

straighten out once for all the rather complex genealogy of the house of Cæsar; and to people the crumbling ruins of to-day with men and women of flesh and blood, who feared and hoped and suffered much as we do. It is even a question whether she has not in this respect over-reached her mark. The Roman women of these tales are just a trifle too modern, with a little too much of the present day ideas of truth and morality, and too little of the purely pagan standard of ethics. In other words, they come nearer to being sisters of Marion Crawford's Roman heroines than of the equally flesh and blood women that one meets in the pages of Plautus.

It was Anatole France who said that the rest of the world was welcome to all "Romance of the dry historical facts Imperial so long as they would Rome" leave him the romance of history. It is the *Romance of Imperial Rome* that Elizabeth W. Champney has chosen to weave into a series of chapters, vividly and artistically cast in the mould of the short story. Now whether Sulpicia is rightly or wrongly identified with the Delia celebrated in the plaintive elegies of Tibullus; whether Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was, as the Italian historian, Ferrero, claims, certainly not the "miserable Bacchante of the scandalous Roman chronicle"; whether, in short, we have enough authority in classic texts to vouch for the substantial accuracy of any one of the tales herein contained, is immaterial. A halo of romance and of tragedy clusters around the spots wherein these events, fictional or otherwise, are supposed to have taken place; and the author has achieved her purpose in so presenting them as to help the average modern reader to visualise with some clearness certain phases of ancient life; to