



NATURAL ARCH, ISLAND OF CAPRI.

erous churches, most of them in a debased Renaissance style of architecture. The church of St. Januarius is the largest and most sumptuous. Here takes place, thrice a year, the alleged miracle of liquefaction of the martyr's blood. Nowhere did I witness such abject Mariolatry as here. I observed one tawdry image of the Virgin, decked out in a figured silk dress, a silver crown on her clustering curls, rings on her fingers, and a bouquet in her hand, like a fine lady dressed for a ball.

I had been told that, in Naples, I should see the lazzaroni lying around like lizards in the sun, basking in luxurious idleness. But I did not. On the contrary, everybody seemed as busy as could be. Indeed, so poor is the community that they have to work or starve. The squalor of the lanes

and alleys, in which the poor swarm like flies, is painful to witness. One street is called the Street of Seven Sorrows—an allusion to the woes of the Virgin. I thought it significant of the sevenfold sorrows—the poverty, ignorance, and superstition and other miseries—of her devotees.

If Naples itself has few attractions, its immediate surroundings present many objects of surpassing interest. One of the most delightful excursions in the neighbourhood is that to Pozzuoli—the Puteoli where St. Paul "tarried seven days" on his Rome—and Baja, the ancient Baïæ of Horace's epistle. The road leads first through the Grotta di Posilipo—a tunnel through a sandstone rock nearly half a mile long, and in places a hundred feet high. It dates from the time of Augustus, and is