

From here you get a magnificent view of the Bay of Solerno and the "Three Brothers," which are three immense rocks in the ocean. There was nothing particularly fine about Capri, and had it not its blue grotto it would never be visited. Here, as at all other places in Italy, you have to be rowed to shore by boatmen, for which there is in every case an extra payment. There is no reason in the world why buoys and wharves should not be built, not only here, but also at Naples, Sorrento, and I suppose at every Italian town on the sea but the people are so numerous who derive their sole livelihood from carrying passengers and baggage ashore, that every time such a thing is proposed there is such a popular outcry that they are afraid to do it. Just imagine such boats as the North German Lloyds' and warships hoving to, to be coaled from huge scows, at a distance of about 150 feet from the shore.

From Capri we went to Sorrento, staying over night at the Tremontave House. The Tremontave House is built on an immense rock, and from the verandah, which adjoins all front rooms, you can look directly into the sea. From here you get, perhaps, the best view of the Bay of Naples, with the possible exception of Vesuvius. The night we were there was perfect in every way. The moon came right over Naples and gave us a view of the town which is hard to see in day time. Under our window there were at least five boats containing musicians, playing the most delightful music possible. One thing especially that they played well was the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana. This, which always has been a favorite of mine, is played continually by the Italians. At the back of the hotel they have an immense garden, very prettily laid out with innumerable varieties of roses, over which grow oranges, lemons, figs, olives, pomegranates, etc., which guests are at perfect liberty to pick. It would be foolish to even try and describe Sorrento. It is by far the nicest place I have yet been in, and I very much doubt if I will visit any place in which I would more willingly spend three or four weeks than I would in that small, unpretentious village.

We started out the next morning for Amalfi and Cave di Terrini in a three-horse carriage and with one of the typical Neapolitan coachmen, who never think of anything but speed, cracking their whips and singing "Marguerite." The drive at first winds up

the mountain, which is beautiful, cultivated by an enormous system of terraces into the finest orange and lemon groves. As you gradually reach the top of the mountain you can see the road by which you have ascended at five different heights below you; and looking back over the Bay of Naples, the orange and lemon plantations, the village of Sorrento; you command a view which is not easy to forget. The road from the top of the Sorrento Mountain runs along the sides of different mountains for a distance of about fifteen miles, and is, I think, the finest, as well as the most wonderful, drive in the world. It is for nearly the whole distance hewn out of the rock, and from your seat in the carriage you can look down distances of over 500 feet directly into the sea. At numerous intervals the road takes you over immense chasms which are spanned by the prettiest little stone arches imaginable. All along the mountains here, where there is the least sign of earth, you see either grain or fruit growing, and it is a wonderful thing to me to think how much they make out of their limited space, while in Canada, unless the ground has the most wonderful advantages, it is despised. They say the Italians are not the class of people that Canada wants as emigrants, but I have yet to see the farmers that these same "Dagos" cannot teach how to make much out of little. We lunched at the Capuccini Hotel at Amalfi, where the proprietor remembered me immediately, and asked after my wife, and why I had not brought her with me this time. We met some of our steamer friends at this hotel, and enjoyed sitting around the Capuccini's beautiful garden, so much that we hated to go when our carriage drove up at 4:30. We drove very quickly from here to Cava, which we reached at 7 o'clock, staying at the Hotel de Sondres.

We left next morning early and reached Pompeii at 8.45 a. m., going immediately to the ruins of the old town. We were through with Pompeii by 12 o'clock, and decided to go to Vesuvius. The following day I came on to Rome, and, as I have told you, eventually came to this hotel.

To say that I am enjoying my trip does not begin to express the enjoyment I daily take out of sight-seeing. Everything is so entirely new, and every place is so full of historical and artistic interest, that I find the days go by like hours, and it is hardly conceivable to me that it is nearly four weeks since I left Toronto.