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### **The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

The Antiquities and Natural Curiosities that lye near the City of Naples.

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*Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti:  
Nulla foro rabies, &c.*

Stat. Sil. L. 3:

These are the gentle seats that I propose;  
For not cold *Scythia's* undissolving snows,  
Nor the parch'd *Libyan* sands thy husband bore,  
But mild *Parthenope's* delightful shore,  
Where hush'd in calms the bord'ring ocean laves  
Her silent coast, and rolls in languid waves;  
Refreshing winds the summer's heats assuage,  
And kindly warmth disarms the winter's rage;  
Remov'd from noise and the tumultuous war,  
Soft sleep and downy ease inhabit there,  
And dreams unbroken with intruding care.

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*The Antiquities and Natural Curiosities  
that lye near the City of Naples.*

**A**T about eight miles distance from *Naples* lyes a very noble scene of antiquities. What they call *Virgil's* tomb is the first that one meets with on the way thither. It is certain this Poet was buried at *Naples*, but I think it is almost as certain that his tomb stood on the other side of the town which looks towards *Vesuvio*. By this tomb is the entry into the grotto of *Pausilypo*. The common people of *Naples* believe it to have been wrought by magick, and that *Virgil* was the magician; who is in greater repute among the *Neapolitans* for having made the Grotto, than the *Aeneid*.

If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, near as long and as broad as the Mall in *St. James's* park. This subterraneous passage is much mended since *Seneca* gave so

L 2

bad

bad a character of it. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and sinks by degrees, to fling in more light upon the rest. Towards the middle are two large funnels, bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and fresh air.

There are no where about the mountain any vast heaps of stones, though it is certain the great quantities of them that are dug out of the rock could not easily conceal themselves, had they not probably been consumed in the moles and buildings of *Naples*. This confirmed me in a conjecture which I made at the first sight of this subterraneous passage, that it was not at first designed so much for a highway as for a quarry of stone, but that the inhabitants, finding a double advantage by it, hewed it into the form we now see. Perhaps the same design gave the original to the *Sibyl's* grotto, considering the prodigious multitude of palaces that stood in its neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at *Chateaudun* in *France* I met with a very curious person, a member of one of the *German* Universities. He had stayed a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the measures of several empty spaces that had been cut in the sides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were supported with pillars formed out of the rock, some were made in the fashion of galleries, and some not unlike amphitheatres. The Gentleman had made to himself several ingenious hypotheses concerning the use of these subterraneous apartments, and from thence collected the vast magnificence and luxury of the ancient *Chateaudunois*. But upon communicating his thoughts on this subject to one of the most learned of the place, he was not a little surprized to hear that these stupendous works of art were only so many quarries of free-stone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.

About five miles from the grotto of *Pausilypo* lye the remains of *Puteoli* and *Baja*, in a soft air and a delicious situation.

The country about them, by reason of its vast caverns and subterraneous fires, has been miserably torn in pieces by earthquakes, so that the whole face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The sea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces, which may be seen at the bottom of the water in a calm day.

The *Lucrine* lake is but a puddle in comparison of what it once was, its springs having been sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of *Avernus*, formerly so famous for its streams of poison, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl.

fowl. Mount *Gaurus*, from one of the fruitfullest parts in *Italy*, is become one of the most barren. Several fields, which were laid out in beautiful groves and gardens, are now naked plains, smoaking with sulphur, or encumbered with hills that have been thrown up by eruptions of fire. The works of art lye in no less disorder than those of nature, for that which was once the most beautiful spot of *Italy*, covered with temples and palaces, adorned by the greatest of the *Roman* Common-wealth, embellished by many of the *Roman* Emperors, and celebrated by the best of their Poets, has now nothing to show but the ruines of its ancient splendor, and a great magnificence in confusion.

