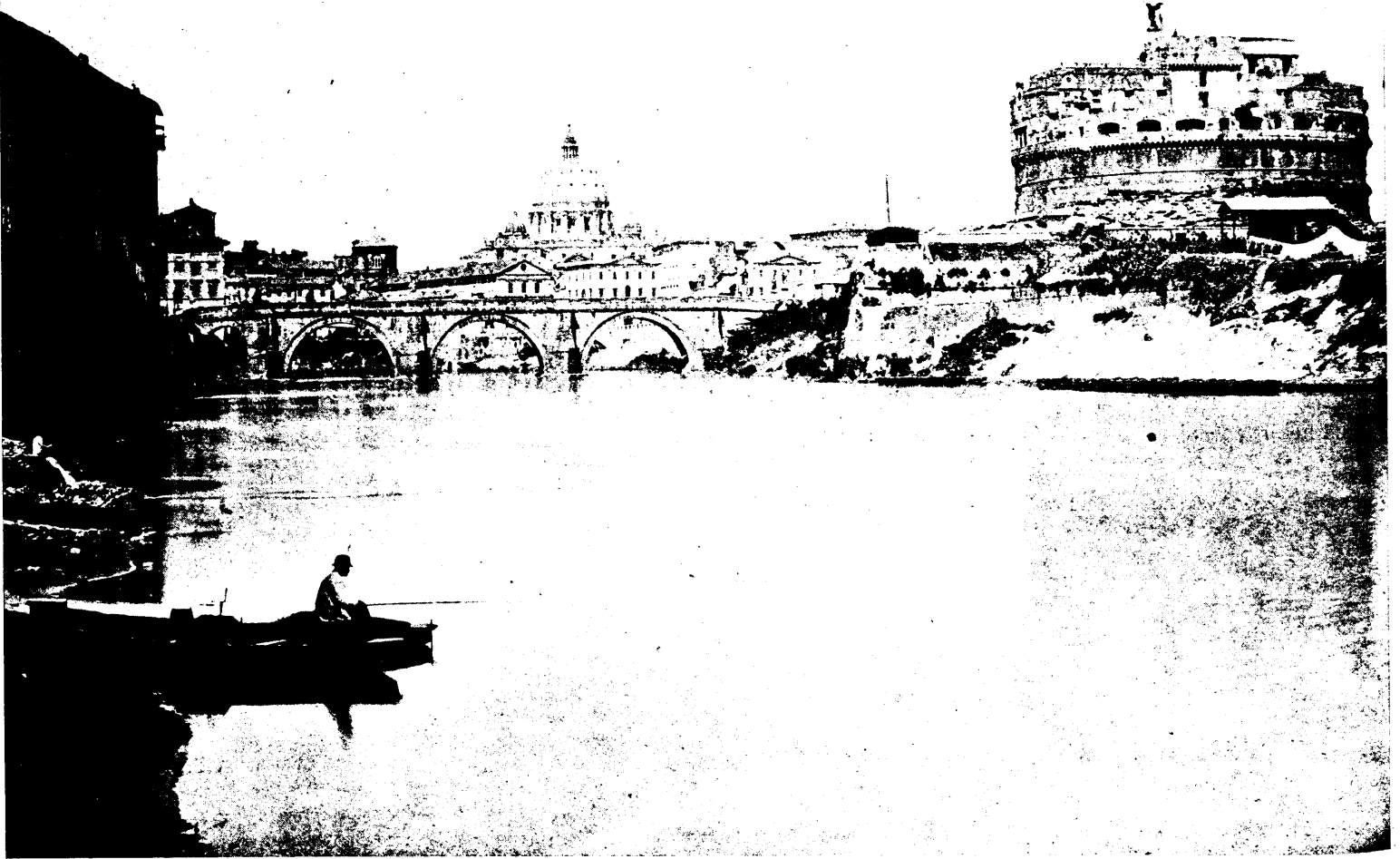




CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, ROME.

Sidney continued to stare stolidly at the ceiling; his face made no sign of the emotion that was in him. He was motionless as a stone image. Whatever his thoughts were he gave no token.

