

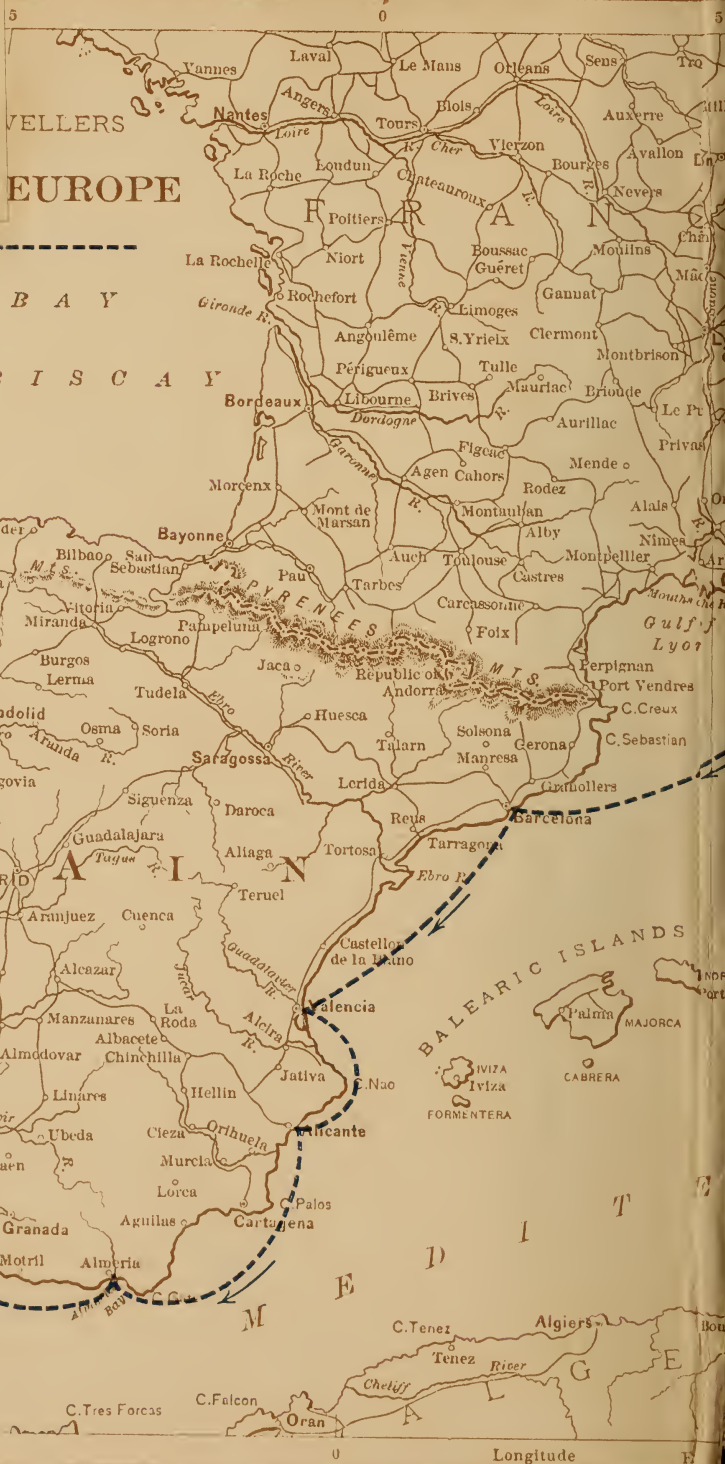
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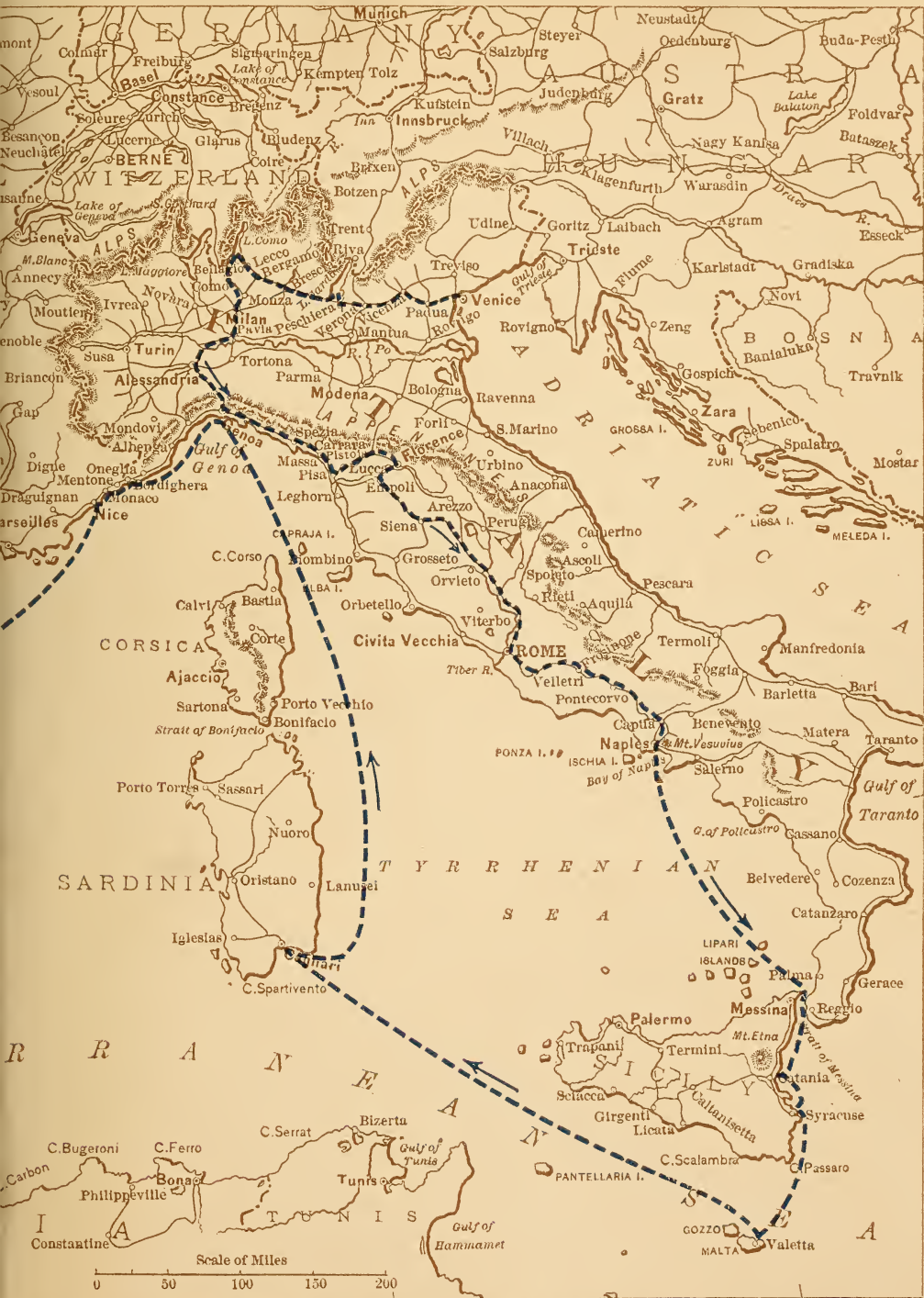
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THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN SOUTHERN EUROPE

ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY THROUGH
ITALY, SOUTHERN FRANCE, AND SPAIN, WITH VISITS TO GIBRALTAR AND
THE ISLANDS OF SICILY AND MALTA

BY

THOMAS W. KNOX

AUTHOR OF

"THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST" "IN SOUTH AMERICA" "IN RUSSIA" "ON THE CONGO"
"IN AUSTRALASIA" "IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND" "IN NORTHERN EUROPE"
"IN CENTRAL EUROPE" AND "IN MEXICO" "THE YOUNG NIMRODS" ETC.

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
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IN CENTRAL EUROPE.
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IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.
IN MEXICO.
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PREFACE.

IN the preceding volume of this series (*The Boy Travellers in Central Europe*) we left our young friends at Buda-Pesth, where they had arrived from Vienna by way of the Danube. Having finished with their observations of the capital of Hungary, they were debating where to go next, and left the decision of the question to Mrs. Bassett and Mary. Having seen Northern and Central Europe, it was quite natural that Mrs. Bassett should desire to visit the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and she promptly suggested that their faces should be turned in the direction of Italy. Mary supported with great earnestness her mother's proposition, and the arrangements for the journey were speedily made. The railway carried the party from Buda-Pesth to Trieste, and from the latter city to Venice, where our story opens. From Venice through Italy, and thence along their devious route till we leave the travellers at Gibraltar, Mrs. Bassett and Mary have been the constant companions of Frank and Fred, and have added materially to the interest of the journey. The former has continued to profit by her experiences of foreign lands and people, and the latter has shared with her brother and cousin in making note of what was seen, heard, and experienced day by day. Her prominence in the narrative is fully as great as it was in *The Boy Travellers in Central Europe*, and we are sure that the reader will admire, and possibly envy, her intelligence, her keenness of observation, and her constant determination to learn as much as possible of the countries through which she is passing.

The scheme that has been followed in the preparation of the preceding volumes of "The Boy Travellers" is continued in the present narrative, and the readers of "Southern Europe" will find the same characters and the same form of conversation, note-taking, and record-keeping that they found in "Great Britain and Ireland," "Northern Europe," and "Central Europe." Doctor Bronson was absent until the journey was near its completion, business and professional engagements having kept him away; but it will be readily understood by all who have followed the careers of Frank Bassett and Fred Bronson, that

the young men were fully competent to manage all the details of the journey. If any testimony to that effect is needed, it will be promptly supplied by Mrs. Bassett and Mary, whose comfort and pleasure were carefully looked after from the first day of the journey till the last, just as they had been looked after in the expeditions already described.

The author has taken the same care to insure historical and geographical accuracy in this account of Southern Europe that he took in previous volumes of "The Boy Travellers" series. Should errors be found, he trusts that they will be attributed to the authorities consulted rather than to negligence in the work of consultation. Wherever discrepancies occur in the authorities the writer has given preference to those of greatest weight, or to those whose statements seemed to be confirmed by other events.

Nearly all of the routes described in this volume have been personally travelled by the author, and some of them more than once, and nearly every city, town, or other place of interest which has been visited by "The Boy Travellers" in Southern Europe was previously visited by him. As far as possible he has aimed to speak from personal knowledge, but he has not hesitated to use the work of other travellers over the same ground, and believes that he has done so to the advantage of the reader. The authorities thus drawn upon have been mentioned in the pages of the volume, and need not be repeated in the Preface. Statistical information concerning populations, manufactures, commerce, military and naval forces, and the like, have been obtained from official sources, or, where such were lacking, from the most authentic of non-official publications. Dimensions of buildings, parks, etc., heights of mountains, and kindred measurements have been taken from guide-books, either general or local, and in some cases from measurements made by the author during his visits to the places described.

The writer hereby tenders his acknowledgments to the courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers for the privilege of using such of the illustrations as were originally prepared for other of their publications.

With this brief explanation of the manner in which the story of the journey through Southern Europe has been prepared, the author submits it to critics and readers, including alike the friends of the amiable Mrs. Bassett and the school companions of Frank, Fred, and Mary, with the hope that it may receive the same kindly and generous greeting accorded to other volumes that describe the wanderings and give the observations of "The Boy Travellers."

T. W. K.

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THE BOY TRAVELLERS

IN

SOUTHERN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

VENICE; "THE CITY OF THE SEA."—MRS. BASSETT AND THE GONDOLA; THE CABS OF VENICE.—A QUOTATION FROM BYRON.—ALONG THE GRAND CANAL.—SCRAPS OF HISTORY—A STREET OF PALACES.—A PALATIAL INTERIOR.—CONSTRUCTION OF THE HOUSES.—MOSAIC FLOORS, AND HOW THEY WERE MADE.—FOUNDING OF VENICE.—THE RIALTO AND ITS HISTORY.—STREETS AND CANALS.—MRS. BASSETT'S PERPLEXITY.—MARY'S QUERY.—SHOPPING AND CALLING BY WATER.—THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO.—PROCURAZIE, AND THEIR ORIGIN.—VENETIAN SOUVENIRS.—CHURCH OF ST. MARK.



"THERE it is," said Mary, as she pointed from one of the windows of the railway train.

"There is what?" her mother promptly queried.

"Why, Venice. It's Venice, I'm sure," was the vivacious reply.

"You're right," said Frank; "that is the 'City of the Sea.' Observe the tower that rises above the other buildings?"

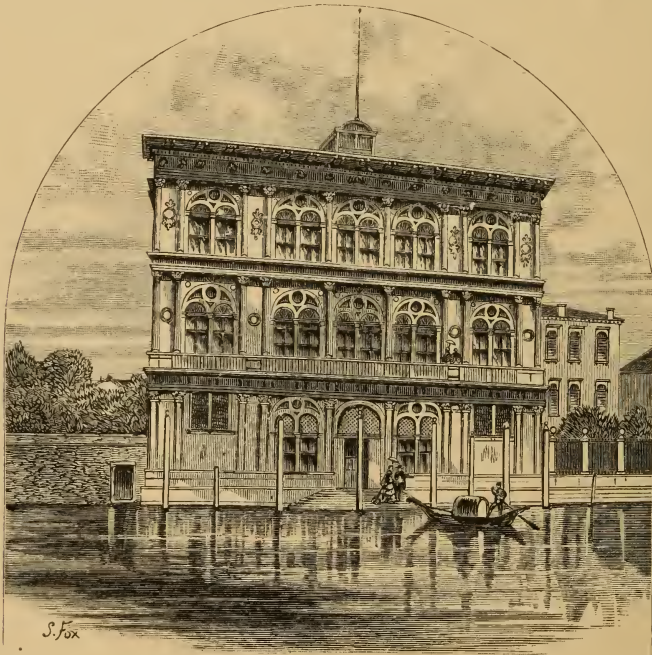
"Yes," answered Mary. "I know what that is. It is the tower of St. Mark, is it not? Certainly it looks like it."

"You have guessed its name correctly," said Frank, "and we will learn more about it after we reach the city."



A GONDOLA.

The railway train on which they were travelling had been for some time winding along the shore of the Adriatic. Mrs. Bassett remarked that she expected they would go to Venice in a boat of some kind, but Frank put her mind at rest on this point by assuring her that the train



A PALACE ON THE GRAND CANAL.

would take them directly into the city. As they looked from the window of the railway carriage, Mary called attention to a long bridge built on arches, and extending from the main-land to the nearest portion of the city. After a time the train turned from its course by the shore and made its way along this bridge. Every moment the walls of the city became more and more distinct. As our friends gazed upon the buildings that rose from the water, they all realized the correctness of the appellation—"The City of the Sea." Hardly any ground was visible, the view including little else than the water and the buildings rising from it. Venerable buildings they were, and told that the city was by no means a new creation of the present century.

The train came to a halt at the railway station. As usual, in the

principal stations on the Continent, there was an abundance of porters to take charge of the light baggage of the travellers. Frank indicated to one of the porters the name of the hotel where they intended stopping, and immediately a commissionnaire from that establishment made his appearance. He led the way, not to a carriage, according to the usual custom in other parts of the world, but to a boat which was at the landing-place just outside the station.

“Are we to go to the hotel in a boat?” queried Mrs. Bassett.

“Certainly,” replied Frank. “There is not a wheeled carriage in all Venice; these boats that you see here are the carriages of the city.



AN AFTERNOON CALL.

Some of them are like cabs, and can be hired in the same way, and they have a printed tariff of fares exactly like the tariff of cab fares in other places. That large boat,” said he, pointing to a craft of more than ordinary size, and with several rows of seats, “is an omnibus. It has a

regular route of travel, and the price of passage is very much the same as that of an omnibus in Paris, London, or New York."

"That's what you call a gondola, I suppose," Mrs. Bassett just then remarked, as she looked at the boat.

"Gondola," replied Frank, "is the general name for the boats of Venice; ordinarily the term is applied only to the small craft—long narrow boats, each propelled by one or two men."

"Oh, I understand all about that," said Mrs. Bassett; "but there must have been some great calamity in the city, and they have gone into mourning, as every one of the boats is painted black. I wonder what terrible thing has happened."

"Oh, I can explain that," said Mary. "There is an old law of Venice, which was established—I don't know when—requiring the gondolas to be painted in this way. The people spent so much money on the decoration of their boats, just as people in other parts of the world used to spend money on their carriages, that it was considered necessary to restrict them. Consequently, the law was made to prevent this extravagance of decoration, and also to secure uniformity of style. You will also observe—"

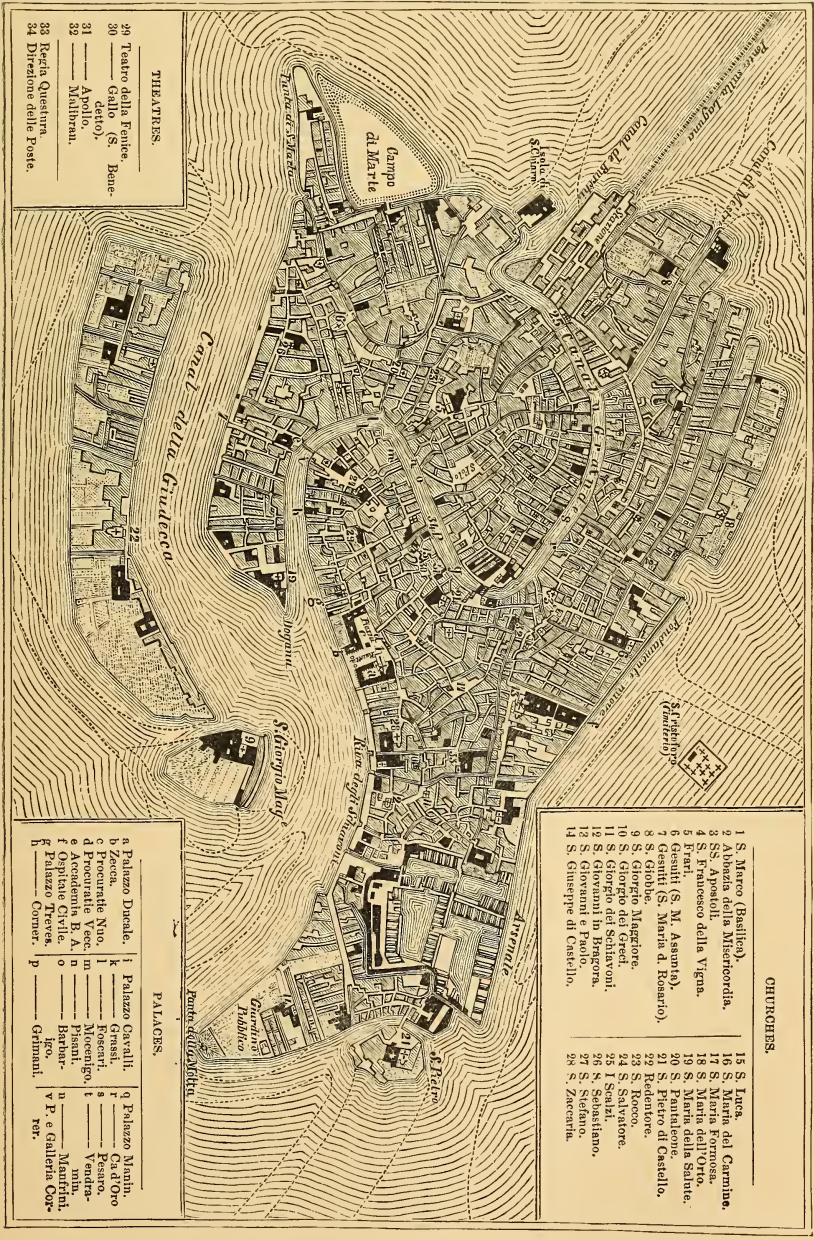
"Never mind what you observe," said Frank; "we'll hear the rest of your story later. Just step into the boat, and as soon as we are seated, and gliding along the canal, you may give us the result of your observation among Venetian boats."

The reader will no doubt readily understand where this conversation took place. Our friends, whose acquaintance some of us have made heretofore, had come from Budapest by railway to Venice. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with their previous wanderings in various parts of the world.*

As soon as they were seated in the boat, Frank turned to Mary and asked what she was about to say when interrupted.

"Oh, nothing of great consequence," she replied. "You know we have referred to Byron several times for descriptions of scenery and other matters. While we were in the train I chanced upon a picture that he makes of a gondola, and was about to give it to you."

* *The Boy Travellers in the Far East* (five volumes), and *The Boy Travellers in South America*, *The Boy Travellers in the Russian Empire*, *The Boy Travellers on the Congo*, *The Boy Travellers in Australasia*, *The Boy Travellers in Mexico* (five volumes), *The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland*, *The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe*, and *The Boy Travellers in Central Europe*. See complete list at the end of this book.



- THEATERS.**
- 29 Teatro della Fenice.
 - 30 " " Galieno, S. Bene-
 - 31 " " Apollo.
 - 32 " " Malibran.
- 23 Racina Questura.
- 24 Direzione delle Poste.

- CHURCHES.**
- 1 S. Marco (Basilica).
 - 2 S. Marco, Chiesa Misericordia.
 - 3 Ss. Apostoli.
 - 4 S. Francesco della Vigna.
 - 5 Friari.
 - 6 Gesù (S. M. Assunta).
 - 7 S. Maria della Salute.
 - 8 S. Giobbe (S. Maria di Rosato).
 - 9 S. Giorgio Maggiore.
 - 10 S. Giorgio dei Greci.
 - 11 S. Giorgio del Schiavoni.
 - 12 S. Giovanni e Paolo.
 - 13 S. Giuseppe di Castello.
 - 14 S. Zaccaria.
 - 15 S. Luca.
 - 16 S. Marco, Chiesa del Carmine.
 - 17 S. Maria Formosa.
 - 18 S. Maria dell'Orto.
 - 19 S. Maria della Salute.
 - 20 S. Pantalone.
 - 21 S. Pietro della Chetola.
 - 22 S. Rocco.
 - 23 S. Rocco.
 - 24 S. Salvatore.
 - 25 S. Sordani.
 - 26 S. Stefano.
 - 27 S. Stefano.
 - 28 S. Zaccaria.

- PALACES.**
- a Palazzo Ducale.
 - b Palazzo Cavalli.
 - c Procuratie Vec. n.
 - d Procuratie Vec. m.
 - e Accademia B. A. n.
 - f Ospitale Civile.
 - g Palazzo Corner.
 - h Palazzo Grimani.
 - i Palazzo Grimani.
 - j Palazzo Grimani.
 - k Palazzo Grimani.
 - l Palazzo Grimani.
 - m Palazzo Grimani.
 - n Palazzo Grimani.
 - o Palazzo Grimani.
 - p Palazzo Grimani.
 - q Palazzo Marino.
 - r Palazzo Marino.
 - s Palazzo Marino.
 - t Palazzo Marino.
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MAP OF VENICE.

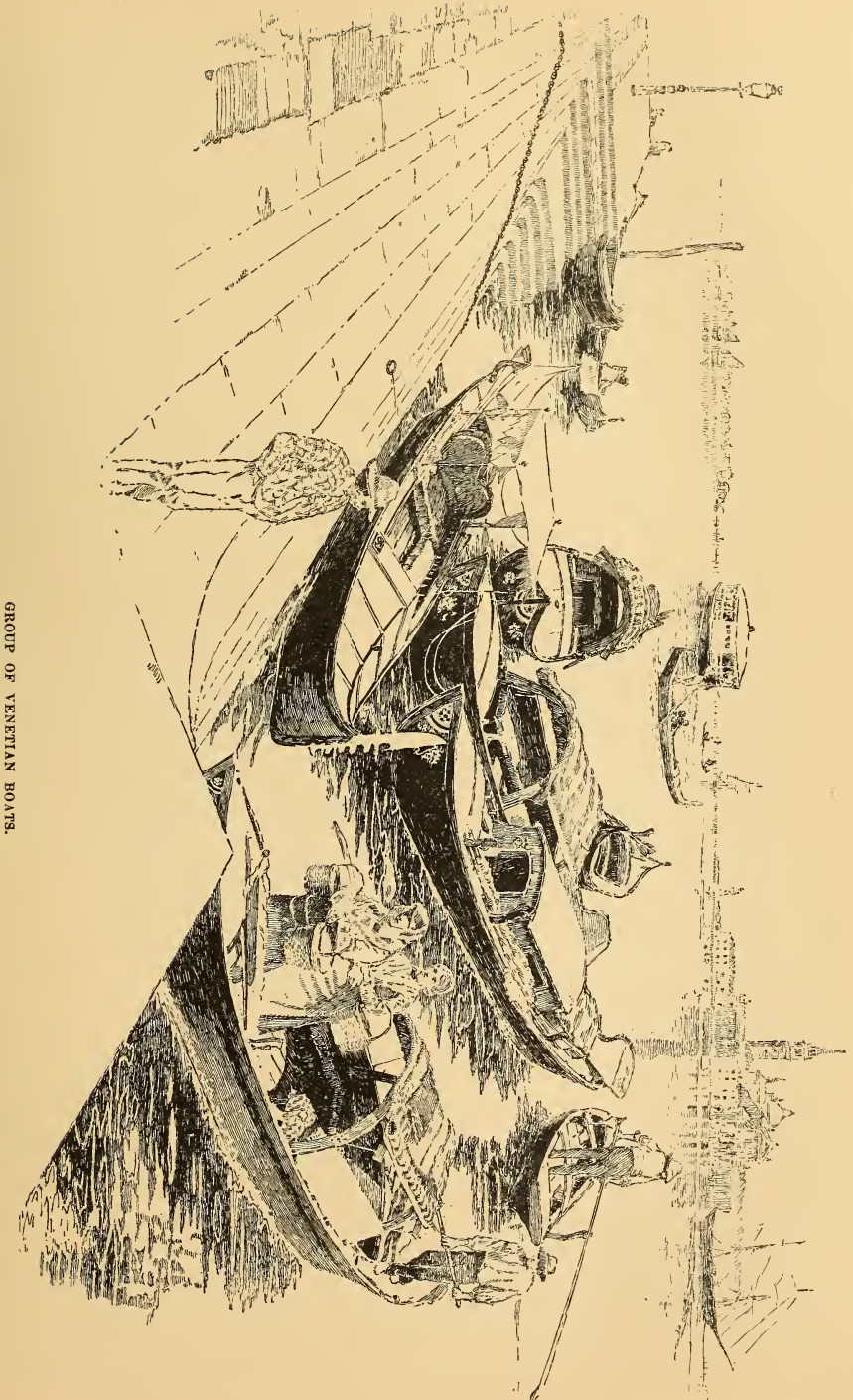


A BIT OF VENICE.

“Very well,” said Frank, “we will listen.” Whereupon Mary repeated the following poetical description :

“ ‘Didst ever see a gondola? For fear
You should not, I’ll describe it you exactly :
’Tis a long covered boat that’s common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called gondolier ;
It glides along the water, looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe, —
Where none can make out what they say or do.

“ ‘And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow ;
And around the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusk livery of woe ;
But not to them do woful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning-coaches when the funeral’s done.’ ”



GROUP OF VENETIAN BOATS.

“A very good description,” said Mrs. Bassett, as Mary paused; “and what a delightful vehicle the gondola is! It has none of the rattle and jar of the carriage, and I don’t wonder that people are charmed with Venice if for nothing else than its gondolas.”

The hotel which our friends had selected was on the Grand Canal, to which the boat on which they had embarked speedily made its way. In every respect the scene along the canal was an interesting one. Palace after palace came into view, and there are said to be more than a hundred palaces in all. There were great numbers of gondolas and other boats, some going in the same direction as our friends, others proceeding in the opposite direction, and others again tied up at the bank. Mrs. Bassett observed that some of the boats were fastened to posts rising from the water, or to rings set in the perpendicular walls that line the canal. All the boats were of the same solemn black which had given her the impression already mentioned, that Venice had gone into



THE RIALTO.

mourning on account of some great calamity. Here and there were small steamboats, a recent innovation in Venice, and they led Mary to question the correctness of Frank’s assertion as they left the station that there were no wheeled carriages in Venice.

“Those boats can certainly be called carriages,” said she; “and they have wheels, therefore they must be wheeled carriages.” She quoted the definition in Webster’s Dictionary, that a carriage is “that which carries or conveys,” and, therefore, she sustained her contention on the

subject. Frank evaded the question by saying they had no time for its discussion just then, as there was too much to look at on their route.

Mrs. Bassett wondered if they would have an opportunity to visit



MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES.—ITALIAN MAJOLICA OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

any of the palaces along the Grand Canal. Frank replied that they would have abundant opportunities, which would begin at the hotel where they were to stop. "The hotel," said he, "is an old palace, and has been changed very little to adapt it to its present use. Very few of the palaces are now occupied as private residences, and fewer still belong to the families that originally constructed and owned them. Nearly all the celebrated families of past centuries have died out, or those of their descendants who still exist are to-day in very ordinary circumstances. Most of the palaces have been converted into hotels, shops, offices, or warehouses, or appropriated to other uses of this practical time—near the end of the nineteenth century."

"Yes," said Mary, "there is one that is evidently a museum," and

she pointed to a sign on the front of a palace on the left bank, which indicated that it was a museum of antiquities.

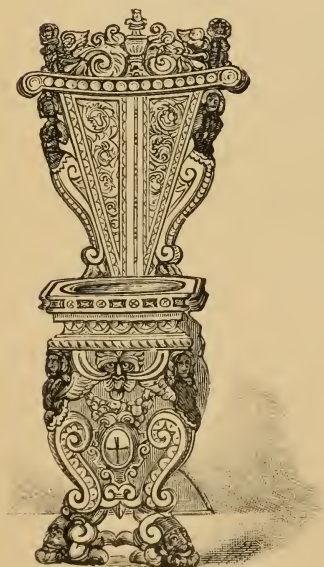
"You will see several of these establishments before we get to the end of our journey," Frank replied. "The Museums of Antiquities in Venice are not exactly like the museums of London, Paris, or New York. They are simply collections of antique furniture, books, bric-à-brac, and curiosities in general, which are for sale to any one who will pay a price satisfactory to the dealer. When we hire a guide to show us about the city, he will be pretty sure to endeavor to direct our steps into one of these museums, as he is supposed to receive a commission on the amount of our purchases, and not a small one by any means."

Mrs. Bassett asked how long it was since Venice was settled, and how old these palaces were. Thereupon Frank turned to Mary, and asked if she had investigated its history.

"Yes," the girl answered; "I know something about it."

"Well, then, let us hear what it is."

"Venice is not as old as Rome and Athens," said Mary. "In fact, if we compare it with those cities, we shall find that it is quite modern, although it was founded a thousand years before Columbus discovered America. One historian remarks that it is interesting to remember that Venice originated in an expedient of desperation, and became great by accident of its position. The city was founded about the middle of the fifth century; its founders being people who had been driven from north-eastern Italy by the depredations and ravages of that famous warrior Attila, who called himself 'The Scourge of God.' Most of the colonists were from Padua; and after leaving that city, and moving about several times, they determined to settle upon some islands near the west shore of the Adriatic, where they would be comparatively safe from intrusion. Fred can tell you more about the islands on which the



VENETIAN CHAIR.

city stands than I can. We were talking about it this morning, and I will refer you to him for a detailed description."

Up to this time Fred had taken little part in the conversation, but he promptly came to the relief of his fair cousin with the following :

“There is a shallow bay called the Lagune (lagoon) between those islands and the shore, and the colonists thought that this bay would be an excellent protection to them against invaders; so they decided to form their settlement on a cluster of three large islands and a great many smaller ones, the nearest of them a little less than three miles from land. They settled upon the largest of the islands, and as the city grew and prospered their settlement extended over the smaller ones. The security of the position of Venice attracted other colonists, so that the population increased rapidly. The city may be said to have flourished through the misfortunes of others, as every war in any part of Italy, and especially in the north, was pretty certain to add to the number of those who fled to Venice for safety.”

As they passed under the bridge of the Rialto, Fred remarked that it took its name from the island of Rialto, the largest of the three upon which the city was founded. Thereupon Mrs. Bassett looked very carefully at the bridge as they passed beneath its arch, and remarked that it was a very small bridge compared to the one which unites New York and Brooklyn.

“But it was a great bridge at the time it was built,” Fred replied. “It has been standing more than three hundred years, and consists of a single marble arch thirty-two feet high and seventy-four feet span. History tells us that more than twelve thousand wooden piles were



A FREIGHT BOAT.

driven into the sand to make a firm foundation for the bridge. From the time it was completed down to 1854 it was the only bridge crossing the Grand Canal and connecting the east and west quarters of Venice. We will come here again very soon, and look at the bridge from above instead of from below, as we now see it."

"I knew the Rialto was very old," said Mary, "because it is referred to by Shakespeare in his play 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

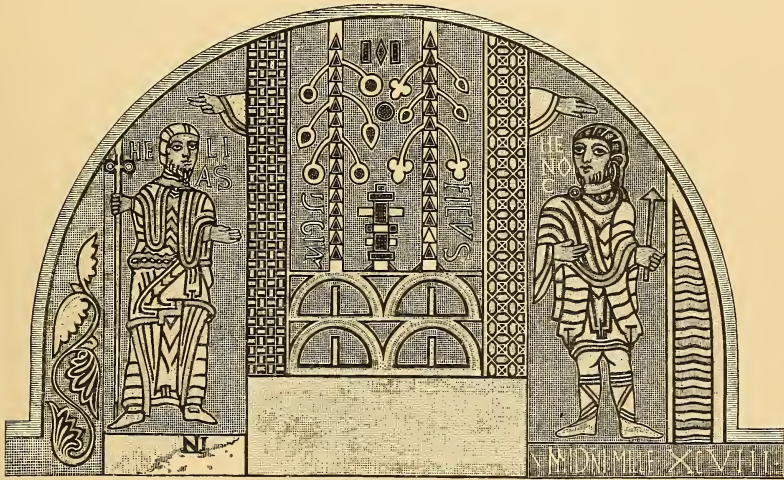
"Yes," replied Fred; "but there is some doubt as to whether Shakespeare referred to the bridge or to the island. The bridge was completed in 1591; Shakespeare was twenty-seven years old at that time, and it is quite possible that the fame of the bridge as a great piece of architecture may have reached him; but it is also quite possible that he had not heard of it, and the Rialto which he causes Shylock to mention was really the island from which the bridge takes its name. However, that is a matter to which we need not devote much of our time. Shakespeare is dead, and so are Shylock and Antonio, and all the other persons mentioned in 'The Merchant of Venice;' the bridge still exists, and that is enough for our purpose."

Soon after this little discussion our friends reached the hotel. One of the boatmen held the gondola firmly against the lower step of the landing-stairs while our friends exchanged their craft for firm footing on shore. The steps led up to a wide portico, which gave entrance into a large hall. Around this hall were many pieces of statuary, and Mary observed that the ceiling had been in its time handsomely decorated, though the colors in most instances were considerably faded. Stairways at the side of the large hall led to the upper stories of the building. In these upper stories were the rooms which were formerly occupied by the family and dependents of the owner, and in modern times have been appropriated to the accommodation of travellers.

Frank asked for rooms fronting on the canal, but the travellers were unable to obtain sleeping-rooms in this situation. However, their wants were fairly gratified by securing a large parlor directly facing the canal, and opening upon an arched portico, on which they could sit and study the life of Venice as it ebbed and flowed beneath them.

The palaces of Venice were constructed in the days of the city's greatest prosperity, and it would seem as if the aristocracy were ready to spend their fortunes in eclipsing each other in extravagance. Some of the palaces are suitable residences for kings or emperors, although they were built simply as the homes of private gentlemen. Not only did their erection cost enormous sums of money, but the expense of

maintaining them must have involved an expenditure which would make an enormous drain upon any private fortune. Many of the palaces formerly contained great quantities of paintings, statuary, and other works of art, and some of these galleries were in themselves worth enormous amounts. Very few of the collections remain intact; they have been sold and scattered in all directions to supply the wants of the needy descendants of the former great men of Venice. Some of



SPECIMEN OF MOSAIC WORK.

the finest statues in the galleries of Rome, Paris, and London came from Venetian collections, and the same can be said of many famous and valuable paintings. Of the latter may be mentioned the celebrated picture of "Darius at Alexandria," by Paolo Veronese: this was formerly in the Pisani Palace, but is now in England.

