

steps where the models in sheepskin and goatskin, with scrolls upon their heads, are knitting or dozing as they wait to be hired. Where beside we went I know not, but I know that we came upon the Pantheon.

Nineteen hundred years, wanting two, have swept over it. Yet as one looks on it one says of it, as was said of Moses, its natural strength is not abated. It stands there closely built round with modern Rome. Everything about it seems worthy only to be its scaffolding; and the heedless crowds around seem as the poor-spirited Israelites in presence of the great soul of Moses.

By and by our eyes fell, here and there, upon fragments of another Rome. We began to perceive a city within the city, the dimensions of which, as it took hold upon the imagination, swelled out far beyond the compass of that by which it was contained. There are some pillars standing while their fellows are fallen; there is a portico with crumbling entablature. Here is a column firm upon its base, and engraved with names that have lived on earth twice the life of Methusaleh; there is a Titanic wall with something in stucco built against it. Never shall I forget the impression of coming upon some of these vestiges, these ancestral bones of antiquity, contrasting so strangely with their surroundings. Those few slender pillars—three, three, eight—standing in a dusty, neglected, untrimmed place—as startling to the eyes as the apparition of the twin gods when they brought the great news to Rome—was the Roman Forum. I had not asked to see it. I had come upon it and it had taken me captive. What was there of it? And yet what could be more effective? The artist is no artist who gives to a distant ship more than a touch of mast and sail.

We had courage now to say, "To the Colosseum," and in five minutes the pile lay before us, in the valley, where it ought to be. It would affect the imagination far less if it stood upon a hill. How foolish to

think that the Colosseum would not assert its hold over the imagination without our having previously stored and prepared the mind. It seizes upon us by force, like fear.

We had not intended to leave our carriage, and felt the less inclined to do so when we saw through one of the great archways that the arena was thronged with people. But on second thoughts we did, and found that they were going the round of the *Via Croce*. Priests and monks in frightful brown masks, carrying incense and flaring tapers, and chanting dolefully, were leading a procession of all classes, rich and poor, high ecclesiastics and brethren of the mendicant orders, with beggars in rags, from station to station, at each of which is the representation of a scene in our Lord's Passion.

A lady dressed in black and surrounded by companions, carried a large cross, almost beyond her strength, and all, as they knelt before the successive shrines, joined in a sort of wailing chorus. It was not a religious—I can hardly call it a solemn—feeling that came over me. It was a weird feeling blended with the idea of the seventy thousand Christian martyrs whose blood had soaked the sands of this arena. At the third station we fell into the irregular procession, and listened to the chant. From one of the masks came with marvellous rapidity, in a doleful voice,—"*Pater noster, Ave Maria, Gloria, Miserere Nostri, Domine, Miserere Nostri.*" Then all took up the strain again—

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat filius.

And as they moved on—

Quæ morebat et dolebat.

At the sixth station is a picture of Santa Veronica wiping the sweat from the brow of the Redeemer. The handkerchief which she used, and which the Catholic Church holds, retained the impression of the Savi-