

riant festoons! When I visited Somma, to see the country where the celebrated wine, the Lacryma Christi, is grown, it was the festival of the Madonna del Arco. Her church was crowded to suffocation with a hot and dusty assemblage of the peasantry. The fine impalpable volcanic dust was everywhere; in your eyes, in your mouth, begriming every pore; and there I saw what I shall never forget. Jammed among the crowd, I felt something jostling my legs. Looking down, and the crowd making way, I beheld a line of worshippers crawling on their hands and knees from the door of the church to the altar, licking the dusty pavement all the way with their tongues, positively applied to the ground and no mistake. No trifling dose of Lacryma would be required to wash down what they must have swallowed on that journey, and I have no doubt it was administered pretty copiously after the penance was over.

(22.) Now I come to consider the manner in which an earthquake is propagated from place to place; how it travels, in short. It runs along the earth precisely in the same manner, and according to the same mechanical laws as a wave along the sea, or rather as the waves of sound run along the air, but quicker. The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon ran out from thence, as from a centre, in all directions, at a rate averaging about twenty miles per minute, as far as could be gathered from a comparison of the times of its occurrence at different places; but there is little doubt that it must have been retarded by having to traverse all sorts of ground, for a blow or shock of any description is conveyed through the