

perfectly whole, and looking as fresh as if laid yesterday, though they were laid eighteen hundred years ago.

When you get through the Museum you go up the street on a solid stone pavement. The sidewalk is elevated about fifteen or eighteen inches above the level of the street, and for crossings they had three large stones—which must have been awkward when driving at night. You can form some idea of the width of the roadway when you cross them in three steps. It is curious to notice the ruts worn in the stones by the wheels that rolled over them twenty centuries ago. Indeed, it is with a strange and something of an awful sensation you walk those streets, and reflect that these very stones once resounded to the tramp of a wild multitude, who in agony and despair thronged them everywhere. It requires but little imagination to bring up again the scene, as you look upon the streets and houses that tell such a strange history. The streets are very narrow, the houses are many, and when each tenement poured its living stream of humanity into the narrow streets, mothers with their children, men with their household goods or worldly possessions, the sky overhead darkened with the falling ashes, unless where it may have been lit up by the living embers, while from the mountain streamed the livid fire—oh, it must have been an awful sight, and no doubt was made more fearful by the struggle for life that would characterize such a scene. The rich in their carriages dashing madly down the streets, utterly regardless of the moans or the groans or the curses of the down-trodden, who would be swept beneath their chariot wheels as each one sought escape for himself; the sick left in their weakness to die in despair; terror and wild agony on every brow—all are brought before you as you turn this corner or enter that house.

How strangely everything has been preserved. As you walk the streets you look at the very signs that were over the shops of that day. They are written in large letters on the front walls, in that red paint which seems to mock at time, and which even at this day retains its brilliant hue. It is a very curious walk one takes in such a place, and it requires a good deal of walking, for the streets are long and numerous, and yet not more than half the city is uncovered, and workmen are still employed in these excavations, now under the Italian Government. It is really surprising to find with what accuracy they are entering