



TIVOLI, NEAR ROME.

TIVOLI.

TIVOLI, known in ancient times as Tibur, is a town about eighteen miles from Rome. Formerly it was a delightful retreat for the citizens of Imperial Rome, who were wearied by a round of business or pleasure; and it was looked upon much in the same way that Richmond or Kew may be regarded, in our own day, by smoke-dried Londoners. The town is

now, however, as dirty and distasteful as any town in the Papal States, which is saying a good deal; and the people seem to entertain an unconquerable hatred to paint or whitewash. But it still possesses interest for the tourist; it has classical associations to recommend it. Has not Horace sung of its beauty? Did not Mæcenas, and Virgil, and Sallust, Varus, Atticus, Cassius, and Brutus find in its neighbourhood their favourite residences; and is it not still

It is, consequently, precipitated to the plain, broken here and there in its fall, and forms a beautiful series of cascades.

Tivoli is certainly one of the most interesting spots in the neighbourhood of Rome. Its classical associations, which lead the mind back to the times of Cæsar and Augustus, possess a peculiar attraction for the student. But Tivoli has charms for every one. The unfading beauty of its orchards and

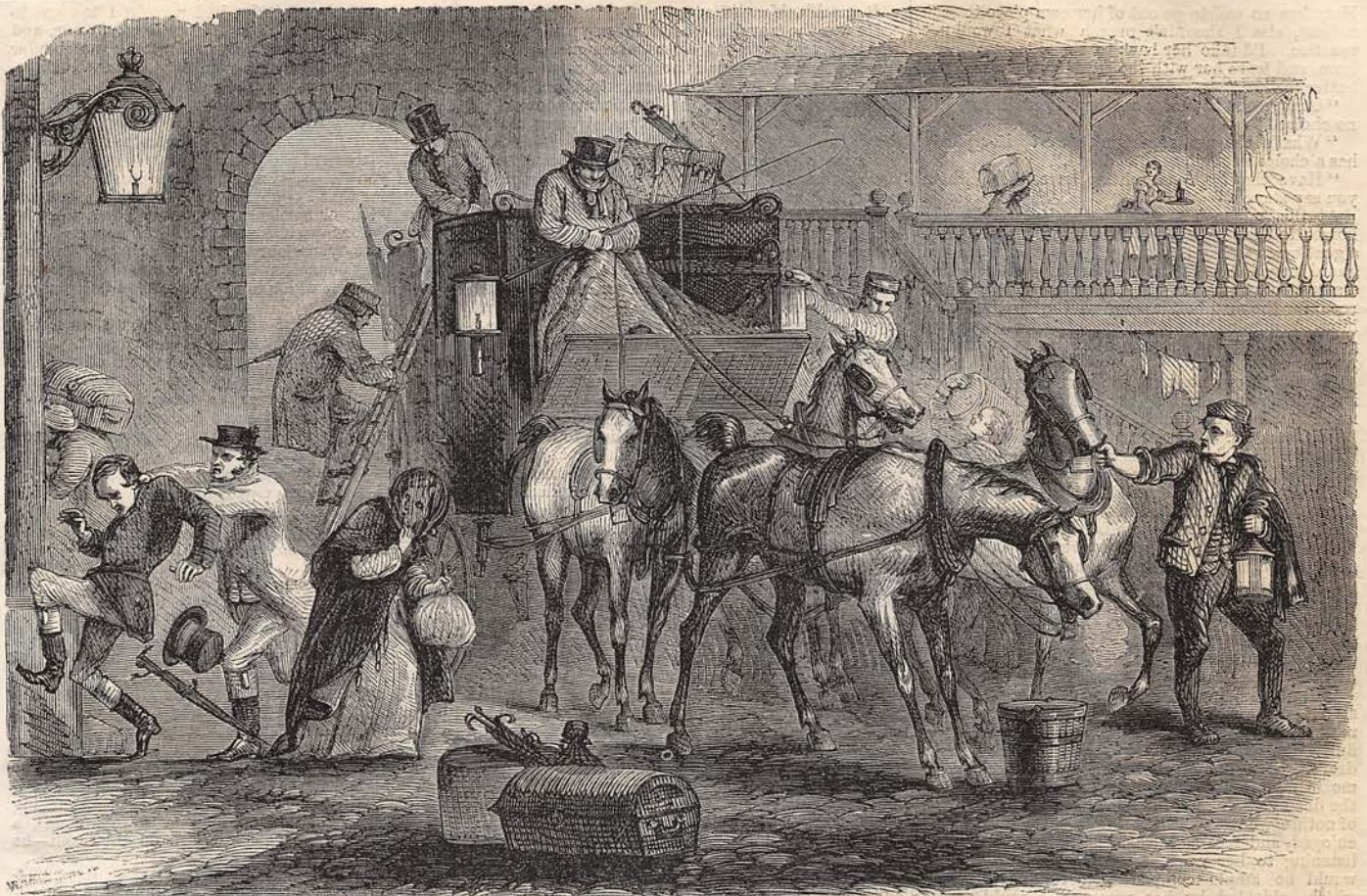
famous for its lofty cliffs and series of precipitous cascades? To be sure, Tivoli itself is a disagreeable little town, with an impoverished population of about 6,000. But Nature and Art have united in rendering its environs remarkable for picturesque beauty, and History and Poetry have consecrated its abrupt cliffs, its green valleys, its crumbling ruins, to the memory of the mighty men of old.