As soon as our friends were settled at the hotel they went out for a stroll. Mrs. Bassett asked if it would be possible for them to move about at all without a boat? to which Frank replied that Venice was so peculiarly constructed, one could go over it in a boat and also on foot.

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Bassett. "As we have had a little journey in a boat coming from the railway to the hotel, I suggest that we take a walk now to some of the points of interest."

Of course the suggestion was promptly accepted by the rest of the party. A guide from the hotel was engaged to attend upon the trav-

ellers during their stay; and when they were ready for departure, Frank told the man to show the way to the Piazza San Marco, or St. Mark's Square, the principal square of the city.

"What funny little streets!" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett, as the guide led the way through a passage that did not seem to be more than six or seven feet wide. "I wonder if they really call this a street?"

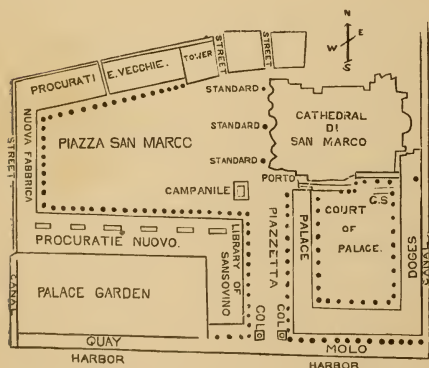
"Oh, certainly," replied Frank; "this is a street, a real street, and there are narrower streets than this in Venice."

"Narrower ones than this!" said Mrs. Bassett. "Why, it seems impossible to believe such an assertion."

"Oh, madam," interrupted the guide, "I will show you streets only four or five feet wide, but then they are not fine ones like this. As we have no carriages in Venice, we get along very well without wide streets, such as they have in other cities. In the narrowest streets we go along single file, and sometimes there are places where we must hug the wall closely to avoid hitting each other when passing."

Mrs. Bassett observed that the streets were not only narrow, but crooked, and that they made a good many turnings. She was sure that she would be lost if she attempted to go back to the hotel alone, and suggested to Frank that the party must keep close together, or they would become separated at some of the numerous bends.

At nearly every angle of the streets our friends found themselves on



GROUND-PLAN OF ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

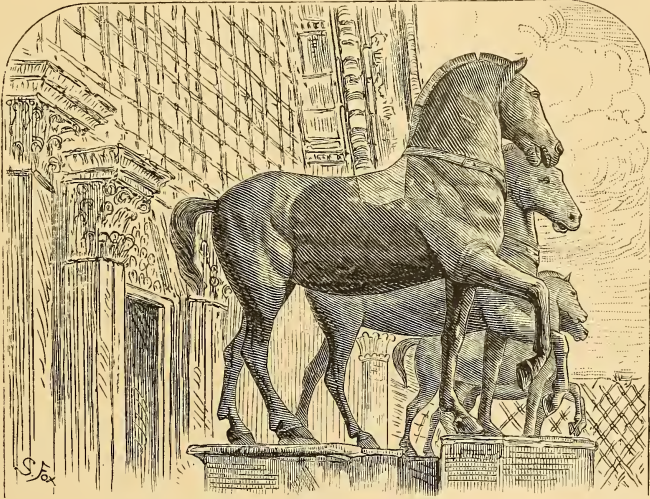
bridges spanning the canals, and Mary readily realized the force of Frank's remark that one could go all over the city on foot and all over it in a boat. "I understand now," she remarked, "why the canal—where our hotel stands is called the Grand Canal: it is because it is so very much larger than any of the others that we have seen thus far."

"Yes," said Frank; "the Grand Canal is 200 feet wide, while these branch canals vary from 10 feet upwards. Very few of them are

more than 30 feet wide, and probably the majority do not exceed 15 feet."

"I suppose these small canals are just as crooked as the streets?" said Mary, with an interested look towards her brother.

“Yes,” was the reply, “they are quite as short and quite as crooked, but they furnish an admirable means of getting about and transporting merchandise. Let us stop a minute,” said he, turning to the guide and looking along this canal. They were standing on a bridge over the



THE HORSES OF ST. MARK.

little waterway, which was not more than fifteen feet across. On each side there were the perpendicular walls of buildings three, four, or five stories in height, the windows opening upon the canal just as upon a street, and the front doors opening on flights of stone steps that reached down into the water. As they stood on the bridge a gondola swept beneath them and stopped at the steps of a house just beyond it. The boatman held the gondola in place while a well-dressed woman stepped lightly to the boat from the landing-place and took her place beneath the awning over the seats.

“She’s going out for a drive, I suppose,” said Mary, “or possibly on a shopping excursion, or to make a round of calls. I suppose the ladies use their boats here just as those in New York and other cities use their carriages, do they not?”

“Just the same, mademoiselle,” said the guide. “The ladies go shopping and calling with their gondolas, and the ladies and gentlemen take their promenades in boats just as they take them in carriages in cities elsewhere. Wait till evening, and you will see the people out for

their moonlight drives. It is the time of the moon now, and the best time to see Venice and the water around it."

"That's why I planned to come here now," said Frank. "Venice with the moon is much more attractive than Venice without any moon. Doctor Bronson told me so, and I have heard the same from other travellers. Some of them set it down as a rule to go to Venice when the moon is full or approaching that condition, and never to go at any other time if they can avoid doing so."

Later on, during their stay in the "City of the Sea," Fred became statistical. He said there were 147 canals in Venice, not including the Grand Canal; that they intersected all parts of the city and each other, and were the equivalent of the streets and avenues of other cities. He believed that these smaller canals indicated the channels between the original islands on which Venice was founded. All the stone for the construction of Venice was brought from the main-land, as the islands when originally settled were mere aggregations of sand rising but a few feet above the surface of the water. "A great deal of the water between the islands had been occupied by buildings," Fred continued. "Wherever there was a broad channel it was probably narrowed down to the width just necessary for a canal, and not more. The remainder of it, I suppose, was filled in with earth and piles to furnish a solid foundation for the masonry erected there. The mean level of the streets is not more than three or four feet above the surface of the water at high tide, and the rise and fall of the tide at Venice and in this part of the Adriatic is little if any more than two feet."

One might naturally suppose that a city built like Venice would be very damp, and that every house rising from the water would be more or less unhealthy in consequence of its position. Those who live there say this is not the case. In all houses of the better class, the principal floor is built of cement and stone. Cement does not transmit moisture as it is transmitted by stone or brick, and the builders of Venice appear to have understood this at a very early period of their work. In making one of their ground-floors they laid a bed of cement two or three inches thick, then covered it with small fragments of marble; this marble layer being again covered with cement, and levelled off very fairly. When this mass had hardened, they laid upon it another floor, first of cement, and then of white and red marbles broken up into small fragments. These marbles were imbedded firmly in the cement, but were not covered over with that substance. When the cement had hardened, the surface was ground to a condition of smoothness by means

of polishing-blocks of stone vigorously rubbed over the surface, their work being assisted by dry sand. There is no more durable floor in the world than a mosaic composition of this sort; and, with all the skill of modern times it has been difficult if not impossible to surpass the mosaic floor of the Greeks and Romans, and especially those of the Venetians when properly constructed.

The Venetian floor is an excellent protection against dampness, and in order to make sureness doubly sure and render their homes as healthy as possible, the Venetians devoted the rooms of the basement to kitchen and similar uses, while the living apartments were on the upper floors of the house. When the fogs roll in from seaward, Venice



IN A SMALL CANAL.

is undeniably damp; but the same may be said of other cities that are not built on a string of islands in the midst of the sea.

Mrs. Bassett wondered if there were as many streets in Venice as there were canals. Fred replied that there are much more than ten

times as many. "There are 147 canals," said he, "and 2194 streets. The widest of the streets do not exceed 25 feet, and probably the average width is less than 10 feet; I don't believe you can find a single straight street in Venice that is 1500 feet long. Some of the streets stop short, or they turn at right angles or other angles, and some of them run on curves and almost come back to their starting-points."

"I wonder if they have any streets like those Frank was telling us about a few days ago," said Mary, with an amused expression.

"What was that?" Fred asked.

"Why," said the girl, "Frank said he had heard of a town, somewhere out West in the United States, where they had a street which began very broad, and with rows of shade trees on each side, but as it got out into the country it kept growing smaller and smaller, and finally ended in a squirrel-track, and ran up a tree."

"We will ask about that," said Fred, "when we get to the public gardens. If there is a tree with a squirrel in it, we will watch and see if he has a street belonging all to himself."

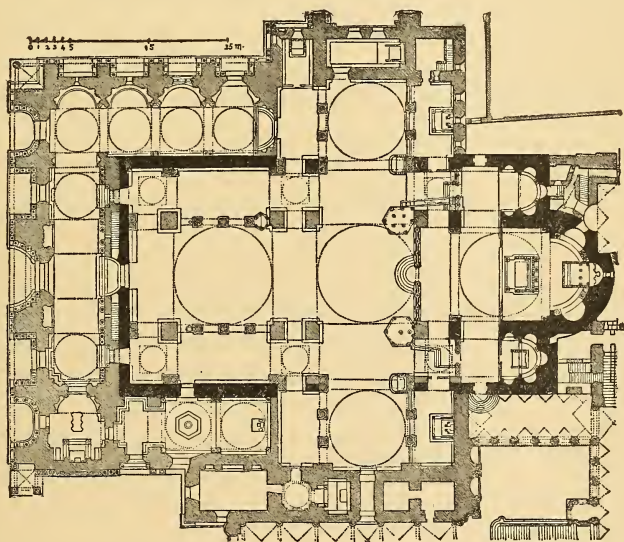
When they reached the Piazza San Marco, Mrs. Bassett made an exclamation of surprise. Their winding way through the labyrinth of streets had not prepared her for the fine sight that burst upon her view. They entered the square, which is a square more in name than in reality, at the point best adapted for seeing its principal points of interest. In reply to a question on the part of Mrs. Bassett, Fred said that the Piazza was 192 yards long, by 61 on the west side, and 90 yards on the east. Three of the sides are enclosed by magnificent buildings, which seem at first glance to be a single marble palace; it is really a succession of palaces, which were once the residences of the Procurators. These were the highest officers of the Republic, and from this circumstance the palaces are called *Procurazie*, although the officials whose names they preserve have been dead and gone these hundred years. The finest of them were erected in the fifteenth century, and are creditable monuments to their architects. One building on the west side of the square is comparatively modern, having been erected in the early part of the present century, during the reign of Napoleon I.

"We will take a stroll around the arcades," said Frank, "and look at the shops and the people. When you are tired, mamma," said he, turning to Mrs. Bassett, "please say so, and we will sit down at the nearest café; you will find that there is no scarcity of cafés."

The lower stories of the buildings occupying three sides of the Piazza are built on arcades, which form convenient promenades shel-

tered alike from rain and sun. The principal shops and cafés of Venice are along these arcades; on the second stories of the buildings a good many restaurants are established, and Frank suggested that when dinner-time came they would patronize one of these restaurants, and have a view of the Piazza while enjoying their meal.

“Oh, that would be delightful!” said Mrs. Bassett and Mary almost in the same breath. “We couldn’t do better.”



PLAN OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH.

“Very well,” said Frank; “perhaps I may as well make arrangements for dinner now, in order to make sure that we will have a table where we can look out of the window.” Thereupon Frank excused himself for a minute, entered one of the restaurants, and speedily completed the arrangements he had suggested.

When Frank returned from his mission, he found the rest of the party gazing intently into a window, where Venetian pearls and jewelry were displayed. In addition to these there were bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments in mosaic, together with glass and shells made up in many attractive ways. Mary remarked that the lion of St. Mark was on nearly every object displayed, and she was uncertain whether the lion belonged to Venice or Venice to the lion.

Mrs. Bassett asked what St. Mark had to do with Venice?

"Why," answered Frank, "the remains of the evangelist are said to have been brought from Alexandria to Venice in the year 828, and he is consequently the titular saint of the city."

"Oh, I understand," said Mrs. Bassett. "That large church at the end of the square is the Church of St. Mark, is it not?"

"Certainly, mamma. That is the famous San Marco; it was begun in 976, and its construction occupied very nearly one hundred years. Additions have been made to it since that time; but the church as it stands is an excellent specimen of the architecture of the days that are gone. The general shape of the building is that of a Greek cross, covered by a Byzantine dome in the centre, and a smaller dome at the extremity of each arm of the cross, making five domes in all."

"Oh! there is a mosaic pin with the picture of the church upon it," said Mary, calling attention to the article designated. "I want to ask the price of it, if there's no objection."

"Wait a little," said Frank. "Don't be in a hurry to purchase your souvenirs. You will have abundant time and opportunity before we leave Venice. And should you buy that pin, perhaps you might have cause to regret the purchase later on when you see a finer one at the same price, or perhaps less, in another shop."

"Yes, you are right," said Mary. "I ought to have learned before this that we should not be in a hurry in making purchases of souvenirs of the cities we visit in our journeys."

They walked along the arcade on the south side of the Piazza, passed near the Campanile, and then turned to the right, along the Piazzetta, till they reached the wall fronting upon the harbor. The view of the harbor of Venice caused them to arrest their footsteps at the base of one of the columns near the water's edge; and they stood there for several minutes, uttering scarce a word. The water was dotted with sails of many colors; gondolas were shooting here and there, or lazily floating along the scarcely rippled surface; in the background were the islands that keep out the sea when the wind blows from the south; to the right, and beyond the entrance of the Grand Canal, was the famous Punta della Salute; while, turning slightly to the left, they had a view of the Palace of the Doges and the prison beyond. They found the prospect an enchanting one, and their opinion of it is echoed by the great majority of the visitors to the city.

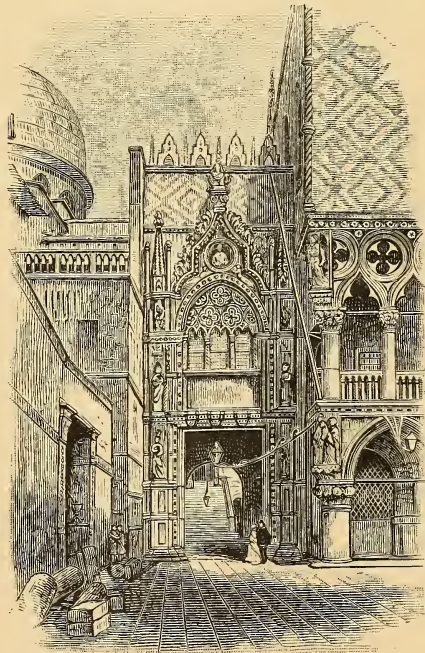
CHAPTER II.

ASCENDING THE CAMPANILE; VIEW FROM THE TOP.—NAPOLEON'S RIDE.—CHURCH OF ST. MARK; MOSAICS, AND OTHER ORNAMENTS; HISTORY OF THE CHURCH; THE BRONZE HORSES; PALA D'ORO; RELICS OF ST. MARK.—AT THE CAFÉ.—FLOWER-GIRLS AND PEDDLERS OF SOUVENIRS.—FEEDING THE PIGEONS OF VENICE; LEGEND CONCERNING THEM; HOW THE PIGEONS KNOW THE HOURS.—THE CLOCK-TOWER.—A MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.—SCRAPS OF HISTORY.—PALACE OF THE DOGES; GIANTS' STAIRCASE; ORIGIN OF THE NAME; GOLDEN STAIRCASE; HALL OF THE GRAND COUNCIL, AND OTHER HALLS; PORTRAITS OF THE DOGES.—BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—MRS. BASSETT'S COMMENT.—THE PRISON AND ITS DUNGEONS.

FRANK suggested that a good general view of Venice could be obtained from the Campanile, and so they retraced their steps until they reached that famous tower. They paused a few moments near its base, Mrs. Bassett remarking that it looked like an old structure. Fred replied that it was founded very nearly 1000 years ago; it was restored about 400 years ago, and finally completed in 1591. The upper part and the spire were constructed by the same architect who built the Palace of the Doges.

Mrs. Bassett thought that she and Mary would not make the ascent; but she changed her mind on learning that it was a gently inclined plane with only a very few steps at the top.

"It is exactly like going up a gently sloping hill," said Frank.



PORTA DELLA CARTA, ST. MARK'S CHURCH.

"We can go as slowly as we like,

and rest when we like. I do not know another tower of the same height in the world that is as easy to climb as this one."

The tradition is that Napoleon I. rode up the tower on the back of a donkey ; certainly there was nothing to prevent him from doing so, and there is nothing to prevent the modern traveller from imitating his example, except the absence of the donkey. Our friends made the trip much more easily than Mrs. Bassett had expected, and were amply rewarded for their exertions. The watchman at the summit indicated the various places of interest in the city, that lay below them like an outspread map. He pointed out the islands of the Lagune, the chain of the Alps in the north, and the portion of the Adriatic that was visible in the south. Mary said she was forcibly reminded of the view of Amsterdam from the top of the City Hall, and Mrs. Bassett remarked that it recalled in some aspects, though not in all, the view from the summit of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. The top of the Campanile is 322 feet above the ground ; consequently it affords a magnificent sweep of the vision over the city and the region immediately surrounding it. It is interesting to contemplate from that height the windings of the Grand Canal and of the smaller canals, and to note the positions of the various islands on which Venice is built, together with those of the islands that form the Lagune.



BYZANTINE ENAMEL IN THE
LIBRARY OF ST. MARK'S.

On descending from the Campanile, Mrs. Bassett suggested a visit to the Church of St. Mark, and her suggestion was acted upon immediately. Mary thought she had never seen a church with so many columns, and she asked Frank how many of those columns there were about this venerable and interesting edifice.

"I don't know exactly," was the reply ; "but I believe there are fully 500 of them. You see that they present a great many varieties of styles in their capitals ; the most remarkable of them are said to be eight detached columns in the vestibule, four at each of the lateral portals on each side. We will make an observation of these columns, and note their peculiarities as we go through the church."

Mrs. Bassett remarked on the great quantity of mosaics laid in the floor, and also upon the unevenness of the flooring. The guide said,

there was an area of nearly 50,000 square feet of mosaics in the church, the oldest of them dating from early in the tenth century.

Fred explained that the unevenness of the floor was probably because of carelessness in making the foundations. Some parts had sunk more than others, and it is probable that the architects did not appreciate the immense weight that would be placed upon the foundations of the church, and consequently their tendency to settle.

Before entering the building our friends took particular note of the bronze horses above the door, which formerly adorned the Arch of Constantine at Rome, and were taken from Rome to Constantinople. The Venetians captured them during one of their wars, and brought the prizes to Venice. When Venice was conquered by Napoleon I. he car-



LION OF ST. MARK'S AND LANDING-PLACE.

ried these horses to Paris, where they were kept for a time. They were restored to their old places in front of the cathedral after the general peace of 1815. The horses are too small in proportion to the size of the building, and would look better on an arch similar to that

for which they were constructed. They were admirably modelled, and are very interesting specimens of art work in bronze in the period when they were cast and put in their original place.

Entering the church, our friends experienced a feeling of disappointment, owing to the dimness of the light, which gave it a decidedly gloomy aspect. On every hand there were mosaics, of which by far the greater number had some reference to the life of St. Mark, or the removal and entombment of his remains within the church. The guide led the way to the basement, where there were numerous relics, and a vast amount of jewels and gold and silver vases, candlesticks, and other ornaments, together with covers of the Gospels made of gilt silver inlaid with precious stones. Among the relics was a crystal vase which was said to contain the blood of the Saviour, a fragment of the true cross enclosed in a silver column, a portion of the skull of St. John in a cup of agate, and other vessels and cases containing bones of saints of greater or less celebrity, and all ancient.

The great ornament of the church is the Pala d'Oro, which is at the high altar beneath a canopy of verd-antique. It is enamelled with jewels and beads wrought on plates of gold and silver executed at Constantinople in the twelfth century, and only exhibited at great festivities. The relics of St. Mark are beneath the high altar, and this fact is recorded on a marble slab. There is a smaller altar behind the high altar, with four alabaster columns, of which two are said to have belonged to King Solomon's temple.

The party spent an entire hour in the church contemplating its mosaics and other ornaments; and then, as Mrs. Bassett suggested that she was somewhat weary, they retired from the famous structure, and proceeded to one of the cafés on the north side of the Piazza.

Our friends did not have far to go to find a café, there being a goodly number of these establishments scattered along the sides of the Piazza. They indulged in the ices for which Venice is famous, and were much interested in the crowds of people strolling along the sidewalk or across the open space of the Piazza. Almost every minute they were importuned by flower-girls, musicians, and peddlers, who had all sorts of small wares to offer. Prominent among their wares were souvenirs of Venice in the shape of little mosaics and glass ornaments, such as we have mentioned already. The flower-girls were quite as numerous as the peddlers, and they seemed determined to force their wares on the strangers without regard to the desire of the latter to make any floral purchases. Several times they placed bunches of flow-

ers in the hands of the members of the party, or on the table beside them, and then, considering the transaction complete, demanded pay for their wares. At first their performances were amusing, but after a



VIEW OF VENICE FROM THE WATER.

time they became monotonous, and the guide who had accompanied the party from the hotel was installed in office to keep the intruders away.

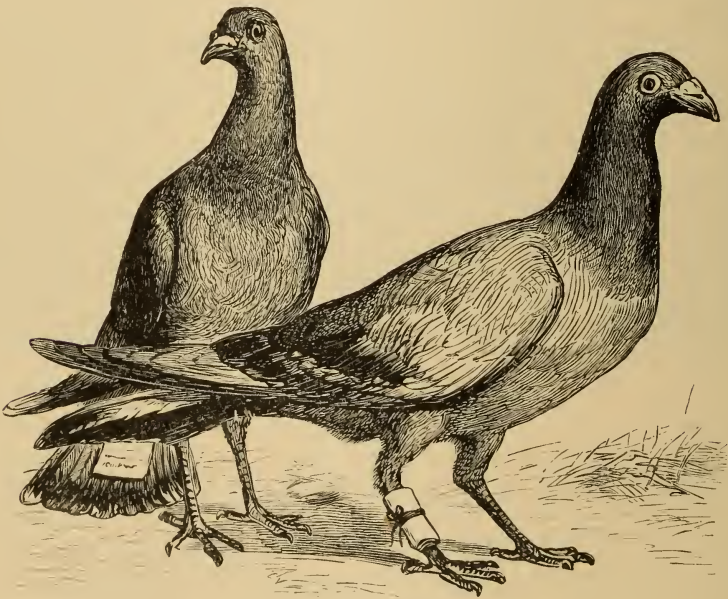
While they were seated in front of the café, Mary espied several pigeons walking about the square, and apparently having no fear of harm, as they not infrequently allowed the pedestrians to step over them, or certainly very near them. The girl called attention to the tameness of the pigeons, whereupon the guide suggested that he would give her a better illustration of their fearlessness if the party would wait where it was for a few minutes. Frank nodded assent; whereupon the guide proceeded to a grain-shop near one of the entrances of the square and purchased three or four quarts of corn. Taking this corn into the open square, he scattered some of the grains upon the pavement, and waited the result of his bounty.

He did not have long to wait. Pigeons came from all directions, till there were dozens—yes, hundreds of them; at least, Mary thought

so. The guide scattered some of the grain upon the pavement, and then held a quantity in his open hand. The birds alighted upon his shoulder, fed from his hand, and seemed not to have the least fear of harm from him or anybody else.

“Oh, I must go out and see them,” said Mary. “I wonder if they will feed from my hand as they do from the guide’s. Come, Fred, let’s go and get close to them.”

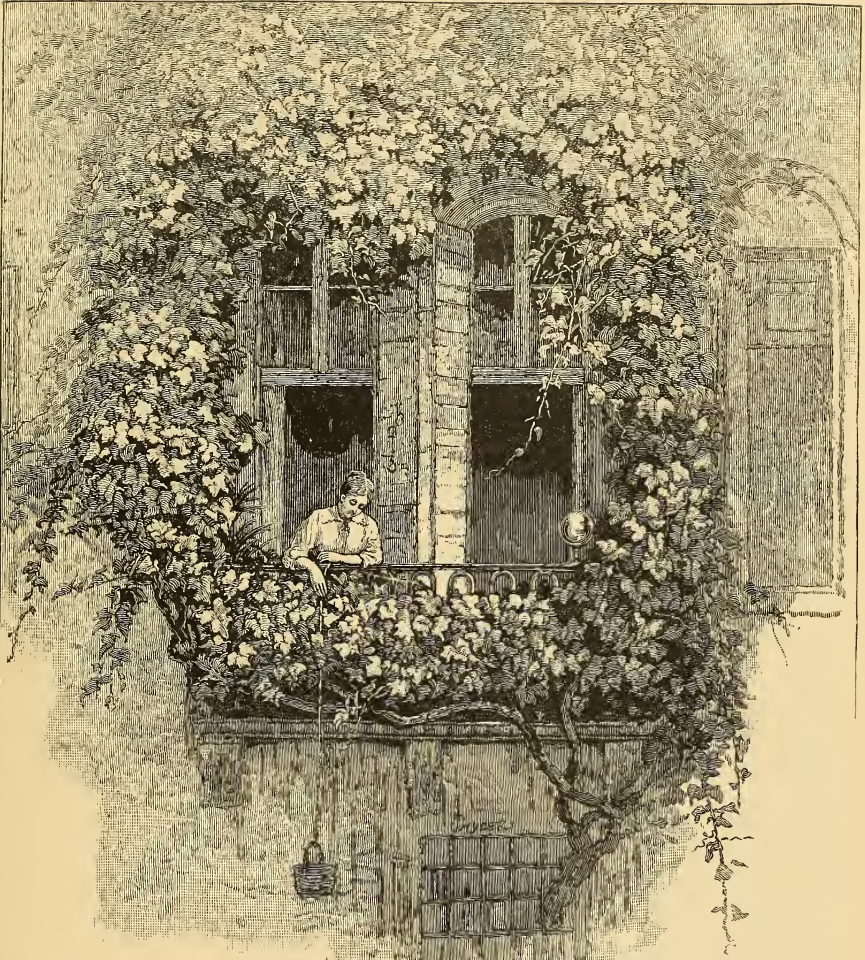
Fred and Mary left the table and went to where the guide stood, leaving Mrs. Bassett and Frank at the café. The girl found that the pigeons were very nearly as friendly to herself and Fred as to the



CARRIER-PIGEONS WITH LETTERS.

guide, though not quite as much. The reason for their shyness was probably because Fred and Mary were strangers, while the guide was an old acquaintance of the birds. When all the grain had been consumed, Fred and Mary returned to the café, just as Mrs. Bassett was expressing her astonishment at the great number of pigeons that had assembled, and wondering to whom they belonged.

“There are two stories about the pigeons,” said Frank, “and both of them have relation to the history of Venice.”



A BALCONY SCENE.

“Please give us both of sett. “I’m sure they will be

“Very well,” said Frank. Admiral Dandolo, with a fleet ice, was besieging Candia in the thirteenth century. By means of carrier-pigeons he received intelligence from Candia which greatly facilitated his enterprise, and led to the speedy surrender of the besieged place and garrison.

“When he sent the news of his victory to Venice, he sent the pigeons that had been of such great use to him; whereupon the authorities of

them,” said Mrs. Basvery interesting.”

“One account is that and army from Venearly part of the thirteenth century.

Venice decided that the pigeons should be maintained at the public expense in remembrance of the victory, and not only those identical pigeons, but their descendants as long as the city existed, and they made provision for the support of the birds in future times by setting aside a sum of money to be invested on their account."

Frank paused, and then Mary asked what the other story was.

"Oh, the other," said Frank, "is that Venice was once surrounded by a besieging army, and in great danger of capture. The starving inhabitants were contemplating surrender; they were so poorly supplied with food that they could give nothing to the pigeons that then lived in the bell-towers, and consequently the birds were obliged to go to the main-land to obtain something to keep them alive.

"An army was coming to the relief of Venice, but the lines of the besiegers were so closely drawn that it was impossible to send any messengers to announce the good news. The commander of the relieving army managed to catch several of the pigeons, and attach letters to them announcing his approach. When the birds flew home, the attention of the citizens was attracted to the bits of paper fastened to the feet of the pigeons. They caught the winged messengers

and obtained the letters, and were thus encouraged to hold out until the besieging army was attacked and driven away. In their gratitude for their deliverance they voted to support the pigeons and their descendants forever afterwards at the public expense."

"But are they really supported at public expense?" Mrs. Bassett asked, as Frank paused at the end of his story.

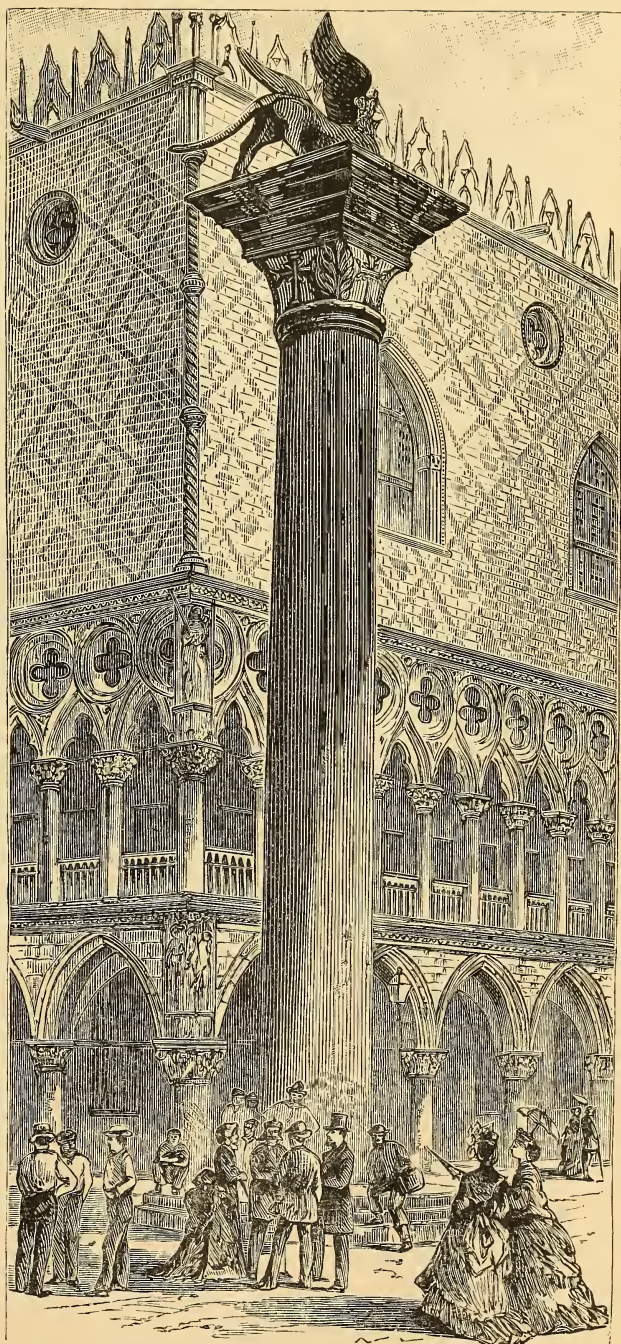
"To some extent they are," answered Frank. "To-morrow we will try to come here at two o'clock, and then you will see how they are cared for."



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A little before two o'clock on the next day our friends were in the Piazza. As the clock struck the hour the pigeons came flying from all directions, and gathered beneath a certain window on the north side of the square. The window opened suddenly, and a quantity of grain was thrown out and speedily devoured. This was the daily allowance which the birds received regularly.

It is not sufficient for their support; and if the pigeons were obliged to depend entirely upon the bounty of the city, they would not be in the plump and well-fed condition in which we find them. A considerable amount of grain is given to them by the inhabitants, and also by the numerous parties of strangers



LION OF ST. MARK AND PALACE OF THE DOGES.

that are constantly making the sight-seeing rounds of the famous city. Then, too, the birds fly to the neighboring islands and to the main-land, and in one way and another they manage to obtain a very comfortable existence. It is said that they carefully avoid the neighborhood of certain restaurants where broiled roasts or stewed pigeons appear on the bill of fare, as some of their number have disappeared there.

Mary was particularly interested and amused to observe that the pigeons paid no attention to the hours as they were struck in the bell-tower which overlooks the square, except the hour when they were fed. The clock strikes ten, twelve, one, or three, and they do not regard the strokes in the least; but when the hour of two is sounded, they know that it is their feeding-time, and assemble accordingly.

Naturally the striking of the hour called attention to the clock-tower whence the signal is given. It is on the side of the square, opposite to the Campanile, at the eastern end of the old Procurazie, and above a gateway which resembles a triumphal arch. The guide said the tower was erected in 1496, and restored in 1859. On the platform where the bell hangs there are two Vulcans in bronze, provided with large hammers, and with these hammers they strike the hours on the bell, as they have done for centuries.

After our friends had rested a sufficient time at the café, they visited the tower, and examined the mechanism of the clock; it is certainly a very ingenious piece of work, though not equal to the famous clock of Strasburg, which is exceedingly complicated.

From the clock-tower they went to the Palace of the Doges, which has been mentioned heretofore, and is one of the great attractions of Venice. It was too late in the day for a thorough examination of the building, and therefore they contented themselves with an exterior view without attempting to penetrate into the interior. Mrs. Bassett wished to know how large the building was, to which Fred replied that it was very nearly 250 feet square. He said it was founded in the year 800, and had been destroyed no fewer than five times, but each time it had been rebuilt more magnificently than before. "The present edifice," Fred continued, "was erected about 1350, and has been restored without any material alterations on several occasions since that time."

The stroll around the outside of the palace was continued to the canal, which separates that building from the prison; the latter structure is less venerable than the palace, but has held many persons of distinction, together with a great many others of no distinction whatever. On the bridge over the canal our friends paused and looked between



MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER.

the buildings towards a little bridge which connects them at a considerable elevation above the water beneath it.

“I know what that is,” said Mary, “that is the Bridge of Sighs. You know, Byron mentions it in his account of Venice, where he says:

“I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on either hand.””

“You are right,” said Frank. “That is the Bridge of Sighs, about which so much has been written by poets and others.”

“It is a bridge of very small size, it seems to me,” Mrs. Bassett remarked. “There are lots of bridges all over the world much greater than that. Why, the Rialto is ever and ever so much larger!”

“It received its name,” said Frank, “not from its dimensions, but from circumstances connected with its history. It is the bridge over

which prisoners were taken from the prison to the palace, to hear their sentences of death. The Italian name is Ponte dei Sospiri, and was given in consequence of the sounds of wailing that rose from the prisoners after they had received their sentences and were being led across the bridge to execution. We will see the bridge to-morrow, when we visit the palace; and now, as we are at the harbor of Venice, we will have another excursion in a gondola.”



ANDREA GRITTI, DOGE OF VENICE.

is the favorite haunt of the gondoliers. This part of Venice is the resort of sailors, and an interesting and animated scene is presented to the stranger. Numerous small vessels lie at the quays, and larger ones at anchor in the harbor directly in front. It is a favorite spot for artists, as the variegated colors of the sails of the Venetian boats enable them to produce pictures of great brilliancy. An hour or more was devoted by our friends to their excursion on the water, many interesting sights being seen, and in due time they arrived at their hotel, and were ready for dinner.

