

slope of the amphitheatre on which the city lies, however, more than fulfilled my highest anticipations. There, in the soft sunset light, glanced and shimmered the blue waters of the lovely bay—its shore sweeping like a huge sickle in majestic curve to the base of far-off

still earlier date. Yet here, on the site of one of the oldest civilizations in the world, from my hotel windows I saw a man watering the streets by means of two barrels with the bungs out, on a rude cart drawn by an ox and a horse.

The city itself contains little of



AMALFI.

Vesuvius, the white-walled houses gleaming fair, in a continuous street, beyond the rippling sea.

Naples received its name—Neapolis, “the new city”—nearly three thousand years ago—what a strange misnomer it seems!—to distinguish it from Palæopolis, “the old city,” founded by Greek colonists at a

special interest. Its history, like its volcanic soil, has been disturbed by many social convulsions, which have left little of antiquarian value or architectural beauty to reward the attention. Its five forts are vast, some of them strikingly picturesque structures. It has two curious mediæval gates, and num-