The mole of *Puteoli* has been mistaken by several Authors for *Caligula's* bridge. They have all been led into this error from the make of it, because it stands on arches. But to pass over the many arguments that may be brought against this opinion, I shall here take away the foundation of it, by setting down an inscription mentioned by *Julius Capitolinus* in the life of *Antoninus Pius*, who was the repairer of this mole. *Imp. Cesari. Divi. Hadriani. filio. Divi. Trajani. Parthici. Nepoti. Divi. Nervæ. pronepoti. T. Aet. Hadriano. Antonino. Aug. Pio. &c. quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portus, Pilarum viginti molem cum sumptu fornicum reliquo ex Ærario suo largitus est.*

It would have been very difficult to have made such a mole as this of *Puteoli*, in a place where they had not so natural a commodity as the earth of *Puzzuola*, which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient *Romans* an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as \* *Horace* has elegantly described it more than once.

About four years ago they dug up a great piece of marble near *Puzzuola*, with several figures and letters engraven round it, which have given occasion to some disputes among the antiquaries. † But they all agree that it is the pedestal of a statue erected to *Tiberius* by the fourteen cities of *Asia*, which were slung down by an earthquake; the same that, according to the opinion of many learned men, happened at our Saviour's Crucifixion. They have found in the letters, which are still legi-

\* L. 2. O. 18. L. 3. O. 1. L. 3. O. 24. Epist. L. 1.

† Vid. Gronovium, Fabretti, Balifon, &c.

ble, the names of the several cities, and discover in each figure something particular to the city, of which it represents the genius. There are two Medals of *Tiberius* stamped on the same occasion, with this inscription to one of them, *Civitatibus Asia Restitutis*. The Emperor is represented in both sitting, with a *Patera* in one hand, and a spear in the other.



It is probable this might have been the posture of the statue, which in all likelihood does not lye far from the place where they took up the pedestal; for they say there were other great pieces of marble near it, and several of them inscribed, but that no body would be at the charges of bringing them to light. The pedestal it self lay neglected in an open field when I saw it. I shall not be particular on the ruines of the Amphitheater, the ancient reservoirs of water, the *Sibyl's* grotto, the *Centum Camerae*, the sepulchre of *Agrippina Nero's* mother, with several other antiquities of less note, that lye in the neighbourhood of this bay, and have been often described by many others. I must confess, after having surveyed the antiquities about *Naples* and *Rome*, I cannot but think that our admiration of them does not so much arise out of their greatness as uncommonness.

There are indeed many extraordinary ruines, but I believe a traveller would not be so much astonished at them, did he find any works of the same kind in his own country. Amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, grotto's, catacombs, rotunda's, highways paved for so great a length, bridges of such an amazing height, subterraneous buildings for the reception of rain and snow-water, are most of them at present out of fashion, and only to be met with among the antiquities of *Italy*. We are therefore immediately surprized when we see any considerable sums laid out in any thing of this nature, though at the same time there is many a *Gothic* cathedral

cathedral in *England*, that has cost more pains and money than several of these celebrated works. Among the ruins of the old heathen temples they showed me what they call the chamber of *Venus*, which stands a little behind her temple. It is wholly dark, and has several figures on the ceiling wrought in *Stucco*, that seem to represent lust and strength by the emblems of naked *Jupiters* and *Gladiators*, *Tritons* and *Centaurs*, &c. so that one would guess it has formerly been the scene of many lewd mysteries. On the other side of *Naples* are the Catacombs. These must have been full of stench and loathsomeness, if the dead bodies that lay in them were left to rot in open Niches, as an eminent Author of our own country imagines. But upon examining them I find they were each of them stopped up: without doubt, as soon as the corps was laid in it. For at the mouth of the Niche one always finds the rock cut into little channels, to fasten the board or marble that was to close it up, and I think I did not see one which had not still some mortar sticking in it. In some I found pieces of tiles that exactly tallyed with the channel, and in others a little wall of bricks, that sometimes stopped up above a quarter of the Niche, the rest having been broken down. *St. Proculus's* sepulchre seems to have a kind of Mosaic work on its covering, for I observed at one end of it several little pieces of marble ranged together after that manner. 'Tis probable they were adorned, more or less, according to the quality of the dead. One would indeed wonder to find such a multitude of Niches unstopped, and I cannot imagine any body should take the pains to do it, who was not in quest of some supposed treasure.

