



THE APPIAN WAY AND AQUEDUCTS.

a more plentiful and wholesome water supply. The old Roman fever that haunted the city under the papal regime is now abolished, and Rome is one of the most healthful cities in the world.

Yet in sharp contrast to this new Rome, and far more attractive to the visitor from western lands who scarcely can see anything much older than himself, is the old Rome, the Rome of the middle ages, of the early Christian centuries, of the classic times. Of these he sees the mouldering monuments on every side. Nothing so strikes his imagination as he drives through the ruins of the Forum, the Colosseum, and the Palatine on the hill as the desolation of those once proud abodes of imperial splendour. The scene of some of the most heroic achievements of the Republic and Empire is now a half-buried chaos of broken arch and column. Here stood the rostrum where Tully fulminated against Cataline, and where, after death, his eloquent tongue was pierced through and through by the

bodkin of a revengeful woman. Here the Roman father slew his child to save her from dishonour. Here, "at the base of Pompey's statua," the well-beloved Brutus stabbed the foremost man of all this world. Here is the *Via Sacra*, through which passed the triumphal processions to the now ruined temples of the gods. But for a thousand years these ruins have been the quarries and the lime-kilns for the monasteries and churches of the modern city, till little is left save the shadow of their former greatness.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe ;  
An empty urn within her withered hands,  
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago . . .

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood,  
and Fire,  
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride ;  
She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,  
Where the car climbed the capitol ; far and  
wide  
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.

More utterly desolate than aught