

But the Mamertine prison carries us back to the Kings of Rome. Livy speaks of it in its early history, and Sallust in the passage referred to mentions this dungeon by the name of Tullianum, so called after Servius Tullius the sixth of its Kings, by whom it was built or at least finished. It is of solid masonry, of large stones, compactly joined and fitted to last, as it has, through many successive centuries (about two thousand four hundred years.) South of the Capitoline and beyond the Forum rises the Palatine hill, that on which Romulus laid the foundation of his infant city, destined one day to attain to such increased proportions. Long after its founders had gone—after Kings and Consular powers had passed away, and the Roman Republic had given place to Imperial rule, Augustus built on this hill the first of those palaces, which others who after him wore the purple restored and enlarged. Attached to his palaces was the Temple of Apollo, and connected with the latter was the celebrated Palatine Library, founded by this Emperor, and hence the expression of Horace, "*Scripta Palatinis quæcunque recepit Apollo*."\* It was destroyed, with all its books, in the great fire, in the time of Titus, which I have already mentioned. The extensive, shapeless ruins of this palace, in the midst of gardens and vineyards, almost as ruinous, still cover a vast space of ground, and are known as those of the Palace of the Cæsars. The Palatine had been before this the place of residence of some of the most celebrated men of Rome. Augustus himself had lived there before he built his palace, in the house once occupied by the orator Hortensius, the rival of Cicero in eloquence—one of moderate dimensions: "*Ædibus modicis, neque laxitate, neque cultu conspicuis*." Before that again, he had dwelt near the Forum in the house of another celebrated orator—Calvus. These houses were part of that city of brick which he afterwards converted into marble. On the Palatine, too, was the residence of Cicero, where Plutarch says he had a levee every day for his talents, as numerous as Cræsus for his wealth, or Pompey for his power. This house had been formerly the residence of C. Cræpus, the orator from whom Cicero, as he himself tells us, had purchased it for 3500 sesteriæ, equal to somewhere about £31,000 sterling. It was adorned with columns of foreign marble, which was then just being introduced into the houses of the more wealthy, and of which Cræpus here set the example. This house was afterwards burnt down by Clodius, but was again rebuilt for Cicero after his return from exile, at the public expense, by a decree of the Senate. (See *Epist. ad Familiares* 5 lib. 6; *Oratio pro domo sua* 24; *Pliny xxxvi. 3*; *Plut. in vita*.)

We might almost imagine the great orator descending from it to the Forum to deliver one of his brilliant speeches—with a slow step and anxious expression of face, as if suffering from that nervous timidity and apprehension which this accomplished orator could never overcome. Is there any (young or other) candidate for oratorical distinction, who before he rises to speak, trembles with agitation, so that he can scarcely collect his thoughts or give expression to them: let him hear for his consolation, what this consummate and practised speaker has said of himself, and take courage: "Though few," he says, "of my own age, have more experience in the Forum, for I have spent my whole time in study, and laborious preparation for it, yet so help me Heaven, the day never draws near, on which I am to speak, that I am not only agitated in mind, but I tremble through my whole body." Having descended from the Palatine with Cicero, we will, if you please, stop before we reach the Forum, for here we are where once stood the Temple of Jupiter Stator; at the entrance of what was and still is the *Via Sacra*; which ran

\* The portico of the Library has very lately been discovered.