

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

(Continued.)

SEPTEMBER 3, 1872.—We were on the sea all night, and rising at 4 o'clock witnessed a glorious crimson sunrise on the Mediterranean; the air was cool and fresh, and the sea a deep blue. At half-past five we disembarked at Leghorn, a modern-looking city, houses light colored and streets wide and well paved with large blocks of stone. After breakfast we took the cars to Pisa, about 15 miles off, and made our way directly from the station to the church called Il Duomo, the Baptistry or round tower, and the Leaning Tower—all three built of marble, with a great deal of beautiful sculpturing. The pulpit in the Baptistry is the handsomest I ever saw, and I immediately recollected making about the same observation when I saw a *fac-simile* of it at the South Kensington Museum, London. The Leaning Tower was quite up to my expectations; it is, indeed, a most remarkable structure. The sensations I experienced in ascending it were very peculiar; it is called the *Campanile* and supports seven clear-ringing, good-sized bells; the interior is quite open from top to bottom. The ascension is made by a winding stairway round the building in the thickness of the wall, which is well lighted. On beginning the ascent I could not suppress a certain vague feeling of dread, as if everything was not right; then I found myself involuntarily forced first against the outside wall, then down hill almost, then against the inner wall, and again felt the climbing very difficult, and so on to the top of the eight stories, the steps inclining like the tower. From the top an excellent view was had, extending to the Mediterranean in front and to the Apennines behind. Descending the tower with the same sensations as ascending, I went to the Campo Santo or enclosed cemetery, where the walls were

decorated with very peculiar paintings of Biblical subjects, including a somewhat suggestive one of the Last Judgment, and taking a general walk through the town, we returned to Leghorn at 4 p.m., and embarked on board the "Stella d'Italia" bound for Naples, 300 miles south. Finding the vessel was not going to start for a couple of hours, I took a boat and had a swim in the ancient sea, the water of which is very salt and buoyant and of a very comfortable temperature. Owing to some peculiarity in the water, every stroke of my hands filled it with sparks all around me, which shone very brightly in the dark. At 11 p.m. the vessel set sail, or rather steamed off, and we were on board the whole of the following day (Wednesday), and until half-past four on the morning of

September 5, 1872.—We enjoyed the trip very much; the weather was delightful; we witnessed a lovely sunrise and a sunset; on the latter occasion the sun went down perceptibly like a ball of gold into the sea, which became in the evening of an indigo blue in appearance. We likewise had a good view of several islands, including Elba and part of Corsica. The sun had not made its appearance as we left the vessel's side, and Vesuvius showed no signs of its volcanic character. We made our way to the New York Hotel, left our baggage, and looked for a *café* to breakfast. There was one just opposite the railway station. Before entering we turned to look at Vesuvius, and lo! it was smoking at a great rate; only for a few minutes, however, and then ceased. At half-past six, we took the train to Portici, the nearest station to Vesuvius, with alpenstock and field-glass; there a guide took charge of us, and discarding mules and porters, we pushed on through the village of Resina and up the mountain