

histories too. Its climate, the breezes that cool its summer, the peculiar luxuriance of its southern vegetation, made it a favourite resort of men of letters and taste. There Cicero gathered about him congenial spirits in his Formian villa. The bright beach on which they used to walk, of course we could not see. But the neighbouring mountains lifted their heads in the serene distance over. The same serene distance had passed over those classic and mediæval memories. But the guns of ten years ago still flash and thunder.

Aha ! when Gaeta's taken, what then ?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport,
Of the fire-balls of death crushing souls out of men,
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort,
Have cut the game short ?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee ;
When your flag takes all Heaven for its white,
green and red ;

When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head ;
And I have my dead ?

As we wound round the mountain sides, with vine terraces above and below, the view was entrancing. The whole coast was in sight, from Sorrento to Mola, where is the tomb of Cicero ; plains, curves of the shore, Posilipo, where Virgil wrote ; Nisida once the property of Lucullus, and whither Brutus retired after the assassination of Cæsar, Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the Acts of the Apostles ; the bay and castle of Baia ; and beyond the Phlegræan and Elysian fields of classic mythology, which seemed to sleep under a veil as of the immemorial years. On a ledge, with the sea almost at our feet, we faced about towards Vesuvius, on whose summit lay the smoke cloud, with an unusually ominous look. Near us were the ruins of two palaces, which had been thrown down by earthquakes. I asked a man in whose black hair silver lines were beginning to appear, if he was not afraid ? With a

look, perfectly expressive of child-like faith, he answered, " Eccellenza, No " ; and being asked why, he said " Ecco, Signora, there is a prophecy by San Giuseppe Della Croce, whose church is in Ischia, and whose body is at Naples, that Ischia shall never again be destroyed by volcanoes or earthquakes."

Ten minutes ride from this, we plunged into a deep ravine to see the *mud baths*. We found people scooping from under a scalding pool the blue marl which is used in the potteries of the island—mentioned by Strabo—and which is also applied to broken limbs and wounds. The *custode* looked hard to see whether he could detect any limp in our gait, hoping that we had come to patronize his establishment. Further on we came to the famous sand baths. In a little perfectly close place, something like a Dutch oven, they make a shallow grave for you in the sand, where, covered all but your head, you are left to keep alive in the moist, suffocating mineral air. There are vapour-baths in the Stufæ of San Lorenzo. Close by are the baths of Santa Restituta, one of the forty different kinds of mineral water kept hot on this island, summer and winter, for the benefit of invalids. For thrice ten centuries these fires have been kept burning on the altar of Hygeia. "*Bellissima acqua dei bagni—Sono miraculosi.*"

A church and monastery, dedicated to the Saint, stand near. We went into the quiet church. A place of peace it should be, and a place of peace it is to one at least, for he lies dead, in a sort of coffin, the best the poor relatives could afford, deserted, as the custom is, for the monks to bury him, but clothed, composed and respectable. A few minutes after, when we passed the coffin again, the clothes had been torn off, and the head had fallen aside. Thus do these monks strip the dead—it is the custom. Peace to the poor corpse in the horrid pit to which they will bear it.

We mounted our donkeys again, under the eyes of a long line of priests and monks,