

Where the knights in ironarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast?
Where the pomp of camp and court?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?
Where the merchants with their wares,
And their gallant brigantines
Sailing safely into port
Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet-blast,
Are those splendours of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd!
Fathoms deep beneath the seas
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls;
Hidden from all mortal eyes
Deep the sunken city lies:
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand:
Further still and furthestmost
On the dim discovered coast
Paestum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,
Nothing doth the good monk care
For such worldly themes as these.
From the garden just below,
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut-trees;
Nothing else he hears or hears.
All the landscape seem to swoon
In the happy afternoon;
Slowly o'er his senses creep
The encroaching waves of sleep,
And he sinks as sank the town,
Unresisting, fathoms down,
Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow,
Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,
Seeing all the landscape white,
And the river cased in ice,
Comes this memory of delight,
Comes this vision unto me
Of a long-lost Paradise
In the land beyond the sea.

A few miles out in the Gulf of
Naples lies the beautiful island of
Capri. If I had not seen it, I could
not have believed it possible that
water could be so intensely blue as
that of this lovely bay. In the

sunshine it was a light, and in the
shadow a deep, ultramarine; but
as clear as crystal. I could see the
starfish on the bottom in from five
to ten fathoms of water, and the
dolphins, disporting in the waves,
were visible at a much greater dis-
tance. These favourites of Apollo
can outstrip the fastest steamer, so
rapidly do they swim.

Capri consists of two craggy
peaks, so precipitous that at only
two points can a landing be effec-
ted. Covered with foliage, it gleams
like an emerald set in sapphire.
Here the Emperor Tiberius, when
sated and sickened with ruling the
world, retired to indulge in the most
infamous vices and truculent
cruelty. The ruins of his villa
crown the summit of the island—
a part of it is now used as a cow-
byre. The gem of the island, how-
ever, is the celebrated Blue Grotto.
It is entered from the sea by a low
arch scarce three feet high. The
visitor must lie down in the bot-
tom of the boat. Within, it ex-
pands to a large vaulted chamber.
The effect of the blue refraction of
the light is dazzling, and the body
of the boatman, who swims about in
the water, gleams like silver. We
penetrated also the White Grotto,
where the waves looked like curdled
milk, the Green Grotto, and the
Stalactite Grotto; and sailed be-
neath a magnificent natural arch,
and under volcanic cliffs rising pre-
cipitously a thousand feet in air.

The grandest excursion from
Naples, however, is that to Mount
Vesuvius. In order to avoid the
heat, I left Naples with a friend,
by carriage, shortly after midnight,
and rode through the silent streets
of the beautiful city—the tall, white
houses gleaming like marble in the
glorious moonlight. At many of
the corners lamps were burning
before a shrine of the Virgin.

Like the red eye of Cyclops