

Carthage, and crowned now with the Chapel of St. Louis on one eminence, and on another a modern white village. Across one of the lakes, where its waters lave the foot of the hills, Tunis appeared like a bank of snow, bathed in the morning sunlight. Thither we proceeded through a canal. The usual sights of an eastern city greeted us—camels, donkeys, bazaars, minarets, and every style and color of dress. But although this is the oldest city in Africa outside of Egypt, it has brought nothing down to us from antiquity except its history, so we at once obtained a carriage and drove to Carthage, ten miles away.

A long line of ruined masonry, close to the road for nearly the whole distance, marks the course of the Roman aqueduct.

We first alighted at the amphitheatre, some marble columns of which remain, and the floor and lower parts of the wall. The dens where the wild beasts were kept, still yawn grimly upon the arena. Sixteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago to-day the populace thronged these seats to see Perpetua, Felicitas, and their companions torn by the lions. But haughty Carthage is dead and desolate now, while Perpetua lives and her memory is blessed.

Beyond this is a chapel to the memory of that remarkable man, King Louis IX. of France, who died here in a campaign against the Mohammedans. It rests upon the site of the citadel of Punic Carthage. Just by it are several apses of the Temple of Esculapius, which the wife of Asdrubal voluntarily made her funeral pyre, when she saw her husband basely surrender to the Romans. The museum contains many relics of the past, both Pagan and Christian, tablets recording vows, tombstones, urns, sarcophagi, coins, beautiful columns and statuary, and bas-reliefs. The view from this hill commands both land and sea for many miles. Below us, two small basins near the beach mark the position of the ancient commodious harbors, that sheltered both the mercantile and naval fleets of the then "Mistress of the sea"; beyond, the blue waves of the bay dash themselves against steep mountain sides or fleck with their foam the foreground of villages that glisten on the opposite shore; on the other hand is extended the plain where for three milleniums, Tunis, Carthage, and Utica fought their battles.