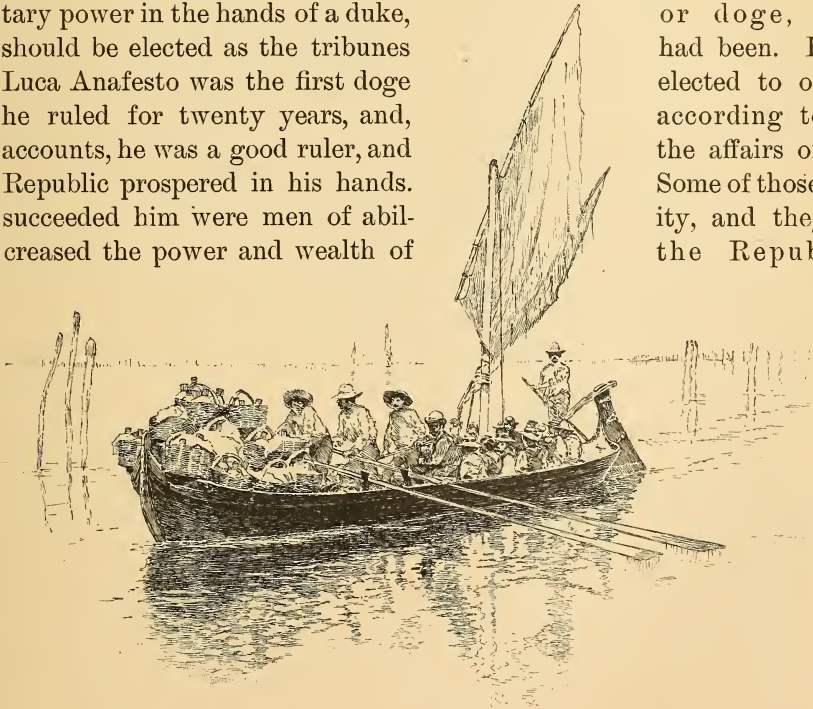
After dinner a boat with seats for four was secured—a gondola, with two rowers—and the party went out to enjoy the moonlight on the water. They passed along the Grand Canal, and then paddled out into the harbor, where they could study the effects of the silver light upon

There was no difficulty in finding a boat, as the Molo in front of the palace

the Palace of the Doges and the other buildings that look towards the sea. It was a night to be long remembered, and all regretted the impossibility of representing in printed or written words the pictures that had passed before their eyes. Mary declared that she never before realized the poverty of language. "As well attempt," said she, "to tell how the dew glistens or the strawberry tastes as to write a description of a moonlight night in Venice. Only an artist can approach it, and even then the work of the greatest painter that ever lived will fall very far short of the reality."

As they floated slowly along, Fred recounted to his companions something of the history of Venice. Afterwards, at Mrs. Bassett's request, he committed his remarks to paper, with the following result:

"In the early part of its existence Venice had a republican form of government, its rulers being elected by the people. These rulers were called tribunes, and were usually twelve in number. About the year 697 the scheme of government was changed by abolishing the tribunes and vesting the entire civil, ecclesiastical, and military power in the hands of a duke, should be elected as the tribunes had been. Paolo Luca Anafesto was the first doge elected to office; according to all the accounts, he was a good ruler, and the Republic prospered in his hands. Some of those who succeeded him were men of ability, and they increased the power and wealth of the Republic;



A VENETIAN MARKET-BOAT.

while others were tyrants, who led dissolute lives and did not scruple to make themselves and sometimes their friends rich by any means in their power."

"Was it not possible for the people to remove bad rulers from office and choose good ones instead?" Mrs. Bassett asked at this point.

"Yes," replied Fred; "and they did so in several instances. The punishment for tyranny in Venice at that time was putting out the eyes. Some of the tyrannical doges were deprived of sight, while others were assassinated by conspirators against them."

"As Venice became powerful she went to war with others," Fred continued. "She took part in the Crusades, and sent out many military and naval expeditions. At one time Venice had extensive possessions on the main-land of Italy, and owned several islands, including Candia and Zante, in the eastern part of the Mediterranean. It had an enormous commerce, as it controlled a large part of the trade between Europe and Asia. At the end of the fifteenth century it had a population of 200,000, and possessed 300 sea-going vessels, manned by 8000 sailors; it had 3000 smaller craft, with 17,000 sailors; and a fleet of 45 galleys, manned by 11,000 men, who were renowned for their fighting abilities. About this time its prosperity began to decline, owing to changes in the routes of trade and to various political circumstances.

"The tyranny of the aristocracy and the infamous action of the Council of Ten aided the decline; and by the end of the eighteenth century nearly all its trade was gone, and the population had fallen to 60,000. Napoleon took possession of Venice in 1797, and made an end of the Republic. It has since belonged to France, Austria, and Italy, the latter country having possessed it since 1866."

"How many inhabitants has it at the present time?" queried Mary.

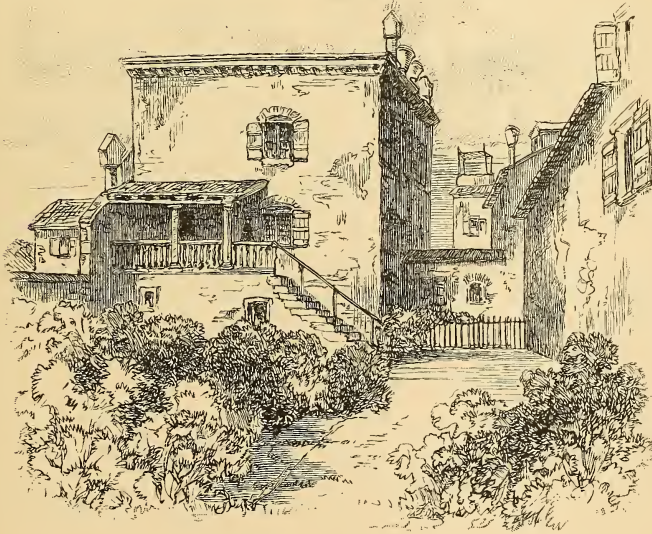
"About one hundred and thirty thousand," replied Fred. "The commerce of Venice has increased considerably since it came under Italian control, but is never likely to reach the condition it attained four hundred years ago. There is a great deal of poverty here, and I have heard it said that no fewer than thirty thousand people of Venice are virtually or actually paupers."

On their second day in Venice it was decided that the first thing to be seen was the Palace of the Doges, the exterior view of the day before having whetted their desire to study it internally. Of their visit to the palace Frank wrote the following account:

"We entered the palace by the *Porta della Carta*, which is on the side towards the square, and the one by which most visitors enter.

There is another entrance on the side facing the sea, and about midway along the front. There is a colonnade two stories high on the front and side of the palace, and the gate by which we entered is a little back of the colonnade, and finished in the same general style. The gateway is of itself a building of no mean size and beauty.

“After passing the doorway we came into a hall perhaps twenty feet wide, and then entered the court at the foot of the Giant’s Staircase. The staircase does not get its name because it was intended for



TITIAN'S HOUSE IN VENICE.

the use of giants, but on account of two colossal statues of Mars and Neptune which stand at the top of the stairway, and are said to have been made more than three hundred years ago.

“The staircase consists of thirty marble steps, with a broad landing about half-way up. The steps are so broad that they take up three arches of the arcade, and they are beautifully inlaid in front with marbles of different colors arranged in the tracery of a vine. There is a fine balustrade of white marble, inlaid with panels of colored marbles.

“This staircase takes us to the second story of the palace. Then

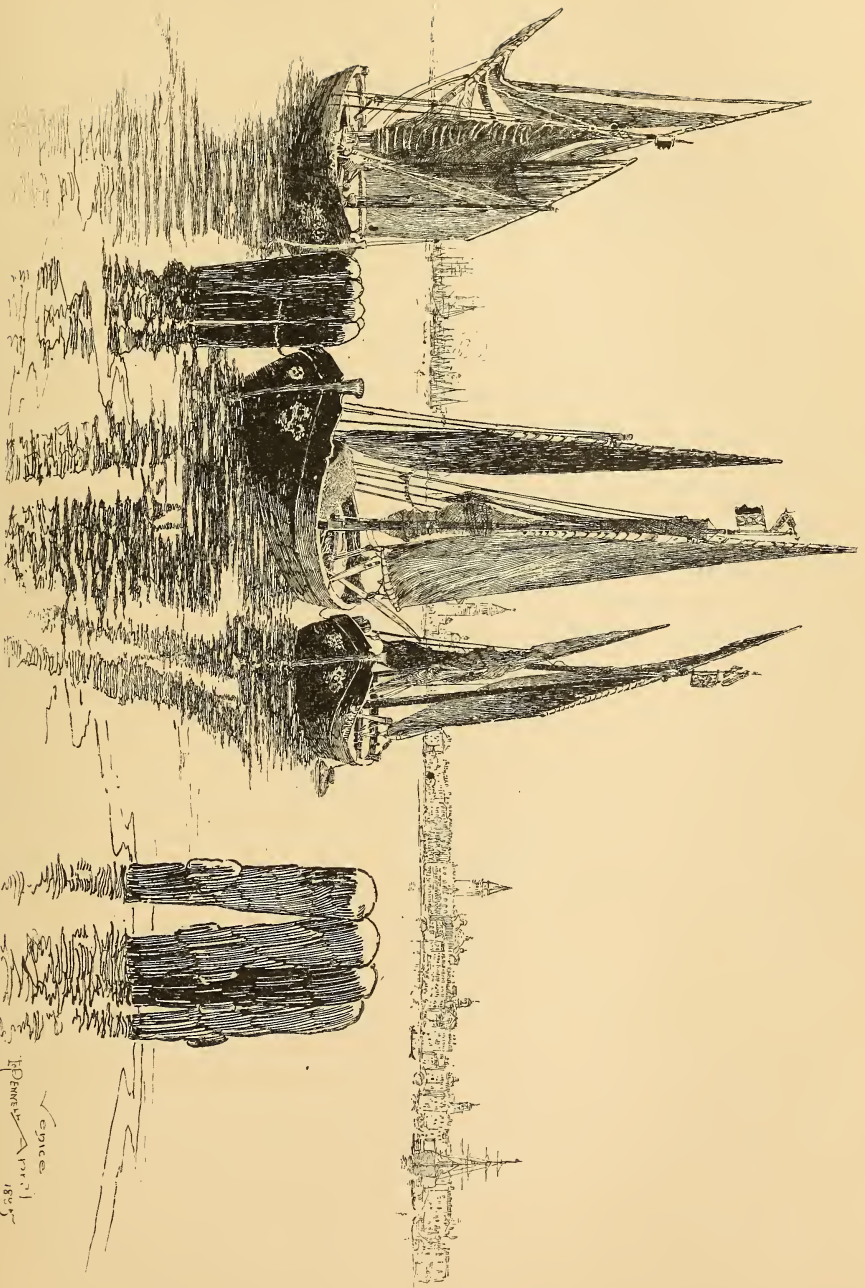
we follow along the colonnade towards the centre of the building till we come to the Golden Staircase, which leads to the third story. Mary remarked that the stairway belied its name, because there was no gold about it; whereupon Fred explained that the name came from the circumstance that nobody was allowed to use it unless his name was to be found in the Golden Book, which contained a list of privileged persons. It is a magnificent staircase, constructed of marble, and with an arched ceiling which is richly decorated with panels in gilt stucco and fresco. It must have cost a great deal of money, and taken a great deal of time in its construction and adornment.

“These are not by any means the only staircases in the palace, as there are several of them intended for ordinary use. All through the palace there are magnificent works of art—statues, paintings, and the like—which indicate the former wealth of the city, and its appreciation of the sculptors and artists of the time of its prosperity. To give you a list of the pictures and of the paintings and statuary that adorn the palaces would make a wearisome catalogue, which you would not be likely to take the trouble to read or preserve.

“The Hall of the Grand Council was one of the first of the apartments that we visited. It is 55 yards long by 26 in width, and the ceiling is 50 feet high—at least, that is what the custodian told us. This was the meeting-place of the Nobili, whose names were written in the Golden Book, and who constituted the highest authority in the Republic. The frieze of the hall is ornamented with the portraits of seventy-six doges, and the walls are covered with twenty-one large pictures commemorating the battles in which the Republic was victorious.

“On the eastern wall is Tintoretto’s ‘Paradise,’ which is said to be the largest oil-painting in the world. The portrait of one of the doges is covered with a black cloth, and an inscription beneath it shows that the cloth hides the features of Marino Faliero. Perhaps you wonder who he was. According to history, he incited the plebeians to a conspiracy against the nobles, in which the latter were to have been assassinated. The plot was revealed by one of the conspirators; and Faliero was tried for his crime, and beheaded in 1355. Lord Byron wrote a very interesting drama upon the subject.”

Mrs. Bassett remarked that she supposed Faliero was a young and ambitious man, and was very much surprised when told that he was eighty years old at the time of his execution. She wondered how a man of that age could think of entering into a conspiracy, when it was quite unlikely that he would live long enough to see it carried out.



IN THE HARBOR OF VENICE. CAMPANILE, ST. MARK'S, AND DOGEE'S PALACE IN THE BACKGROUND.

Engraved by
P. P. P. P.
1855

“Another large hall in the palace is that of the Senate, which is 100 feet long by 50 feet in width, with a ceiling about 35 feet high. Its walls and ceilings are as richly decorated as those of the other halls. The Venetian Senate used to meet there, and the room opens into the anteroom of the chapel of the Doge. From the chapel one can go into the audience hall, where the Doge used to receive the foreign ambassadors with a great deal of ceremony.

“The frescos which adorn the audience hall are historical and religious, and were mostly made by Tintoretto. In fact, before we got through with the Palace of the Doges we came to the conclusion that Tintoretto was certainly one of the most industrious artists that ever lived, even if he painted no more than we saw in this one building. His real name was Robusti, and he assumed that of Tintoretto from the occupation of his father, who was a dyer. He was born at Venice, in 1512, and his son and daughter were both painters of no mean ability. It has been suggested that they must have helped him with his work; but, whether this be the case or not, it is very certain that few artists of any time have ever surpassed him in rapidity of execution.

“I cannot remember the names of all the rooms in the palace that we went through, but I do remember the Library, the Museum, and the Hall of Scrutiny, together with the rooms of the busts, bronzes, and the scarlet robes. In the Hall of Scrutiny the doges were chosen by the electors appointed for that duty, and their meetings must certainly have been very interesting for a spectator.

“We were all curious to see the Hall of the Bussola. It is not a very large hall, but is famous on account of its connection with the Bussola, or Lion’s Mouth, where those who wished to accuse anybody deposited their accusation. The papers were dropped into the Lion’s Mouth, in the exterior hall, and went down his throat into an iron chest which was concealed in the wall. The door of this chest opened into the Hall of the Bussola, which was the anteroom of the Hall of the Council of Three, one of those infamous secret tribunals of which we read in the history of Venice. It was also the anteroom of the Council of Ten, the two halls being side by side.

“A chill came over all of us as we stood in the Hall of the Council of Ten, and looked at the long table surrounded with the original chairs in which the inquisitors used to sit and condemn to death many of the best citizens of Venice. There was no appeal from their sentence; their decrees were made; the victims were immediately arrested, forbidden to communicate with friends, imprisoned, and tortured as the

inquisitors might order, and finally put to death. And death was not always decreed to them in merciful ways; they were imprisoned in the dungeons in the basement of the palace, and starved and deprived of light and air until death came as a happy release from suffering.

“We were also shown to the Piombi, or prisons under the leaden roof of the palace; or, rather, we were shown the place where these prisons once stood, as they were destroyed in the year 1797, when the Republic fell.

“Before we left the building we were taken to the Pozzi, or dungeons where the victims of the Council of Ten were sent. They have not been used for a long time, and among all the prisons that I've ever seen they certainly appear to me the most dreadful. There are two tiers of dungeons, one above the other, ten dungeons in a tier, and constructed of solid stone masonry. The upper tier was for criminals, and the lower one for political offenders and suspects.

“We went into one of the dungeons, and found the door of it so low that we had to stoop almost to a creeping posture. The room is twelve feet long, perhaps eight feet high, and of the same width. The ceiling is arched; the floor is of cement, as hard as stone; and there is no furniture whatever, except a stone pillow set in the floor. In some instances we were told that in place of this fixed pillow there was a common paving-stone which took its place.

“We went through the Bridge of Sighs into the prison, and found that there were two passage-ways. The story is that one of these was used for criminals, and the other for political victims. According to another account, when prisoners were taken before the Council of Ten to hear their sentence to death they were led through one of the passage-ways, but on their return were taken through the other. How much truth there is in either of these statements I am unable to say.”



A SANDOLO.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARSENAL; TROPHIES OF VENETIAN WARS; ANCIENT GALLEY; GALLEY-SLAVES, AND THEIR LIFE; THE *BUCINTORO*.—CEREMONY OF MARRYING VENICE TO THE ADRIATIC.—ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, AND OTHER SIGHTS.—THE LIDO.—A VISIT TO MURANO; ITS FAMOUS INDUSTRY.—VENETIAN GLASS, AND HOW IT IS MADE.—WHAT OUR FRIENDS HEARD AND SAW AT MURANO; DESCRIPTION OF MURANO IN 1495.—LEAVING VENICE; EXAMINATION OF BAGGAGE.—A FREE PORT.—PADUA, AND ITS CHURCH.—ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.—THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT, AND HOW IT IS ADMINISTERED.—THE KING AND PARLIAMENT.—COUNT CAVOUR, AND WHAT HE DID.—FORMATION OF THE KINGDOM.—VERONA.—THE QUADRILATERAL.



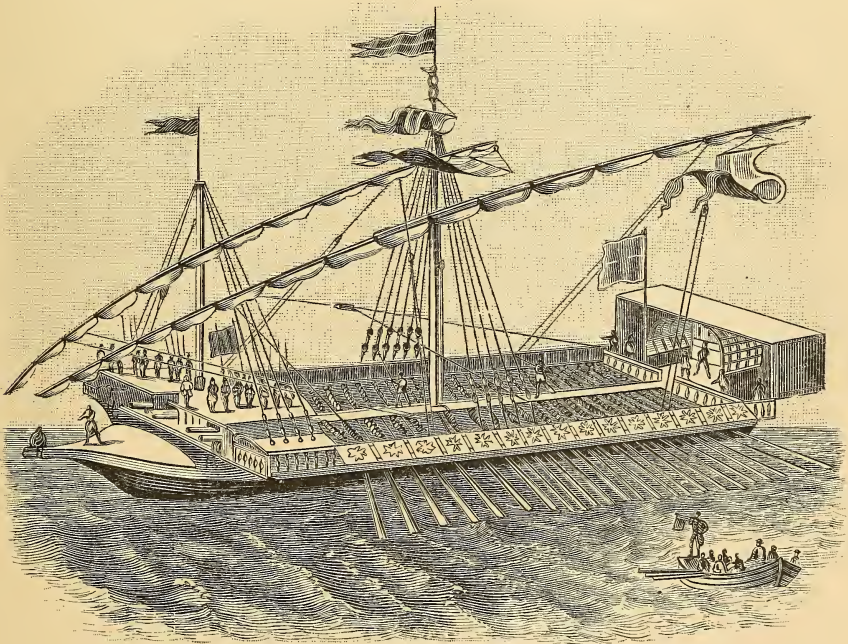
VENETIAN SAILS.

THE visit to the Doge's Palace, although interesting, was fatiguing, and when our friends came upon the quay Mrs. Bassett suggested that an hour or so in a gondola would be agreeable. Accordingly a boat was engaged, and the party started for a brief excursion, in which they could combine resting and sight-seeing in a very comfortable way.

At Frank's suggestion they went to the Arsenal, which is said to have employed 20,000 workmen during the time of the highest prosperity of the Republic, but at present it has fewer than 2000. Considerable portions of the Arsenal are unoccupied, and there is little sign of

activity about the place. Frank called attention to the handsome gateway, which is said to be more than 400 years old, and is ornamented by four very ancient lions which were brought from Greece in 1687. One of them is thought to have stood on the battle-field of Marathon; its body is covered with inscriptions in the Greek language, but they are so worn and defaced that they are no longer legible.

One of the objects of interest in the Arsenal is the model of an ancient Venetian vessel, and our friends were greatly interested in examining it. The Venetians were among the earliest navigators to make use of sails, but for a very long time in the early history of the Republic their vessels were propelled by means of oars. Some of the Venetian



GALLEY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

galleys had two or three tiers of oars, and the work of propelling a boat in this way was exceedingly tiresome. The largest of the Venetian galleys had a length of 150 feet and more, and they carried twelve guns. Most of the oarsmen were convicts or prisoners of war, and they were encouraged to labor by means of the lash. When the galleys

went into battle the convicts, or galley-slaves, were chained to their seats, so that they could not desert their posts; and if the vessel happened to be sunk, the slaves went down with it. The life of a convict on one of these vessels was very hard, and the phrase "suffering like a galley-slave" has become proverbial. In ancient times the severest punishment next to death was to be sent to the galleys.

There is a fine collection of weapons in the Arsenal, though it is only a small portion of what was formerly there, the greater part of the collection having been carried away by the Austrians in 1866, when Venice was ceded to Italy. Frank and Fred were particularly interested in looking at the great assortment of weapons and means of defence, and especially at the suit of armor of Henry IV. of France, which was presented to the Republic, and also at the armor of some of the doges of Venice in the days when that sort of clothing was fashionable. The guide called their attention to several instruments of torture, from which they quickly turned away to inspect the iron helmet of Attila, King of the Huns, and the banners that were carried or captured in the battles in which Venice was victorious.

Mrs. Bassett and Mary were interested in looking at the remains of the *Bucintoro*, a vessel which had been carefully preserved down to the end of the last century, when it was destroyed by the French at the time of the capture of Venice. This was the barge on which the Doge went annually, on Ascension Day, to perform the marriage ceremony between Venice and the Adriatic.

"You know," said Mary to her mother, "that it was a custom, which had been ordained by one of the Popes, to marry the city to the sea. The ceremony was a very grand one, and the Doge went on this vessel, followed by a whole fleet of other craft, to the channel which forms the entrance to the harbor. There he threw a ring into the sea as he pronounced the words which united it with the city."

Evidently the barge was a very handsome one, as the portion of it that still exists is covered with carved and gilded figures. Mrs. Bassett suggested that she would like very much to obtain one of the rings with which the ceremony was performed, and asked Frank if he knew whether any of the fishermen of Venice had ever dredged for them. Frank was inclined to doubt if such dredging had ever been undertaken; but he said he was confident that any museum of antiquities in Venice would offer to procure one of the precious rings, provided a satisfactory price were paid for it when delivered.

After visiting the Arsenal, the party returned to the boat and con-

tinued their excursion. We will not undertake to follow them throughout all their journey, which included, before the day was ended, several churches, the Academy of Fine Arts, the public gardens, and other places of interest. Instead of returning to the hotel for dinner, they dined at one of the restaurants overlooking the Square of St. Mark, and they did not forget to be in the square at two o'clock, the time for



THE "BUCINTORO."

the feeding of the pigeons. The evening was devoted to another moonlight excursion, which was quite as much enjoyed as was the first one.

On their third day they made an excursion to the Lido, one of the long sandy islands which separates the harbor of Venice from the Adriatic. They combined this visit with a trip to Murano, an island which is interesting on account of its extensive manufacture of glass vessels and beads, together with mosaics and other things in glass, crystal, and stone. The manufacture of these articles is one of the industries of Venice, and our friends all agreed that they would have regretted very much had they omitted visiting the island.

While they were on their trip to Murano, Fred explained that the manufacture of glass was established there more than 600 years ago. At one time the glass of Venice was considered superior to that of any

part of the world, and thousands of workmen were employed in the industry. Specimens of the ancient manufacture are not easy to find at the present time. The best work of Murano was done in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and some of the arts of coloring and otherwise beautifying the glass have been altogether lost. Of late years there has been a revival of the industry, and some of the articles produced by the modern workers are of very fine quality.

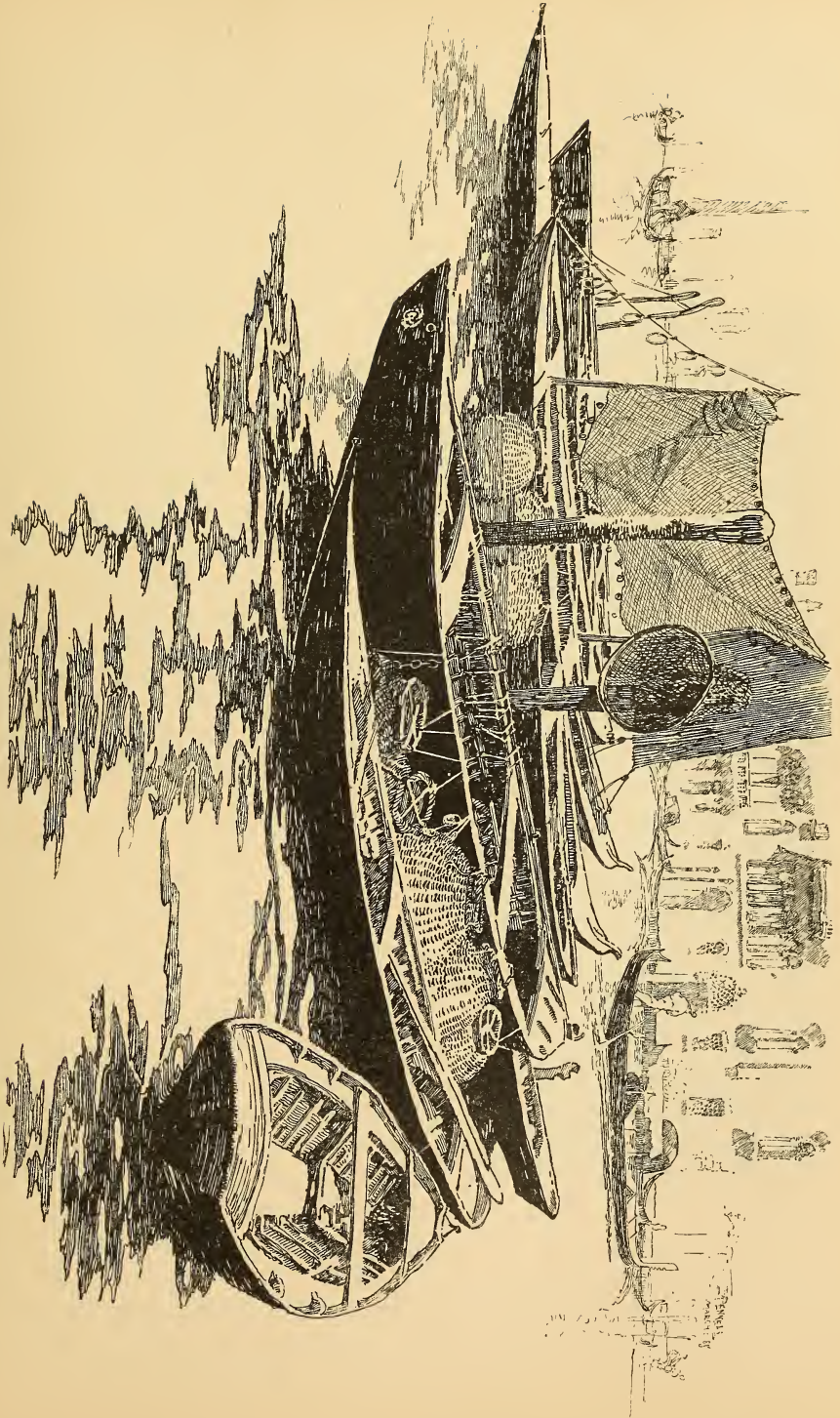
On their arrival at the factory our friends were taken in charge by one of the officials of the establishment, and received every attention. Of course the attention was not entirely disinterested, as it was expected that the visitors would make purchases of souvenirs, and this expectation did not result in disappointment.

Frank explained to his mother that of all the people who had made glass-work a special industry, the Venetians were the most famous for their artistic varieties and qualities. It is thought that the art of glass-making was brought to Venice from Constantinople and Egypt about the twelfth century, or, possibly, early in the thirteenth. According to history, water-bottles and table-ware were made in Venice in 1268, and less than ten years later the Government made a law forbidding exportations of the materials used in the manufacture of glass. The Government did everything to make the industry a national monopoly, and it succeeded so well that the best specimens of Venetian work controlled the markets of the world for a very long time.

Other countries established the glass industry, but none of them succeeded in rivalling the work of the Venetians. The Venetian Government also made the art of glass-making a matter of nobility, and conferred special privileges on the guild of glass-makers. They were exempt from trial in the inferior courts, but were under the special jurisdiction of the famous (and infamous) Council of Ten. To show how extensive the industry was 400 years ago, we will quote from Coccio Sabellico's account of his visit to Venice about 1495. He thus describes his visit to Murano:

“There is a street which might, from the magnificence and size of its edifices to those who beheld it from afar, appear a city; it extends a mile in length, and is illustrious on account of its glass-houses. A famous invention first proved that glass might feign the whiteness of crystal; and as the wits of men are active and not slothful in adding something to inventions, they soon began to turn the material into various colors and numberless forms. Hence came cups, beakers, tankards, caldrons, ewers, candlesticks, animals of every sort, horns, necklaces; hence all things that can delight mankind; hence whatever can attract the eyes of mortals; and what we could dare hardly to hope

VENETIAN FISHING-BOATS.

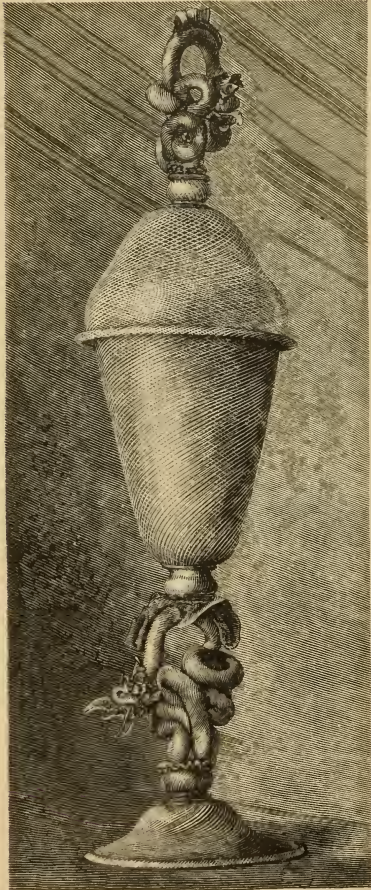


for, there is no kind of precious stone which cannot be imitated by the industry of the glass-workers. Consider it to whom it did occur to include in a little ball all the sorts of flowers which clothe the meadows in spring! Nor has the invention been confined to one house or family; the street glows for the most part with the furnaces of this kind."

"Murano does not equal that now," said Mrs. Bassett, when Frank read to her the foregoing paragraph. "There is certainly no street a mile long, or even the half of it, devoted to glass-making."

"Perhaps the statement of the length of the street is a little exaggerated," Frank replied; "but there is no doubt of the importance of the industry at that time. It was a period of great prosperity in glass-making, and that it was carefully cared for is shown by the rules made by the Government for its regulation. Any Venetian workman who went to another country and taught the principles of his craft was condemned to death, and secret emissaries were sent to carry out the sentence. A decree was issued in 1549 that any workmen who were caught leaving the country should be fined and sent to the galleys, and no foreigners could be employed in the glass-houses. It is fair for us to say that very few workmen were inclined to go abroad, partly on account of the risk they ran, and partly because their skill was well rewarded at home.

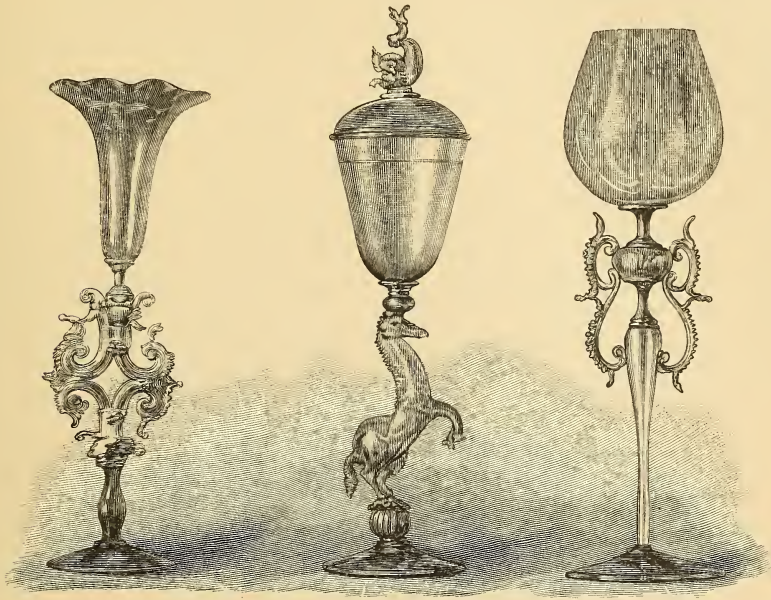
"In the year 1500 there were twenty-four establishments at Murano devoted to the manufacture of glass-ware, and during the period of the greatest prosperity of the industry—the fifteenth, the sixteenth, and seven-



MURANO CUP OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

teenth centuries—Murano had 30,000 inhabitants, where it now has only four or five thousand. Every owner of a factory was required to contribute a certain sum of money annually for the support of old or

disabled workers in glass, or for those out of employment, and also for the support of schools of inventive designs. There were the most rigid rules in regard to apprenticeship and the admission of an apprentice as a master-workman. Every workman before his admission



CUPS IN MULTICOLORED GLASS.

was required to prove his skill by the manufacture of certain objects in glass. A proprietor or a master-workman who had served ten years at his occupation and then failed in business, or had no means of support, received a pension which placed him above actual want. When there was an excess of master-workmen, it was forbidden to increase the number from the apprentices until business had revived and there was an actual demand for more labor."

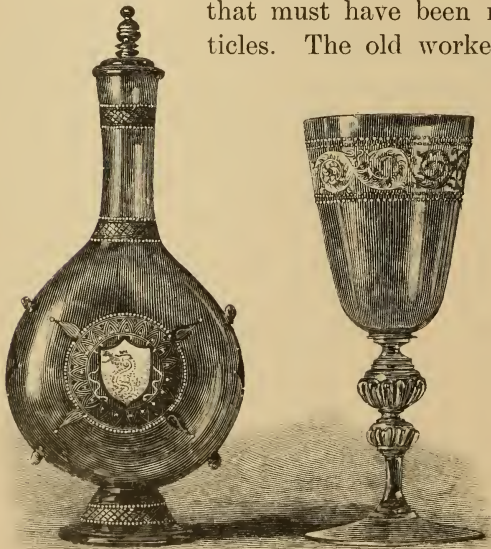
During their visit to Murano, Frank and Fred, assisted by Mary, made some notes on the subject of glass-making, from which we are permitted to take the following graphic description :

"We cannot begin to tell you about all the beautiful things in glass that we have seen. The glass-makers of Murano, at the present time, have successfully imitated many of the best examples of the work of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; we saw some of the

modern specimens side by side with the ancient ones from which they were copied, and the imitation was so perfect that it was not easy to distinguish the new from the old. The workmen possessed wonderful skill in blending different colors; sometimes there are two colors in the body of a cup or drinking-glass, one on the outside and the other on the inside. Sometimes the body of a cup or vase will be made of colorless glass, and then a variety of colors laid on in threads, or twisted in various fantastic ways, appear on the outside or on the handles, and all blended in the greatest harmony.

“Some of the glasses are very profusely enamelled and gilded. Originally this style of work was confined to the heavier objects, as they required considerable strength of material, but as the art progressed this blending of colors was carried into very delicate pieces of work. Sometimes there are decorations in the shape of pictures, such as portraits, processions, coats of arms, and inscriptions, together with lace and scroll work, and various complicated designs.

“Others, again, are ornamented with flowers or garlands, and we are greatly impressed with the amount of patience that must have been required to produce these articles. The old workers at one time used to paint



BOTTLE AND GOBLET.

the inner surfaces of cups and dishes with oil colors, and then cover them with a glazing to protect them from injury. Great skill was required in the preparation of these articles, and a large proportion of them were destroyed by accident in the furnace when the finishing touches were being applied. Consequently these things are very scarce and very dear. One was shown to us for which \$5000 was asked, but it is proper to say that we did not buy it.

“We saw a good many specimens of glass with a rough surface, as if it had been frosted. There were two kinds of these specimens, some

of them simply crackened or roughened in colorless glass, while others were crusted with minute bits or particles of glass in different colors. When one of these articles is held in the sunlight the effect is very brilliant, and suggests the kaleidoscope.

“They showed us groups of figures and statuettes in enamelled glass, and we saw a vast number of lamps, beads, frames, and chandeliers, till we were almost bewildered by their number and variety. Some of the prettiest things we saw were engraved with the points of



FANCY GLASSES WITH COLORED HANDLES.

diamonds, and they told us that this form of work was invented in the seventeenth century. They showed us a specimen of the work of one of the old artists in this line, with delicate patterns of lace so fine that a magnifying-glass was needed to take in all their beauties.

