour to Scotland. Then, bending slightly westward and forming more than one parallel cut by lateral valleys, the bank project eastward along 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 Portuense. This buttress is the Mons Vaticanus, so-called, they say, from the god Vaticanus or Vaticanus, or from the Vates, who here gave their prophetic answers; it contained the tomb of St. Peter in the sixth century, and it was first inclosed by Leo IV. The range still runs southward, taking for a mile and a half the name of Mons Janiculum, or Janiculaceus, named from the town of Janae which was here buried, or because it was the Janus by which the Romans attacked the Tuscan. Ancus Martius fortified, and Aurelian annexed this Janiculum, and here also is S. Pietro in Montorio, the Mons Aureus of golden sands (Fabricius Roma, 1. 3) which, according to Martial (iv. 64) is the most fitting standpoint for a full prospect over the Eternal City—

"Hinc septem dominos videre montes
Et totam liceat esse magnam Romanam."

Further on, the right bank becomes the Monte Verde outside the Porta Portuense, and lastly, La Magliana, where the valley flares out before debouching upon the Tiber 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 Farinlou," with their scarps and outlines, their steps and terraces divided by bays and inlets, and their height, varying from 100 to 300 feet, with 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 wet 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 left in the 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 Fossae della Maranella, the Acqua Marana, and the Almo.

Historically and chronologically we speak of the Palatine, Quirinal, Capitoline, Caelian, Aventine, Viminal, and Esquiline, each according to its historical 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 of the Caelian; 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 by following the ridge of the Pincio, 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 (Dionysius Halicarnassius, lib. 2). The old name derived from the temple of Quirites (Romulus) or from the Sabine Quirites, the citizens of Cures, Curius, or Quirius—here removed with their chief, Titus Tatius—was afterwards changed to Caballus from the works of Phalas and Praxiteles, presented to the much-deified 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 di Couti ("Nero's town") to the Piazza Vittorio. 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, deriving its earliest name from the venerable god who lived there, Κύκλον: as the Tarpeian rock immortalizing the name of the young woman who betrayed the Cispalian to death, or the hill from which the Aventine, the Capitoline, and the Esquiline were formed under the foundation of the Jovian Temple, popularly placed at the Ara Celi; and thus it is synonymous with Golgotha and Calvary. Topographically, 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 cast away to make room for his Forum, and the inscription fixes the height of the old ridge or isthmus at
about 127-5 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 scarped 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 Viminale, or Rivis, which grew along the old river bed and formed a thicket about the altar of Jupiter Viminalis 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 scarped rock of the old bed and the cut coves 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 large 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 Cipinhas and Mons Lupus. Esquinum is a corruption, or dil, of Excubinhus, ab Exubris, from the outing 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 Via Latina. The church of Santa Pudenziana shows the riverine front, which is continued behind the Flavian amphitheatre (Coliseum). Walking down the Via Marsala towards S. John of Lateran, we see on the left (east) an old scarped bank showing the action of water inland from the Esquiline, forming a long deep bay, with west-east trend between it and the Monte Celius. As has been mentioned, the valley of the Acqua Maranna curves round the southern side.

The Celian hill is to the Esquiline what the Capitoline is to the Quirinal. Called Querculanus, or Quenifalanus, dixi, from its oak copses, and Augustus, because the Emperor Tiberius built upon it a fire (Tacit. Annals, 4; Frontinius in Tib., chap. 48), it was annexed to the city by Tullius 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 Celian 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 subscription; 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 Celian, and afterwards isolated by human labour. If they now stand, are detached tumuli—large vantage on the left bank. Smaller features of the kind will be noticed in the course of the Arno. The locally Palatine, named from Palae or from Palatia—how many gods to one city!—from the Palatine or the Palatini, or from the bleating of sheep (pataere the older form of pataere), 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 lens, 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 Avenus rivulet, or ab aveniis, the birds of Tiber; also known as Murcius, from Murta, the goddess of sleep, whose temple stood here (Festus); as Collis Diane, from the face of Diane, and as Beuscus, from Beusus, 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 trapzoid, which, like the Capitoline, bounds and deflects the Tiber to the west. This hill is mostly concealed by houses, but the cerespet osseus 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 Custus—a monument, by the by, quite worthy of the late M. Soyer. From the Monte Testaccio, which commands a fine view of the Palatine and the Almo valleys; the Aventine is seen to slope gently towards the city walls. Here also are good studies of the Mons Cepiolus, and the buttresses crowned by the churches of SS. Balbina and Saba.

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

"Nunc sacri fontes, nemus et delubra locantur Judea"

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 disinclining 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 defensive 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 scarped 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 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 Celian. 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 Celian, and the Quirinal, between the Porta Esquilina and the Porta Viminalis. Thence it ran westward of the great parallelum called the Fratiniac Camp; and lastly, falling south-westward, it embraced the Capitoline and united with the Tiber a little north of where it began.

Thus accored by strong fortifications, a large and ever-increasing population would gather upon the more convenient valley-lobe, 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.
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 illuminated, no beneficences 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 St. Paul, once, but now no more, under the protecting wing of England. The traditional Jew is still baptized for a consideration, at the traditional chapel of the Lateran, on the traditional Saturday before Easter. The squares before the Basilicas are fairly crowded with carriages during Tenebrae, on Good Friday, but there is a very thin number inside. It is no wonder that the genius dèvote, 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 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 padre and directors of hotels, who wriggle their hands over the fatal necessity. Those who succeed in lodging themselves delay the table d'hôte from 0.30 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 meet the hordes of harpies that prey upon periodical migrations, makes the visitor feel thoroughly uncomfortable and dépaysé.

