

I had the feeling that the dusty earth was weary and inelastic, from having been too long trodden upon; that the dirty yellow Tiber flowed moodily, dejectedly, burdened with too many secrets;



STREET SCENE IN ROME.

that the very air itself had filled too many lungs before mine, and had lost its fresh quality.

Rome seemed to me a half empty city, and yet over full. There was a brooding, hovering population of memories of crimes, of glorious deeds, of dead generations, that oppressed and humbled