“When the Republic fell to pieces—in the capture of Venice by the French, near the end of the last century—the glass industry of Murano ceased almost entirely. Some attempts were made to revive it during the first half of the present century, but nothing of consequence was accomplished until about thirty years ago, when a company was formed with sufficient capital to begin work on a reasonably extensive scale. Judging from what we have seen, the modern glass-works have made splendid progress in the revival of what at one time seemed to be a lost art. It takes a good judge to detect the difference.

“We made several purchases of cups, vases, beads, and various kinds of ornaments, and saw them carefully packed for shipment to America. We hope and believe they will arrive safely, and we shall take great pleasure in showing them to our friends when we reach home and explaining their beauties and peculiarities.”

Several days were passed very pleasantly at Venice, and then our friends took their departure in the direction of Verona. The distance between the two cities is a trifle over seventy miles, and the journey by railway is accomplished in from three to four hours, according to the rapidity of the train. When they reached the railway station at Venice, Mrs. Bassett was surprised to find that the baggage of the party was taken into the custom-house for examination.

“I don’t understand this,” said she. “We have had our baggage examined a good many times when we arrived at European cities, but how does it happen that it is examined on our departure. They didn’t look at it at all when we arrived.”

“Oh,” replied Frank, “that is easily explained. Venice is a free port, and consequently there is no occasion for the examination of baggage on arrival. We are going now into a part of Italy where the rules of the custom-house prevail, and therefore the officials wish to look through our trunks, in order to make sure that we are carrying no goods liable to duty and thus diminishing the national revenue.”

“Oh, I understand now,” said Mrs. Bassett. “There are no tariffs on coming into Venice or going out of it by sea to foreign countries, but there are duties upon goods going from here by land.”

“That’s it exactly,” replied Frank. “The port of Venice resembles Malta, Gibraltar, and some other of the free ports of the world. It was made a free port in order to encourage commerce, and also to preserve one of the ancient rights of the city in the time of its independence.”

The examination was not at all rigid. Some of the trunks were opened sufficiently to allow the officials to glance at their contents, while others were not opened at all. The customs authorities throughout the Continent generally have learned by experience that parties of tourists are not likely to engage in smuggling, and the few dutiable objects they may have purchased for their individual use are not worthy of serious consideration in nineteen cases out of twenty.

The train crossed the long bridge which was mentioned at the beginning of our narrative, and speedily reached the main-land. The first station of consequence on the railway was the ancient town of Padua, which is called Padova by the Italians. Mrs. Bassett asked if Padua

was famous for anything, whereupon Frank said it was a town of great antiquity, as it traced its origin, by tradition at least, to a brother-in-law of Priam, King of Troy. It was the wealthiest town in Northern Italy during the reign of Augustus, and was formerly more prosperous than at present. At the beginning of the fifteenth century it



AT THE PUBLIC WELL.—MORNING SCENE IN VENICE.

placed itself under the protection of Venice, and adhered to the Republic until the dissolution of the latter and the loss of all its possessions at the end of the eighteenth century.

Frank further said there was a university founded at Padua by the

Emperor Ferdinand II., and that it had been famous down to the present day, and is still in a state of prosperity.

"Padua," said Fred, "contains a famous church, which is known as San Antonio; it covers more ground than the Church of St. Mark at Venice, and was begun in the thirteenth century, but not completed until the fourteenth. The bones of St. Anthony of Padua are preserved in this church, and are the object of constant adoration on the part of the faithful. There are several other churches in Padua," he continued, "but I do not think it is worth our while to stop and examine them."

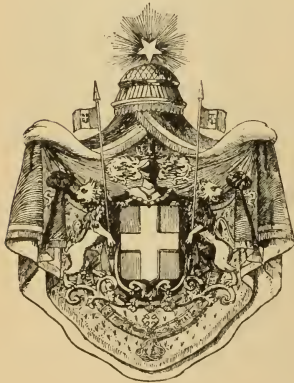
As he concluded the train continued its course, stopping briefly at Vicenza, and then continuing to Verona. As they left Vicenza, Mary suggested to Fred that she was afraid he had forgotten something.

"I don't think I have. What is it that I have forgotten?"

"Why," she answered, "here we have been several days in Italy, and you have not told us anything about the Government of the country and who compose it."

"Yes, that is true," Fred answered. "I owe you an apology for my neglect, and will tell you something on the subject at once if you will listen."

"In some respects Italy is a paradox," said Fred. "It is one of the oldest countries of Europe, and, as a kingdom, one of the newest. Twenty-five hundred years before the Christian era Italy was known as Saturnia, and was fabled to have been ruled by Saturn during the Golden Age. It was invaded by the Pelasgians from Greece, and the union of these invaders with the aboriginal races formed the Latin race, which today occupies the principal portion of Southern Europe.



ITALIAN COAT OF ARMS.

"The early accounts of the country are mixed up with a great deal of fable, and from the year 753 B.C., when Rome was founded, the history of Italy seems to have been absorbed in that of Rome. For many hundred years Italy was desolated by internal and external wars, and it was divided several times among the then powerful and turbulent countries of Germany, Spain, and France."

"Did those countries possess Italy all at the same time?" Mary asked, with an astonished look.

“There were times,” replied Fred, “when each one of them held some portion of the country; but Spain predominated in Italy during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and was succeeded in power by Austria at the beginning of the eighteenth century. In 1797–98 the victories of Napoleon Bonaparte put the government of Italy into the



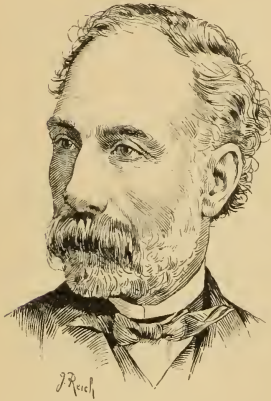
MARTYRDOM OF ST. GEORGE.—[Fresco in the Church of St. Anthony of Padua.]

hands of the French, but the Austrians re-established their rule after the general peace of the memorable year 1814.”

“Properly speaking, then,” said Mary, “there was no kingdom of Italy at that time, the name of Italy being applied to the whole peninsula, just as the peninsula comprising Norway and Sweden is known as Scandinavia, though there’s really no such country.”

“Yes, that’s exactly the case,” said Fred, with an encouraging nod; “there was no kingdom of Italy down to 1859. There were the kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples, and the Grand-duchies and Duchies of Piedmont, Lombardy, Tuscany, Modena, and Parma; while in the

middle of the peninsula, with Rome as its centre, were the Papal States, which were governed by the Pope."



FRANCESCO CRISPI, MINISTER OF
THE INTERIOR.

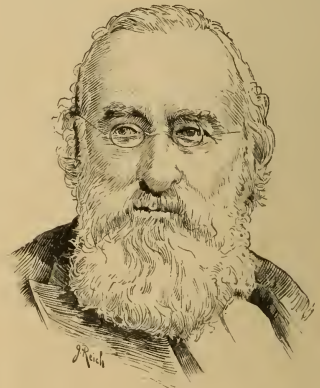
"How did the union of all these kingdoms and duchies and principalities come about?" queried Mary, with interest.

"Well, it's rather a long story," replied Fred; "but the beginning of the movement dates to the time of the Crimean War. France and England, as you know, were at war with Russia. Sardinia sent a contingent of troops to fight on the side of the allied forces of French and English. It was not a very large contingent; but the sending of it was a shrewd political move on the part of Count Cavour, who was then Prime-minister of Sardinia. He foresaw that, in consequence of sending these troops, the end of the war would result in bringing Sardinia into the circle of nations, and give it a voice in settling the

terms of the treaty. The result was exactly as he had anticipated, and Sardinia, for the first time, attained a prominent position among the nations of Europe."

"Yes," said Mary; "I have read about Count Cavour. He was a very wise and able statesman, was he not?"

"He was, indeed," said Fred, "one of the ablest statesmen that Europe has ever known. He was the son of a merchant of Nice, and his mother was a Swiss, or a French lady, of Geneva. In his younger days he was associated with his father in the grain trade, and spent several years in foreign travel. There was an insurrection in Lombardy and Venice in 1848 and 1849 against the Austrian rule; the insurgents were defeated, and the Austrian yoke was made more burdensome than it had ever been before. At that time Count Cavour was publishing a Liberal paper, and he defended the cause of Italian independence in his speeches and editorial articles. Naturally he became very popular through his



AGOSTINO DEPRETIS, MINISTER OF WAR.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.—[From the painting by Murillo.]



course; he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1849, and immediately obtained political prominence in Italy and elsewhere.

“After the close of the war with Russia, Count Cavour devoted himself to the liberation and unity of Italy, and he induced France to come

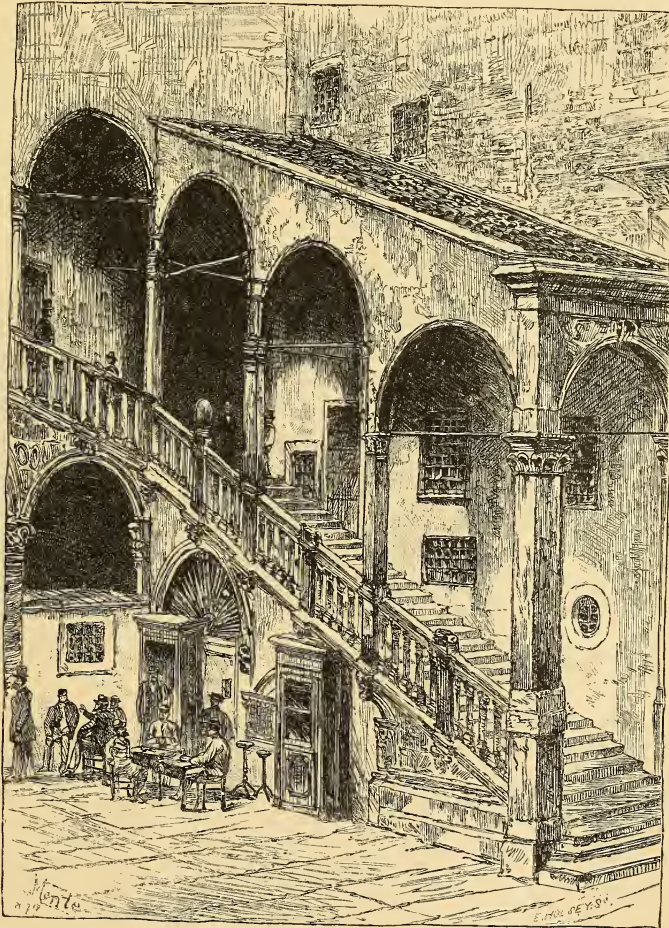


COUNT CAVOUR.

to the aid of Sardinia in 1859 in a war against Austria. The war resulted in the complete defeat of the Austrians and the annexation of Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena to Sardinia. In the following year (1860) Sicily and Naples were liberated mainly through the efforts of Garibaldi, and were united with Sardinia to form the Kingdom of Italy. There you have the story, and it illustrates what I told you at the start: that Italy, though one of the oldest countries of Europe, is one of its newest kingdoms.”

“The Papal States did not become part of the Kingdom of Italy at that time, did they?” Mary asked, as Fred paused.

“No; not until ten years later,” Fred replied. “It was in October, 1870, that the Papal Territories were absorbed into the kingdom, all ex-



COURT OF THE TOWN-HALL, VERONA.

cepting the Vatican at Rome, which still remains under the exclusive control of the Pope. The capital is now at Rome; previous to the union with the Papal States it was at Florence, and before that, for a short time after the formation of the kingdom, it was at Turin.”

“What kind of a Government do you call that of Italy?” Mrs. Bassett asked. She had been listening intently to the conversation.

“The Government of Italy is a limited monarchy,” Fred responded. “The Constitution is an expansion of that which was granted in 1848 by King Charles Albert of Sardinia to his subjects. The executive power belongs exclusively to the King, and is exercised by him through responsible ministers. The legislative authority rests conjointly in the King and Parliament. The Parliament consists of two Houses like the Parliament of Great Britain or the Congress of the United States.

“The Upper House is called the *Senato*, or Senate, and it is composed of princes of the Royal House, and others who are nominated by the King for life. The Lower House is called the *Camera de' Deputati*, or Chamber of Deputies, and the members are elected by the people, just as the members of the Lower House of Congress in the United States are elected by the people. Each of the Chambers has the right of introducing new bills the same as the Government, but all money bills must originate in the Chamber of Deputies. The sittings of both Chambers are open to the public. The members of the Lower House are elected for terms of five years. The King has the power to dissolve the House at any time, but he must order a new election and a new meeting of the Chamber within four months, and he is also required to call the Parliament together annually, even though he may not wish it.”

“What salaries do the members of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies receive?” was the next question; it was propounded by Mary.

“They receive no salary whatever,” Fred replied, “except that they may travel free on railways and steamboats. The members of the Upper House must be persons of prominence in science, literature, or any other pursuit which tends to the benefit of the nation, or they must pay taxes to the annual amount of £120 sterling, or \$600. There is no limit to the number of members in the Senate, the King being allowed to nominate as many as he chooses, provided they come within the requirements of the law. The number of Deputies is one to every 57,000 of the population. No salaried Government official can be elected to the position of Deputy; and the law also excludes all persons ordained for the priesthood and filling clerical charges, or receiving pay from the Government. Officers in the Army and Navy, and various other classes of functionaries high in office, may be elected, but their number must never be more than forty. The number of Deputies varies according to the population. For several years it has exceeded five hundred, and there are about three hundred and forty Senators.”

“How does the King exercise the executive power?” was the question which naturally followed the foregoing statement.

“He has a ministry, divided into eleven departments,” the youth answered. “The highest officer of his ministry is the President of the Council and Minister of the Interior. Then come the ministers in the



VERONA FROM PONTE NUOVO.

following order, according to their rank: Foreign Affairs, Finance, Treasury, Justice and Religious Affairs, War and Marine; and then the Ministers of Commerce, Industry, and Agriculture, of Public Instruction, of Public Works, and of Posts and Telegraphs.”

Fred was about to say something concerning local government in Italy. He had mentioned the circumstance that the two principal elective local administrative bodies are the Communal Councils and the Provincial Councils; but suddenly Frank reminded him that they were approaching Verona, the domes of the churches being in sight.

“We ought to know a little about this city before we enter it,” said Frank.

“Very well,” replied Fred; “suppose you tell us.”

“I shall tell you very briefly,” responded his cousin, “as our time

is short, and we shall soon be at the railway station. According to history, Verona was founded by the Gauls or Etruscans, and a great battle was fought here one hundred and one years before the Christian era. The emperor Titus built the amphitheatre in the year 82, and the city and surrounding country have been the scene of many battles."

"Yes," said Mary, slyly glancing at the book she held in her hand, and concealed by a handkerchief. "Verona was taken by Constantine in 312, and it was here that Theodoric defeated Odoacer in 489; Charlemagne captured Verona in 774; there were several battles here in the next six or seven hundred years, and the city was taken by the Venetians in 1405. They held it with occasional intermissions until it was captured by the French in 1796, and there have been several battles here in modern times. We'll learn about them later; the train is slowing up, and we must be ready to step to the platform when it stops."

The railway station at Verona is outside the city, and our friends were interested in looking at the walls as they passed through the massive gateway leading to the interior. Frank explained to his mother that Verona was one of the most important fortified towns in Northern Italy, and, next to Venice, it was the most populous in the province of Venetia. He said it belonged to the Quadrilateral, or Quadrangle, which had become famous in the wars that had been fought in this vicinity in modern times.

"I remember reading something once in an American newspaper about the Quadrilateral, and the elbows of the Mincio," Mrs. Bassett answered, "but cannot remember exactly what it was."

"The Quadrilateral consists of four strong fortresses," Frank explained, "which were held for a long time by the Austrians, and surrendered to the Italians in 1866, after the war in which Austria was so severely defeated by Germany and Italy. The fortresses of the Quadrilateral are Peschiera, on an island in the Mincio; Mantua, on the same river; and Verona and Legnago, which are both on the Adige. These four cities, with their forts, form the Quadrilateral, or Quadrangle, of which you read in the paper mentioned.

"There is the Adige, I suppose," said Mrs. Bassett, pointing to the river which they had crossed while Frank was speaking.

"Yes," he replied; "that is the river which has played a very prominent part in the wars that have devastated this part of Italy. Several times it has prevented battles because of the hesitation of generals to cross it, and on other occasions the struggles for the possession of its banks have led to great bloodshed."

CHAPTER IV.

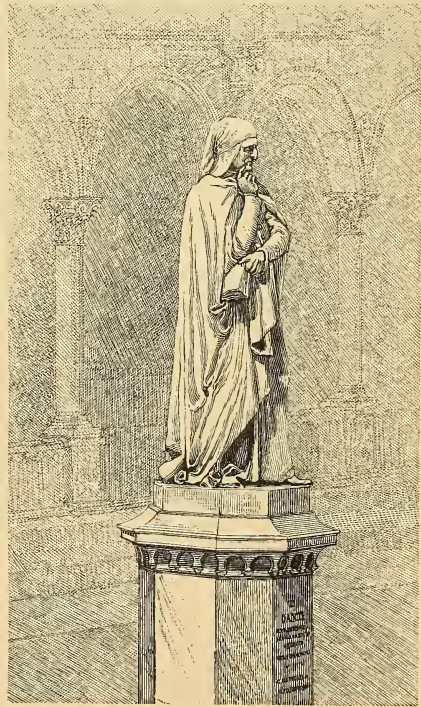
THE ARENA AT VERONA; ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION; USES THAT ARE MADE OF IT.—THE LOTTERY IN ITALY.—THE TOMBS OF THE SCALIGERS.—HISTORY OF THE DELLA SCALA FAMILY.—MARY'S QUESTION.—DANTE; HIS LIFE AT VERONA; MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY; SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.—ROMEO AND JULIET; JULIET'S TOMB; THE HOUSE OF THE CAPULETS; STORY OF JULIET.—DA PORTA AND HIS NARRATIVE.—A SENTIMENTAL VISIT.—THE PIAZZA DELL'ERBE.—BUILDING OF THE MUNICIPIO.—CATHEDRAL AND CHURCH OF SAN ZENO; TITIAN'S PAINTING; ST. ZENO'S SERMONS.—PAUL VERONESE AND HIS HISTORY.—EXCURSION TO THE BATTLE-FIELD OF CUSTOZZA.—VILLAFRANCA AND SOLFERINO.—TREATY OF ZURICH.

MRS. BASSETT asked what was to be seen in Verona, and how long it was expected they would remain there.

“As to the length of our stay,” said Frank, “I cannot say exactly. Many travellers come here and see the sights of the place in one day, but, as we are not in a great hurry, we will probably remain longer. One of the first things to look at is the Amphitheatre, or Arena, as it is called here, which stands in the principal square; it is not very far from the hotel, and we will not fail to visit it as soon as you wish after our arrival.”

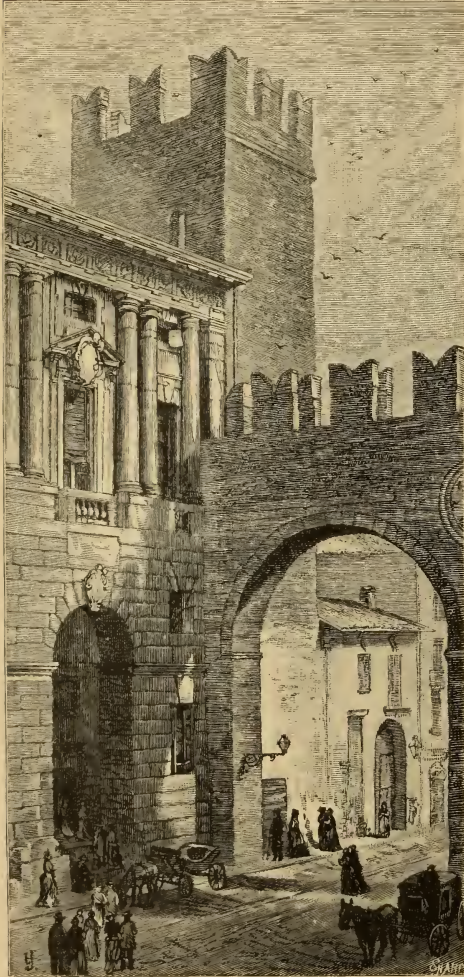
“Very well,” was the reply. “Mary and I will meet you in the parlor as soon as we have shaken off the dust of the journey from Venice, and brushed up a bit.”

The party was not long in as-



STATUE OF DANTE.

sembling. Frank had already consulted the map in his guide-book, and at once led the way to the Arena. As they entered the square where it is situated, Mrs. Bassett and her daughter made an exclamation of



A STREET IN VERONA.

surprise. The view burst upon them suddenly; they were not prepared for the magnificence of the structure, which seemed much larger than it really is, for the reason that it is surrounded by modern buildings of very ordinary height.

The party walked slowly around on the outside of the stone arches, and Mrs. Bassett said she was half inclined to go away without entering the structure, lest it might appear less grand on a closer acquaintance. She wished to know the extent of the Amphitheatre, whereupon Frank read from the guide-book the figures showing its dimensions, as follows:

“It is 182 yards long by 186 in width, and its circumference is 528 yards. The top of the highest part of the wall is 106 feet from the ground. On the outside there are 72 arcades; these arcades are rented for shops, and bring a considerable revenue to the city. The position in the public square makes it an excellent one for trade.”

While they stood looking at the Amphitheatre the sound of shouting came from the inside, and soon crowds of people emerged into the square. Mrs. Bassett thought there must have been a political meeting or a circus, and she asked Frank to ascertain the cause of the excitement.

Frank inquired at one of the shops, and found that the affair which brought the people together was nothing more than the drawing of a lottery. Then he explained to his mother that the lottery in Italy is a Government institution, from which a considerable revenue is derived.

“The Italians,” said he, “are liberal patrons of the lottery, and you find that the tickets are purchased by all classes of people. They are sold in the tobacco-shops and other places, and if the revenue derived from the lotteries were taken away it would make a serious deficiency in the resources of the kingdom. Perhaps I will have something more to tell you about Italian lotteries later in our journey; for the present we will dismiss the subject, and visit the interior of the Arena as soon as the crowd has left it.”

They found that the Arena, or the clear space inside it, was 240 feet long by about 150 feet in width. Around this level space there were 45 tiers of steps, each tier being 18 inches high and 26 inches wide, of gray marble. The calculation is that 25,000 spectators could sit in the Arena, and 70,000 more could stand; it could easily hold the entire population of Verona at the present time.

Whether it was ever crowded so that applicants for places were turned away, history does not tell us. The Arena was built towards the end of the first century, and is supposed to have been used for gladiatorial fights, combats of wild beasts with each other or with men, and for the slaughter of Christian martyrs, in the same way as the Colosseum at Rome was used. The edifice is in a fairly good state of preservation, though the greater part of the external wall has been carried away for building purposes. The Arena of Verona is better preserved than is the Colosseum at Rome, but not as well preserved as the famous Amphitheatre at Nîmes, in France.



DANTE.

When the curiosity of the strangers regarding the Arena was satisfied, Frank suggested that they would visit the tombs of the Scaligers, whereupon Mrs. Bassett asked who the Scaligers were.

"They were a celebrated family who were, for more than a century, Presidents of the Republic of Verona," Frank answered. "The most noted member of the family was Can Francesco della Scala, who was born about 1290; he died in 1329, having been ruler over Verona for nearly twenty years. History records that he was a liberal patron of literature and the fine arts, and his name was celebrated by the poet Dante, who was hospitably received at his court."

"Certainly we ought to see his tomb," said Mrs. Bassett. "He deserves a fine one, and probably received it."

"He made sure that he would have a fine monument," replied Frank, "because he had it made during his lifetime by one of the celebrated sculptors of the period. Here it is."

As Frank spoke the party found itself in front of a handsome monument, which consisted of a sarcophagus resting on a pedestal supported by columns; over it rose a canopy crowned with an equestrian statue of the prince who was supposed to be at rest there. On the square columns, in the middle of the structure, are six Christian heroes, while in niches higher up are symbolized the Christian virtues. Close by is a monument of another member of the family, which also has a sarcophagus with a canopy, and an equestrian statue. Then there are several monuments of the same general character, one of them being in memory of Can Grande II., who was assassinated in the public streets of Verona by his brother, so history tells us.

Mary asked if the inscription on the monument was anything like the one that was made upon a tombstone somewhere in the United States to the effect, "This monument was erected to the memory of — —, who was shot, as a mark of affection, by his brother."

Frank said he thought the builders of the memorial which they were contemplating did not deem it wise to comment about the affair, as the surviving brother was a man of power and likely to be sensitive on the subject; besides, it was a family matter, which did not concern outsiders, or, at least, he was likely to so regard it.

"If you wish to see any more monuments of the Scaligers," said Frank, "we will find them in the church close by, where there is the sarcophagus and equestrian statue of Can Grande I., and other memorials of the family that made itself so famous."

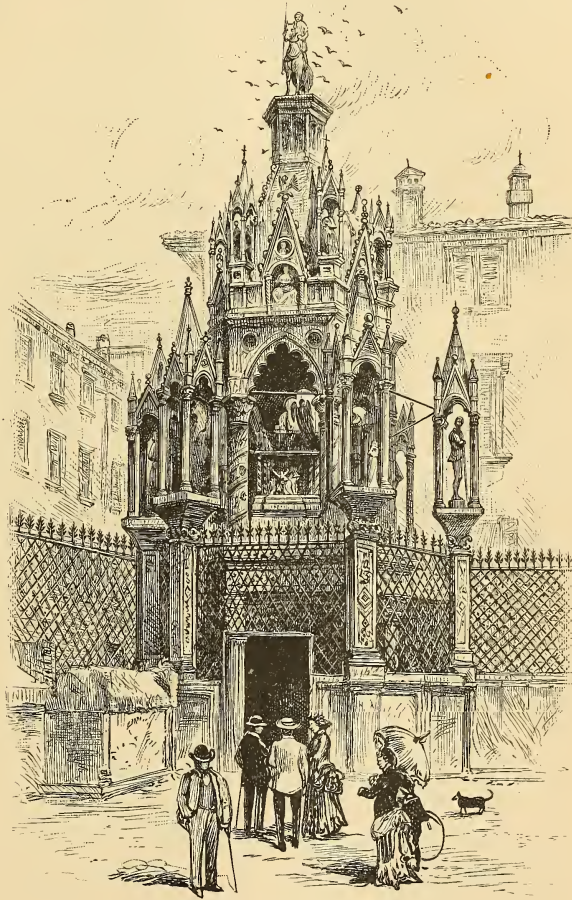
Mrs. Bassett thought that they had enough Scaligers to go around,

and would not need any more at present. Mary suggested that she would like some photographs of the monuments, and these were readily procured in a shop close by. As they walked away, Mary recalled to Frank his mention of the poet Dante, and asked if he was a native of Verona.

"I cannot answer that question," said Frank; "perhaps Fred can tell us. How was it, Fred?"

"Dante was not a native of Verona," replied Fred, "but of Florence, where he was born in May, 1265. He is considered by the critics the greatest poetical genius of his time, and, according to history, he was instructed in liberal studies and arts by the eminent scholars of his day, and was well-versed in Latin, Greek, and theology. He is said to have been very skilful in music, painting, and sculpture; but none of his work in those lines of art has descended to us. Like

most poets, not only of Italy but of other countries, he fell in love, and some of his earlier poems are devoted to that subject. In his case, as in that of others, 'the course of true love did not run smooth,' as the lady is said to have married somebody else, or, at all events, she did not marry him; but this circumstance did not keep him out of matrimony. He became united to a lady of noble family named Donati; but



TOMB OF CAN SIGNORIO.

the parties were so uncongenial that they found that their married life was happiest when they lived apart. She complained that he was very unsocial, which has also been said of other poets."

"He certainly didn't have a cheerful appearance, if his portrait does him justice," Mrs. Bassett remarked.

"Haven't I read somewhere that Dante was at one time a soldier?" Mary asked, at the first pause in the conversation.

"Quite likely you have read so," replied Fred, "for such was the case. At that time there was a bitter feud between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Dante's family were Guelphs, and he espoused their cause with the same ardor that he fell in love, and he fought in their behalf on several battle-fields. Then he was sent on political missions to foreign courts, and afterwards he was elected to the high office of Prior of Florence. The Guelph party got into quarrels among themselves, and Dante espoused the wrong cause, or, at all events, the losing one. When the other side was victorious he was condemned to perpetual banishment, with the loss of all his estates; and from that time he wandered about without any home, and suffered greatly from poverty in addition to his other troubles."

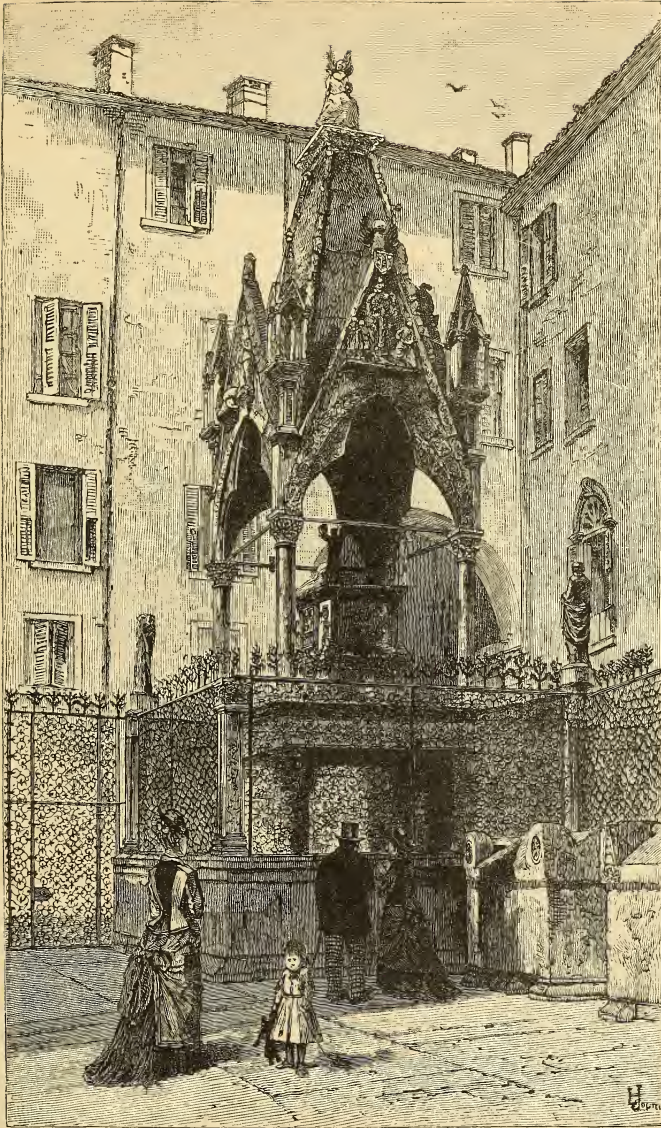
"He came to Verona, where he was hospitably received and kindly treated," Fred continued. "He lived here several years at the court of Can Grande, and is said to have died at Ravenna in 1331. His poetical works have been translated into all the languages of Europe. His greatest poem is said to be the 'Divina Commedia,' and there is an excellent version of it in English, which we owe to the pen of our famous American poet, Longfellow."

"Thank you ever so much," said Mrs. Bassett. "I have learned more about Dante from what you have said than I ever knew before."

"Well," replied Fred, "we will learn a little more of him, because his statue is in Verona; and here it is." While he was talking Fred had slowly led the way to the centre of the square where the statue stands. The party contemplated it from several points of view, and Mrs. Bassett wondered whether the likeness was correct.

"To consider thus were to consider too curiously," Fred replied, quoting from "Hamlet." "Dante lived long before the days of the photograph; and, as he was poor, and had not become famous until long after his death, it is quite possible that the sculptor relied upon his imagination for the face that we see upon the statue."

"While we are on poetical and sentimental subjects, I want to ask about Juliet's tomb," said Mary. "You know, the story on which

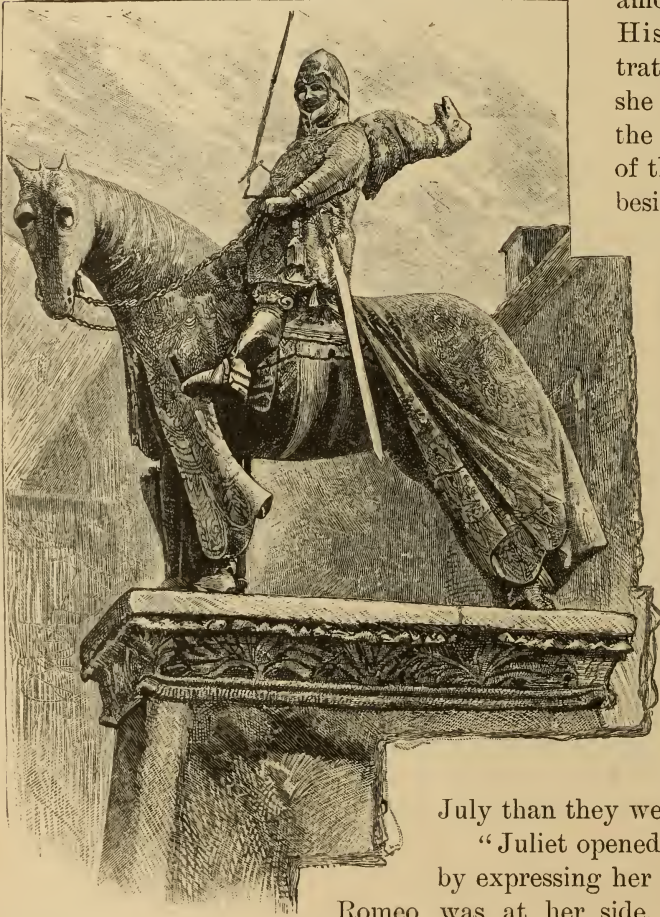


TOMB OF CAN MASTINO II.

Shakespeare's play of 'Romeo and Juliet' is founded is located at Verona, and I believe they have Juliet's tomb on exhibition."

"Yes," said Frank; "the play of 'Romeo and Juliet' is located at Verona, and, what is more, it is founded upon events that actually occurred here. The romance was written about the year 1520 by an Ital-

ian author named Luigi da Porta, and not long afterwards another story of the same sort was published from the pen of another author. Da Porta tells in his preface that while he was serving as a soldier in the army one of his companions, a native of Verona, told him the story, and he thought it ought to be written down and preserved. He tells how the lovers met at Capulet's house, and how Juliet observed the



STATUE OF CAN GRANDE.

youthful Romeo among the guests. His beauty penetrated her heart; and she declared that at the first encounter of their eyes she was beside herself. Then

the author relates that during the torch-dance, in which all are standing in a circle and take hold of hands, Romeo happened to be next to Juliet, who had on the other side of her a youth whose hands were always cold, no less in

July than they were in January.

“Juliet opened the conversation by expressing her delight that Mr.

Romeo was at her side. He was somewhat astonished at the intimation, and asked why it was. She answered that he was

keeping her left hand warm, while the young man on the other side was freezing her right one. He accepted the hint to say something nice; the lady smiled, and then, lest their conversation might excite

remark, she pretended to be looking the other way. Her final remark was, 'I swear to you, Romeo, by my faith, there is not a maiden here



THE ARENA.

who seems to me to compare with you for beauty;' whereupon Romeo replied, 'Such as I am, if it do not displease you, I will be the faithful slave of your loveliness.' And then they separated."

"That was a very good beginning for a love-story," said Mrs. Bassett. "No wonder Romeo and Juliet became so very sweet to each other after such a commencement."

"Yes," said Frank, "the narrative goes on to say that from that time on 'these two, being equally enamoured, and bearing each other's name and image in their hearts, began to look for each other—now in church, now at the window, neither being content without the sight of the other.' Da Porta was a good writer."

"Poor things!" remarked Mary; "what a lot of anxious moments they must have had! It was very severe upon Romeo, staying out at nights when the winter winds were blowing and sweeping along the front of Juliet's house. I wonder if it was in winter or in summer when the two fell so very ardently in love?"

