

The dust of a million warriors sleeps here. A great city has been buried a hundred times over in this soil. The stick-plough of yonder Arab turns up the graves of myriads. Who could look on this scene and remember the legend of Dido, the history of Hannibal and Scipio and of the martyrs, the repeated burning and racking of the city, the sacred names of Cyprian, Tertullian and Augustine, and the struggles of Arab and Frank, and not be moved!

Some way down the slope of the hill eastward are the vestiges of Roman cisterns, and near them the floor of the theatre, still having some marble columns *in situ*. Returning to the west side of the citadel, we had a glimpse of the Palace of Dido—built originally by that legendary Queen from Phoenicia, converted by later Carthaginians into a temple, and afterwards rebuilt by the Romans—now a mound of *debris*. Our last visit was to a cathedral of the times before Constantine, interesting because of its age and size, and because it possesses a baptistery in good preservation, the oldest, I believe, extant. It is oblong, with circular ends, where are steps to descend into its depth of three feet—an architectural comment on a much disputed question.

Other piles of ruins are scattered about, but they are of little interest. So we returned along the cactus hedges to Tunis. "*Delenda est Carthago*," cried Cato in the Roman senate. His wish is granted. *Deleta est Cathago*. Punic, Roman, Christian, Muslim Carthage—all are destroyed, and sleep in one mixed heap of desolation.

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*Malta*, Mar. 7th, 1900.