

Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
 Standing with half its battlements alone,
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
 The garland of eternity, where wave
 The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown :
 What was this tower of strength ? within its cave
 What treasure lay so locked, so hid ?—A woman's grave.

I entered and explored several of these proud patrician tombs, but found naught but crumbling arch and column and shattered marble effigies of their former tenants.

But only the wealthy could be entombed in those stately *mausolea*, or be wrapped in those "marble cerements." For the mass of the population *columbaria* were provided, in whose narrow niches, like compartments of a dove-cot, the *terra-cotta* urns containing their ashes were placed, sometimes to the number of six thousand in a single *columbarium*. They also contained sometimes the urns of the great.

I visited several of these ; a description of one will suffice. Steep steps lead down into a square vault, supported by a central pier which, like the walls, contains a number of niches. Each niche contains two or more cinerary urns, with covers. Removing several of these I found within the ashes and charred bones of the dependants of great Roman houses, whose bodies had undergone cremation. The brief epitaphs of the deceased were often inscribed above the niche. These structures take their names from their resemblance to a dove-cot—*columbarium*.

A striking contrast to the pomp of the tombs on the Appian Way are these *columbaria* in which for the most part the ashes of the slaves are deposited.

Over the lava pavement of this Queen of Roads, as the Romans proudly called it, along which I drove for miles, once thundered the legions that conquered the world ; and by this very way St. Paul and his companions entered the great Imperial City. Now, the gardens and villas which studded the Campagna are a desolation, and only ruins rise, like stranded wrecks, above the tomb-abounding plain. The most conspicuous and beneficent monuments of the power of ancient Rome are the vast aqueducts which bestride, with their long series of arches the undulating Campagna. Most of these are now broken and crumbling ruins, but some of them, restored in modern times, still supply the city with streams of the cool and limpid water from the far-off Alban