

every house and lot in a catalogue, marking every one with the trade or calling that was there carried on. In some places this is easy enough; thus, where you find an oven and a mill you may be sure a baker held his ground, and in one place a marble slab or block with the impression of a butcher's knife clearly traced on it, would show what kind of a trade was carried on there; but in other cases special knowledge is required to catalogue as accurately as they now do. There are many streets now uncovered, and a good idea can be had of what the city was. Some of the houses were evidently owned by very wealthy men, and some by poorer men. The inequalities of wealth were just as marked then as they are now.

We return from Pompeii to Naples and Rome, where we take the train for Paris by way of Genoa and the Mont Cenis tunnel. For three hundred miles we run on the edge of the Mediterranean, passing Pisa at night, and Genoa just before the break of day. We reach Turin at eight o'clock in the morning, and from Turin to Mont Cenis we are running through a succession of tunnels, until we reach the great tunnel itself. Running round the Mediterranean in this way we get a fair view of Sardinia and the Island of Corsica, and at Turin we are above ground long enough to admire the Italian side of the Alps, which seems to be under better cultivation than the French side, probably because it has more warmth. Passing through the tunnel we are again on French territory, and have yet a journey of twenty-four hours by rail before we can take that charming trip across the Channel, which makes Dover such a welcome sight to wilted passengers, who feel that their faces must resemble her chalky cliffs.

Reaching England, we may stop for a day at Windsor, where we may take the opportunity of seeing the State apartments. Windsor itself is an old-fashioned town with narrow, hilly streets, and houses of all shapes and sizes; but Windsor Castle is a place worthy of a long line of kings. It is built on a hill, and the grand old towers look proudly down on the whole country below. There is the Curfew tower and Edward the Third's tower, then the towers of York, Lancaster, Brunswick, Clarence, and I don't know how many others; but in the very centre of the enclosure, and commanding a view of the country for miles around, is the great round tower so familiar in all pictures