He rose abruptly at length and stalked from the room, leaving to the lady of the house the option of continuing her remarks with the four walls as an audience or becoming silent. She choose the latter. But it occurred to her that the action was rather a sharp one even for Sidney. She hastened to the front verandah to see, if possible, what direction he had taken, and beheld him pull slowly from her boat house in the direction of the city. And there ended Sidney's love affair.

CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, ROME.



THE practical Romans, unlike the Egyptians, did not usually expend their energies on tomb building, as a means of perpetuating their fame. The tombs of Pagan Rome yet remaining may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, and of these several are rarely visited. Of the mausoleum of Augustus, once the most wonderful monument in the Campus Martius, the massive outer wall is a ruin, and the sepulchral chambers where the ashes of Augustus, Marcellus, Germanicus, and others were deposited, are used as stables. The tomb of Bibulus, two thousand years old, still bearing the inscription that it was erected *honoris virtutisque causa*, forms part of the wall of a house in the Marforio, at the end of the Corso. "The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now"—the sarcophagus was long ago removed to the Vatican. The Baker's tomb, outside the Porta Maggiore—interesting not only as a monument of antiquity, but as a proof that even in the days when might so generally made right, it was possible for an industrious tradesman to achieve prosperity—was

only discovered in 1838, on the removal of a number of mean dwellings. The tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the Appian Way, the various columbaria of the slaves and humbler classes, and the massive subject of our illustration complete the list.

The mausoleum of Hadrian was built by the philosophic emperor whose name it bears. When Hadrian returned to Rome, after visiting the remote portions of his dominions for the purpose of consolidating the empire, he built a palace—almost a city in its proportions—and this tomb. The bridge of San Angelo, by which the building is reached, is also the work of Hadrian, though the balustrades are modern. The mausoleum consists of a circular tower, a hundred and ninety feet in diameter, resting on a square base. It is built of immense blocks of travertine—rough and bare now, but once covered with marble and gold, adorned with beautiful statues, and surmounted by a magnificent dome. During the siege of the city by the Goths, the statues were hurled down upon the barbarians; and later the dome was removed to make way for modern fortifications. For centuries the mausoleum, transferred into the Castle of San Angelo, has been used as the fortress of the Popes—the sepulchral chambers serving as prisons. The figure of St. Michael the Archangel—his right arm extended in the act of sheathing a sword, commemorates the alleged appearance of the angel and his miraculous interposition, while Pope Gregory the Great was praying that Rome might be delivered from the plague.

Among the numerous adventures of that erratic genius, Benvenuto Cellini, was imprisonment in the Castle of San Angelo. His exploits while in durance are related in his autobiography with his customary conceit, and, we may hope, a good deal of Munchausen's exaggeration. One passage in particular is worth quoting:—

"The monument contains rough statues of the baker and his wife—under the latter an inscription by the baker, in honor of his 'most excellent wife, Atistia, whose remains are deposited in this bread-box.'"

"The Pope, on a certain day, happening to walk upon the round ramparts, saw in the public walks a Spanish colonel, whom he knew by certain tokens. I, who was above at the battery, seeing a man employed in getting the trenches repaired, dressed in rose colour, began to deliberate how I should lay him flat. I took my swivel, and charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed at him exactly, though he was at so great a distance that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far. I fired off the gun, and hit the man exactly in the middle, and he was seen severed into two pieces. The Pope was highly delighted and surprised, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece could carry so far, as that he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces. Upon this he sent for me and made an inquiry into the whole affair. So, falling on my knees, I entreated His Holiness to absolve me from the fault of homicide, as likewise from other crimes which I had committed in that castle, in the service of the church. The Pope, lifting up his hands, and making the sign of the cross over me, blessed me, and gave me his absolution for all the homicides that I had ever committed, or ever should commit, in the service of the Holy Apostolic Church. Upon quitting him, I again went up to the battery, and continuing to keep up a constant fire, I scarcely once missed all the time."

A more interesting bit of literature in connection with the tower is the well known ode ascribed to its imperial builder:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Que nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis jocos."

How sadly well it expresses the limitations of heathen philosophy—which could dimly discern something superior to the body in the

"Gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay";
which could vaguely dream of a future for it: which was sometimes even moved to ask where that future might be. But to its earnest "Whither?" no voice gave answer, and its most eager gaze could not penetrate beyond the tomb.

A. M. MACLEOD.