*Baja* was the winter retreat of the old *Romans*, that being the proper season to enjoy the *Bajani Soles*, and the *Mollis Lucrinus*; as on the contrary, *Tibur*, *Tusculum*, *Preneste*, *Alba*, *Cajeta*, *Mons Circeius*, *Auxur*, and the like airy mountains and promontories, were their retirements during the heats of summer.

*Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi stagna Lucrini,  
Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra calent,  
Tu colis Argivi regnum Faustine coloni \*  
Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.  
Horrida sed fervent Nemeæi pectora monstri:  
Nec satis est Bajas igne calere suo.*

\* Vide Hor. L. 2. Od. 6.

*Ergo*

*Ergo sacri fontes, et littora sacra valete,  
Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus  
Herculeos colles gelidâ vos vincite brumâ,  
Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus.*

Mar. L. I. Ep. 116.

While near the *Lucrine* lake consum'd to death  
I draw the fultry air, and gasp for breath,  
Where steams of Sulphur raise a stifling heat,  
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;  
You taste the cooling breeze, where nearer home  
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from *Rome*:  
And now the Sun to the bright *Lion* turns,  
And *Baja* with redoubled fury burns;  
Then briny seas and tasteful springs farewell,  
Where fountain-nymphs confus'd with *Nereids* dwell,  
In winter you may all the world despise,  
But now 'tis *Tivoli* that bears the prize.

The natural curiosities about *Naples* are as numerous and extraordinary as the artificial. I shall set them down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their situation. The grotto *del Cani* is famous for the poisonous steams which float within a foot of its surface. The sides of the grotto are marked green, as high as the malignity of the vapour reaches. The common experiments are as follow: A Dog, that has his nose held in the vapour, loses all signs of life in a very little time; but if carryed into the open air, or thrown into a neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers, if he is not quite gone. A Torch, snuff and all, goes out in a moment when dipped into the vapour. A Pistol cannot take fire in it. I split a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gun-powder, so that one end of the reed was above the vapour, and the other at the bottom of it; and I found, though the steam was strong enough to hinder a pistol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flashing, nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the vapour, which I did in so great a measure, that one might easily let off a pistol in it. I observed how long a Dog was in expiring the first time, and after his recovery, and found no sensible difference. A Viper bore it nine minutes the first time we put it in, and ten the second. When we brought it out after the first trial, it took such a vast quantity of air into its lungs, that

that it swelled almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this stock of air that it lived a minute longer the second time. Dr. *Connor* made a discourse in one of the Academies at *Rome* upon the subject of this Grotto, which he has since printed in *England*. He attributes the death of Animals, and the extinction of Lights, to a great rarefaction of the air, caused by the heat and eruption of the steams. But how is it possible for these steams, though in never so great quantity, to resist the pressure of the whole Atmosphere? And as for the heat, it is but very inconsiderable. However, to satisfy my self, I placed a thin viol, well stopped up with wax, within the smoke of the vapour, which would certainly have burst in an air rarefied enough to kill a dog, or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all further doubt, I borrowed a Weather-glass, and so fixed it in the Grotto, that the *Stagnum* was wholly covered with the vapour, but I could not perceive the Quicksilver sunk after half an hour's standing in it. This vapour is generally supposed to be sulphureous, though I can see no reason for such a supposition. He that dips his hand in it finds no smell that it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimstone matches to the smoke, they all went out in an instant, as if immersed in water. Whatever is the composition of the vapour, let it have but one quality of being very glewy or viscous, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the *Phænomena* of the Grotto. It's unctuousness will make it heavy, and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unless the heat of the earth, which is just strong enough to agitate, and bear it up at a little distance from the surface, were much greater than it is to rarefy and scatter it. It will be too gross and thick to keep the lungs in play for any time, so that Animals will die in it sooner or later, as their blood circulates slower or faster. Fire will live in it no longer than in Water, because it wraps it self in the same manner about the flame, and by its continuity hinders any quantity of air or nitre from coming to its succour. The parts of it however are not so compact as those of liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the fire that has once caught a train of Gun-powder, for which reason they may be quite broken and dispersed by the repetition of this experiment. There is an unctuous clammy vapour that arises from the stum of Grapes, when they lye mashed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it, and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial.