From Rome to Tivoli the road presents many curious features. These are its abrupt undulations, its vivid colours, its singular contrasts of modern misery with ancient glory; here we see the prostrate columns of some old temple, and there a farm-yard ill stocked and still worse kept; here a savage looking man is keeping his ragged sheep on the scantiest herbage in a low-lying meadow, and there are the remains of some graceful villa of antiquity—a villa with no sign of life about it except the brilliant lizards which dart out from the green leaves to reconnoitre the traveller, and dart back again, perhaps to reassure their friends that it is only another of those tourists going down to Tivoli.

We may, if we please, stop at the Villa Adriana, but a day will not suffice to complete a survey of these imperial remains—the temple of the Stoics, the Grecian theatre, the barracks, the priests' quarters, and the palace—each of these imposing ruins is a lesson, a discovery, a new page in History.

After this halt, pursuing our journey up the olive-covered heights, we approach Tivoli. Here is an inn overhanging one of its cascades, and famous for having in its court-yard the classical ruin of a temple generally ascribed to the Sybil, but in reality dedicated to Vesta. It is a very fine structure, about twenty-three feet in diameter, and surrounded by an open portico. In descending the hill, we observe other interesting remains, the temples of the Naiads and of Neptune; and several ancient villas, especially that of Mæcenas, remarkable for its extent and grandeur.

The waterfall is formed by the course of the Teverone, which, flowing through the higher regions of the country, reaches the edge of the cliffs at Tivoli, which separates it from the Campagna below.



ISABELLA ARRIVES IN LONDON.

gardens—the lofty heights, clothed with verdure and crowned with trees—the impetuous cascade, falling and gliding from the cliffs to the plain—present a picture such as is unrivalled in Europe, and has made the very name of Tivoli proverbial for all that is beautiful in Italian landscape.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN HEIRESS;

OR,

The Old Feud.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRENCH HAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

There is goodness, like wild honey, hived
In strange nooks and corners of the world.

AND with a grunt the guard jumped up, seized a strap, which after passing across and securing the luggage, hung loosely over the roof of the coach, and setting his knee against the top, pulled the buckle vigorously.

Nothing was amended or even altered by this proceeding, which could only have been adopted as a kind of safety-valve, by which the workman's superabundant energy was drawn off. And after a while, becoming conscious I suppose, of the truth, he flung the strap away, seized his bugle, and struck up forthwith the blithest reveille that ever woke the echoes to rejoice; mingled, as if in anger with himself for enjoying it, with a few of the most discordant brays that can be imagined.

