

pania was then filled with inhabitants; the Pontine marshes were drained and cultivated; and the most beautiful part of all the world was found then, as now, in Naples Bay, where Roman luxury had exhausted all its resources in contriving new sources of delight and new modes of enjoyment.

Where shall we begin? Shall it be with Pæstum, where in this age those five temples were standing, admired already as types of hoar antiquity, but destined to a still more venerable age, since they have come down to our day in wonderful preservation;—or Sorrentum, with its wonderful valley, where there is perpetual spring throughout the year;—or Capreaë, where Tiberius was wont to retire and devise, in hideous secrecy, new refinements of cruelty;—or Pompeii and Herculaneum, which the awful fires of Vesuvius were soon to overwhelm, and bury from the sight of man, so that they might lie hidden through the centuries, and be exhumed in our day, to portray to us the corrupt form of ancient civilization as it appears in their melancholy streets? Or shall we turn to Baiæ, where for generations there assembled all that Rome possessed of genius, of wealth, of valor, of luxury, of effeminacy, and of vice, to present a strange mixture of sensuality and intellect, of taste and corruption; where the massive piles even now remain which Caligula reared from the depths of the sea, so that he might avoid the curve of the shore, and have a straight path in defiance of the obstacles of the ocean;—to Misenum, with the Roman navy at anchor, and triremes passing and repassing at all times;—to the Lucrine Lake, and the Elysian fields, and the Cumæan grotto, through which Virgil makes his hero pass to the under world; or to that steep cliff overhanging the Grotto of Posilipo, which the same poet chose for his burial-place, of whom the well-known epitaph gives the biography, —

“I sing flocks, tillage, heroes. Mantua gave
Me life; Brundisium death; Naples a grave”?