"Oh, it was in the winter," said Frank, "because Da Porta makes

the balcony scene take place on the street side of the Capulets' house, and not in the garden, as Shakespeare does; and he has it happen one evening when a heavy snow was falling, so as to make it as disagreeable as possible for Romeo."

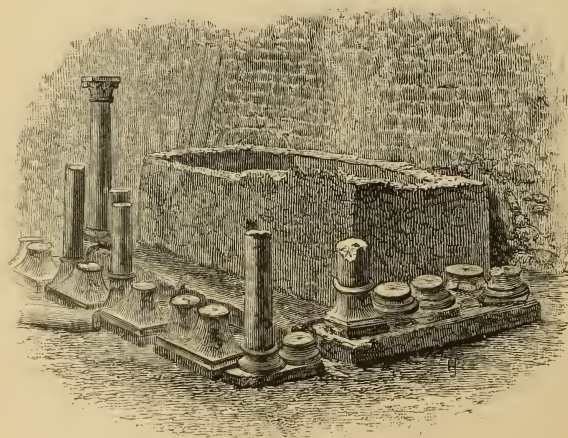
"Do you think the story is really true?" queried Mrs. Bassett.

"That is a leading question, which I am not prepared to answer categorically," Frank replied, with an evasive air.

"Of course it must be true," exclaimed Mary. "This is Verona, and it contains Juliet's tomb; the novelist says that this actually happened, and we can see the house where Friar Laurence lived. I've heard so."

"Oh yes," said Frank; "and now we will go and see Juliet's tomb."

It is proper to say that the feminine portion of the party was somewhat disappointed at the sight. They went to a side street, which was very unpretending in appearance, and, by ringing the bell at a gate, obtained admission to a garden. They were led through a long corridor, and



JULIET'S TOMB.

then among cabbages and other vegetable productions, till they reached an arcade built against the wall of an old Franciscan convent. In this arcade there was a long and open trough of stone, such as is used in Italy for washing linen or watering horses. The authenticity of the tomb rests on doubtful authority, the claim to its genuineness being that Friar Laurence lived in the convent.

The probability is that Juliet's real tomb or coffin was cut up long ago, and converted into necklaces and other things to be worn by romantic ladies and gentlemen. The custodian of the place refused to guarantee that the tomb was the real original one, and changed the subject by calling attention to several withered bouquets which were left there by ladies like themselves—that is to say, they were foreigners. He said that there was one lady—he thought she was French or

German—who came there a week before, and spent at least an hour in crying over the tomb and the story of Juliet.

Mary suggested that they would reserve their crying to a later day, or, at least, until she had seen Juliet's house. They left the place, and were taken to a building which is a very ordinary tavern at the present time. That it was the house of the Capulets is indicated by the following inscription upon a tablet let into the wall near the doorway :

QUESTE FURONO LE CASE
DEI CAPULETI
ONDE USCÌ LA GIULIETTA
PER CUI
TANTO PIANSERO I CUORI GENTILI
E I POETI CANTARON.

“These were the mansions of the Capulets, where lived Juliet, whose fate has been lamented by so many gentle hearts, and sung by so many poets.”

When our friends had disposed of the romantic story of “Romeo and Juliet” they continued their sight-seeing, giving their attention to the streets and squares of Verona. They found the squares full of interest, and were inclined to linger in them to study the great variety of sights that they presented.

Mrs. Bassett suggested that she would like to see one of the market-places of Verona, and accordingly the party took its way to the Piazza dell'Erbe, which is a square surrounded by picturesque buildings, nearly all of them very ancient. At one end of the square is a marble column, on which, for a long time previous to 1797, there was a statue of the Lion of St. Mark, to indicate the adhesion of Verona to the Republic of Venice. When the Republic was broken up the lion was removed, and has not yet been restored to its place.

There was a good deal of trade going on in the square in fruits and vegetables, the venders being seated in many instances under great umbrellas to protect them from the heat of the sun. Some of the vegetable-peddlers were fast asleep, and our friends watched one of them who slumbered steadily on until the time came for closing the traffic for the day and removing the booth and umbrellas. The square was quite a busy one, and seemed in marked contrast to the general sleepy aspect of the town and the people who live there.

Several of the houses surrounding the Piazza dell'Erbe are adorned with external frescos, in the style which is said to have originated at

Verona. Some of these frescos have been recently restored, and presented a very attractive appearance. Frank undertook to sketch one of them, but speedily abandoned the effort when Mary told him that he could purchase photographs at a shop close by.

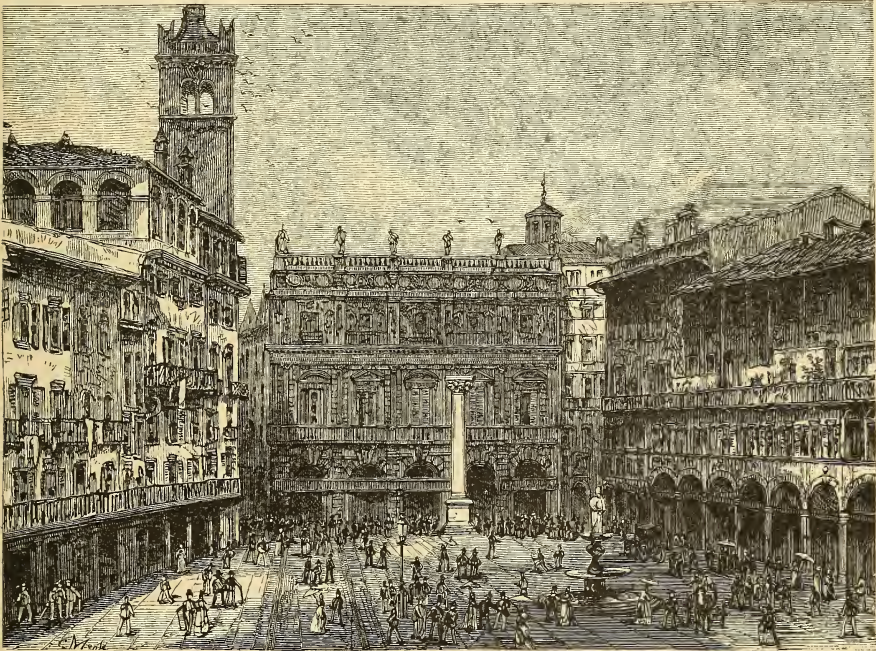
There is a fountain in the square adorned with the statue of Verona, part of the fountain being very old and the rest modern. In the centre of the square is a raised platform covered with a canopy. Mrs. Bassett thought it was a music-stand, but Frank explained that it was called the *Tribuna*, and was anciently used as a seat of justice, the square itself being the forum where the people assembled on public occasions, either to listen to addresses concerning the affairs of state, to be present at trials, or to decide upon measures affecting the general welfare.

A smaller square, and perhaps a more imposing one, is the *Piazza dei Signori*, which is connected with the one just described by a very short street that passes close to a tower 330 feet in height. This is known as the Tower of the *Municipio*, and by the side of it is the building of the *Municipio*, or town-hall, which has a very interesting court-yard. According to an inscription on the wall the *Municipio* was founded in 1123. Diagonally opposite is the Palace of the Council, which was erected at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and is adorned with the statues of men who were celebrated in the history of the city. This is the square which contains the statue of Dante, already mentioned. Some attempts have been made at modernizing a small portion of the buildings surrounding the square; but these attempts are not generally regarded with favor, as it is very properly believed they will destroy the picturesqueness of the place.

When the strangers had satisfied their curiosity regarding the streets of Verona, they visited some of its churches, and all agreed that Verona has reason to be proud of its sacred edifices. We can only mention them briefly, and will say in this connection that there was a difference of opinion among the members of the party as to which of the churches possessed the greatest interest. Mrs. Bassett was inclined to favor the cathedral, which is a magnificent Gothic structure of the fourteenth century, with a choir and façade of the twelfth century. There is a wonderful picture by Titian in the cathedral, and it fascinated the visitors so that they would gladly have spent an entire afternoon in front of it. The portal of the building is a magnificent one, and behind the columns of it are statues of Roland and Oliver, the two paladins of Charlemagne.

Mary readily admitted the magnificence of the cathedral and the loveliness of Titian's painting, but she was greatly impressed with the

Church of San Zeno, which is certainly worthy of high admiration. It covers a large extent of ground fronting on a market square, and is said to have been begun in the twelfth century, and finished in the thirteenth. The portal projects from the body of the church, and is adorned with reliefs of scriptural subjects from the creation of the human race to the crucifixion on Calvary. There are representations from the life of St. Zeno, and also the months of the year, begin-



THE PIAZZA DELL'ERBE.

ning with March. The doors are massive and of the same antiquity as the portal. The interior is adorned with many statues and frescos, some of them very old and in a bad state of repair. They date from the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, and at every step the visitor is reminded of the great antiquity of the edifice.

The crypt is very large, occupying the entire width of the church. It contains the tomb of St. Zeno, and is adorned with many ancient frescos and sculptures. The roof of the crypt is supported by numerous columns, and some of them bear the names of the sculptors.

After our friends came out of the crypt, and were looking at the

ornamentation of the choir, Mrs. Bassett called attention to a painted marble figure of the saint holding his episcopal staff, and also a fishing-rod with a silver fish. She thought a fishing-rod was a very unusual article for a saint to have in his possession.

"Oh, I can explain that," said Mary. "Saint Zeno was the patron saint of fishermen. He was Bishop of Verona during the fourth century, and is commended for his great charity to the poor. According to history, he died about the year 380, leaving many sermons in manuscript. These sermons were printed in the sixteenth century, and we can see copies of the original edition in the Museum of Verona."

Mrs. Bassett said she would like to look at the sermons, but Frank explained that she would not be likely to find them very interesting as they were printed in Latin, and he was not aware that they had been rendered into English. So the subject was dropped and the party continued its tour of the churches, afterwards going to the Museum, where they remained only a short time, as they intended to visit it again.

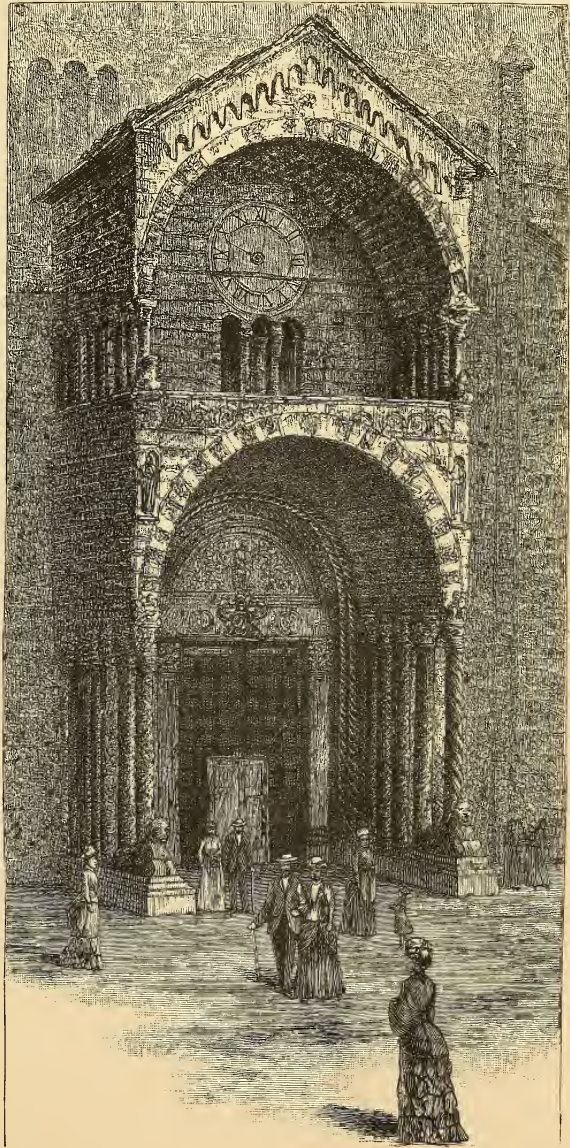
The Museum contains a great many casts and antiquities from excavations made in and about Verona, together with many weapons, statues, and other things of former days. There is a large picture-gallery, which contains principally the works of Veronese artists, together with paintings by other artists of greater or less celebrity. The artist whose works are most numerous is Paolo Veronese. Our friends had already seen many fine specimens of his work in the churches and galleries of Venice, and their interest in him was naturally increased during their stay in the Museum at Verona. One of the first questions of Mrs. Bassett was about the history of this artist.

"I can tell you about him," said Mary, in reply to her mother's query. "His real name was Paul Cagliari, but he became known as Paul Veronese, or Paul of Verona. He was born here about 1530, and received lessons in art from his uncle. In the early part of his life he went to Venice, where he was very successful, as we have already seen, and especially in the ornamental style, to which he largely devoted himself. He afterwards worked in Rome and other Italian cities. He died in 1588, and the number of pictures of various kinds that he left behind him show that he must have been very industrious."

"He was one of the most famous artists of his time," said Fred. "John Ruskin, in *Modern Painters*, uses these words: 'The sixteenth century produced the four greatest painters—that is to say, managers of color—that the world has ever seen, namely, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Titian, and Correggio.'"

From the Museum, Frank led the way to the Giusti Gardens, which are very interesting, chiefly on account of the great number of cypress-trees that they contain. Some of these trees are upwards of four hundred years old, and are fully one hundred and twenty feet in height. There are some Roman antiquities in the garden, but nothing of great consequence. Next to the cypress-trees, the chief interest of the place is the fine view that is afforded from a part of the garden—Verona and the country about it, and also the Alps and the distant Apennine Mountains are in sight, and the towers and domes of the old city present a very picturesque scene. The view from the gardens was taken about sunset, and after that the party returned to the hotel, and were sufficiently fatigued with the exertions of the day to be willing to retire at an early hour.

The next day began with another visit to the Museum; and then, at the suggestion of Frank, an excursion was made through the surrounding country to the battle-field of Custozza, where the



DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Italians were defeated by the Austrians in 1848, and again in 1866. The tour embraced the village or town of Villafranca, where the preliminaries of peace between France and Austria were concluded on July 11, 1859, after the battle of Solferino. While they were on the field of Custozza, Mrs. Bassett asked if it was a very great battle that was fought there, referring to the one of 1866.

"No," said Frank; "compared to the battle of Solferino the losses were not great. The Italians were commanded by their king Victor Emmanuel, and the Austrians by the Archduke Albrecht. The Italians lost about seven hundred killed and three thousand wounded, while the Austrians lost nearly one thousand killed and four thousand wounded; in spite of their loss being the heavier, the Austrians were victorious, and the Italians were forced to recross the River Mincio."

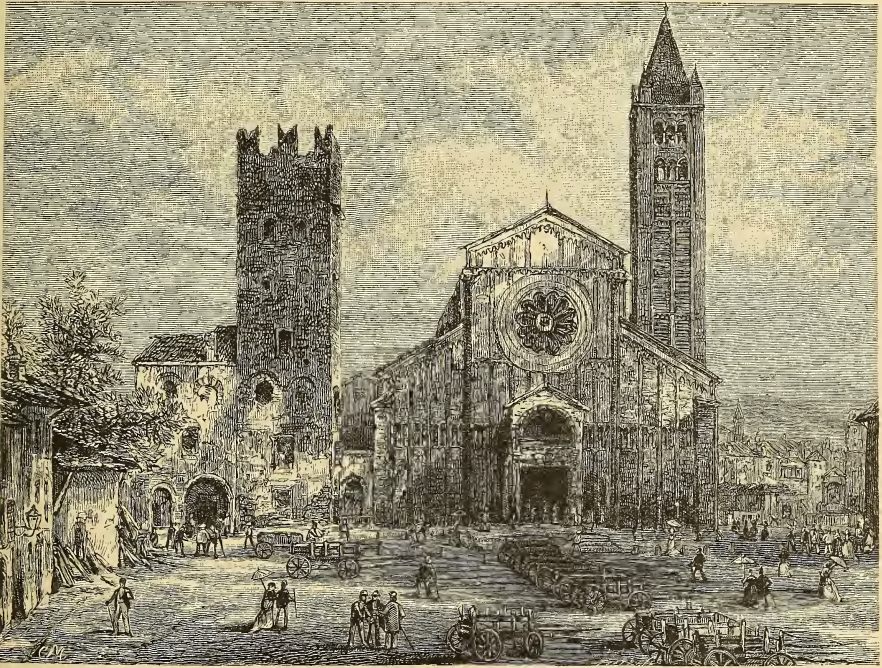
"How does that compare with the battle of Solferino?" Mary asked.

"The battle of Solferino," said Frank, "was a much more important affair, both in the number of men engaged, the losses of the two armies, and the political consequences that followed. On one side were the allied French and Sardinian armies, commanded by their respective sovereigns. The Austrians were commanded by General Hess, and the Emperor of Austria was personally on the field. The Austrians had been defeated at the battle of Magenta on June 4th. After their defeat they gradually retreated across the Mincio, and took up a position in the famous Quadrilateral, where they awaited the attack of their enemies. Owing to the movements of Garibaldi on one side and Prince Napoleon and the Tuscans on the other, they recrossed the Mincio and assumed the offensive on June 23d. The battle of Solferino began early on the twenty-fourth, and lasted fifteen hours. The Austrians had the advantage at first, but later in the day the French were successful in several movements, so that, after much desperate fighting, the Austrians were compelled to retreat. The loss of the Austrians was 630 officers and 17,000 soldiers. The French attributed the victory to the skill and bravery of their emperor, and to Generals McMahon and Niel. The Austrians would not admit any superior generalship on the part of their allies, but credited their defeat to the great effectiveness of the rifled cannon of the French."

"Well, I am glad they are fighting no battles here in Italy now," said Mrs. Bassett. "They ought to be tired enough of war to be willing to stay at peace for the next hundred years." The rest of the party agreed to her suggestion in favor of peace.

This conversation occurred while they were at luncheon in the little

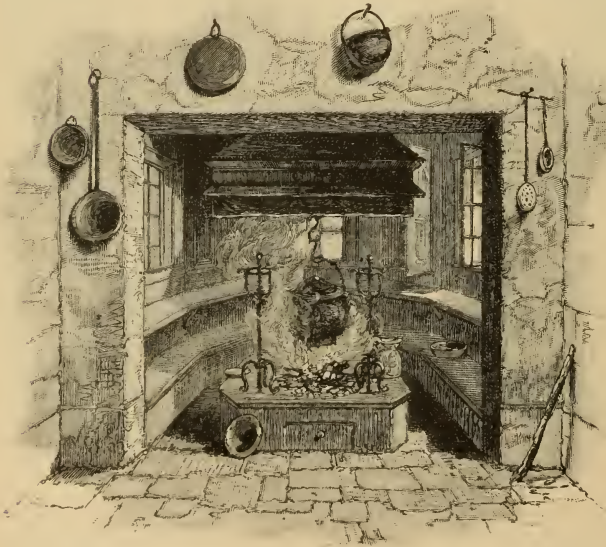
hotel at Villafranca, the place where the two emperors met and signed the preliminary of peace as already stated. Out of this preliminary grew the treaty of Zurich, which was begun on the eighth of the following August, and after many delays was signed on November 10th. By this treaty Lombardy was ceded to Sardinia, the formation of an Italian Confederation under the presidency of the Pope was determined upon, and the rights of the ex-sovereigns of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma were reserved. The formation of the Kingdom of Italy shortly afterwards annulled the treaty of Zurich.



CHURCH OF SAN ZENO.

CHAPTER V.

FROM VERONA TO LAKE GARDA.—EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN LAKES.—MRS. BASSETT'S ANECDOTE.—PESCHIERA; AN IMPORTANT MILITARY POST.—LEMON GARDENS OF LAKE GARDA; HOW THEY ARE PROTECTED IN WINTER.—HILLS SURROUNDING THE LAKE.—TOWNS AND VILLAGES.—TREMOSINE AND ITS POSITION.—BY STEAMBOAT TO RIVA.—IN AUSTRIA AGAIN.—CONTRASTS OF WAR AND PEACE.—OPPRESSIVENESS OF LONG NAMES.—FALL OF THE PONALE.—MOONLIGHT EXCURSION ON THE LAKE.—BEGGARY AS AN INDUSTRY.—THE FISHES OF LAKE GARDA.—FRED'S OBSERVATIONS.—DOWN THE LAKE.—OLD FRIENDS.—STORY-TELLING.—INCIDENTS OF CONTINENTAL STUPIDITY.—DIFFICULTIES ABOUT BAGGAGE.—BRESCIA, LECCO, AND LAKE COMO.



FIREPLACE IN AN ITALIAN INN.

DURING the evening after their return from the excursion, our friends had further conversation relative to the battles that had been fought in the vicinity of Verona; but none of the party preserved any record of what was said, and therefore we are unable to repeat it.

Before they retired for the night, Frank announced that they would continue their journey next morning. Baggage and breakfast were to be ready at eight o'clock, and the party would leave the hotel an hour later for the railway station.

“I have been reading about Lake Garda,” said Mary, “and hope that we shall have the pleasure of visiting it.”

“That is exactly where we are going,” Frank replied. “We will take the train to Peschiera, which is at the foot of the lake, and near the point where the Mincio begins its course to the sea by way of the Po.”



FRESCO ON THE OUTSIDE OF AN ITALIAN HOUSE.

“I shall enjoy the journey on the lake very much,” said Mrs. Bassett. “I have heard a good deal about the Italian lakes, and am sure the trip on Lake Garda will be interesting.” She asked how long and wide the lake was, to which Frank replied, that it was thirty-five miles in length and seven miles broad at its widest part, with an area of something less than 190 square miles.

“It can’t be much of a lake,” said Mrs. Bassett. “I suppose that the other Italian lakes are much larger.”

“No,” replied Frank; “Lake Garda is the largest of all. We are so accustomed in America to the dimensions of The Great Lakes lying between the United States and Canada, that any ordinary sheet of water in Europe seems to us very small. The largest lake of Europe, Lake Ladoga in Russia, has an area of 6000 square miles; while Lake Superior, the largest body of fresh water in the United States, has an area of 32,000 square miles. It would take six lakes of the size of Ladoga, or 168 like Lake Garda, to equal our Lake Superior.”

“Yes, that is true,” said Mrs. Bassett. “I can understand now the story I heard about an American travelling in Europe whose attention was called to a lake. After looking at it a while, he said that he had one of the same sort on his place at home, and used it for a bath-tub.”

It is not quite twenty miles from Verona to Peschiera, and consequently our friends reached their destination in less than an hour from the city of Romeo and Juliet. Peschiera is a fortified town, and the reader will remember that it is one of the points forming the famous Quadrilateral. Several battles have been fought here, notably one between the Italians and Austrians in 1848, at which time Peschiera was taken by the Italians after a very determined defence by the Austrians. The fortifications of Peschiera are very strong, and cost a great deal of money for their construction.

There was little to be seen in the town, and little time for seeing anything, as the omnibus carried the party directly from the railway station to the landing-place of the steamboat. In a few minutes after embarking, the travellers were under way on their trip up the lake. As they left the port, with the prow of the steamboat heading to the north, Mrs. Bassett remarked that the country behind them was comparatively level, while that in front was mountainous. Frank said that the lower and broader part of the lake was bounded by the plains of Lombardy, which were flat and well cultivated. The mountainous region of the northern half of the lake was by no means barren, as they would see in passing along their route.

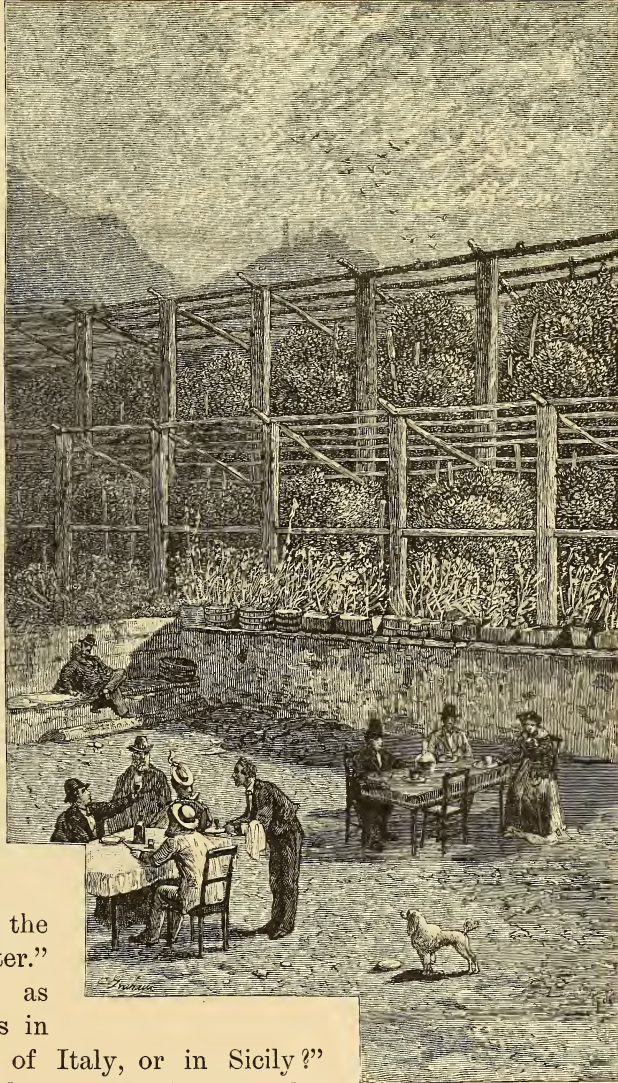
Mrs. Bassett called attention to a great number of white pillars or monuments, and suggested that probably they were in memory of the soldiers who had fallen in the battles fought in the vicinity. Frank corrected her mistake by explaining the use of these so-called monuments, which were not in memory of any one, but were erected for the protection of the lemon-trees in winter.

“Why, how do they protect lemon-trees with such things as those?” queried his mother, with a puzzled air.

“The pillars themselves are no protection, but they support a roof in winter which shields the trees from frost. The pillars vary from eight to twenty feet in height, according to the height of the trees. Beams are laid from one pillar to another, just as beams are laid from the upright piers or columns of a bridge or an elevated railway. Then from one beam to another the materials of a roof are placed, and the trees are in this manner saved from destruction by the severe cold of winter.”

“Do they raise as good lemons here as in the southern parts of Italy, or in Sicily?” Mary asked, as Frank paused in his remarks.

“That is a question which cannot be answered by yes or no,” was the reply. “The fruit is more bitter and more aromatic than that of Sicily, and, side by side with the Sicilian fruit, would not bring as high a price. On the other hand, it will bear transportation much better and keeps much longer. It sells here, so I am told, in ordinary seasons, for three or four francs for the hundred lemons; but very often, when there is a



LEMON GARDENS, LAKE GARDA.

scarcity of fruit in Sicily, the product of the Garda district is worth eight or ten francs a hundred."

"Evidently the industry is a profitable one," said Mary, "or they would not take so much pains with it."

"That is quite true," Frank replied; "and it is only in consequence of the care they take that they are able to secure such good results. As I told you, a roof is placed over the gardens by means of these pillars; the vertical spaces between the pillars are then closed with frames of glass, like windows, in order to prevent the winds sweeping through beneath the boards and lifting them out of place. So, you see, a considerable investment of money is required to carry on a lemon garden."

The steamboat touched at several points on the eastern shore of the lake, but remained at each landing-place only a few minutes. There was monotony, and at the same time variety, in the appearance of the shore. The continuous lemon gardens became monotonous after a time, but not so the mountains that encircled the upper part of the lake. To the left, as they proceeded northward, Frank pointed out the narrow promontory of Sermione, which projects about three miles into the lake. He said that the poet Catullus once lived there, and composed his poems in a house on that peninsula. The ruins of the house are pointed out to visitors, and also the ruins of a castle which was erected there by the Scaligers during the time of their prominence.

In some places the shores of the lake are precipitous, while in others the hills recede at an angle which permits of their ascent by the pedestrian. On some of the precipices villages are perched, and here and there, high up among the hills, one can see single houses or clusters, forming villages clinging against the sides of the mountains, or nestling in little valleys. One village, which appeared to be of considerable importance, is perched directly on the edge of a precipice, where it looks as though an earthquake might easily tumble it into the lake.

Mrs. Bassett asked the name of this village, and learned that it was Tremosine. She thought it would be an interesting place to visit for the sake of the view, but concluded that she did not care to go when Frank told her that the only way of reaching it was by a zigzag footpath, which leads up the almost perpendicular rock from the shore of the lake. He called her attention to the path, which wound like a thread of a screw against the face of the rock, and she emphatically declared she would leave Tremosine to take care of itself.

In some places along the shores of the lake the villages were quite close to each other, showing that the country was very well inhabited.

Beyond the village of Limone, which is important in consequence of its lemon and olive gardens, Frank pointed to a column which indicated the boundary line between Italy and Austria.



TREMOSINE, BY LAKE GARDA.

“Oh,” said Mrs. Bassett, “I did not know you were going into Austria. Will they stop the boat to examine our baggage?”

“No,” was the reply; “they don’t stop the boat for that purpose. We shall continue on to the end of the lake at Riva, which is an eastern town, and there we will find the custom-house occupied by Austrian and Italian officials. Baggage is examined there on its arrival from the lake by the Austrians, and on its departure for the lake by the Italians.”

“What do they do in time of war, I wonder? They cannot live together at all harmoniously, can they?”

“Oh, by no means,” replied Frank. “In time of war the custom-house and everything pertaining to it is closed, and all regular communication ceases. Trains are altogether stopped on the railways, the steamboats on the lake cease to run, the wagon-roads through the mountains are barricaded, and everything in the way of travel and transportation is at a most complete stand-still.”

“Do they destroy the roads and railways and burn the boats?” was the question which naturally followed Frank’s explanation.

“That was the custom in times gone by,” Frank replied; “but in this age they are more enlightened. As an illustration, I may mention the convention between Italy and the countries to the north relative to the great tunnels of Mont Cenis and Mont St. Gothard.”

“What is that?”

“Why, it is agreed that in case of war between Italy and France or Switzerland the tunnel shall be closed and put in charge of a commission equally composed of representatives from the countries at war. The orders of this commission will be to preserve the tunnels from injury, to drain them, and look out for their welfare in every possible way, and at the same time to prevent their use for purposes of trade or travel of any kind; and it is also agreed that neither country shall attempt to move troops through the tunnel.”

“That is a very sensible arrangement,” said Mrs. Bassett.

“Of course it is, and it is an illustration of the condition of enlightenment that has been reached during this latter half of the nineteenth century. It’s a vast improvement upon former customs.”

While this conversation was going on the steamboat was nearing Riva, which was the end of its route. Our friends went ashore there, and found comfortable quarters at the *Albergo Traffellini al Sole d’Oro*. When Mrs. Bassett learned the name of the establishment she said it was a good deal of a name for so small a hotel. It reminded her of a child who grew up in a New England town under the depressing cognomen of Charles Augustus Morris Peabody Robinson Smith. She said the youth never made any headway in the world, and the neighbors thought it was all in consequence of having so much name.

Riva isn’t a large place. It has a population, so Mary ascertained, of not over three thousand. It has a castle and a fine church, the latter being resorted to by many pilgrims, but it is a noticeable circumstance that the pilgrimages decrease every year. There are also some mon-



VIEW OF LIMONE.

asteries, but they do not seem to be very prosperous, and certainly are not crowded with tenants. The port of Riva is the largest on Lake Garda, and there was quite a little fleet of lake vessels lying in the harbor, or coming and going along the blue waters. The lemon and olive gardens in the vicinity are extensive and productive, and our friends made a pleasant excursion among them.

Mary proposed a walk to the old castle, which stands high above the town on a mountain to the west, but the rest of the party did not care for the walk, as there was hardly a breath of wind blowing and the atmosphere was decidedly warm. Fred reminded Mary that they had already seen about as many monuments of the Scaligers as they cared for, and he added the information that the old castle was built and long maintained by that famous and once powerful family.

“If that is the case,” said Mary, “I am quite content not to go there, and certainly agree with mamma that we had enough Scaligers in Verona to go around and last a long time.”

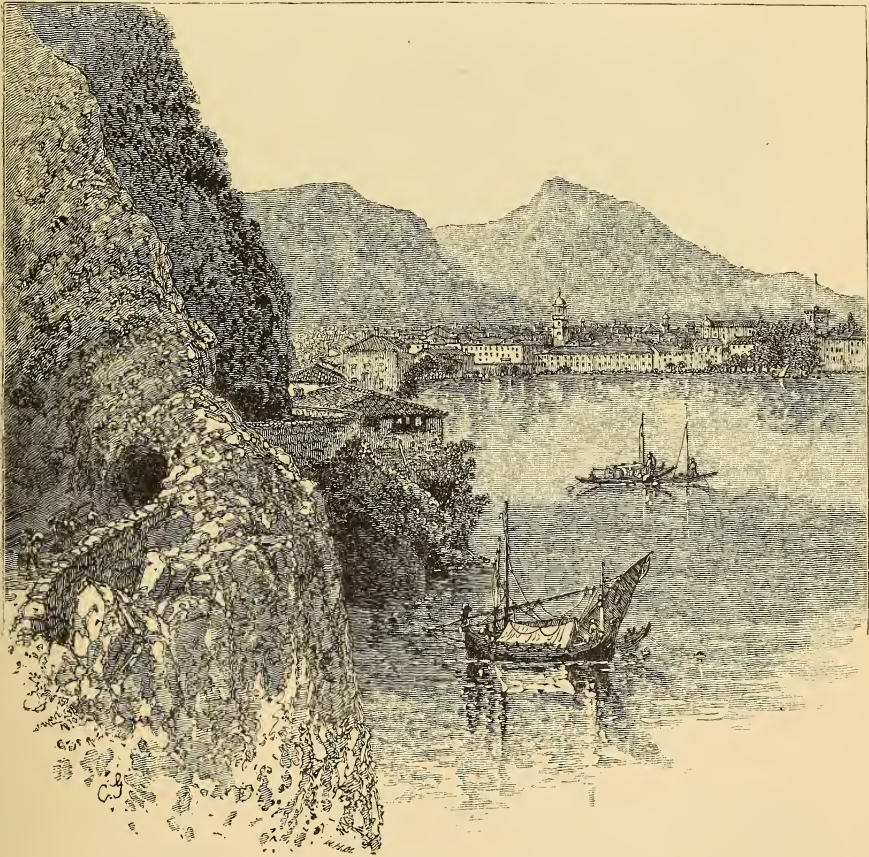
A local guide wished to take the party to the Fall of the Ponale, and suggested a carriage-drive in that direction. Frank had ascertained that a better view of the fall could be had from the lake than from any point on shore, and accordingly a boat was engaged for a moonlight excursion in that direction. Under the bright moonlight the excursion was delightful, and Mary declared that it would be a very long time before she could forget the effect of the rays of the moon on the lake. It is proper to say that the water-fall does not amount to much, as the river which makes it is a small one, and at the time our friends were there it was not by any means in a condition of flood.

The party rose early to devote the forenoon to an excursion into the Val di Ledro. They had an interesting drive among picturesque mountains, across noisy streams that rolled down from the steep slopes, and through villages which had an air of prosperity in the appearance of the houses that composed them, although the chief industry of their inhabitants seemed to be beggary. At every village crowds of children and adults ran after the carriage, beseeching alms in whining tones that indicated near approach to starvation in consequence of lack of food. That beggary is a regular industry, or possibly a profession, throughout all Italy and the part of the Tyrol bordering upon it, every traveller who visits that region will bear witness.

Speaking on this subject, Fred said that not infrequently when they were taking a walk or drive they would see a group of children at play. The children seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly, laughing and shouting with glee, but the moment they espied the strangers there was a sudden change of scene. The play was abandoned, the laughter ceased, the smiling faces grew sorrowful, and the children immediately surrounded the group of strangers, each child extending a hand, and in the most doleful accents beseeching money under the plea of poverty and an approaching death from hunger. In many parts of Italy the Government has done much for the suppression of beggary, but there is an excellent opportunity for it to do a great deal more, especially in the southern provinces.

