

scarcely less old and solid ; the vast, gloomy grottoes of Cerbara, which look like the underground palace of a bygone race, but which are the tufa-quarries of classic times ; the ruined baths of Zenobia, where the rushing milky waters of the *Aquæ Albulae* fill the air with sulphurous fumes ; and, as a climax, the Villa of Hadrian, less a country-place than a whole region, a town-in-country, with palace, temples, circus, theatres, baths amidst a tract of garden and pleasure-ground ten miles in circumference. Even when one is familiar with the enormous height and bulk of the Coliseum or the baths of Caracalla, the extent of the ruins of Hadrian's Villa is overwhelming. Numerous fragments are still standing, graceful and elegant, but a vast many more are buried deep under turf and violets and fern ; large cypresses and ilexes have struck root among their stones, and they form artificial hills and vales and great wide plateaus covered with herbage and shrubbery, hardly to be distinguished from the natural accidents of the land. The solitude is as immense as the space. After leaving our carriage we wandered about for hours, sometimes lying in the sunshine at the edge of a great grassy terrace which commands the Campagna, to where, like a little bell, St. Peter's dome hung faint and blue upon the horizon ; sometimes exploring the innumerable porticoes and galleries, and replacing in fancy the *Venus de Medici*, the *Dancing*



THE TIBER, FROM ORTE.