

sat groups of peasants, their swart visages lit up from below by the glow of a brazier, while a flaring torch stuck through a ring overhead threw fierce lights and shadows across the scene. Sharp cries and shouts like maledictions rose as we passed, and as we turned into the little square on which the inn stands, we wondered in what sort of den we should have to lodge. We followed our host of the little Albergo della Regnia up the steep stone staircase with many misgivings; he flung open a door, and we beheld a carpeted room, all furnished and hung with pink chintz, covered with garlands. There were sofas, low arm-chairs, a



CASTLE AT OSTIA.

writing-table with appurtenances, a tea-table with snowy linen, and a hissing brass tea-kettle. Opening from this were two little white nests of bed-rooms, with tin bath-tubs and an abundance of towels. We could not believe our eyes; here were English comfort and French taste. Were we in May Fair or the Rue de Rivoli? Or was it a fairy tale?

The Campagna has one more aspect, different from all the rest, where the Tiber, weary with his long wandering, rolls lazily to the sea. It is a dreary waste of swamp and sandhill and scrub growth, but with a forlorn beauty of its own, and the beauty of colour, never absent in Italy. The tall coarse grass