

two franes, you are furnished with a ticket and a guide, who is also a soldier, armed. Not much chance for relics here, and they don't take a large party either. There is a soldier for every two, and, as there are many parties, they keep crossing and recrossing each other, so that you are continually under their eyes. It is a very unpleasant way of doing a place, but, after all, it is only fair and just. These relics are more precious than gold, and it is not known what discoveries may yet be made. If strangers were allowed to wander at will through the place there would be much wasteful destruction of property. Your first visit is to the Museum, where you are shown what seem to be the bodies of three or four men and two women in a perfect state of preservation. The bodies, where they fell, formed, in the ashes and scoria, a mould from which these forms are cast. There are eight or ten loaves of bread without a break in them. The oven in which they were baked you see as you are making your rounds through the city. There are several handkerchiefs and other articles of wearing apparel, but these seem to have been damaged by the heat. There are eggs 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 during the 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 burning 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 here 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 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. Several temples have been uncovered and two theatres, all of them magnificent in design. In colours the Pompeians were partial to a brilliant red, next a yellow, then a blue, and lastly a green. The mention of this latter colour reminds me that I have to carry you in imagination to the