When the party had finished with the sights of Riva and its neighborhood they returned to the lower end of the lake by the steamboat for Desenzano. Fred wanted to stay a day longer, in order that he might go on a fishing excursion; but he did not mention his desire to

his companions, as he knew they would not be greatly in sympathy with it, and he did not wish to detain them in that locality on his account. He consoled himself by looking into the piscatorial resources of Lake Garda, and finding that there were several varieties of fish in the lake. The fishing industry was of considerable importance, the principal fishes being the *carpione*, or salmon-trout, which is the largest fish of the lake. Not infrequently one is caught exceeding twenty or even



RIVA, FROM THE PONALE ROAD.

twenty-five pounds in weight, and a *carpione* of eight or ten pounds is considered small. Then comes the *trota*, or trout, which sometimes reaches two pounds in weight, and then the *lagone* and the *sardine*.

All these are excellent table fishes, and one could naturally expect them to be so, as the waters of Lake Garda, like the water of all the Alpine lakes, is very clear and pure, and also cold.

A few minutes after the steamboat had left the harbor of Riva our friends had a view of the Fall of the Ponale, which has already been mentioned in connection with their moonlight excursion. The view of the lake on the southward journey was very much like that of the northward one, and therefore we will not attempt to describe it further than



VILLAGE SCENE.

to mention a picturesque old castle on the eastern shore of the lake, which Mrs. Bassett thought she would like to visit. It is near the town of Malcesine, and is said to have been erected by the Emperor Charlemagne. For a long time it was a stronghold of robbers, who used to exact toll from travellers along the lake, just as the robber barons of the Rhine were accustomed to earn their living by the plunder of others.

On the boat which carried them down the lake our friends met an American family, the Chapmans, whose acquaintance they had made at



ITALIAN GUIDES.

one of the hotels in Switzerland, as we learned in *The Boy Travellers in Central Europe*. The meeting was an agreeable one, and the time of the passage of the steamer from Riva to Desenzano was very much shortened by the narration of experiences since the parties had last met.

Mr. Chapman was laboring under the vexation of an experience at a railway station a few days before, when he was attempting to forward a trunk to Paris. He said that it took him nearly an hour to dispose of the trunk and send it on its way, and before he was through

with the job he visited no fewer than five desks of officials; he signed two "declarations," giving a minute description of the contents of the trunk and their value; three long "freight letters" were necessary in addition to the declarations, each of them covering about two pages of foolscap. He was required to sign the "declarations," and also one of the "freight letters;" and then, after paying for the freight on the trunk, he was required to pay two francs in addition for making out the papers and completing the formalities.

"It is no wonder," said he, "that they are so backward in ordinary business matters when they go through so much formality for a very little. They are the slowest people on this side of the Atlantic that you can possibly imagine; but when you take them out of their own country to live in another they generally develop a good deal of shrewdness and ability, no matter how stupid they may have been at home."

Frank said he thought that the apparent stupidity came from their habits of thought being fixed in certain directions from generation to generation. "I believe," said he, "that you will find the same sort of things in some of the older parts of the United States. Men in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and other parts of New England, who have displayed very little ability in the places where they were born, have gone West and made great names for themselves. In the same way the people of this Continent, when they get to America, are developed to a degree they would never have reached at home."

There was more philosophizing on this subject, but we will not attempt to repeat all that was said. Some of the anecdotes which were told during the discussion may be of interest.

"You know," said Mr. Chapman, "that throughout the cities of the Continent most of the new enterprises for street railways, and the like, usually emanate from English or American capitalists or speculators. I happen to know," he continued, "of a very funny incident which took place in an important city of Germany. Out of deference to the authorities of that city please excuse me from naming it.

"An English company wanted to lay a street railway, or, as they call it in England, a tramway, in that city. They opened negotiations with the city council, and the matter was under consideration for some time. At length a day was fixed for a final decision on the subject. A representative of the company met the city council, which was composed of men of prominence, and had a long session with them on the subject of the tramway. The matter was debated in all its bearings, and the council finally told the stranger that they would grant the



A MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.—[From an old painting.]

concession asked for; he might consider the matter settled, and as soon as the papers could be drawn they would be duly signed officially, and the company might begin work at once.

“There was no further occasion for the gentleman to remain in the council hall; and after thanking the officials for their courtesy and the attention they had given to the subject, he withdrew, and returned to his hotel, very tired and very hungry. He immediately ordered something to eat, and had just taken his seat at the table when the head-waiter came to tell him there was a member of the city council outside who wished to see him at once on a matter of the very greatest importance, which could not be delayed a moment.

“‘Very well,’ said the gentleman; ‘admit him.’

“Thereupon the member of the city council entered the dining-room, flushed and out of breath. He dropped into a chair, and as soon as he could speak, he said that they must consider the whole matter of the tramway as quite out of the question. He added, ‘I have been selected by the city council to come and tell you at once that we have found an insuperable obstacle that utterly prevents the construction of the tramway, and the whole negotiation must be declared void.’

“‘Well,’ said the surprised and greatly disappointed gentleman, ‘what is the obstacle you have found?’

“‘Why,’ replied the member of the city council, ‘we have found that along a part of the route the limbs of the trees are so low that your cars could not possibly run, and that will prevent the construction of the tramway which you have proposed.’

“‘Very well,’ said the Englishman; ‘cut off the limbs of the trees.’

“‘Well, I declare!’ exclaimed the member of the city council, ‘none of us ever thought of that. Why, of course, that’s easy enough.’”

When the laugh over this story had subsided, Frank narrated the experience a year or two before of a friend of his with a locksmith in Dresden, which was as follows:

Frank’s friend had a key to the outer door of his lodging-house, as had every other lodger in that establishment. One day he broke his door-key, the piece that was broken remaining in the lock. He sent at once for a locksmith, and when that individual appeared the gentleman explained what had happened. The locksmith removed the lock, took out the piece that had been broken from the key, and then proceeded to adapt the lock to the broken key. The result was that when the other lodgers came home that night they could not get into the house, and the problem presented itself, whether the lock should be put back

in its original condition, and the gentleman with the broken key equipped with a new one, or should all the other keys be broken in the same way as the one that was accidentally injured.

"I've a story that will match that," said Mr. Chapman, as Frank paused at the end of his narration.

"I was riding out, near Dresden, one day with a gentleman of my acquaintance who lives in that city. We were going up a hill, and I observed that the driver had not released his brake, which was pressing upon the wheel. The poor horse was tugging with all his might to drag the carriage with the three of us in it, and the brake resting upon the wheel, up the hill. My knowledge of German is not very good," said the gentleman, "and so I called my friend's attention to the state of affairs, and suggested that he inform the driver.

"He did so. The driver looked at the wheel and the brake, and then shrugged his shoulders, as he replied, 'I cannot do anything about it, they made the wheel too large.'"



"CHRIST MOCKED."—[Engraving by Albert Dürer.]

"That man was a bigger fool than Thomson's colt," said Mrs. Bassett.

"I wish you would tell me," said Mr. Chapman, "exactly what Thomson's colt did; I have heard that remark many times in New England, but never knew what was the particular folly of that quadruped which belonged to Thomson."

"Why," said Mrs. Bassett, "when I was a girl this is the story they used to tell, and very often, too:

"Mr. Thomson raised a colt that ran in a field near the house, and used to drink out of a watering-trough at the barn. There was a river that separated this field from the pasture beyond it, and when the colt was a year old it was put with the cows and horses to pasture on the other side of the river. Well, every day when that colt was thirsty he used to swim the river to go and drink out of the watering-trough at the barn. He didn't know enough to drink from the river."

When the steamer reached Desenzano our friends found a disap-

pointment in store for them. On leaving Peschiera, Frank had intrusted the trunks of the party to the master at the railway station, with instructions to forward them to Desenzano, the travellers taking only their handbags for their excursion on the lake, as they expected to spend but a single night at Riva. Inquiry at the station at Desenzano showed that the trunks had not arrived, but were still at Peschiera. Frank talked very vigorously to the station-master at Desenzano, and set the telegraph in operation; but he made no headway, and concluded that it would be necessary for one of them to go personally to Peschiera and see the baggage forwarded from that point.

"Very well," said Fred, "I will go. It is only a half-hour's ride from here to Peschiera; the rest of you can take the first train to Brescia, where there is sight-seeing enough to keep you busy until I arrive."

"I have another plan," said Mary.

"What is that?" queried Frank.

"We can all go to Peschiera, and make a fresh start from that point. Isn't that perfectly feasible?"

"Oh yes," said Frank, "of course it is; but there is no particular need of it, and there is nothing special to be seen between here and that place along the line of the railway."

"We can go in a roundabout way, and visit Solferino," Mary replied. "The village of Solferino is about ten miles from here, and ten or twelve from Peschiera. We might take a carriage-drive to Solferino, and from there to Peschiera, which would enable us to see the village, and pass over a considerable portion of the battle-field."

"That's a very good idea," said Frank. "What do you think of it, Fred?" he asked, as he turned to his cousin.

Fred had no objections, but, on the whole, it was concluded that as they had visited the battle-field of Custoza, and seen Solferino in the distance, it was hardly worth their while to make the excursion; besides, the clouds were threatening, and the prospect of rain in a long carriage-drive was not encouraging. It was accordingly determined that Fred would return to Peschiera, while the others proceeded to Brescia, the latter place being about an hour's run by railway from Desenzano and well worth visiting.

We will leave Mary to tell the story of what they saw in Brescia.

"According to history," said the girl, "Brescia is the ancient *Brixia*, which was conquered by the Gauls, and afterwards became a Roman colony. At the beginning of the sixteenth century it was one of the wealthiest cities of Lombardy, and an important rival of Milan.



INTERIOR OF A RICH MAN'S HOUSE.—[From an old painting.]

In 1512 it was sacked and burned by the French under Gaston de Foix, in spite of a very obstinate defence which was made by its garrison and citizens. In 1517 it was restored to the Republic of Venice, to which it belonged until 1797, but it suffered so severely at the time of its capture by the French that it has never been able to recover its former importance, or get back its old trade.

Brescia has about forty thousand inhabitants, and Fred says that a great number of them are engaged in the manufacture of iron wares. Previous to 1848 it had a large business in the manufacture of weapons, and a very considerable proportion of the guns and swords used by the Austrian army were made here. The manufacture of these articles has diminished somewhat; but it has by no means become extinct, as great numbers of weapons are turned out here every year for the Italian army. The town is walled and is defended by a *castello*, or castle, which was no doubt a formidable place of defence in past centuries, but is not of much consequence in these times of long range artillery.

Brescia has several interesting churches, some of them very old. We only visited the cathedral and the church called La Rotonda, the former dating from the seventeenth, and the latter from the twelfth century. We were more interested in visiting the Public Library, which contains a fine collection of antiquities of various kinds. Among other things, we saw a book of the Gospels of the ninth century, with gold letters on purple vellum; and the Koran, in twelve volumes, beautifully adorned with gilding and miniatures. They showed us a cross four feet in height made of gold, and decorated with cameos and jewels and the portraits of an empress and her sons of the fourth century, the time when the cross and its ornaments were made. Then there was a small cross with gold and pearls, and a fragment of the true cross, which is said to have been worn by St. Helena.

“There were many other curiosities in the Library that would make a very long list if I should attempt to name them. Among them was a manuscript by Dante on parchment, ornamented with miniatures; and there was a volume of Dante’s poems, which was printed at Brescia in 1487. It was very curious, as it illustrated the mode of printing at that time, about forty years after the invention of movable types.

“From the Library we went to the Museum, which also contains some very rare things. In fact, the Museum itself, apart from its contents, is a curiosity, as it is established in a Corinthian temple which was erected by the Emperor Vespasian in the year 72; at least, an inscription tells us so. The principal hall of the Museum contains the



Quod ad matutinas: In
 hunc salutariu:
 nato e nobis Verit.

a doctore. Ps: Veni: Quid:
 Xpe re: In primo natuano.
 ana: Dominus dixit ad me fi.

KING DAVID SEES A VISION OF THE MESSIAH.

altar, which is in its ancient position, and the original pavement has been restored as far as possible. For hundreds of years the temple was buried in a mass of ruins and rubbish, and was excavated as late as 1822. There are some very ancient sculptures in the Museum, one of them being a fine statue of Victory, excavated in 1826. It is a bronze figure about six feet high, with a silver wreath of laurel round the head. The shield, which is held in the left hand, is modern, and so is the helmet under the left foot; but all, or nearly all, the rest is ancient and of Roman manufacture.

“Then we went to another museum, the Galleria Tosi, which is not far from the one where we saw the Victory statue. This museum was given to the city, together with the palace in which it is established, by Count Tosi, and it contains some very fine works in marble and numerous paintings by famous artists. Some of the most interesting things that we saw in the collection were drawings and engravings, many of the latter dating from the very earliest times of the art of printing pictures from wooden blocks. One cabinet contains engravings from the hand of Albert Dürer; they are framed in such a way that most of them can be examined easily, and, what is not always the case in museums, there is a very good light upon them.

“We were fully occupied all the time that we were waiting for Fred, who had agreed to meet us at the railway station at a certain hour, so that we could continue on the train with him to Lecco.

“We were at the station promptly on time, and when the train came along we were all ready to step into one of the carriages. We passed through Bergamo, but did not stop there. Frank said that Bergamo was very much like Brescia, and having seen one town it was hardly worth our while to stop at the other. We went to Lecco because it would take us to Lake Como, which, as you know, is one of the famous lakes of Italy.

“The southern part of Lake Como divides into two arms, one of them terminating at Lecco and the other at Como. Frank and Fred had planned it so that we should reach the lake at Lecco, and ascend the eastern arm of it to Bellagio, which is at the end of the point of land separating the two arms that I mentioned. From Bellagio we would go to the upper end of the lake, and on our return pass through the western arm to Como, there to take the train for Milan.”

CHAPTER VI.

LAKE COMO; ITS EXTENT AND PECULIARITIES; FRED'S ACCOUNT OF THEIR VISIT; PALACES AND VILLAS; MOUNTAINS SURROUNDING THE LAKE.—OLD CASTLES.—LODGING IN A PALACE.—STREETS OF BELLAGIO.—VILLA MELZI AND ITS GARDENS.—VILLA SERBELLONI.—FINE VIEW OF THE LAKE.—STATUARY AND PAINTINGS.—VILLA CARLOTTA, AND ITS HISTORY.—EXCURSION TO COLICO.—A RAINY DAY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—TOWN OF COMO.—PLINY'S LETTER TO HIS FRIEND.—MONZA.—THE IRON CROWN.—A NAIL OF THE TRUE CROSS.—MILAN; SHORT HISTORY OF THE CITY.—UNPOPULARITY OF THE AUSTRIAN RULE.—THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL.—HOW MARY WAS DECEIVED.—ST. CHARLES BORROME0.—ROOF AND TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL.—MILAN AS A PATRON OF ART.—“THE LAST SUPPER.”—LEONARDO DA VINCI.—INVENTION OF OIL-PAINTING.—THE BROTHERS VAN EYCK.—THE BRERA AND ITS ART TREASURES.

CONCERNING their visit to Lake Como and the places along its shores Fred made the following note:

“The Lake of Como has been famous for many centuries. It was praised by Virgil, the Italian poet, with whose works a great many school-boys are familiar, and it was known to the Romans as the Lacus



LECCO.



SAN GIOVANNI (BELLAGIO), ON LAKE COMO.

Larius. It is about thirty miles in length, and its greatest width is less than three miles. To many travellers it seems more like a river than a lake, but the stranger speedily discovers that it has no current, and

is really what its name implies, a lake. It is enclosed in the mountains for nearly its entire length; its waters are of a deep blue, and it has a depth in some places of very nearly 2000 feet. Many people regard it as the most beautiful of the Italian lakes, and in one respect it is certainly the most popular, as no other lake of Italy can boast of so large a number of palaces and handsome villas as the celebrated Como.

“All along the banks of the lake we have seen these palaces and

villas, until their number was fairly bewildering. They are surrounded by luxuriant gardens and vineyards, while beyond them the hills and



A STREET IN BELLAGIO.

mountains present the grayish tints of the olive-trees which grow here in great abundance. Some of the mountains bordering the lake rise to a height of 7000 feet. The sheet of water is so narrow that at times we

seemed to be repeating our voyage along the Rhine, the illusion being increased by the number of castles scattered along the hills or near the water, and the general configuration of the land. I am told that one of the industries of the people bordering the lake is the production and manufacture of silk. Silk is a very important product of Italy, and the region around and to the south of Lake Como seems admirably adapted to the cultivation of the silk-worm."

Mrs. Bassett desired to visit an Italian villa, and Frank promised that she should do so in a way she hardly expected. The party took the steamboat from Lecco to Bellagio, and when they reached the hotel which bears the name "Grand Hotel Bellagio," and were comfortably settled in it, Frank asked his mother what she thought of the house.

"Oh, this is a delightful place! a very spacious, comfortable house, with such nice balconies and terraces; I wish all hotels were made in this way. They would be much more attractive."

"Well," said Frank, "you are in a hotel, and you are also in an Italian villa. This building was formerly the Villa Frizzoni, and has been changed very little, indeed, to adapt it to its present uses. People come and go here without a suspicion that they are lodged in a villa palace on the shore of Lake Como, but such is really the case."

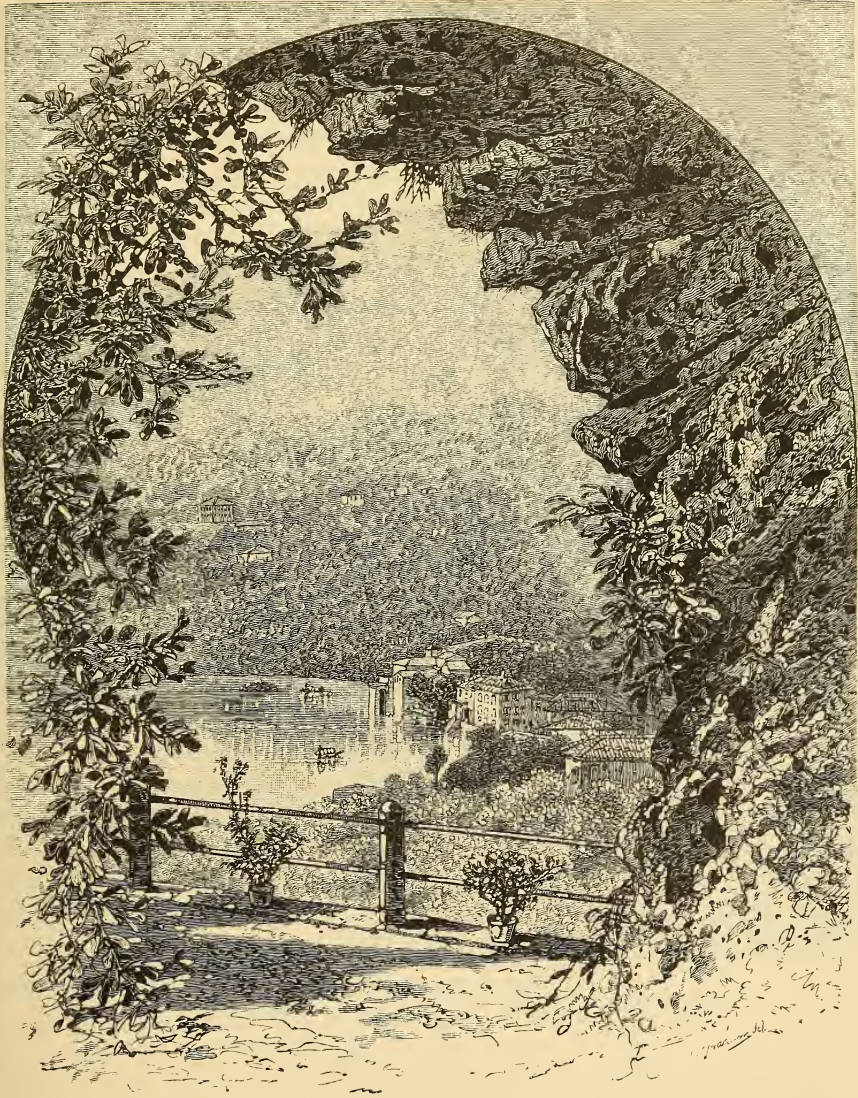
"I wouldn't mind staying here a week or two," Mrs. Bassett answered; "it is such a comfortable spot."

"Well, we will see about that," said Frank; "it is too late in the day to attempt any of the regular sight-seeing. In fact, it is now about sunset, and we will take a little stroll through Bellagio and be ready for an excursion to-morrow morning."

This proposal was satisfactory to all concerned. Their stroll through Bellagio revealed some quaint nooks, and as the town is built on a hill-side, some of the streets through which they passed were in the form of stairways. Most of the streets are quite narrow, and some of them are partially covered with arches extending from the buildings on one side to those on the other, and excluding sun and rain.

In the morning our friends made an excursion to some of the villas in the neighborhood of Bellagio, including the Villa Melzi, which was built for Count Melzi, who was Vice-President of the Italian Republic under Napoleon in 1802, and afterwards became Duke of Lodi. The villa belongs at present to his grandson, who was absent at the time, and therefore our friends had an opportunity of seeing the interior by paying a small fee to the custodian.

From the Villa Melzi they went to the Villa Serbelloni, from which

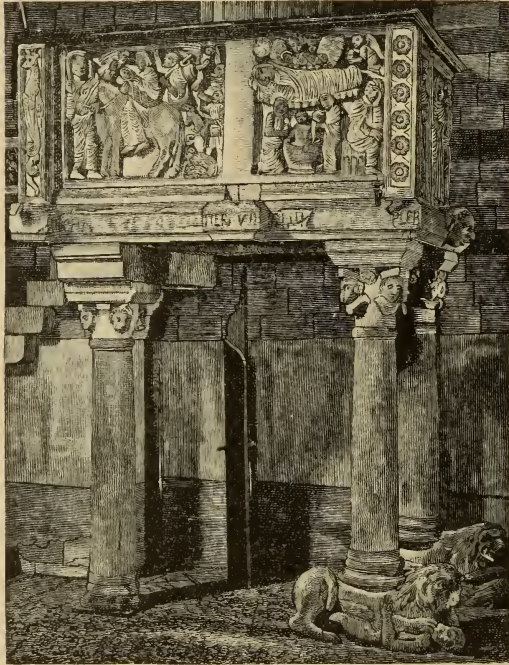


VILLA SERBELLONI.

they had a fine view of the lake. This villa stands at a considerable elevation above the lake, so that as one stands on its balcony he can look down upon the roofs of the houses at Bellagio and other points. The prospect is a charming one, and many have pronounced it the finest on the lake. Quite as interesting, or nearly as much so as the villas, were the gardens around them, as they exhibit all the fragrance and

luxuriance of southern vegetation, mingled not infrequently with the vegetation of the regions of the north.

In the garden of the Villa Melzi there are magnificent magnolias, camellias, cedars, aloes, Chinese pines, and other trees whose home is principally in the tropics, or very close to their border. The garden is further adorned with sculpture, and throughout the interior of the



PULPIT IN AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

building there are many very fine works of art. There are copies of ancient busts in marble by Canova, and there are beautiful frescos by some of the best artists in that line of work, and there are statuettes and paintings in great number. In fact, it was not possible to make a careful examination of everything during the short time at the disposal of our friends.

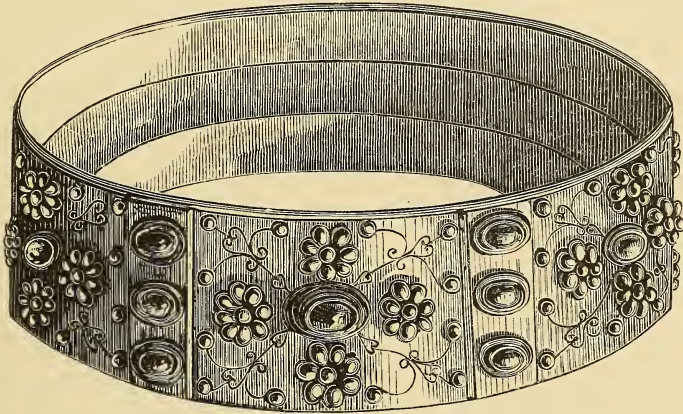
On their return to the hotel they were besieged by boatmen who wished to take them across the lake to Cadenabbia and Menaggio. At the former place is the celebrated Villa Carlotta, or Sommariva, the latter name coming from the Count of Sommariva,

to whom it formerly belonged. About fifty years ago it came into the possession of Prince Albert of Prussia, from whose daughter Charlotte, to whom he gave it, its present name is derived.

This villa is a very showy one, and was built at a vast outlay. One of the rooms of the interior is known as the Marble Hall, and contains a frieze decorated with reliefs by the famous Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. These reliefs represent the Triumph of Alexander, and it is said that Count Sommariva paid for them the enormous sum of 375,000 francs, or \$75,000. There are several statues by Canova, and statues and paintings by other sculptors and artists whose names are known to

fame. The garden of the Villa Carlotta is fully equal to the gardens of Melzi and Serbelloni, and from several points in the garden there are fine views of the lake in the direction of Bellagio. The excursion we have described occupied an entire day, or so much of it that there was practically no time left for anything more.

Next day the party made an excursion by steamboat up the lake to Colico, which is the point of departure for Switzerland, by way of the



THE IRON CROWN.

Spielgen Pass. Colico contained very little of interest, and all were quite ready to come back again on the return trip of the boat which carried them thither and be once more at Bellagio.

A trip was planned to the Lake of Lugano, but it was interfered with by a heavy rain, and consequently given up.

Although kept in doors by the inclemency of the weather, our friends did not find the time hanging heavy on their hands, as there were many subjects of interest which occupied their attention. People of every nationality seemed to be stopping at the hotel, and the observation of their peculiarities, together with the contemplation of the lake and the hills surrounding it, were entertainments of which they did not become weary in the hours when the rain was falling.

The next day the sun shone bright again, and the walks and drives and boat excursions were resumed. Four days were passed very pleasantly at Bellagio, and then one morning the party took the steamboat for Como, whence they took the train for Monza and Milan. Before their departure from Como, Mary made note of the circumstance

that the elder Pliny was born there, and also the celebrated electrician and philosopher Volta. She found somewhere an extract from a letter which the younger Pliny wrote to a friend at Como, and this extract she copied into her note-book, to show how the lake was regarded in the first century of the Christian era. Here it is :

“ What are you doing at Como? Do you study, hunt, or fish, or all three together? For on our beloved lake one can do all these. Her waters afford fish, her wooded heights game, and her deep solitude quiet for study. But, whatever you do, I envy you, and I cannot restrain the confession that it makes my heart heavy not to be able to share that with you, for which I pine as a sick man for a cooling drink, a bath, or a living spring. Shall I tear with violence these close-fitting bonds if no other solution is possible? Ah! I fear never. For before old occupations are ended new ones are thrust upon me, and thus link after link is added to the chain of endless toil which holds me here enthralled. Farewell!”

Before leaving Como, Frank had made a careful study of the timetable of the railway, and arranged that the party should stop at Monza, eight miles north of Milan, to visit the cathedral, which is the chief object of interest in the city, and does not require a long time for its inspection. The cathedral at Monza was built, in the fourteenth century, on the site of a church which was founded in the year 595 by the Lombardy queen Theodolinda. The cathedral is a very solid structure, containing double aisles and transept, with chapels on both sides. It contains the tomb of the queen who founded it, and also the tombs of several rulers of Lombardy and other men of note.

One of the curiosities of the cathedral is the celebrated Iron Crown, which was used at the coronation of thirty-four Lombardy kings; it was last used at the coronation of Emperor Ferdinand I. in 1838. When Napoleon Bonaparte was at Monza he took the crown, and with his own hands placed it upon his head. It is a very ancient piece of work, and consists of a broad hoop of gold ornamented with precious stones. Around the interior of the crown there is a thin strip of iron, which is said to have been made from a nail of the true cross brought by the Empress Helena from Palestine. The Austrians carried it away in 1859, but it was restored to its old place after the peace of 1866.

In the treasury of the church our friends saw several objects of historical interest. Among them was a golden hen with seven chickens in gold, made by order of Queen Theodolinda to represent Lombardy and its seven provinces. They also saw the cross which was placed on

the breast of each Lombard king at the moment of his coronation, two silver loaves which were presented by Napoleon I., and the crown, fan, and comb of Queen Theodolinda. Mrs. Bassett thought the fan and comb might have been well enough for a queen who lived 1300 years ago, but they would be of no great consequence nowadays. Mary said she had fans and combs of much more practical use than those in the



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF ST. AMBROGIO, MILAN.

collection, but she would gladly exchange them all for the antique ones, for the sake of the historic associations connected with the latter.

An hour passed very quickly in the cathedral at Monza, and then the party returned to the railway station to continue its journey to Milan. From the railway station at the latter place they drove to the interior of the city, and in due time were comfortably settled at one of the hotels and were ready for sight-seeing.

Mrs. Bassett and Mary were agreeably surprised at the extent and grandeur of the city, and when they said so, as they were riding from the station to the hotel, Frank told them that Milan had been surnamed *La Grande* (The Great). He added that it was one of the wealthiest and most prosperous cities of Italy, and had a population of two

hundred and fifty thousand or more. "The circumference of the city," said Frank, "is more than nine miles. It was founded by the Romans, who called it Mediolanum; it was a prosperous city in early times, and was totally destroyed in 1162 by Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany. It was immediately rebuilt by the allied cities of Mantua, Brescia, Cremona, and Bergamo, and in course of time all traces of the destruction had passed away. Occasionally some of the ancient foundations are uncovered in the course of excavations for new buildings; a few of the churches escaped the general destruction, and that was all. Five hundred years ago Milan had a high reputation as a patron of art, and it retained this reputation for a long time."

"I suppose it fell into the hands of the Austrians, like the rest of Lombardy, did it not?" Mary asked.

"Yes," said Frank; "it was captured by the Spaniards, and afterwards, in 1714, the Austrians took possession. From 1796 to 1815 it was the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, and then the Austrians obtained it once more. There was a great insurrection here in 1848, which compelled the Austrians to evacuate the city; but they soon regained possession of it, though their rule was unpopular."

"I have read somewhere," said Mary, "that the Italians all through the northern part of Italy would not associate in any way with their Austrian rulers during the twenty years and more previous to the wars of 1859 and 1866, and especially between those years."

"That is quite true," Frank replied; "or, at any rate, substantially so. In Milan, Venice, Verona, and other of the Italian cities the people adopted a plan with reference to the Austrians which, in these days, would be called 'boycotting.' I can best describe it by telling the experience of a gentleman with whom I was talking while we were in Venice about his visit to that city a few years previous to 1866. He said he passed a week or more in Venice, and was fond of strolling or sitting among the people at the cafés along the Piazza San Marco. On several occasions Austrian officers in uniform came along and took seats at a café; the Italians seated there immediately paid what they owed to the waiters and left the spot. Every afternoon the Austrian band came into the Piazza to play. Previous to the appearance of the band the place would be full of Italians, and great numbers of them were seated at the cafés. As soon as the band appeared and struck its first note every Italian went away; the place was cleared as speedily as though a dozen lions and tigers had been let loose there.

"It was the same at the theatres; the appearance of a group of

Austrian officers was sufficient to cause all the Italians present to leave their seats and go home. One evening a benefit was given to a very popular Italian actor. The gentleman had great difficulty in obtaining tickets for his party, and expected to see the house crowded; on going there he found about twenty seats occupied by Austrian officers, and



RELIEF UPON THE PULPIT OF AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

every other seat vacant, with the exception of the few that had been taken by foreigners like himself. All the places had been secured in advance and paid for, and the actor received a substantial financial benefit, though, to all appearances, the house was nearly empty."

"And was it the same way in Milan?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Yes; practically the same previous to 1859," Frank answered. "There were a few Italians who were on friendly terms with the Austrian rulers, but they were looked upon with contempt by the rest of their countrymen. After the return of Italian rule they suffered severely for their former lack of patriotism, as they were shunned by their own people and received the coldest of treatment at all times.

Some of them found the state of affairs so disagreeable that they moved away, while those who remained in their old homes had to pass their lives in comparative solitude."

"Such a state of affairs couldn't have been very agreeable to the Austrians, it seems to me," said Mrs. Bassett.

"No, it certainly could not have been," responded Frank; "but probably they didn't care much for the feelings of the people. They held their position by right of conquest, and the conqueror never cares very much how the conquered people regard his presence."

"You say that Milan is a very prosperous manufacturing city," said Mary. "What are its principal lines of manufacture?"

"I can answer that question," said Fred, "as I've been looking into the subject. It has a great many lines of manufacture, such as cutlery, porcelain, and wooden and iron ware; but the greatest of all its industries is the manufacture of silk goods and ribbons. It has a very large trade in raw silk, which is shipped from here to France, England, and the United States for manufacture. Since the events of 1859 and 1866 Milan has grown very rapidly, and there have been many marked improvements in its streets and buildings; in fact, I doubt if any other town in Italy has made in the past twenty-five years as much progress as this, or increased its population more rapidly."

"I can see," said Mrs. Bassett, "that the streets are wide and well paved—at least, those that we have seen thus far."

"Yes," said Frank; "you will find that the older and narrower streets are very clean and well kept, and great attention is paid to neatness and cleanliness everywhere. You will also—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Mrs. Bassett, "but what is that magnificent building?" As she spoke she pointed in the direction just ahead of them, and indicated an immense structure apparently of white marble that seemed to fill the horizon.

"Oh, that," said Frank, as his eye followed that of his mother—"that is the cathedral, the famous Cathedral of Milan. It is not far from the hotel where we are to stop, and it will be the first thing that will command our attention in sight-seeing."

"It is certainly a very large church—very large, indeed!" Mrs. Bassett remarked in a tone of admiration.

"Yes, the people of Milan regard it as the eighth wonder of the world; it is the third largest church in Europe, the two larger ones being St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral at Seville. I will tell you more about it when we visit it and ascend to the roof."

On their way from the hotel to the cathedral Frank told his mother that the interior of the edifice was nearly 500 feet in length by 200 feet in width. "The nave of the building," said he, "is 155 feet high and 55 feet broad; the dome is 220 feet high, and the tower rises 360 feet above the pavement. Just think of it!"

"What a lot of turrets and statues there are!" Mrs. Bassett exclaimed, as she paused in her footsteps, and looked upward at the exterior of the building. "Has anybody counted them?"

"Yes," said Frank; "there are about 100 of those turrets (98, to be exact), and there are altogether 2000 statues in marble. Many of the statues and ornaments were badly injured by the French in 1796. Some of them have been repaired or 'restored,' but a great many were incapable of repair."

"It doesn't look like a very old building," said Mary. "One might almost say that it had been finished within the present year."

"It is older than it appears to be," said Frank. "It was begun in 1386, and finished in its principal parts by the end of the fifteenth century. In 1805, after the conquest of Italy by the French, the Emperor Napoleon caused the work on the cathedral to be resumed, and the tower over the dome to be added. Additions and repairs have been going on ever since, and great attention is paid to keeping the building in perfect order."

Our friends walked around the outside of the cathedral, and then passed into the interior through the main entrance. Mary called attention to the pavement, which consists entirely of mosaic in marble of different colors, and then she uttered an exclamation of surprise at the vaulting of the interior, which seemed to be made of perforated stone.



MADONNA DELLA CINTOLA.

“What a vast amount of work it must have been,” she said, “and what patience was required to put the stone in such a shape as that.”

Fred smiled, and told the girl she was deceived. “What you think is perforated stone,” said he, “is really painting or fresco. It is very cleverly done, and I don’t wonder at your being deceived. I wouldn’t have known to the contrary had I not learned the fact before I came to the church, and even then I hesitated.”

Then the visitors turned their attention to the monuments contained in the edifice, finishing with the chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, which is in front of the choir beneath the dome. It is elaborately and expensively decorated with gold and precious stones, and contains the relics of that very celebrated saint.

As they stood looking at the chapel and its decorations, Mrs. Bassett asked who St. Charles Borromeo was, and what he did.

“He was cardinal and archbishop in 1560,” said Fred. “He was born at Arona, in 1538, and was illustrious for his charity and piety. He devoted himself, so history tells us, to reforming the morals of the clergy, and providing charitable institutions for the poor. During the prevalence of the plague at Milan, in 1576, he gave his personal attendance to the sick at the risk of his life, and spent all that he possessed in administering to their wants. He died in 1584, revered as a saint and martyr, and was canonized in due time.”