It would be endless to reckon up the different Baths, to be met with in a country that so much abounds in sulphur. There is scarce a disease



which has not one adapted to it. A stranger is generally led into that they call *Cicero's* bath, and several voyage-writers pretend there is a cold vapour rising from the bottom of it, which refreshes those who stoop into it. 'Tis true the heat is much more supportable to one that stoops, than to one that stands upright, because the steams of sulphur gather in the hollow of the Arch about a man's head, and are therefore much thicker and warmer in that part than at the bottom. The three lakes of *Agnano*, *Avernus*, and the *Lucrin*, have now nothing in them particular. The *Monte Novo* was thrown out by an eruption of fire, that happened in the place where now the mountain stands. The *Sulfatara* is very surprizing to one who has not seen Mount *Vesuvio*. But there is nothing about *Naples*, nor indeed in any part of *Italy*, which deserves our admiration so much as this mountain. I must confess the idea I had of it, did not answer the real image of the place when I came to see it; I shall therefore give the description of it as it then lay.

This mountain stands at about six *English* miles distance from *Naples*, though by reason of its height, it seems much nearer to those that survey it from the town. In our way to it we passed by what was one of those rivers of burning matter, that ran from it in a late eruption. This looks at a distance like a new plowed land, but, as you come near it you see nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed clods lying one upon another. There are innumerable Cavities and Interstices among the several pieces, so that the surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great fragment stands like a rock above the rest, sometimes the whole heap lies in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to confine it, but rises four or five foot high in the open air, without spreading abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain demonstration that these rivers were not, as they are usually represented, so many streams of running matter; for how could a liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, settle in such a furrowed uncompact surface? Were the river a confusion of never so many different bodies, if they had been all actually dissolved, they would at least have formed one continued crust, as we see the *Scorium* of metals always gathers into a solid piece, let it be compounded of a thousand Heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think therefore, that these huge unwieldy lumps that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by accident, remained in the melted matter rigid and unliquified, floating in it like cakes of ice in a river, and that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjusted themselves together as well as their irregular figures would permit, and by this means

means fell into such an interrupted disorderly heap, as we now find it. What was the melted matter lyes at the bottom out of sight. After having quitted the side of this long heap, which was once a stream of fire, we came to the roots of the mountain, and had a very troublesome march to gain the top of it. It is covered on all sides with a kind of burnt earth, very dry, and crumbled into powder, as if it had been artificially sifted. It is very hot under the feet, and mixed with several burnt stones and cakes of cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A man sinks almost a foot in the earth, and generally loses half a step by sliding backwards. When we had climbed this mountain we discovered the top of it to be a wide naked plain, smoaking with sulphur in several places, and probably undermined with fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the sound it made under our feet. In the midst of this plain stands a high hill in the shape of a Sugar-loaf, so very steep that there would be no mounting or descending it, were not it made up of such a loose crumbled earth as I have before described. The air of this place must be very much impregnated with Salt-petre, as appears by the specks of it on the sides of the mountain, where one can scarce find a stone that has not the top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquered this hill, we saw in the midst of it the present mouth of *Vesuvio*, that goes shelving down on all sides 'till above a hundred yards deep, as near as we could guess, and has about three or four hundred in the diameter, for it seems a perfect Round. This vast Hollow is generally filled with smoak, but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The sides appear all over stained with mixtures of white, green, red and yellow, and have several rocks standing out of them that look like pure brimstone. The bottom was entirely covered, and though we looked very narrowly we could see nothing like a hole in it; the smoak breaking through several imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we saw it, as we concluded from the stones we flung upon it, and I question not but one might then have crossed the bottom, and have gone up on the other side of it with very little danger, unless from some accidental breath of wind. In the late eruptions this great hollow was like a vast caldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, ran down the sides of the mountain, and made five such rivers as that before-mentioned. In proportion as the heat slackened, this burning matter must have subsided within the bowels of the mountain, and as it sunk very leisurely had time to cake together, and

form the Bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that lyes underneath it. The next eruption or earthquake will probably break in pieces this false bottom, and quite change the present face of things.