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 porthouse, 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 characterizes 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 Allergo della Minerva. The best plan is to take a room or rooms in a house frequented by "Britisher," such as the Anglicers, 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 calamitous 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 Madrid 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 where there is no prospect 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 "pernicieuses," bad as those of Sardinia, he was obliged to give up residence.

Rome, like Jerusalem, is "built on her own heap," and the similarity of the two climates strikes a very 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 new 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 archaeologist, 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 fête 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. Times pass: visit the Eaths 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 fierce in the extreme during early April. There will be a few days of burning rain and 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 thank you. 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. Favors 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 Barakid, 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 or by night, and muzzle himself up at sunrise and sunset, unless he would risk the ague and fever of Hino-, and resemble the country-people of the Campagna—gambo-yellow, with hepatic complications. And yet, despite all his care, he may find malaria master him in the shape of bilious re- mittent, or diphtheria, and fall a victim to Rome at Florence.

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

"Non è 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 traditional dolce far niente. Non possumus is at a discount, and 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 encinte of the Leonine city, the unseemly words "Morte," "Assassinio," and "Boia" (bourreau) are written in large characters under his name. Formerly you met 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 Italianismi 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 is Aragonese and has the latter passed the former laughing and whistling—

"Giallaiabi ha detto a me
Andremo a Roma senza Rè."

The Religious Corporations Bill is causing a mighty excitement; characters are not spared on either side, and the vilest motives are attributed by Pre- cisest to Retrogrod, and vice versa, to 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 gentle men 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 at titude which the latter 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 Lancists 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 to proceed 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 Hapsburg, had far better remain as they are.

The fact is, whilst we are talking shallow commonplace in England about the separation of Church and State, and dreaming in milk and water about London, the 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 cafes 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 foremost wars in human history, immensely 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 trottir, and by their loud and unmeaning 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 players are far behind. At Florence you still see the broad-brimmed and gold-neckled condutina with white napkin on her head, originally used as a porter’s pad, with stays outside, and her feet protected by the primitive open sandals. She looks much at home here than the high-shouldered, huge-waisted, and blucherized 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 hobnails and brigand’s cloak of grey or blue homespun! There is at Florence this 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 telocks; they are well at home in their padded saddles, with cruppers and portmats to match; and the
Notes on Rome.

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 (diminuto 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-blacking 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 Por- douleurs 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 as a beggar to meet the Morlaches of the higher Libanese respectable- masters and their families will flock down to Bayrut and invoke the traveler's charity. In this, however, there is a sacrifice of the idea of following the path pointed out by Jesus and His apostles. This Italian beggary is simply a form of the Egyptian bahkushah 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 wealth!" 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 Nert," ultra-conservative. One of these "Inglezi Italiani" was scandalized because I spoke of draining the Campagna—"twould be such a pity to change its desert cachet!

A third woe almost as 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 lumbering amongst the encamped hills.

Compared with Vienna of the present day, the gorgeous metropolis, with the little kof which existed even up to 1860, the head-quarter village gilt round by its ring-mauer. But at Rome, men who remember as far back as 1839 find most of the quarters absolutely in status quo ante. Take, for instance, British Rome, which is bounded north by the Piazza del Popolo, south by the Piazza Mignanelli, 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 sequestered 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-volume 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 (detto della Navona) that plays the "Church of England" is not ashamed of officer herself when compelled like a pariah or leper to lie outside the walls amongst the 'buses and the butchers—preh pudor! Really, let me ask, was Cromwell the Roman? Again in the Ghetto, the local rag-fair, what progress is there, except that the Jewbreed havee 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 powd of small uneven blocks, an opus Alexandrinum, which seems intended to enrich the pedalcire. Asphalte, which is creeping through Puth, 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! Romanticism supplies—there is no street in Rome to the Corso Romano by knowing 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 here, and so 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 what commonly 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 reduced. The kunst-sentiment is dead, or asleep, as in Greece. Even mechanical art has rapidly declined. The canoes and the mosaics which our mothers wore are no longer to be bought, but the good old shaws 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 preto s'impara," the host of field-marshal's smiled with some pity and more contempt. When she proclaimed to the world, "L'Italia farà da so," statesmen listened with a polite incredulity. She persisted, however; she did learn war, and she did help herself, and struck her own smashing 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 Commodatore Cristoforo Negri, numbers nearly as many names as that of Great Britain. Presently, the city will have a newspaper. Curiously 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 polite ghost.

Meanwhile Rome still vegetates—elle vive—upon art and commerce. The latter is chiefly represented by “doing” the stranger—by pared a puglia. The hotel keepers, the cicerone, et hoc genus omne, flourish. There is also a stout competition in the matter of counterfeitse, 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 hang out every morning and taken in every evening are worthy of a country town in Egypt 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 antiquities it is only necessary to say, avoid them, like the Damascus blade at Damascus and the Egyptian Scarabaeus in Egypt.

III. THE HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF THE TIBER.

The first glance at the Tiber bed, deeply ensnared 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 swift 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 fall. 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 Subblician. Finally, there are the large sand-banks near the Acqua Acetosa and the Isola di S. Bartolomeo (the ship of Esualcius), which break the river into two, and which cause sensible reduction. 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 itself, as 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 itself, as the seventh, the eighth, and the fourteenth centuries, scores down to the account of the imperial stream.

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 Pantheon, one would expect to find 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 Foso 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. 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 give Rome cannot fail to again bring it on the top, and whether this time it escapes from the realm of limbo or not, the good intention cannot fail eventually to be carried out. The paradox 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 is higher, 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.

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 the sides would be protected for river embankment, which, being the first necessity for river 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 have to see it with the cáy ders, the palustrum littus of classical days, prolonged down both sides. Finally, after cleaning the Tiber of mud and the deposits of silt, 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-branchered 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 311,580 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 ease and 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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