“Oh, I remember,” said Mary, “a picture representing St. Charles Borromeo going among the sick and dying during the plague. I understand now the meaning of it.”

“In one of the chapels in the north aisle,” said Frank, “there is the crucifix that he carried when he went about barefooted engaged in his missions of mercy. We will see it as we go out of the church.”

“Thank you,” said Mrs. Bassett. “I would like to see it, as a matter of curiosity, and any other relic of the saint.”

From the chapel our friends ascended to the roof and tower of the building; or, rather, we should say all ascended to the roof, but Frank and Fred only ascended the tower. The view from the roof takes in the city and a good deal of the surrounding country, while that from the tower includes a fine view of the Alps, provided the weather is clear.

Fortunately for our friends there was not a cloud in the sky, and Frank and Fred were able to make out some of their old acquaintances of their tour in Switzerland. Among them were Mont Blanc, the Great Saint Bernard, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Bernese Alps, and the summits of the Saint Gothard. In the south the range of the Apennines



ST. BARBARA.

was visible, and also the domes and towers of Pavia. The party was in no haste to leave the roof of the church, as the view from it was an enchanting one—not only the view of the city, the country, and the mountains in the distance, but that of the building itself, which seemed more stupendous from their elevated position than when they looked at it from below, and seemed to cover a vast area.

From whatever point one regards the Cathedral of Milan he cannot fail to be greatly impressed by its extent, its grandeur, its magnificence, and the vast amount of labor that has been bestowed upon it. The Milanese have every reason to be proud of this splendid edifice, and no one can blame them for regarding it as the eighth of the great wonders of the world; they might even rank it higher.

We have not space to tell all that was seen and heard and done by our friends during their stay in Milan. They went the rounds ordinarily made by the tourist, visiting churches, galleries, museums, and other places of interest, and when the time came for departure each one of them sought excuses for remaining longer. Mary and her mother suggested that Milan ought to be a good place for shopping, as it was the centre of the silk industry of Italy. They were sure that they could make purchases to advantage; but on second thought and sober consideration it was decided that they had a sufficiency of wearing apparel for the present, and it was hardly necessary or wise to burden themselves with superfluous goods that would naturally require superfluous trunks for their transportation and money to pay for it.

Frank and Fred planned some excursions into the neighboring country; and Fred cast a longing eye upon the little river Olona, on which Milan stands, in the hope that it might have piscatorial advantages which would justify the use of fishing implements. But he could not ascertain that the river possessed any finny inhabitants worthy of his efforts, and consequently he could not make their pursuit a reason or excuse for a longer stay in or around Milan.

Mention has been made of the importance of Milan in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as a patron of art. During their stay in the city our friends took every opportunity to inform themselves concerning the art history of the place. After visiting the cathedral Mrs. Bassett said she was desirous of seeing the famous painting of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. She was familiar with the picture through the many engravings that have been made of it, and, like all visitors to Milan, would not be content until she had looked upon the original, which has a world-wide celebrity.

“I am afraid you will be much disappointed with the painting,” said Frank; “but of course we will go and see it.”

“Why do you think I will be disappointed when I see it?” was the question which very naturally followed his remark.

“Why, because the painting is in a very bad state of preservation,” was the reply. “The colors are considerably faded, and in places the lines of the drawing are almost imperceptible.”

“Oh, I supposed it was a large painting and carefully preserved,” was the reply. “I am glad you told me, because I would not wish to entertain high expectations about it and then be disappointed.”

They visited the place where the painting is to be seen, which is in the refectory of an old monastery. The monastery was long ago suppressed, and but for the importance of the painting it contained the refectory would not have been pre-



“THE LAST SUPPER.”—[Pen-drawing of the tenth century.]

served in its present condition. The painting was done in oil-colors upon a wall, and therefore it cannot be removed. The room is low and by no means dry, and there does not seem to have been any serious care taken of the picture until comparatively recent times. The lower part of the centre of the picture has been injured by the cutting through of a doorway; but this mutilation, though unfortunate, has not injured the painting so much as has the dampness of the walls. Any one who is not a thoroughly trained student of art can obtain a better idea of what the painting originally was by the contemplation of a good engraving or other reproduction, rather than from the picture itself.

While they were looking at the picture Mrs. Bassett expressed her surprise that the artist had not painted it upon canvas, so that it could

be moved about from one place to another, and put in the best position for seeing it.

“Painting on canvas,” replied Frank, “was not so generally practised in Da Vinci’s time as it is at present. The earliest form of pictorial art was upon walls, as we find by reference to the paintings in Egypt, of which by far the greater portion are upon the walls of tombs and temples, or in other places where their removal is an impossibility. Painting on slabs of stone followed that of painting on solid wall, and then came the practice of painting on boards or panels. It is said that painting on canvas was introduced in Venice, and carried on there for a considerable time before it was adopted in other parts of Italy.”

“When did the artists first begin painting in oils?” Mary asked.

“That is a difficult question to answer,” said Frank, “and one about which there has been a great deal of discussion. The exact period at which oil painting was introduced is a matter of considerable doubt. Some of the best authorities attribute it to Jan Van Eyck, a Flemish painter who was born at Maaseyck about the year 1390. He and his brother were the first who attained to great success in oil-painting. They mixed their pigments with drying-oil and resin, and the few paintings of his that are extant at the present time display a freshness and brilliancy of color which is not equalled by any works of the same period.

“Other authorities say that oil-painting was known and practised previous to Van Eyck’s time, but they generally give him credit for great improvements in the art. Before his day it was the custom, particularly in Italy, to paint with gums, or other substances of an adhesive nature, dissolved in water. That is the way in which most of the ancient paintings were made. Where they have been made and kept in a dry place they have not suffered materially; but unfortunately the gums are affected by dampness, and hence a great number of the paintings thus made have suffered more or less seriously.”

“Thank you very much,” said Mrs. Bassett. “I’ve learned something to-day that I did not know before. Was Leonardo Da Vinci a native of Milan?”

“He was not born at Milan,” was the reply, “but at Vinci, near Florence, in 1452. In his early youth he became the pupil of a painter of Florence, and so rapid was his progress that he very soon surpassed his master. He left Florence about 1481 and went to Milan, but before doing so he produced several works which gave him wide reputation. He entered the service of the Duke of Milan, so his biographers say, and

was made the director of an academy of arts and sciences founded by the duke about 1485. The picture before us is said to have been painted about 1499, and to have been the most famous of all his works. He returned to Florence shortly after finishing this painting, remained there several years, and afterwards returned to Milan, where he remained two or three years. Then he went to Rome for a while, and subsequently



HUBERT AND JAN VAN EYCK.

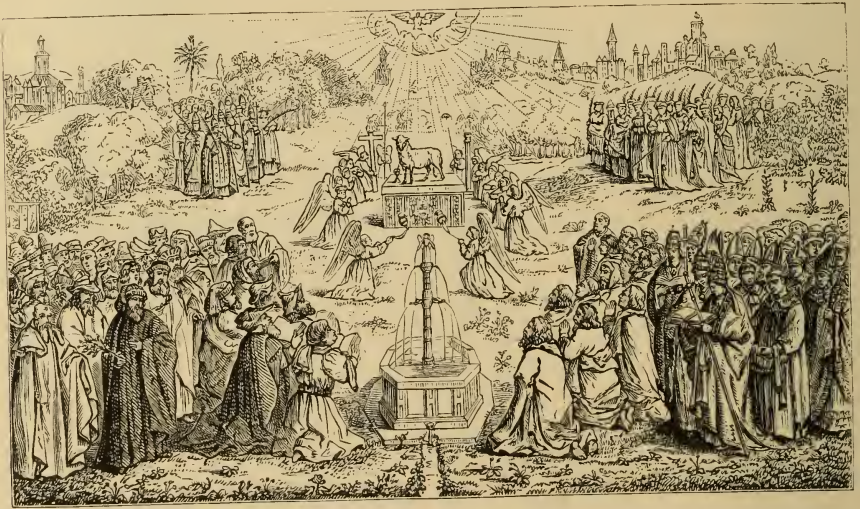
entered the service of Francis I. of France, and went with him to Paris. He did not accomplish anything of importance from the time he left Italy. His death occurred in France about 1519."

"It is a wonder that this painting has been preserved at all," said Mrs. Bassett, as Frank concluded this little biographical sketch of the great artist. "Three hundred years in this low room with its damp walls is a long time for it to remain even in the state in which we find it."

"Three hundred years would be a very short time," said Fred, "on the walls of the tombs and temples of Egypt. There we see paintings that were made three or four thousand years ago, with the coloring just

as fresh now as it was the day it was put on. Dampness is certainly a terrible thing for works of art of all kinds."

There was further talk on this subject during the rest of the stay in the refectory, but we will not attempt to repeat it. Then Mrs. Bassett suggested that she wished to go to the picture-gallery in the Brera, the Palace of the Arts and Sciences, where there are two excellent copies of "The Last Supper." She thought she would fully appreciate those pictures, now that she had seen the famous original and learned something about the history of the artist who painted it. The party went from the refectory to the Brera, and this visit was the last of their art studies in Milan. It was near the close of the day preceding the departure of the party by the train for Genoa, and left a pleasing memory in the minds of all.



"ADORATION OF THE LAMB."—[Jan Van Eyck.]

CHAPTER VII.

FROM MILAN TO GENOA.—PAVIA AND ITS HUNDRED TOWERS.—THE BATTLE OF PAVIA.—FRANCIS I.; HIS HISTORIC WORDS.—PASSING THROUGH THE APENNINES.—FIRST VIEW OF GENOA; POSITION OF THE CITY; ITS HISTORY AND IMPORTANCE.—“THE SUPERB.”—GENOA’S PART IN THE CRUSADES.—STATUE OF COLUMBUS; OTHER MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT NAVIGATOR; WHERE WAS COLUMBUS BORN? MARY’S DESCRIPTION OF THE STATUE.—THE MUNICIPAL PALACE, AND WHAT WAS SEEN THERE.—LETTERS OF COLUMBUS.—PAGANINI’S VIOLIN; ANECDOTES OF THE GREAT MUSICIAN.—AN EXCURSION IN THE HARBOR OF GENOA.—COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF GENOA.—ITALIAN STEAMSHIPS; PECULIARITIES OF THEIR MANAGEMENT.—BANK OF ST. GEORGE.—THE SAINT AND THE DRAGON.

FROM Milan to Genoa is a ride by railway of about five hours, and our friends took an early train in order to enjoy the scenery of the Apennines. They passed through Pavia, but did not stop there. Mrs. Bassett asked if it was famous for anything, and Frank explained that it was a very old city (the Ticinum of the Romans), and subsequently known as the City of the Hundred Towers, owing to its hundred towers of defence, many of which still exist. Portions of the walls have been removed, but there is yet a sufficient quantity remaining to give an air of antiquity to the place.

“Near Pavia,” said Frank, “is the famous Certosa, a monastery which was founded in 1396. It has suffered various vicissitudes, having been suppressed two or three times, and at one period occupied as a military post. It contains some paintings, and the facade of the building is greatly admired by architects and artists.”

“I have read somewhere,” said Mary, “that a great battle was fought near the Certosa of Pavia. What battle was it?”



FRANCIS I.—[From Medal in the British Museum.]

"It is known in history," replied Fred, "as the Battle of Pavia."

"How long ago was it fought?" the girl next asked.

"On February 24, 1525, nearly four centuries ago," Fred replied. "It was fought between the French under their king, Francis I., and the German imperial forces under the Emperor Charles V. According to history, the French King fought with heroic valor, killing no fewer than seven men with his own hand; but he was finally compelled to surrender and become a prisoner to the Emperor, who treated him with great respect. A phrase in a letter which he wrote after the battle to his mother, Louisa of Savoy, became historic."

"What is that?"

"' *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur* ' " (All is lost except honor).

"I have seen that quoted frequently!" exclaimed Mary. "And was he really the author of it, do you suppose?"

"About that there is some dispute," Fred responded, "and the latest investigation shows that those are not the words he wrote. They are now said to have been, '*L'honneur et la vie est sauve*' (Honor and life are saved), which is about the same in meaning."

"Well, it is a good phrase either way, and the first form is the best. Wouldn't it have been just as well if there had been less investigation into the exact nature of his domestic correspondence?"

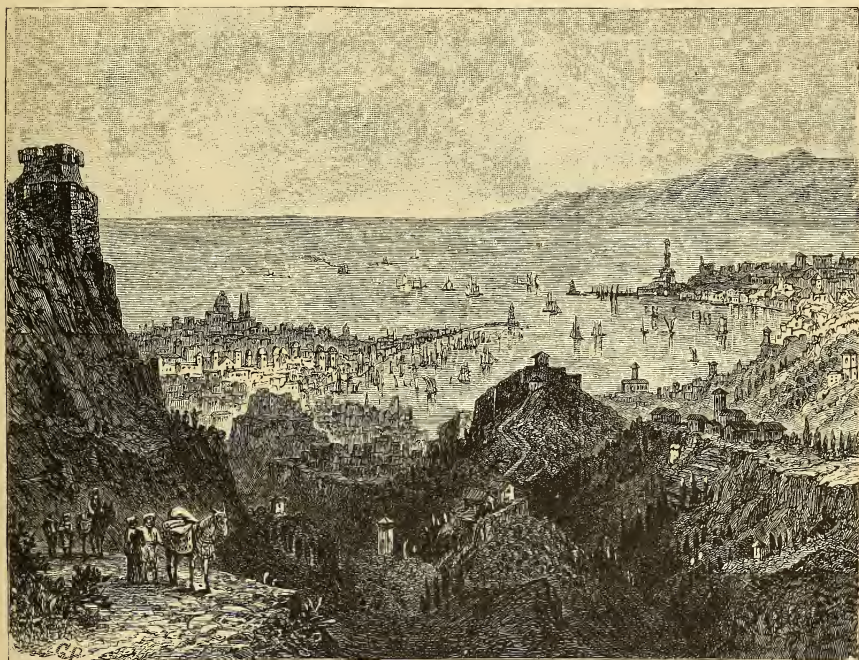
"I certainly think so," was the reply. "The phrase as first given has certainly a grand 'ring' to it, and there are many circumstances in these prosaic days when the quotation is an apt one. I would be just as well contented if it had remained as it was."

As the train which carried the travellers approached the coast, they found the country more and more mountainous. Frank explained to his mother that they were getting into the range of the Apennines, which have been called the backbone of Italy. In the centre of the peninsula they lie about midway from one side to the other, but in the neighborhood of Florence they begin to approach the coast, and fairly reach it in the neighborhood of Genoa.

As one nears Genoa from the north the railway line is an example of splendid engineering on the part of those who constructed it. In some places it stands on lofty embankments overlooking deep valleys and ravines, and it passes through several tunnels, one of them being upwards of two miles in length, and requiring eight or ten minutes for the transit through it. Rivers are crossed over lofty and massive bridges, and the scenery in all directions is exceedingly picturesque. Here and there rise the walls of old castles, and nestled among the

mountains one sees numerous villages. The highest point of the line is 1200 feet above the sea-level, and it forms the water-shed between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, or natural dividing line.

On passing the range of the Apennines our friends found themselves in sight of a series of towers which crown the summits of the



VIEW OF GENOA, FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE THE CITY.

hills to the left, and belong to the old fortifications of Genoa. Just as the train had given a glimpse of the light-house and citadel of the old port it disappeared into a tunnel, where its speed was gradually slackened for the reason that the terminal station lay just beyond the point of exit from beneath the rugged hills.

“I suppose,” said Mrs. Bassett, “that Genoa has a surname, just as Milan has. You told us that Milan was called *La Grande*. What do they call Genoa, or haven’t they any name for it?”

“Oh, they call Genoa *La Superba*, or ‘The Superb,’ owing to its beautiful situation and its many palaces of white marble. As we go about it you will observe that it is very picturesquely placed on a slope which rises above the sea in a wide semicircle. Genoa has been a famous

place for a great many centuries. It was an important port in the time of the Romans, and was a flourishing city all through the Middle Ages. It has had a variety of governments, and was the great rival of Venice and Pisa for a long time. A republic was established here in the tenth century, presided over by doges, very much after the manner of the Republic of Venice and quite as tyrannical."

"When the armies of Europe organized the Crusades to wrest the holy places of Palestine from the possession of the infidels, Genoa joined in the enterprise and obtained her full share of the spoils. She acquired valuable possessions in the East in the same way that Venice did, and not a few of the battles between Venice and Genoa arose from rival claims to these possessions. We will learn more about the history of Genoa as we look around the city."

After they had taken their rooms at the hotel, the party followed its usual custom of utilizing the remaining portion of the day in a general view of the place, and taking in whatever of the standard sights were convenient or came in their way.

Like most Americans, Mrs. Bassett had a particular interest in Genoa, because it was the home of Columbus, and one of the first things that she intimated a desire to see was the statue erected in his honor. Every American traveller is at once taken by the guides to this monument, and is expected to go into ecstasies about it. It is said that when the hotel-keepers and others who make their living from the stranger within the gates are uncertain whether an English-speaking visitor is from Great Britain or the land beyond the Atlantic, an infallible test for ascertaining his nationality is to mention the statue of Columbus. Should he express a desire to see it, he is certainly an American; but if he intimates that the statue of Columbus possesses no interest whatever for him, he is set down as a Briton.

The statue was visited early in their stroll, and it is proper to say that all were glad to have seen it. Aside from its historical interest, it is certainly an admirable work of art. Mary wrote a description of it, which we are permitted to insert here in her words.

"The monument stands on a square pedestal, and was erected in 1862. It consists entirely of white marble, and is surrounded by allegorical figures representing 'Religion,' 'Geography,' 'Strength,' and 'Wisdom.' These figures are in a sitting posture, on blocks at the four corners of the pedestal, and between them, on each of the four sides, are reliefs and scenes from the history of Columbus with an inscription of dedication. These reliefs represent the following events in his life:

Columbus before the Council of Salamanca; Columbus taking formal possession of the New World; his reception by the Spanish sovereigns on his return from the discovery; and, lastly, the closing incident of his life, Columbus in chains. The great navigator is represented by a colossal figure, with its left hand resting upon an anchor. By his side there is an allegorical figure of an Indian, half kneeling and half sitting, and holding a cross or crucifix in the right hand. The pedestal below

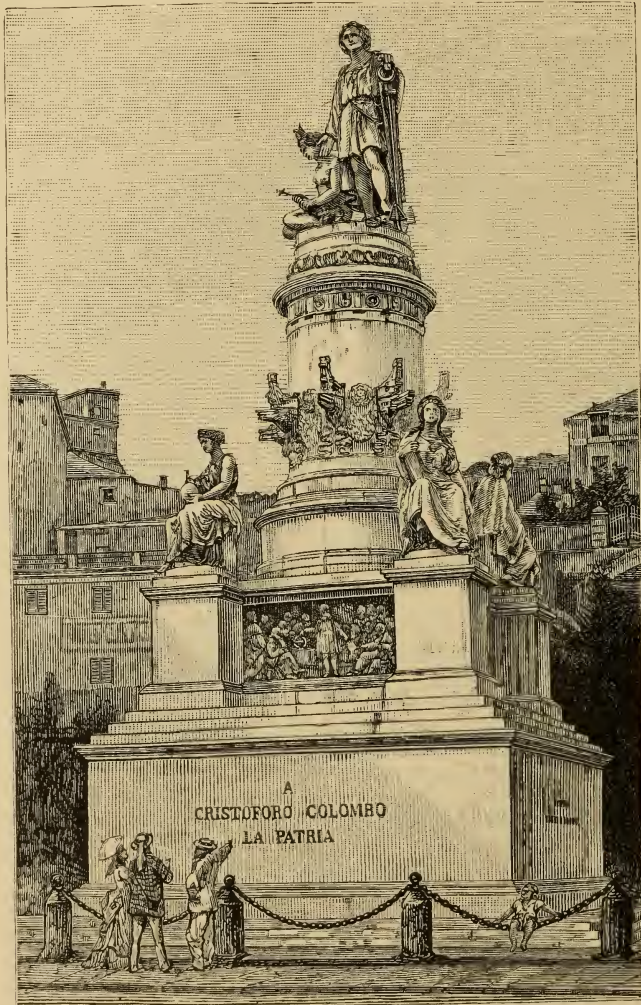


CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—[From the Venetian mosaic.]

the feet of Columbus is adorned with ships' prows—I mean prows of ships of the period in which he lived. Altogether, it impresses us as a very handsome and admirably designed monument. I bought some photographs of it at a shop close by, and am glad to have them.

“Opposite to the monument is the Palace of Columbus, which has an inscription to the effect that Christopher Columbus, the Genoese, discovered America. There was no need of telling us that, as we had

heard it before ; but the relation of the house to the famous navigator we could not clearly make out. They endeavored to convey the impression that Columbus was born in that house.



MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS, GENOA.

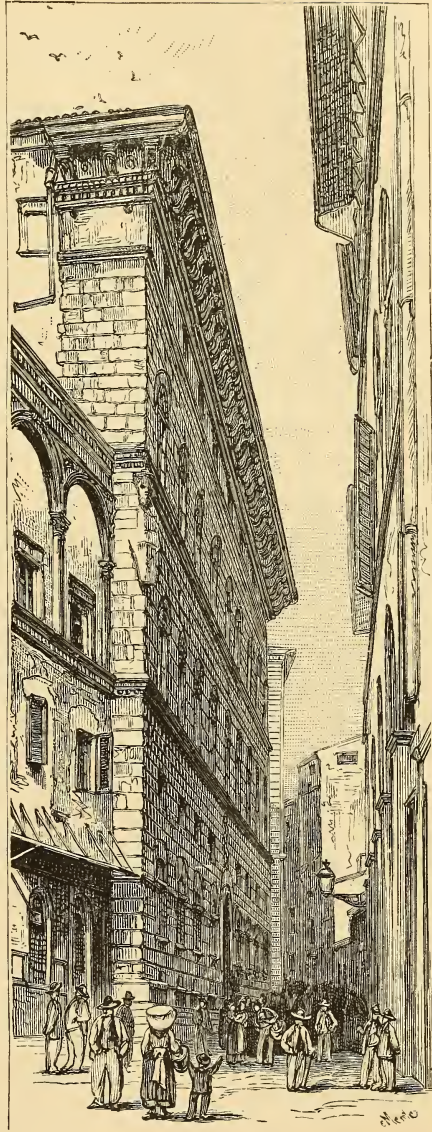
“There is a good deal of doubt as to whether he was born at Genoa or somewhere else. They showed the house which they claim was his birthplace, and indicated the room where he first saw the light ; but this is disputed by no fewer than seven other cities. This number,

added to Genoa, makes eight birth-places in all for Columbus, which is one more than the poet Homer is said to have had. Perhaps you would like to know all the places in which Columbus was born; here they are: Genoa, Cogeletto, Savona, Nervi, Piacenza, Cuccaro, Monterosso, and Quinto.

“There are still some other cities and villages that put in their claims, and they are not by any means confined to this region. The last claimant is the City of Calvi, in the Island of Corsica, which pretends to possess the original register of the birth and baptism of Columbus in that place.

“Frank suggests that as long as we are in Genoa we must not admit any doubt on our part that this city was the birthplace of our hero; and when we go to other places that claim him we must be equally discreet, so far as they are concerned. We must observe the same prudence that is due from visitors to Chicago and St. Louis regarding the relative claims of each of those cities as to its commercial greatness and supremacy.

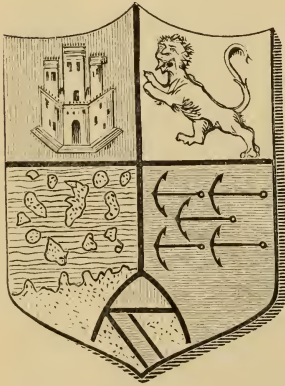
“There is little doubt, however, that the father of the great Christopher lived here at one time, and carried on the occupation of wool-comber. Wool-combing is an industry to-day, as it was in the fifteenth century, and we have seen a man working at the combing-bench, just as the father of Columbus may have been engaged while his son was growing to manhood. Many of the streets of the city have been



REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

changed considerably during the past four hundred years, and if Columbus could revisit the earth it is quite possible that he would not be able to make his way readily through Genoa. The street on which the house stands where he is said to have been born is a narrow one, and the building is certainly very old. Of course we went to see it, and paid the fee required for our admission; and we came away with the impression that the owners derive a handsome revenue from the exhibition of the place, and ought to be very thankful to Columbus for the business he created for them by being born there."

The next morning our friends went to the Municipal Palace, partly in order to see the building, which stands upon a slope of ground, and was originally known as the Palazzo Doria Tursi. The building contains some admirable frescos and paintings, but the great objects of



COAT OF ARMS OF COLUMBUS.

interest to the strangers were the memorials of Columbus. These consisted of several portraits, one of them being in mosaic, some autograph letters, and the Codice Diplomatico, which is sometimes called the Portfolio. The mosaic portrait of Columbus was a present from Venice, and was probably sent as a peace-offering on the part of that republic when she was annexed to the Kingdom of Italy. It is enclosed in a magnificent frame of ebony inlaid with ivory, and both the portrait and frame are admirable specimens of the art for which Venice was and still is famous.

"The Codice Diplomatico," said Fred, who had undertaken to write an account of their visit to the Municipal Palace, "contains authenticated copies of the various royal letters-patent which confer titles and dignities upon Columbus, and also some important letters and public documents. They were beautifully engrossed on parchment, and are very carefully preserved. Among the public documents is the famous Bull of Partition issued by Pope Alexander VI., which established an imaginary line from the North Pole to the South Pole. This line was to be the boundary determining the question of territorial right between Spain and Portugal regarding all future discoveries made by Spanish and Portuguese navigators. Let me remark, by the way, that Pope Alexander VI. was a man peculiarly adapted by his temperament

to issue an autocratic decree of this sort. According to history, he was distinguished for profligacy, inhumanity, and unscrupulous ambition. He became pope in 1492, the year of the discovery of America by Columbus, and it was owing to a dispute about the possessions in the newly-discovered lands that this famous bull was issued. He belonged to the Borgia family, which was famous, or infamous, for its practice of poisoning its guests at banquets to which they had been invited. Some historians assert that Alexander VI. died from the effects of a poison which he and his son Borgia had designed for certain of their guests at a banquet, but which was taken by mistake by the Pope himself.

“There are three autograph letters of Columbus, two of which are kept in a marble column surmounted by a bust of Columbus, and another is enclosed in a glass-case, so that it may be examined without being handled. Professor Packard, or any other teacher of

penmanship, would say at once that Columbus needed a course of lessons in the calligraphic art. He certainly did not write very legibly; but perhaps writing was not in his line, his hand being more accustomed to the sword than to the pen. One of his letters is addressed to the Directors of the Bank of St. George, at Genoa, and the other two were written to the Genoese Ambassador at the Spanish court. We did not attempt to read them, partly because we couldn't, and partly because we thought it would not be any advantage to us to do so. The peculiarity of the letters is the signature, or, rather, the superscription above the signature. Instead of saying, ‘Yours very truly,’ or ‘Very respectfully yours,’ he puts down the following letters:

“There has been a good deal of discussion in regard to the meaning of this peculiar way of ending a letter. One rendering is ‘*Supplex servus altissimi Salvatoris Xristi, Mariae, Yosephi,*’ which means, rendered into English, ‘The humble servant of Christ, the Supreme



A GENOESE WOOL-COMBER.

muy noble señores.

Que el cuerpo ande aca / e lo que esta al d' el genio / nro / S^o / m^o / fago la may
mud^a / e d'pues de d'el el ojo f'cho anadi / las cosas de muy imp'f'ca ya las
y f'cho gr^a lumb' / e la f'curidad del goberno no le me' b'cha / yo b'cho
alas yndias = nro de la santa trinidad ya b'chas luego / y por q' yo soy
mortal yo d'ho a di d'igo myself q' de la d'nta toda q' p' ob'nt' / e os
a'nda ali' os el d'zimo de toda ella cada un año ya p' q' / ya = el
cunto de la d'nta de d'igo y d'ho y d'ho b'chos cosas / e a
f'z f'cho algo d' b'ch' / e no f'cho la b'ch'ntad q' yo tengo /
esta f'cho muy vos p'ud por m'nd q' b'chas r'com' d'ado / m'yo
m'yo de d' d'igo q' de muy b'chos mas q' yo p'lo / y p'lo f'
= b'cho el m'nd de muy p'f'chos y d'cho ya q' los p'chos
= buena guar d'ia / f'garia q' los b'chos / el d'ho y la d'ho
m'yo . S^o / m^o / q'nt' / b'chos nro / m'ca / la santa trinidad
votos nro y f'chos guar d' q' el muy magn'f'co of'cio act' f'cho
f'cho = f'ch'la a los dias de abril de 1502 /

el ab'nt' mayor del mar oceano y d'ho de
y goberna' general d' las yslas y p'chos y f'cho
d' asia = guard' d' d'ho y d'ho m'yo S^o / m^o /
cap' = m'nd d' la mar / y el d'ho /

.S.
A .S.
X M Y
Xpo FERENS /

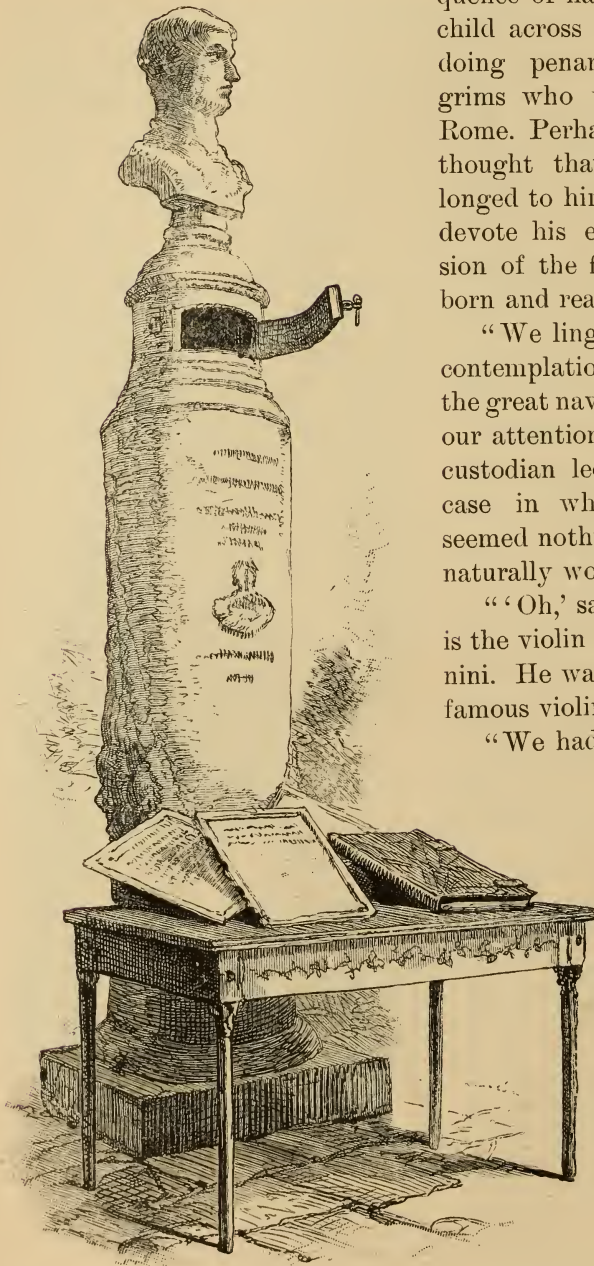
Saviour, and of Mary and Joseph.' There is said to be fairly good reason for believing that this interpretation of the letters is correct, because it is known that one of the objects of Columbus in making his voyages of discovery was to spread the Christian religion, and to rebuild, by means of the wealth that would come to him from his discoveries in new lands, the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

"According to some historians this was the sole object of his voyages, although this extreme religious character of the man hardly agrees with the circumstance which some historians have brought to light: that he was not only a missionary to carry religion into unknown lands, but was also a slave-trader and a pirate. It must be remembered, however, that slave-trading and piracy in the days in which Columbus lived were occupations in which a gentleman might honestly engage without any very serious strain to his conscience. Even as late as the days in which some of us live the blessings of slavery are seriously set forth in the civilizing and Christianizing of races that but for this benign and divine institution would remain in a condition of barbaric ignorance and depravity.

"It is quite possible that Columbus may have considered himself a missionary to carry Christianity into unknown lands for the reason that his prænomen of Christopher implies 'Christ-bearer' (*Christoferens*). The name comes from a saint who suffered martyrdom in the third century, and is said to have received his appellation in conse-



PAGANINI'S VIOLIN.



BUST, AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, AND PORTFOLIO OF COLUMBUS.

quence of having borne the Christ-child across a river where he was doing penance by carrying pilgrims who were on their way to Rome. Perhaps Columbus may have thought that a similar duty belonged to him, and was impelled to devote his energies to the extension of the faith in which he was born and reared.

“We lingered for some time in contemplation of the souvenirs of the great navigator, and then turned our attention to other things. The custodian led the way to a glass-case in which was a violin; it seemed nothing remarkable, and we naturally wondered what it was.

“‘Oh,’ said the custodian, ‘that is the violin of the celebrated Paganini. He was the greatest and most famous violinist that ever lived.’

“We had all heard of Paganini, and naturally his violin was an object of interest. According to all accounts he was a wonderful musician, and Genoa has great reason to be proud of him. He was born here in 1784, and received lessons in his childhood from all the best teachers. He began to play in public concerts at the age of nine, and by his wonderful

ability he used to excite his audiences to an extraordinary degree. Until he was fifteen years old he was under the management of his father, but at that age he left home and began business on his own account. He received enormous sums of money for his performances, and an equally enormous amount of admiration and flattery. The latter seemed to turn his head, and it was his misfortune that he was unable to keep any of the money that came into his hands.

“Paganini was a persistent and reckless gambler, and notwithstanding his very large earnings he was constantly in debt and harassed by his creditors. He was as avaricious as he was reckless; he exacted the largest possible fees from those who wished to engage him, and immediately on receiving them rushed to the gaming-table. He visited all the principal cities of Europe, and everywhere created the wildest excitement. Some of his performances have never been equalled by any other violinist of any age or country.

“One writer says of him that he was a whole orchestra at once. He would play at sight the most difficult compositions. He improvised with the greatest rapidity, and surpassed every other man that ever lived in his ability of execution on a single string. In his hands the violin which we are contemplating in this glass-case could represent all the passions and feelings of which the human mind is capable. Those who listened to him say that he could represent the song of a bird or the braying of a donkey with almost perfect accuracy.

“A story is told of Paganini that he arrived one night at Frankfort, and stopped at a tavern outside the gate of the city. Restless and unable to sleep, he took his violin, went to the open window, and began playing one of his remarkable medleys. The performance aroused the whole neighborhood. Sighs and groans and the crying of infants came from the strings of the instrument, and then



NICOLO PAGANINI.

in quick succession were bursts of laughter and the sounds which one hears in a barn-yard concert. Every window within hearing distance was opened. People peered out to ascertain what was the cause of the disturbance, and finally some of the lodgers in the tavern went to Paganini's room, rapped violently on the door, and asked the meaning of all the noise. He explained that he was unable to sleep, and was simply amusing himself by a little practice on his violin.

“One of the famous musicians of the time said that Paganini's phenomenal power was a mystery. He remarked that ‘you might imagine the most wonderful effects that one could produce on the violin, and Paganini would then surpass your highest expectations.’

“It is related of the violinist that he went to Nice in the year 1839 in the hope of restoring his health, which had been greatly shattered; he derived no benefit from his sojourn there, but day by day grew steadily weaker. One evening when he had been sleeping very quietly for an hour or more, he waked and perceived an unusual light coming through the windows of the room. He asked what it was.

“‘It is the moon, maestro; it is the moon,’ said the attendant.

“‘Oh, the moon! Draw aside the curtains, and let me see it once again before I die. It will be my last view of it.’

