

their sandals. There are wells and fountains in many of the streets, and at several points, we passed under handsome brick arches that had been faced with marble and adorned with statues. From the stone carvings over some of the doors, one could tell what had been the occupation of the tenant—whether a wine-merchant, a fruiterer, a barber, a baker, a butcher, a milkman, or a money changer. You can walk in and sit down if you please; you will meet with harmless lizards, but, besides them, not another living thing. Is this a wine-shop? Undoubtedly, see the rows of *amphorae*—great earthen-ware jars—ranged along the walls, and notice, in one instance at least, the mark of a tumbler still on the marble counter. There is no mistaking the bakery, here are the mills for grinding the corn, and the brick oven in which were found loaves of bread that had been a-baking for nearly eighteen hundred years, and in front of which lay the skeleton of the baker, who had more thought for her bread than for her safety. This other was a dentist's office—his forceps was found on the floor: that was a doctor's, whose surgical instruments came out of the *debris* almost as good as new. Here is Sallust's house, and there Cicero's. These villas of the upper-ten cover a large area of ground, having in the centre an open court yard, which was ornamented with flower gardens, fountains and statuary. The family altar and household gods were in this square, and the public rooms opening from it had mosaic floors and frescoed walls—many of them are still as bright as the day they were painted. We can go to the opera house to-day, free of charge! it is in good preservation—seated for 5000; or to the theatre, which held 1500; or to the amphitheatre, where the gladiators fought—that was seated for 16,000. Walking through the street of the Tombs, we come to the house of Diomedè—perhaps one of the wealthiest of the Pompeians, judging from the size of his wine-cellar, in which were discovered a group of skeletons consisting of eighteen full-grown persons, mostly women,—a boy, and a very young child. These victims of the eruption had sought refuge in this place, but even here they were soon surrounded by the liquid mud, and finding escape impossible, they gathered into a corner and died, clinging

to each other. The mud hardened round their bodies, preserving almost a perfect mould of them, from which a plaster cast was taken by Signor Fiorelli, the superintendent of the excavations. A number of other casts of human bodies, taken in the same way, are exhibited in the museum at Pompeii—the most ghastly spectacle that it is possible to conceive. Some with outstretched arms appear to have succumbed after a desperate struggle for life; others, with resignation to their fate, seem to have fallen gently asleep.

The eruption of A.D. 79, was the first of which there is any record. It continued for twenty-four hours, completely filling up the houses and burying the whole city under a mound of ashes and scoriae to the height of twenty feet above the roofs of the buildings. It is supposed that about seven hundred persons were smothered, and that the rest made good their escape. Herculaneum was overwhelmed at the same time and in the same way—not by *lava*, as is commonly supposed—for it is not known that any lava flowed from Vesuvius prior to A.D. 1036, but from that time until now it has flowed incessantly, more or less. The greater depth to which Herculaneum is covered, and the fact that a town of 12,000 inhabitants stands over it, has made the work of excavation much more tedious and difficult, but many of the articles recovered are extremely interesting and valuable, and afford evidence that the Herculaneans were even in advance of the Pompeians in wealth and refinement; but in neither city, so far as I remember, has anything been discovered to show that the light of Christianity had dawned upon them at the time of their overthrow.

PUZZUOLI, the ancient *Puteoli*, lies at the head of the Bay of Baiae, five or six miles west of Naples. On the way to it, we passed through the famous *Grotto of Posilipo*—a tunnel cut in the rock, half a mile long and in places eighty feet high. Near the entrance to it, high up on the face of the cliff, is Virgil's tomb—a little vaulted chamber, supposed to contain the dust of "the Mantuan Bard"—prince of Latin poets. Our first solicitude on reaching Puzzuoli was to find out, as nearly as we could, where St. Paul stepped ashore that fine spring morning, about A.D. 63, when the *Castor and Pollux* of Alexandria cast