"There," he said at last, clapping the mouth of the instrument sharply on his knee, "how d'ye like that? That's my own; something like music, isn't it?"

"Yes; all but the variations. I didn't like those."

"Didn't you?" and he laughed heartily. "You found them out, then? You've a good ear, I should say; 'taint everybody as I play to on this coach as knows one tune from another, let alone finding out wrong notes. You know music, p'raps?"

"A little."

"Ah! then you know the finest thing in nature; and if you like such, it's little you'll like Lunnun. You'd best alter your mind and go back; you'll have a chance directly, for we shall change, and you can get down and sit in the bar till the next down mail goes by."

"Thank you; it is impossible. I must go on."

"Well, if you must, you must—there's no use running agen that, of course. But what can you do? you aint looking out for no kind of service?"

"No."

"I thought not. You look a deal too much like one as has been used to be waited on, and like enough you'll think me over bold in talkin' this way to you; but I've seen a deal of life since I travelled this road, let alone what came in my way afore I took to it, while I lived in service; and I can't help vexin' when I see one like you going up to Lunnun, without no knowledge of its deceitfulness, and no protector to save you, and thinkin', no doubt, that everybody's as innocent as yourself. Besides," and he glanced sharply at me, "I had a sister once as grew tired o' home, and ran away to seek her fortune in Lunnun, and though she took fever and died afore she came to any worse harm, yet I'd sooner see the dearest I have, dead in their graves than follow in the road she ran."

There was a pause, for a sudden dimness came over the bright, honest eyes that looked so straightly on me, and the speaker turned away. His words were strange and stern, and his manner not over-polished; but, for all that, the courtliest lady in the lady could not have felt displeased or unhonoured by them, while I—poor I—desolate and friendless, felt my heart leap gratefully towards one, who, in an utter stranger, could take such generous interest.

Something of this must have been written in my face, for, when the guard again turned towards me, he said—

"You're not affronted at my boldness? And now, perhaps, as I have told you what cause I have to warn you agen Lunnun, you'll think better of it, and go back."

"I cannot—indeed, I cannot! Pray do not think me ungrateful for your advice and kindly interest;

but, if you have lived in large families, you know there are many reasons why certain members are happier apart."

"Certain members!" he repeated, thoughtfully.

"You've a father and mother?"

"A mother."

"And she's married agen? I see! And you aint welcome. Well, if I had my way, I'd treat all men and women as lunatics that married agen, to bring fresh masters and missuses over their children. 'Twas that as drove Nancy from home. Ugh! I've no patience! And can't you make it agreeable, no-how? for his badness aint no cause why you should run yourself into ruin to get out of his way."

"I have no intention of doing so. I have been well educated, and hope to earn my own living respectably."

"What at? Teachin' children? It's the worst and hardest trade on the face of the arth. Besides, you must have some one to recommend you, and give you a character."

"Well, I must wait a little, till people know me well enough to trust me. In the meanwhile, I must do what I can—sew!"

"Starve!"

"No, no, people don't do that; you must not frighten me."

"Don't they?" he said, bitterly. "What else do they do, as is worn out with work, or want of work, as the poor-houses won't take in, and as loves the souls Christ saved for 'em, too well to go on the streets? What do they do, think you, but starve? Ah! young lady," he said, growing eloquent in the earnestness of his deep feeling, "go but for one day and night along the alleys and courts of Lunnun, where those crowd together who came as you do now—to seek a livin'; enter the houses, listen to the talk, ask what half the lost wretches there was, when first they come, and then go back faster than mortal cretur ever went before, away from the place, to scrub or sew, or pick stones on the country fields, thankin' God on your knees, night and morning, for the privilege to do so."

"You live there?"

"Yes, and my wife too; my work holds me there. But we are known. My arnings keeps us.