This whole mountain, shaped like a sugar-loaf, has been made at several times, by the prodigious quantities of earth and cinders, which have been flung up out of the mouth that lyes in the midst of them, so that it encreases in bulk at every eruption, the ashes still falling down the sides of it, like the sand in an hour-glass. A Gentleman of *Naples* told me, that in his memory it had gained twenty foot in thickness, and I question not but in length of time it will cover the whole plain, and make one mountain with that on which it now stands.

In those parts of the sea, that are not far from the roots of this mountain, they find sometimes a very fragrant oil, which is sold dear, and makes a rich perfume. The surface of the sea is, for a little space, covered with its bubbles during the time that it rises, which they skim off into their boats, and afterwards set a separating in pots and jars. They say its sources never run but in a calm warm weather. The agitations of the water perhaps hinder them from discovering it at other times.

Among the natural curiosities of *Naples*, I cannot forbear mentioning their manner of furnishing the town with Snow, which they here use instead of Ice, because, as they say, it cools or congeles any liquor sooner. There is a great quantity of it consumed yearly, for they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in *Fresco*, and every body, from the highest to the lowest, makes use of it; insomuch that a scarcity of Snow would raise a mutiny at *Naples*, as much as a dearth of Corn or Provisions in another country. To prevent this the King has sold the monopoly of it certain persons, who are obliged to furnish the city with it all the year at so much the pound. They have a high mountain at about eighteen miles from the town, which has several pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor people at such a season of the year to roll in vast balls of snow, which they ram together, and cover from the sun-shine. Out of these reservoirs of snow they cut several lumps, as they have occasion for them, and send them on Asses to the sea-side, where they are carryed off in boats, and distributed to several shops at a settled price, that from time to time supply the whole city of *Naples*. While the *Banditti* continued their disorders in this Kingdom, they often put the Snow-merchants under contribution, and threatened them, if they appeared tardy in their payments, to destroy their magazines, which they

they say might easily have been effected by the infusion of some barrels of Oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many descriptions that the *Latin* Poets have made of several of the places mentioned in this chapter: I shall therefore conclude it with the general map which *Silius Italicus* has given us of this great bay of *Naples*. Most of the places he mentions lye within the same prospect, and if I have passed over any of them, it is because I shall take them in my way by sea, from *Naples* to *Rome*.

*Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum:*  
*Tum tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,*  
*Et formidatus volucris, lethale vomebat*  
*Suffuso virus cælo, Stygiâque per urbes*  
*Relligione sacer, sævum retinebat honorem.*  
*Hinc vicina palus, fama est Acherontis ad undas*  
*Pandere iter, cæcas stagnante voragine fauces*  
*Laxat et horrendos aperit telluris hiatus,*  
*Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.*  
*Juxta caligante situ longumque per ævum*  
*Infernis pressas nebulis, pallente sub umbrâ*  
*Cymmerias jacuisse domos, noctemque profundam*  
*Tartaræa narrant urbis: tum sulphure et igni*  
*Semper anhelantes, coctoque bitumine campos*  
*Ostentant: tellus atro exundante vapore*  
*Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta medullis*  
*Æstuat et Stygios exhalat in æera flatus:*  
*Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exhibilat antris,*  
*Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere sedes,*  
*Aut exire foras, sonitu lugubre minaci*  
*Mulciber immugit, lacerataque viscera terræ*  
*Mandit, et exesos labefactat murmure montes.*  
*Tradunt Herculeâ prostratos mole Gigantes*  
*Tellurem injectam quaterere, et spiramine anbelo*  
*Torreri late campos, quotiesque minatur*  
*Rumpere compagem impositam, expallescere cælum.*  
*Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro*  
*Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammisque rebelli*  
*Ore ejectionem, et siquando evadere detur*

