

a short time found themselves in the middle of the Bay of Naples, surrounded by the most beautiful scenery in the world.

This bay is of a circular figure, in most places upwards of twenty miles in diameter. The whole of its circumference is wonderfully diversified by all the riches of art and nature; so that there is scarcely an object wanting to render the scene complete. Here is an amazing mixture of the ancient and modern. Palaces reared over the heads of other palaces, and former magnificence giving way to present folly. Mountains and islands, once celebrated for their fertility, changed into barren wastes, and barren wastes into fertile fields and rich vineyards. In short, nature seems to have formed this coast in her most capricious mood, and to have devoted it to the most unlimited indulgence of whim and frolic.

After contemplating this singularly delightful prospect till sun-set, the wind sprung up, and they soon found themselves off Capre, about thirty miles distant from Naples. The night was very dark, and the dreadful eruptions from Vesuvius alone relieved the gloom.

On the 17th, after spying Strombolo, by degrees, they came in sight of the rest of the Lipari islands, and part of the coast of Sicily. These islands are very picturesque, and several of them still emit smoke; but none, except Strombolo, have for many years had any eruptions of fire. The crater of Strombolo is on the side of the peak, whereas, other volcanos generally rise from the centre. Etna and Vesuvius often lie quiet for many months, even years; but Strombolo is ever at work, and for ages past has been regarded as the lighthouse of these seas.

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