

the pages of history are red with Roman slaughtering.

"As faithful as a Roman sentinel" is the world's highest tribute to fidelity and in truth, the Pompeian soldier who was pelted to death at his post by the fiery hail of Vesuvius grandly typifies the steadfastness of the Roman character."

This was our idea of the Roman citizen, and when in April last a merchant sold us a string of Roman pearls for ten francs, and our neighbor one of the same, for half as much, we realized that times had changed, and that commercial ways had come to Rome.

One should spend a winter in Rome to do it justice. I was there a week, and so was enabled to see only the Seven Hills and a few things in between.

Rome is not clean. You recollect that Mark Antony did not say, Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your noses. One nose is quite enough in Rome, and too many in Naples, where the only thing you do not smell is something good. But the water is good and some say the wine is better. The air comes clear and sweet from the Alban Hills, and the farmers bring in fresh vegetables every morning, all the year round.

Of course, one is badly handicapped in visiting a foreign country when one does not know the language of the natives. Nowadays, however, a man must get off the planet entirely if he would find a country where English is not known. Strangely, slang is the first thing the Italian learns of English. We were in a street car one day when a small black-eyed, macaroni-eating, Italian gammon came in to sell illustrated post cards. He was good natured but persistent, and I had finally,

to get rid of him, to put my hand out and push him along the aisle. As he reached the end of the car he turned, and catching my eye, exclaimed,—  
"Skidoo," "twenty-three for you;" and so the English language is getting hold of the children of Sunny Italy.

When I returned, I was asked, what impressed you most in Rome? The question is hard to answer, and yet I was, indeed, almost carried away with the antiquity of things. In America the average man cannot tell you the maiden name of his grandmother, and can scarcely point to a single monument, in shape of stone, or wall, or habitation, that antedates the birth of that same ancestor. What then of the days of the Vestal Virgins, of Caesar and Pompey and Nero, and all? Here they lived and here are the very homes they lived in; here are their tables and shelves and beds; their fountains and pictures and couches and all. One is inclined to cry with Byron:

"O Rome! My country! City of soul!  
soul!  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires! and control  
In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
What are our woes and suifrance?  
Come and see  
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples. Ye  
Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.  
The Niobe of nations! There she stands  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,