Bella

*Bella Jovi rursus superisque iterare volentem.*  
*Monstrantur Veseva juga, atque in vertice summo*  
*Depasti flammis scopuli, fractusque ruinâ*  
*Mons circum, atque Ætne fatis certantia saxa.*  
*Nec non Misenum servantem Idæa sepulcro*  
*Nomina, et Herculeos videt ipso littore Baulos.*

L. 12.

Averno next he show'd his wond'ring guest,  
 Averno now with milder virtues blest'd;  
 Black with surrounding forests then it stood,  
 That hung above, and darken'd all the flood:  
 Clouds of unwholesome vapours, rais'd on high,  
 The flutt'ring bird entangled in the sky,  
 Whilst all around the gloomy prospect spread  
 An awful horror, and religious dread.  
 Hence to the borders of the marsh they go,  
 That mingles with the baleful streams below,  
 And sometimes with a mighty yawn, 'tis said,  
 Opens a dismal passage to the Dead,  
 Who pale with fear the rending earth survey,  
 And startle at the sudden flash of day.  
 The dark *Cimmerian* grotto then he paints,  
 Describing all its old Inhabitants,  
 That in the deep infernal city dwell'd,  
 And lay in everlasting night conceal'd.  
 Advancing still, the spacious fields he show'd,  
 That with the smother'd heat of brimstone glow'd;  
 Through frequent cracks the steaming sulphur broke,  
 And cover'd all the blasted plain with smoke:  
 Imprison'd fires, in the close dungeons pent,  
 Roar to get loose, and struggle for a vent,  
 Eating their way, and undermining all,  
 'Till with a mighty burst whole mountains fall.  
 Here, as 'tis said, the rebel Giants lye,  
 And, when to move th' incumbent load they try,  
 Ascending vapours on the day prevail,  
 The sun looks sickly, and the skies grow pale.  
 Next to the distant Isle his sight he turns,  
 That o'er the thunderstruck *Tiphæus* burns:

Enrag'd,

Enrag'd, his wide-extended jaws expire,  
 In angry whirl-winds, blasphemies and fire,  
 Threat'ning, if loosen'd from his dire abodes,  
 Again to challenge *Jove*, and fight the Gods.  
 On mount *Vesuvio* next he fixt his eyes,  
 And saw the smoaking tops confus'dly rise;  
 (A hideous ruin!) that with earthquakes rent  
 A second *Ætna* to the view present.  
*Miseno's* cape and *Bauli* last he view'd,  
 That on the sea's extreamest borders stood.

*Silius Italicus* here takes notice, that the poisonous vapours which arose from the lake *Averno* in *Hannibal's* time, were quite dispersed at the time when he wrote his Poem; because *Agrippa*, who lived between *Hannibal* and *Silius*, had cut down the woods that enclosed the lake, and hindered these noxious steams from dissipating, which were immediately scattered as soon as the winds and fresh air were let in among them.

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## The ISLE of CAPREA.

HAVING staid longer at *Naples* than I at first designed, I could not dispense with my self from making a little voyage to the Isle of *Caprea*, as being very desirous to see a place which had been the retirement of *Augustus* for some time, and the residence of *Tiberius* for several years. The Island lyes four miles in length from east to west, and about one in breadth. The western part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock vastly high, and inaccessible on the sea-side. It has however the greatest town in the Island, that goes under the name of *Ano-Caprea*, and is in several places covered with a very fruitful soil. The eastern end of the Isle rises up in Precipices very near as high, though not quite so long, as the western. Between these eastern and western mountains lyes a slip of lower ground, which runs across the Island, and is one of the pleasantest spots I have seen. It is hid with Vines, Figs, Oranges,