

though the taste of the people of that day was very questionable. In one place was a bake shop with mill-stones and oven, and near by a stall at which wine and oil were sold. A river, of whose water we drank, flows under the ancient city; many of the temples were very fine, and were also a number of monuments, and in a good state of preservation. We left Pompeii, of which space and time allow me to say very little, well satisfied, and took the cars at 6.30 p.m. to Salerno, intending to drive with a span of horses and see the celebrated temples at Paestum next day, 24 miles; but being informed at the Victoria Hotel that a guard of soldiers would be necessary, as bandits and brigands were plentiful, and it being necessary to pay said soldiery rather steep, we decided to postpone that trip, and at 5.25 a.m. on

September 6th, 1872, started back in the cars, and, switching off when half way, went to Castellamare and there took a bus and drove round the Bay of Naples towards Sorrento, said to be one of the finest drives in the world. After a drive of two hours, we returned to the station *moderately* satisfied, and thence back to Naples at a quarter to eleven. We spent the rest of the day at the great Museum, where there is a magnificent collection of statuary, bronzes, &c., from Pompeii and other ancient cities, and likewise a numerous collection of poor paintings, which it would be useless to enumerate. Miles, 8,380.

NAPLES, Sept. 7, 1872.—This morning at a quarter-past four K. and I were again bestirring ourselves, and at five o'clock engaged a wagon for the day. Leaving Naples by the Grotta di Posilipo, a remarkable tunnel through a mountain 2,244 feet long, 22 feet wide and 25-69 feet high, but nearly all the latter height built in the Emperor Nero's time, and lighted day and night by gas, we drove along the sea shore, meeting numerous squads of men and women with and without mules, going to market with their assorted stores of grapes, figs, pears, &c. The first place of interest was Pozzuoli, a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, known as Puteoli in ancient times, and then celebrated for its mineral and steam baths, many remains of which are still to be seen, though a large part of

the town was destroyed by an eruption of the volcano of Solfatara, in the sixteenth century. Taking a guide from here, and driving on, we passed the base of Monte Nuovo, a mountain formed in a single night the same time that Pozzuoli and Cumæ were destroyed by Solfatara, and made our first halt on the shores of Lake Avernus of classic memory. The lake is about 10 miles round, and 150-250 feet in depth. It is an old crater and its borders are lined with vines, chestnut, orange, lemon, pomegranate and fig trees. On the southern border of Lake Avernus, whence Virgil makes Æneas descend to the infernal regions, is the "Grotto of the Sibyl," also celebrated by Virgil, situate on the borders of the river Styx, a subterranean stream about 300 feet or more into the mountain in a downward direction: we were shown the bath, couch, oracle, &c., of the Sibyl, and were ferried (?) over the Styx on the shoulders of porters,—not a very comfortable position, as the water was two or three feet deep, and the cave in some parts very narrow and low, and dimly lit up by the torches carried in front by guides. Leaving these interesting localities, we drove on a short distance to a place called the Baths of Nero. Here we again entered a mountain to several rooms, and taking off our coats, vests and collars, prepared to follow a naked young urchin who led us through a long narrow tunnel through which a hot current of steam passed—so hot that we were obliged to double up and keep our heads close to the ground, where it was a little cooler, to breathe; and even then it was hard work. We gradually descended into the earth, and at last reached a place where our progress was obstructed by a stream of water that there found an outlet and ran down the tunnel to parts unknown. The water was so hot it scalded my fingers and boiled an egg in two minutes, which I afterwards enjoyed eating. We found our way out of those regions of Hades, by some other tunnel equally hot, and whence ever and anon branched off new tunnels, and when at the entrance, although the whole walk had not probably occupied more than five minutes, we were in as thorough a perspiration as any Turkish bath could produce. The