

not the least extraordinary among all that he had thus far observed in this place.

Here he stood and looked forth.

It was a magnificent prospect that met his eyes. Far beneath lay the city. Immediately under him was the Vatican Hill, and on one side was the immense extent of the Vatican Palace, where quadrangle lay joined to quadrangle, square to square, gallery to gallery, in an apparently interminable series. On another side was a mass of squalid-looking houses, dingy and black, enclosed by the walls of the city. Beyond this lay the waste and desolate Campagna, with its lonely monuments of a hoar antiquity, and endless lines of lofty arches supporting the ancient aqueducts. Among all these David regarded the city walls with the deepest interest. Were these, he wondered, part of the original walls, repaired by Aurelian, by Belisarius, by Leo IV., and by others in later ages? or were they the walls reared by Leo IV., as a bulwark against the roving Saracens, when he enclosed the suburb beyond the Tiber, and formed the "Leonine city"? But suddenly all these questions, thoughts, feelings, emotions, sentiments, and conjectures were rudely interrupted and knocked abruptly out of his astonished head.

There arose behind him a tremendous clatter, accompanied with a wild outcry of voices familiar to his ears. He turned with a start.

An astounding sight met his eyes.