

when you are travelling. Accordingly, having hired a cab for a lira, or 20 cents of our money, I was rapidly driven down from the station to the Strangers' Quarter, to the north of the ruins of the city of the Tarquins, the Consuls, and the Cæsars. The Strangers' Quarter, with the Corso, constitutes modern Rome, and is the chief centre of business. It is situated on the left bank of the Tiber, on the classical Campus Martius. Along the route we passed the Fontana di Trevi, so named from its three outlets, and one of the most magnificent of the many fountains that exist everywhere in modern, as they did in ancient, Rome. The water-works of the city are very much the same now as they were for ages past; the fountains are waterpipes, or spring and cistern to its inhabitants, and are in many places as beautiful and artistic and poetic in their ornaments, as they are useful in the supplies they copiously afford.

I put up at the Hotel d'Amerique, in the via Babuino, in the Strangers' Quarter. It is near the Scala di Spagna, and is bounded on the south by the College of the Propaganda, and on the north by the Piazza del Popolo, or people's square. The column of the immaculate conception of Mary is in the via Babuino. When the foreign guests entered the hotel, the corridor was lined on either side with the servants, who in elegant Roman fashion, made their *congrès* to them. These guests, or seigneurs as they were there and then designated, represented France, Britain, the United States and Canada. They were the lineal descendants of those tribes of Gaul and Britain that time and again had succumbed to the discipline and prowess of the Roman legions. Their ancestors had been called barbarians by the haughty Romans of that far distant age, and perhaps they deserved the opprobrious term, but what changes the cycles of the history of nations bring about! Here, in the above trivial incident, the descendants of these barbarians of the past are to-day styled seigneurs, or Lords, by the descendants of those Romans who subjugated their forefathers, and poured upon them epithets of reproach and contempt. The wheel of history turns round, and the nation that is powerful and exalted to-day, may be weak and humbled to-morrow, and *vice versa*. The Great Ruler of all things fulfils his purposes in many ways, though to us He seems to work chiefly in small and great circles, rather than in continuous straight lines. The world's history is a chain full of links and wheels, but there is divine method in its every part. At the hotel I arranged for bedroom, breakfast, and table d'hôte at 6 o'clock in the evening, thus affording me ample time for sight-seeing during the day, without any interruption for dinner about noon. After a slight refreshment and short siesta, I sallied out into the street, to bring eye and foot to bear upon what was to be seen and felt in a series of rambles through the city.

Rome, it may be here remarked, is built upon an undulating volcanic plain; its ancient section covered the summits and slopes of the world-famed seven hills, (resembling Jerusalem and Constantinople, the latter of which is also built on seven hills) and the valleys between them. Its modern section is principally built on the plain between the hills and the left bank of the river; though part of modern Rome is on the right bank of the Tiber. It is about 14 miles from the sea. Ostia was its old, as Civita Vecchia is its new, sea port. The Tiber—the largest river in the Italian peninsula—after receiving the waters

of the Aniot three miles distant, flows through the city in three circuits, and leaves it near the Aventine. In width it is about 180 feet, and varies in depth from 8 to 20 feet. It is of a tawny color, not unlike the Jordan at the place where pilgrims of the Greek Church are wont to bathe at Easter in the sacred stream. It is spanned by six bridges—five within and one without the walls. I crossed the greater number of them. Of those within the walls the finest that I crossed is the Ponte St. Angelo. It has five colossal statues of angels on either side, but they are not much admired now. It leads to the Castle of St. Angelo, which was anciently Hadrian's tomb. The one without the walls is the Ponte Molle, on the Flaminia *via*, and known to classical scholars as the Pons Milvius, connected with the history of Cataline's conspiracy. I walked out to it by the Porta del Popolo, and returned by the only tramway railway there is in or around the city of the Popes. The walls of the city are made of brick, are 14 miles in circumference and 55 feet in height. They have twelve arched gateways, and, for old structures, are in a good state of preservation and repair. There is an air of antiquity and neglect everywhere about Rome, as if it existed in the back lanes of modern progress and civilization. The streets are narrow, crooked, and, as is to be expected, often steep. Many of them are without foot pavements, and have only recently been lighted with gas. Here and there, however, they swell out into squares which are covered with gushing fountains, stately columns, storied obelisks and lofty palaces. The principal street is the Corso, running from north to south, from the People's Square to the Capitol. For business, but by no means for breadth, it is the Broadway of modern Rome. Here the carnival is celebrated—a grotesque masquerade of good-natured fun and foolery. It had passed off a short time before I reached the city, but owing to the recent death and obsequies of Pio Nono, its dimensions were on a small scale. After many a long walk in sunlight and gaslight, through both ancient and modern Rome, in its hollows and on its heights, I resolved to go to some eminence whence I might get the best view of Rome and its environs. For seeing the famous seven hills, so far as they can now be traced, the square clock tower in the Capitol was highly recommended to me. The Pincio, one of the lungs of Rome, was also recommended as commanding a delightful view. I rejected both and selected Mount Janiculum, on the right bank of the river, as the height from which I would take a panoramic view of the interesting scene. Nor was I disappointed.

J. B. M.

(To be continued.)

Coin des lecteurs de langue française.

AUX anciens étudiants, aux étudiants et à tous les amis de notre journal et de notre œuvre.

Le voyage de cinq mois que nous avons fait en Europe pendant l'été s'étant prolongé jusqu'à la fin de septembre, il nous a été impossible jusqu'aujourd'hui de prendre la direction du *coin des lecteurs de langue française*. Sans le concours de notre ami et collaborateur, J. Morin, qui a rédigé à la hâte un excellent article sur l'accent tonique en français, pas un mot de français n'aurait paru dans le dernier numéro du journal. Nous lui devons donc de sincères remerciements.

Nous croyons que la Société de l'*Alma Mater* a fait preuve d'énergie et de sagesse en se chargeant de la