

in the Holy Land, if only it were placed under more favourable conditions than it has been for ages past, so might these flowers speak to the Romans of a glory whose material remains are a ruin, but may yet be theirs in a well-settled government and a happy and contented and progressive people.

There are many trees in Rome, but few are in clumps. There is no such place for woods as the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. The trees are small, compared with the giants of our primeval forests, and are seen, not skirting the streets as in our Canadian cities—the streets are too narrow for that modern comfort and ornamentation—but are found chiefly in enclosed gardens and parks. I saw quite a number in the gardens of Sallust, and the Pope. There seemed to be quite a variety of trees. I saw quite a variety of the evergreen oak, and on the Pincio and Palatine hill I saw several stately palm trees waving their feathery bannerets in the soft gentle breeze. I saw a lemon tree, with fruit on it, near the Tiber. I saw few, if any, members of the winged tribe. How different from Paris, where, in the gardens of the Tuilleries, I had recently seen a man—a humane man no doubt—feeding hundreds of them, and they perched upon his arm and hand, and fed upon the morsels of bread he was scattering around.

The old walls are much frequented by lizards, which are small, lively creatures, and are innocuous. The horses were light and nimble and resembled in size and colour our Canadian horses. I saw a few dogs, and, for a wonder, they were well bred and seemed to partake of the politeness everywhere visible amongst the Romans.

The Roman men look well, are dark in complexion with ruddy hue pervading it, but they are not, as a rule, tall. The ladies are handsome, with their bright black eyes, glossy hair and fine figure. I met lots of genteel beggars, but their usefulness, if they ever had any, and their occupation are diminishing.

The city was fairly prosperous in trade and business. The politicians were discussing what part Italy should take in the Eastern question, and the devout, how the successor of Pope Pius the IX. would suit the tiara. Thousands of visitors come to Rome every year and are a source of wealth to its citizens. Many families of them reside within the walls in winter for education, pleasure, and piety, because of the mildness and salubrity of the climate at that season of the year, and because it is the headquarters of the Roman Catholic world.

Having now taken a general survey of the environs and topography of the modern city, I resolved, according to the programme I had made before I came to Rome, to see the Forum Romanum—the centre of the commercial and political life of the ancient Roman world, and the site of the ruins of its metropolis. With this end in view, on a bright and beautiful morning, (for the weather during my stay was delightful,) I left my hotel in the via del Babuino, passed through the via d Croce, and entered the Corso, which runs north and south from the Piazza del Popolo to the Capitoline hill. The ruins are to the south of that classical height. The Corso is one of the few streets in Rome which possess these conveniences and safeguards in modern cities—sidefoot-pavements. Though it was early, the Corso was already lively with pedestrians of various costumes, complexions and pursuits. Vehicles of all kinds were rattling over its much frequented thoroughfare. It abounds in all kinds of shops of the upper class style, many of them occupied by jewellers. In

almost every one of them I saw photographs of the late Pope, in every variety of size, colouring and posture. There was no mistake about his genial and benignant countenance. As a man and the head of the Roman Catholic Church, Pio Nono was popular, but his government in political affairs was unpopular, and was ultimately rejected by the Romans. Here and there in the Corso were squares, palaces and churches, all more or less interesting in themselves and their historic associations. The General Post Office is situated in the square of the column of M. Aurelius near the Corso. It is a handsome building with stately Ionic columns in its façade. Near the Post Office, but built in another square, is the Chamber of Deputies, fitted up in 1871 for the sittings of the Italian Parliament. Here, too, are the Railway and Telegraph offices. Here, too, is an obelisk 84 feet in height, and one of the most ancient in the city. It was originally the property of Psammethichus I., and was erected by him in Egypt, seven centuries before Christ. After a pleasant and interesting walk of an hour I was in front of the asphalt steps which form the central approach or staircase to the square of the Capitol. At the foot of the steps are two Egyptian lions, one on each side of the scala. Near the one on the right, the patriotic reformer, Rienzi, fell. At the top of the steps on each side are groups of the horse taming Dioscuri. I afterward saw fac-similes of them at a fountain on the Quirinal near the Royal Palace. To the left of the highest steps, surrounded by a few scrubby shrubs, is a caged wolf—a living reminiscence of the legendary foundation of the city of Romulus, and a sign that, with all their civilization and power, the Romans were to manifest in their eventful history something of the wolf's nature, in their love of rapine and thirst for blood. The square of the capitol, designed by M. Angelo, is not large. It is, nevertheless, very attractive and instructing. It contains the trophies of Marius, and the statues of the Emperor Constantine and his son Constans. Here, too, was placed the first ancient milestone of the Appian Way. It is supplied by a modern counterpart. The most striking object is, however, the bronze equestrian statue of M. Aurelius in the centre. It was once gilded, but the gilding has disappeared under the corroding tooth of time. It is admirable in its proportions, finished in its execution, and remarkable for its excellent state of preservation. Like every square in the city, the Piazza of the capitol has its flowing fountain, over which is a sitting figure representing Rome. It was near this historic spot that Gibbon, in a musing mood, determined to write "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire."

THE END.

The Second of our Monthly Gaelic Letters.

A CANAN GAELIC.

THA moran do dhaoine gun thoinisg smuaineachadh gu faigh a' Ghaelich bas, ach cha neil sin idir coltach. Is ann a tha i fas measal gach la, agus tha daoine bha roimhe sealtuinn sios orra ga moladh, agus a' mian-naicheadh bhi ga foghlum.

Thug ar ban-righ òirdheirc foghlum Gaelic do teaghlach rioghail, agus is i barail gur cainnt thaitneach i. Is i cainnt a's fearr agus a's sòlaimte tha ann; is i a's laine agus a's briogh-mhoire; is i a's binne anns a