

swarming with inhabitants. Here will be seen crowds, who, in their sun-burnt, copper-coloured skins, scantiness of dress, showiness of rude ornament, and want of productive occupation, will strike the Canadian who has visited Caughnawaga, Manitouwaning, or the Sault, as Indians of a rather superior class. In your way out, too, by this route, you will be sure to meet or pass numbers of those nondescript, characteristic vehicles of the neighbourhood, the country caleches, made so brilliant with gay paint and bright brass, in respect to which one is constrained to wonder (first) how fourteen or more passengers—embracing motley groups of peasants, soldiers, ecclesiastics, monks, women, children, and infants in arms—can be placed within them, or slung on to them—for slung on many literally are in nets hanging down behind,—and (secondly) how the one diminutive horse or mule manages to whirl them along as decked with little flags, streaming ribands, jingling bells, and glittering gear, he merrily does. You will have an opportunity of calling, if you feel inclined to do so, at one of the innumerable macaroni manufactories which—at Torre del Annunciata, for example—line the street, where almost every house looks like a chandlery of farthing rushlights, the pipes of the popular esculent suspended in the open air on countless rows of long rods to dry, resembling in colour and diameter that once celebrated article. Within you can examine the process, which will not fail to interest, by which the farinaceous dough of which this staple food of the neighbourhood consists is forced into the various shapes of macaroni, vermicelli, fedelini, ribands, sheets; and the minute little discs resembling the green seeds of the hollyhock, so abundantly to be met with in Neapolitan soups.

At Torre del Greco you can descend from your carriage and examine the lava, which here in vast sheets has found at various times its way into the sea. In 1794 it destroyed the principal portion of this town by passing through it in a stream 1,200 feet wide, and of a thickness varying from 12 to 40 feet, advancing into the Mediterranean a distance of 380 feet. The desolation occasioned by this, and another later fiery flood (1806), is still fresh to the eye. The disintegrating force of the atmosphere has not yet had time to dissolve the rocky surface into soil, which ultimately heals the wounds of earth, and obliterates all scars. The colour of the solid mass is here a dark blueish gray, reminding one of our familiar Kingston limestone when newly quarried. Here and everywhere along the drive out from Naples, the lava is seen turned to useful account. Houses are built of it; the streets are paved with it; the heaps of metal piled by the wayside, for the purpose of repair are composed of the same omnipresent substance.

But in noticing what may be seen at Torre del Annunciata and Torre del Greco I have gone beyond Resina, where, as I have said, the ascent of Vesuvius is usually commenced. In practice, indeed, I believe, persons generally do pass through Resina, visiting Pompeii first, and taking Vesuvius in their return. But inasmuch as "Vesuvius and its neighbourhood" is my subject, I hasten to despatch the mountain first, and reserve what I have to say on its neighbourhood for the second division of my paper.

Deposited, then, at Resina, you procure horses and a guide. An unromantic