“The attendant drew aside the curtains, and Paganini raised himself upon his elbow, so that he could gaze out through the trees and see the moonlight as it was reflected from the waters of the Mediterranean. He looked steadily for a time, then smiled and asked the attendant to bring him his violin. The violin was brought; he took it gently in his hands, kissed it tenderly, and then began playing what the attendant describes as a plaintive, dirge-like air, which sounded like a requiem. Fainter and fainter grew the notes, and as the sound ceased the musician dropped the violin from his hand, fell back upon the pillow, and was dead before the attendant was aware.

“We asked if there was any doubt about this being the violin of Paganini, and were assured there was none. The instrument was presented to the city by the son of the far-famed musician, and is carefully treasured as a memorial of the greatest and most remarkable violinist the world has ever known.”

From the Municipal Palace our friends took a stroll in the direction of the harbor, which presents some very animated and picturesque scenes. The harbor of Genoa, like most of the ports of the Mediterranean, is not of great extent, and is generally crowded with shipping. There is a series of arcades along the front of the city, under a lofty

wall that separates the harbor from the houses, and these arcades are the lounging places of the boatmen, sailors, fishermen, and all others who make a living from the harbor and sea about it.

Frank engaged a boat, and the party was rowed out to the entrance of the harbor in order to obtain a good view of the city. The view



GENOESE VESSELS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

was an excellent one, and amply repaid our friends for the trouble they had taken to obtain it. The whole sweep of the semicircle on which Genoa stands was embraced in the scene. In the background were the mountains, making a sharp outline against the clear sky; while away on either hand was the rugged shore, dotted with villages and single houses, and seamed here and there with carriage-roads and railways.

The light-house formed a conspicuous landmark, and its height and prominence indicated its importance in guiding the mariner into one of the most prosperous and picturesque ports of the Italian coast.

While they were making their excursion on the water, Frank told his mother that Genoa was the starting-point of several important lines of steamers. "You can go from here," he said, "to many parts of the earth upon Italian steamships. I don't know that you could travel under the Italian flag to 'Greenland's icy mountains,' but you can certainly go to 'India's coral strand,' as there is a line of steamers from Genoa extending to all the principal ports of Asia. Steamers from Genoa run to Australia, to North and South America, to London and Liverpool, and to all the principal ports of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and there are several coasting lines."

Mrs. Bassett asked if the steamers were as comfortable for passengers as those of the principal English and French companies.

"That is a question," Frank replied, "which I would hardly undertake to answer in the affirmative, nor yet would I give it a very positive negative. Fred and I have been several times on board Italian steamers. Some of them we have found very comfortable, but this cannot be said of all. A peculiarity of the service on nearly all the Italian lines is that the food department is not managed by the steamship company itself, but is farmed out to contractors. A firm of hotel-keepers here in Genoa has the contract for feeding the passengers on several lines of steamships whose headquarters are here.

"The contractors purchase the provisions, furnish the cooks, stewards, and chief stewards, and receive a stipulated portion of the money which has been paid to the company by the passengers. One practical effect of this system is that there is nearly always a disagreement between the captain of the ship and the chief steward. The steward receives from his employers an allowance of money for feeding the passengers. Of course it is his duty to be as economical as possible, while on the other hand the captain desires, if he thinks of the matter at all, that the passengers should be liberally supplied. Not infrequently it happens that the warfare between the two worthies is so bitter they are not on speaking terms; and I have heard a chief steward talk to a captain in a manner that would never be allowed on board an English steamer nor on an American one.

"I remember on one occasion," Frank continued, "that the captain was receiving a visit from some friends on shore while the steamer on which Fred and I were passengers was spending a few hours in port.

When the time for dinner arrived the captain invited his friends to remain, and sent orders to have places reserved for them at the table. The man who brought the message to the chief steward was sent back to tell the captain that the places would not be reserved and the extra meals furnished unless the captain would assume the responsibility of paying for them. The message was delivered in presence of the visitors, who thereupon concluded to go ashore at once. One of them pretended to remember an engagement which would prevent his remaining to dinner; the others accompanied him, and there was no occasion for reserving the places at the table. The captain was in a great rage, and Fred and I listened to an exchange of compliments between him and the chief steward, in which the Italian language seemed to be undergoing a very severe strain."

As Frank paused, Fred took up the thread of conversation, and remarked that the business of farming out matters on board the Italian steamers was not confined to the feeding of the passengers.

"Yes, that's so," said Frank; "I didn't think of it for the moment. Tell about that little incident which occurred at Constantinople."

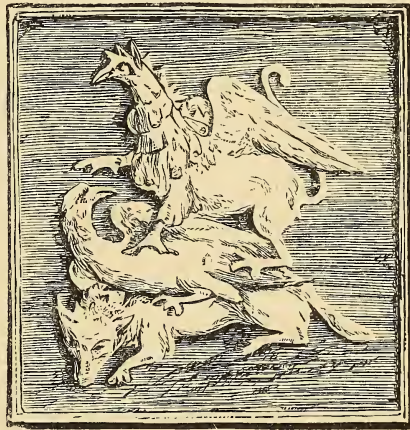
Fred nodded assent, and then related the following interesting story:

"We were leaving Constantinople on a steamer that was advertised to start at eleven o'clock, and we were on board considerably before the hour, according to our usual custom."

"Yes, I'm aware of that," interposed Mary. "I don't believe you and Frank ever missed a steamship or a railway train, or any other public conveyance, through any fault of your own."

"Nor have we," said Fred, in response, "and what's more we don't intend to. And I am very sure," he added, in a tone of admiration as he returned his cousin's glance, "that no one of this present party is ever likely to do so. But this is not telling about the incident Frank hinted at a moment ago."

"Excuse me for interrupting," said Mary; "but the thought occurred to me, and I knew you wouldn't be vexed if I expressed it."



ANCIENT SEAL OF GENOA.

“No vexation at all,” said Fred. “We have our vanities, like the rest of mankind, and I don’t see why we shouldn’t be just a little proud of our habit of promptness when travelling.

“Well, as I was saying, we were on board the steamer before eleven o’clock, the hour at which she was advertised to sail. Eleven o’clock came, but there were no signs of moving. Smoke was pouring from the steamer’s funnel, and the waste steam was angrily hissing from the pipe; occasionally the engines pulsated just a little, as if the engineer was trying them to see that they were all right. Ten, twenty, and thirty minutes passed in this way. We didn’t mind the delay particularly, as we were enjoying the splendid panorama presented from the harbor of Constantinople, which takes in all the range of Stamboul, Galata, and Pera, together with the Isles of the Princes.

“It was a little more than half-past eleven when we saw the engineer come from below and proceed to the captain’s room on deck, where the captain was talking with two or three gentlemen who had come out from shore. The engineer broke into the conversation without any apology to his superior by saying:

“‘It is half an hour after the starting time, captain. I was ready at eleven o’clock, when we were to start.’

“‘Go back to your post,’ said the captain. ‘I’ll give the order when I am ready to leave; I’m commander here.’

“‘Very well,’ said the engineer, ‘I was ready to leave at eleven o’clock. You know that I have a certain allowance of coal for making the voyage, and here I have been burning coal for half an hour, and the ship lying still. I will report this to the Direction.’

“‘Go back to your post and tend to your business!’ said—or, rather, roared—the captain.

“‘Very well,’ was the reply, ‘I’ve nothing more to say; but I’ll report this.’ And with that he returned below.

“The captain appeared to be very angry, and as independent as he was ill-tempered; but we observed that his friends were very quickly hustled over the side into the boat which was waiting for them, and in five minutes the steamer was under way.”

By the time these little stories had been told our friends were back at the landing-place, coming ashore close to the *Dogana*, or custom-house. Frank called attention to the solidly constructed building in which that establishment is situated.

“That is a very interesting building,” said Frank. “Observe that marble relief over the door, representing St. George and the Dragon.”

“Yes, I see it,” said Mrs. Bassett; “but what have St. George and the Dragon to do with the custom-house? Does St. George with his spear symbolize the custom-house inspector, and the Dragon the unfortunate victim whose trunks are examined in search of dutiable frocks and dresses?”

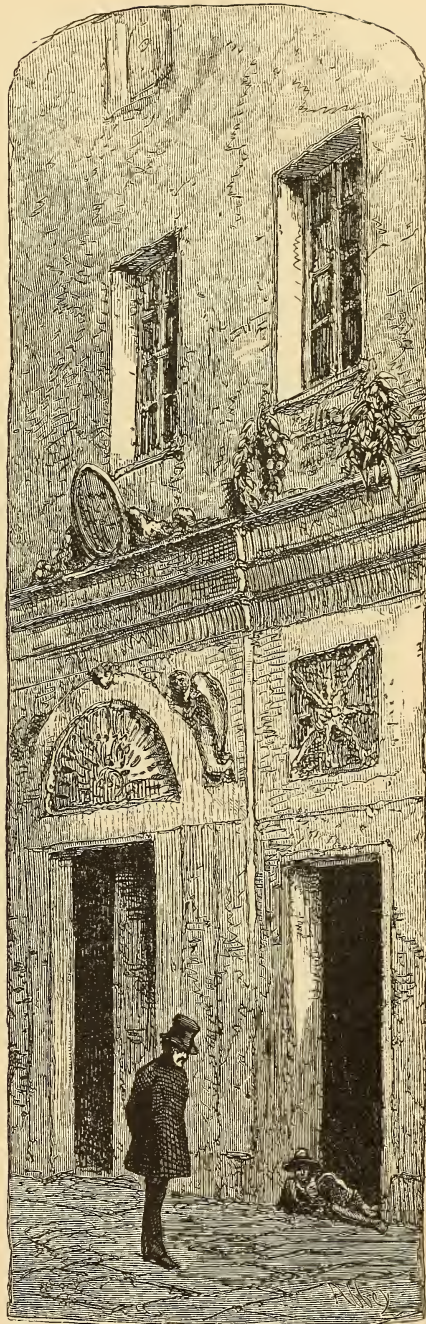
“Not exactly that,” replied Frank; “in fact, they have nothing whatever to do with the custom-house. The building that you see is the old Bank of St. George, of Genoa—one of the most famous financial institutions that the civilized world has ever known.”

“I wonder how they came to name it after St. George,” queried Mary, “and what relation he had to the business of banking?”

“He didn’t have any acquaintance with banking that I know of,” replied Frank, “as he lived before banking institutions were known or thought of.”

“Please tell us about St. George,” interrupted Mrs. Bassett.

“I know about him,” said Mary; “but his history is mixed up with a good deal that is mythical. The story is that he was a Christian soldier of Cappadocia, and was put to death in the year 303. He was venerated both in the Eastern and Western churches, and held in special respect as the patron of chivalry, which led to his adoption as the tutelary saint of England. He is honored as a martyr, and the

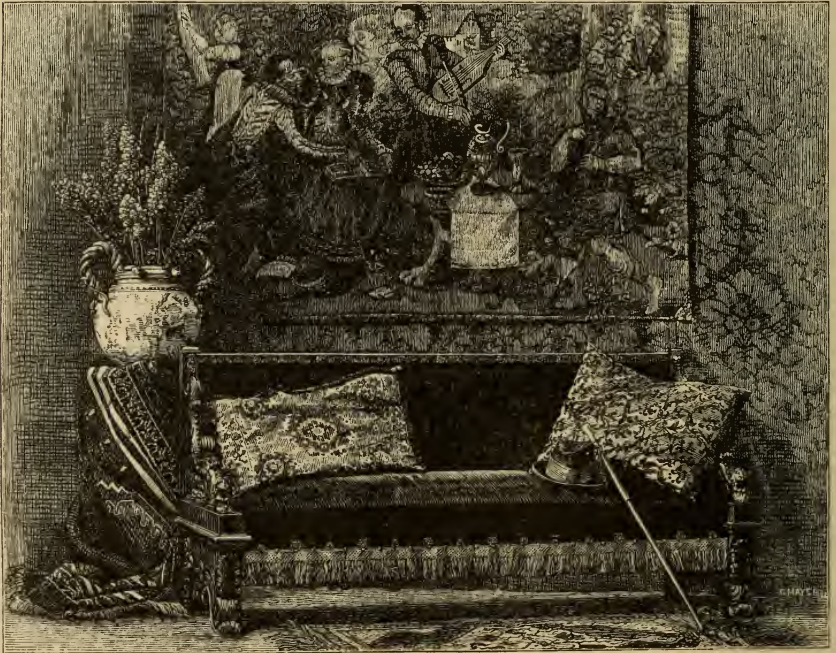


ON A SIDE STREET IN GENOA.

story goes that he was put to death during the persecution under the Emperor Diocletian. The English soldiers chose him as their patron during the first crusade, and he has been regarded as the guardian saint of England from the time of Edward III. He was canonized by the Church about the year 494, and ever since that time has been fully recognized in the calendar of saints."

"What was the origin of the story of the fight with the dragon?" Mrs. Bassett asked, as Mary paused.

"I cannot answer that," said Frank; "and the same question has troubled a great many historians ever since the invention of the art of



ITALIAN SOFA AND TAPESTRY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

printing. He is the patron saint of Russia as well as of England. The story about his slaying the dragon is thought to be the invention of a much later date than the period in which he lived, and some historians think it is symbolical of the triumph of Christianity over the powers of darkness. The legend is, that the dragon was sent by a magician to devour a certain princess, and the saint espoused the cause of the prin-

cess, and succeeded in killing the monster. The existence of dragons was fully believed long after the days in which St. George lived. In fact, the dragon is soberly described in works of natural history published in France and England within the last two hundred years."

"I know," said Mrs. Bassett, "that the dragon is often alluded to in the Bible. I have heard that it is supposed by some to be a crocodile, and by others to refer to great serpents, or, possibly, to wild animals, like the lion, tiger, and leopard."

"Yes," said Frank, "that is the belief of historians and commentators in regard to the dragon of the Bible and other ancient writings. The dragon of mythology is a fantastic creature, and always represented as of great size, with wings and thorny crest and powerful claws, and a tail like that of a snake. Remains of ancient reptiles are found at the present time that would furnish excellent foundation for the dragon as it existed in mythology. But there are dragons existing to-day, though they are not of the kind that are represented in the pictures of St. George."

"What are they like, I wonder?" queried Mary. "Please inform us."

"Oh, they are nothing but tree-lizards," was the reply. "Scientifically, they are iguanian lizards, of the sub-family of acrodonts."

"Excuse me, but I would like to know what an acrodont is," said Mary.

"It is a lizard whose teeth are implanted in the bony substance of his jaws, to which they adhere firmly by the base of the roots. His head is triangular, flattened, and covered with small, irregular scales. He has the general shape of a lizard, but is distinguished from all other reptiles of this order by a horizontal expansion of the skin of the sides into a kind of wing, supported chiefly by the first six false ribs, which expand horizontally outward with a membrane between them."



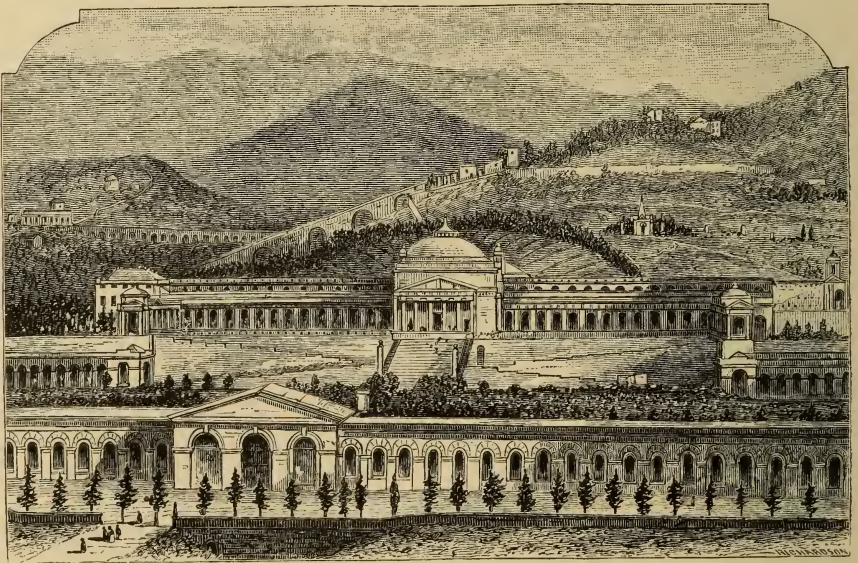
DRACO VOLANS, OR FLYING-DRAGON.

“What use does he make of those wings? Can he really fly?”

“He lives in the trees (in fact, he is a tree-lizard), and feeds upon insects. When he moves from one limb to another, or from one tree to another, he expands these wings into a sort of parachute, exactly as a flying-squirrel expands the membrane at his side.”

“Please don’t make any further excursion into natural history,” said Fred. “Suppose you tell us about the Bank of St. George, and not keep us standing here in the street while you are delivering an impromptu but very learned lecture on the dragon and his family.”

“All right,” said Frank; “we will adjourn to the nearest café, and there I will tell you about it.”



THE CAMPO SANTO, GENOA.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OLDEST BANK OF EUROPE.—THE BANK OF VENICE, AND HOW IT WAS FOUNDED.—IMPORTANCE OF THE BANK OF ST. GEORGE; ITS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES; EXTENT AND CHARACTER OF ITS BUSINESS.—JOHN LAW AND THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.—A BANK WITH AN INDEPENDENT GOVERNMENT.—ISLANDS AND PROVINCES HELD AS SECURITIES FOR LOANS.—AN ANCIENT BANK-NOTE.—AMONG THE ARCHIVES OF THE BANK.—THE HOLY GRAIL AND ITS HISTORY.—THE PALLAVICINI GARDENS.—UNDERGROUND LAKE AND GROTTO.—BOAT EXCURSION TO COGOLETO.—ANOTHER BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.—PALAZZO DORIA.—FAMOUS FAMILIES OF GENOA.—ANDREA DORIA, AND WHAT HE DID.—THE FIESCHI CONSPIRACY AND ITS RESULT.

MRS. BASSETT asked if the Bank of St. George was the oldest bank in the world, and if its antiquity gave it its great reputation.

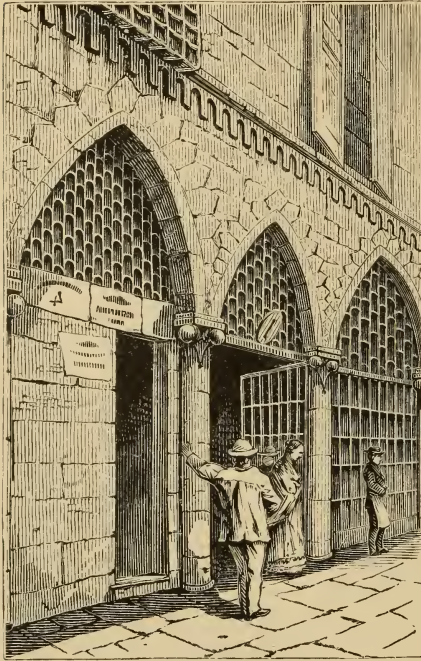
“It was not the oldest bank,” replied Frank. “In fact, it is difficult to say exactly when and where the first bank in the world was established. The oldest banking institution of Europe, and the one that had the longest existence, was the Bank of Venice. It was founded in the year 1171; it owed its existence to the wars in which the Republic was engaged, and the necessity for the Government to be constantly supplied with the means necessary for conducting them.

“In the year mentioned the Government of Venice had exhausted all its resources, and was obliged to make a forced loan from the wealthiest citizens, just as some of the countries of Central and South America make forced loans at the present time. The making of these loans by the authorities of Venice led to the organization of a Chamber, or Department, of Loans, and this, by degrees, took the form of a regular banking institution, conducted on the same



SEAL OF ST. GEORGE.

general principles as banks are conducted in these days. One writer has said of the Bank of Venice, 'It was for many ages the admiration of Europe, the chief instrument of Venetian finance, and the chief facility of commerce, not surpassed by any European nation.'



PART OF THE FAÇADE OF THE BANK.

"The peculiarity of the Bank of Venice was that when money had been deposited in it, it could not be withdrawn, but it might be transferred upon the books of the bank to any one whom the owner of the money designated. These bank credits became the means by which the financial operations of the merchant were conducted, and during almost their entire existence they were at a premium over coin. The same writer whom I quoted a moment ago says: 'The people of Venice were so well satisfied with their bank and the manner of its operation that no book, speech, or pamphlet has been found in which any merchant or dweller in Venice ever put forth any condemnation of its practice.'"

"Is the Bank of Venice in existence to-day?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"No, it is not," was the reply; "but it existed for more than six hundred years. It was founded, as I told you, in 1171, and had an unbroken career down to the overthrow of the Republic in 1797. The termination of the existence of the Republic when the French captured Venice brought an end to this very famous banking institution."

As Frank paused, Mary whispered to Fred, and asked if he thought they had the same board of directors all the time during the six centuries of the bank's existence. Fred shook his head with an air of incredulity, but made no audible reply.

"Now we come to the Bank of Genoa," said Frank. "It was projected in the year 1345, but it was not in full operation until more than fifty years later. It had a harder struggle for existence than the Bank of Venice, for it was twice plundered by foreign enemies who had capt-

ured the city, and the last plundering, which was performed in the year 1800 by the French under Massena, was so disastrous that the bank never recovered from its effects. It differed from the Bank of Venice and other banking concerns in having a body corporate with its own separate laws, and officers quite distinct from, and independent of, the civil authorities of Genoa. It was a government within a government, and had a great deal more to do with politics and the policies of the time than is the case usually with a banking institution."

~~Diovo D 500 e
1000
1522. a e Agosto e
Ad Signo Leonardo Cusi censo
e
Martino Tazag
Lata Doek
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BANK-BILL OF 1522.

"Did it not conduct a great deal of business which is not usually attended to by banks in these modern days?" Fred asked.

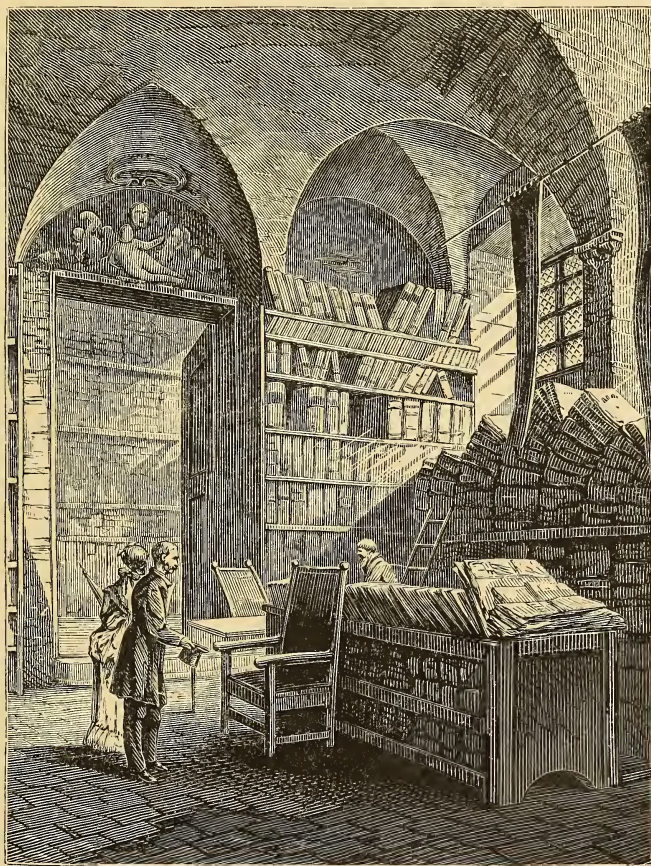
"Oh yes," was the reply; "not only did it receive deposits and lend money, but it coined money of its own, built churches, palaces, warehouses, and monasteries; it owned dockyards, built ships, and improved harbors; and if railways had been fashionable in that time it would have undertaken to construct all the railways of Europe. It had an army and fleet of its own, it built fortifications, had manufactories of cannon and small-arms, acquired provinces, and sent the officials to govern them. One writer says of it: 'It was a savings-bank, a sinking-

fund, a revenue-office, a politico-commercial oligarchy that made war like merchants and engaged in commerce like kings.' When it was founded its principal capital was the national debt of Genoa. It had no other security than the faith of the Republic and the honesty of the men who managed the bank; but there was such confidence in its solidity that its shares were nearly always at a premium and its bills were preferred to coin. It received deposits from rich men, including sovereigns of all grades throughout Europe; it became the residuary legatee of great fortunes, and whenever there were general panics growing out of wars, pestilences, or other calamities, the bank seemed to prosper in nearly every instance; and it has been said of it that the greater the public calamity, the greater was the general faith in the integrity and absolute soundness of the Bank of St. George.

"You have already learned," the youth continued, "about the great financial schemes of John Law, and the bursting of the 'Mississippi Bubble,' which brought Paris and London to a condition of financial stringency rarely known before. During all that time the Bank of St. George had the best credit that was to be found in Europe, and as the distrust in other moneyed institutions increased there was a great pouring of funds into the treasury of this bank. Its credit was absolutely unlimited, and it possessed the power of being able to draw into its treasury all the gold in Genoa at a moment's notice. It was nearly always in full accord with the Genoese authorities, and its fleets and armies fought side by side with those of the Republic. Sometimes the lands which were conquered by the Republic were turned over to the bank as additional securities for the credit of the Government, and at other times the sovereignty of those lands was given into the hands of the Doge so that he might hoist above it the flag of the country, and thus give it full protection. This protection was no small matter at a time when the Doge of Genoa could dictate terms to the Emperor of Constantino-ple, and control the revenues of the greater part of the lands bordering the eastern end of the Mediterranean and many of its islands.

"For a long period the Bank of St. George had full control of the custom-house and, in fact, of all the revenues of the Republic. The duties upon grain, iron, flax, wine, wood, salt, olive-oil, and, indeed, upon nearly all merchandise of every kind, were assigned to the bank as a part of its security, and the bank attended to their collection. The bank also controlled and collected the taxes on real estate, on ships, bankers, provisions, and the like, together with the taxes upon all beasts of burden, and everything else throughout the Republic.

“How did it happen,” Mary asked, “that the Government consented that the bank should manage its colonial and other possessions, and appoint the governors to rule over them? One would think that the rulers would be very reluctant to do that.”



ARCHIVES OF THE BANK OF ST. GEORGE.

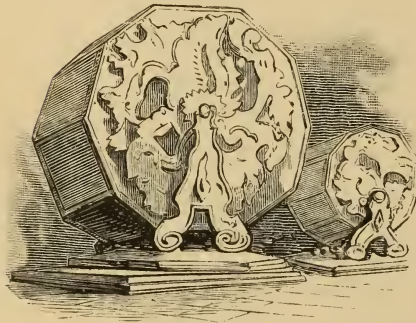
“That was part of the general policy to secure the bank against loss,” Frank replied. “Whenever the Republic was in any danger from foreign foes the bank came to its relief and supplied whatever money was needed. Whenever a loan was made the bank required security; and after it had received all the duties, excises, and other revenues of the country the next and most natural step was for the Gov-

ernment to give its territorial possessions into the hands of the bank, and in giving up those possessions it surrendered all the control and authority that the Republic had over them. One of the possessions that was thus given up was the Island of Corsica, with 'all its cities, lands, castles, fortresses, forests, forts, rivers, fishing-grounds, hunting-grounds, taxes, customs, tolls,' etc. In consequence of this cession Corsica was governed by the Bank of St. George or its representatives from the year 1453 to 1562. In the same way other territories, cities, castles, and finally the entire possessions of Genoa in the Levant and along the Black Sea, were made over to the bank, and were ably governed."

"I wonder the bank didn't take possession of the Republic and manage it as it chose," Mary remarked. "There must have been a great deal of uncertainty as to which was the more powerful, the Government

or the bank. It reminds me of a question I have heard of for a debating society, as to whether a dog wagged his tail or the tail wagged the dog."

"It was thought at one time," Frank responded, "that this very thing you asked about would happen. One of the doges of Genoa—Andrea Doria—suggested to the bank that there was danger of a conspiracy which might bring about such a result, whereupon the bank handed over to the Government all the colonies, and added a large



ST. GEORGE'S BALLOT-BOXES.

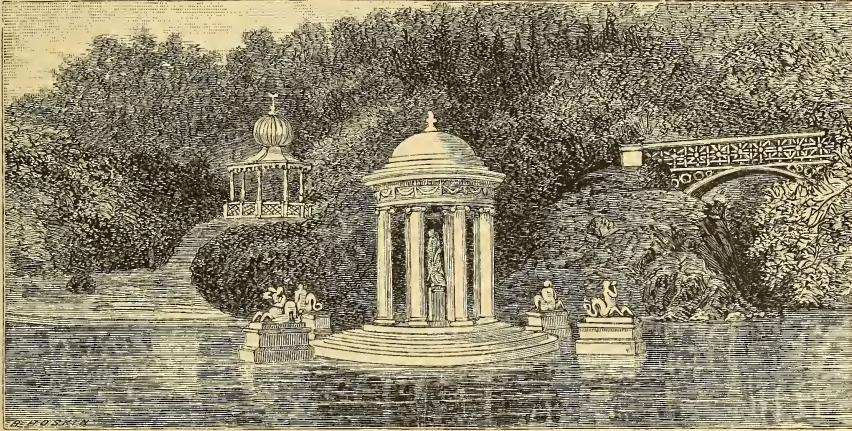
grant of money for their government in the future. This was done voluntarily, no threat whatever having been made by the Doge, who was on the most friendly terms with the managers of the bank."

Mrs. Bassett suggested that she would like to see one of the notes of the bank, and compare it with an American, English, or French bank-note of the present time just as a matter of curiosity.

"Some of the bills of the bank are still in existence," Frank replied, "and are kept as curiosities. The bank did not begin the issue of notes until the early part of the sixteenth century. They were written upon very thick, firm, heavy paper, and were not engraved like the bank-notes of the present day. Fac-similes of these notes can be had here, and I will get you one of them which you can take home."

“Thank you very much,” was the reply.

Frank excused himself, and went to a neighboring shop where photographs, books, and stationery were sold, returning in a few minutes with a piece of paper that had nothing remarkable in its general appearance. It was a fac-simile of a note issued in 1522, and the original was evidently written by somebody who was not a first-class penman.



VIEW IN THE PALLAVICINI GARDENS.

The date, denomination, and name of the creditor were given upon the note. It had been cancelled by drawing a cross over its face with a heavy pen, which left no doubt of the fact that cancellation had been made. The bank had a rule not to put any note into circulation without having its equivalent in gold in the treasury, and whenever a bill was presented it was paid in coin exactly as a note in the Bank of England is paid to-day on presentation. Mrs. Bassett looked carefully at this imitation of an ancient bank-note, and remarked that it would be an easy one for counterfeiters of the present day to imitate.

“Yes, perhaps it would,” was the reply; “but you must remember that counterfeiting was not an industry in those days as it is at present. Banks were very few in number, and there was little opportunity for an expert imitator to exercise his skill upon their notes.”

There was a pause of a few minutes in the conversation, which was at length broken by Fred. “It’s a very singular circumstance,” he remarked, “that this bank was able to maintain its credit through the vicissitudes of Genoa, in all the upheavals of the Government, famines

and plagues and sieges, and captures and quarrels between rulers, conspiracies, and political convulsions of all sorts. It is certainly very strange indeed—at least, it is to me.”

“Not so strange, after all,” said Frank. “There is an example at the present day to which I beg to call your attention.”

“Yes? What is it? I can’t think of any.”

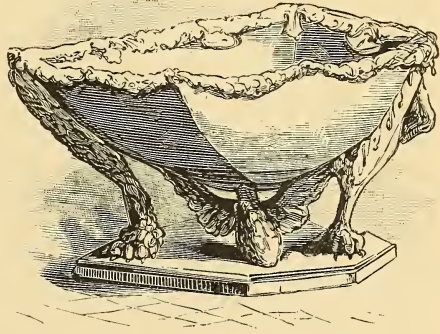
“Why, look at the Bank of France. It was founded, or, at least, a bank under that name was founded, in Paris, in 1716. Its title was afterwards changed to the Royal Bank, and it continued under that name until 1803, when it was placed under its present organization as the Bank of France. Just look at all the revolutions and overthrowing of government in France since the bank was established, and yet it has gone right along with very little trouble, occasionally suspending specie payment, it is true, but in no instance when payment has been suspended during the present century has the premium on gold been more than 1 per cent. France has had disastrous foreign wars and disastrous revolutions at home, but its great bank continues on through all administrations, and will doubtless continue for a long time to come, even should there be other wars and revolutions to interfere with the peace and prosperity of the country.”

“That is true,” said Fred; “I had not thought of that. One might suppose that if anything could imperil the solidity of a financial institution it would be a revolution like that of France in 1848, or the upheaval at the time of the Commune in 1871.”

By this time our friends were fully rested, and ready for an inspection of the interior of the Bank of St. George. As before stated, the building has been occupied in modern days by the custom-house, and the greater part of its interior is devoted to the collection of the revenues that come from commerce. Several rooms, however, are retained for the storage of the manuscripts and records pertaining to the history of the bank, and they are carefully guarded from theft or injury. A great deal of history could be found among these papers, and a great deal of history has been drawn from them at different times. Our friends saw specimens of the notes issued by the bank, together with the ballot-boxes which were used in selecting directors from among the share-holders. A curious feature of these ballot-boxes is that they were in rotary form. The names of the share-holders were written on separate slips of paper, and then placed in these boxes, which were whirled several times in order to mix the papers thoroughly. The requisite number of slips were then taken from the boxes, and the names

on these slips constituted the Board of Directors. Thus it happened that the management of the greatest banking institution of the time was selected by lottery. It was probably the case that the list of share-holders was carefully examined before the names were placed on the slips, to make sure that no individual unsuited for the official honor should have a chance of election to the office of director.

While our friends were in the bank, Mary said she had read somewhere that the celebrated *Sacro Catino*, or Holy Grail, was in possession of the institution, and, if so, she would very much like to see it. Frank asked the custodian of the bank about it, and was told that the article in question was in the sacristy of the Church of San Lorenzo, the Cathedral of Genoa. He explained that it was for a long time in the possession of the bank, which held it as security for a loan from the bank to the Genoese Government.



THE HOLY GRAIL.

The Holy Grail was captured at Cæsarea by the Genoese during the Crusades, and brought home as one of their prizes. It was pawned by the Government to Cardinal Fieschi in 1319, and was the basis of bonds which were afterwards issued by the cardinal, and became the property of the bank. In this way the Holy Grail fell into the possession of the bank, where it remained for a long time. It was carried to Paris in 1806 by order of the French Government, but in 1816 it was restored to Genoa, and has since been kept in the sacristy of the cathedral.

From the building of the old Bank of St. George the party went to the cathedral, which was erected in the year 1100 on the site of an earlier church; it has been altered so many times that it presents the architecture of at least three different periods. There is a considerable quantity of interesting sculpture and paintings in the church; but the objects in which our friends were specially interested were in the sacristy, to which they proceeded at once. In addition to the Holy Grail, there is a stone reliquary of the thirteenth century, in which the remains of John the Baptist, brought from Palestine during the Crusades, are said to be preserved, and other things of less consequence.

The history of the *Sacro Catino* (Holy Grail), which has been the theme of many poets, is certainly a remarkable one. According to tradition the cup was originally presented by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon. It is further alleged to be the cup used by our Saviour and His disciples at the Last Supper, and it is also said to have been used by Joseph of Arimathea, who received within it the blood that flowed from the bleeding side of the victim of the crucifixion upon Calvary. It was long supposed to have been made of a single emerald; but it was broken during its removal from Paris to Genoa, and discovered to be of glass of very fine material and wonderful workmanship.

When our friends had concluded their investigation into the history of the famous bank of Genoa, Frank suggested a visit to the Villa Pallavicini, which is in the environs of the city. All enjoyed the visit very much, as the gardens belonging to the villa are among the finest in Italy. Their extent may be understood when it is borne in mind that the walk through the gardens, without allowance for lingering at any one spot, will consume not less than two hours.

From several points in the gardens there are beautiful views of the mountains, the sea, the coast, and of Genoa the Superb, with its forests of masts in the harbor, and the domes and towers and walls rising over the sloping hills on which the city is built. On the highest of the points in the gardens is a building in mediæval style crowned by a tower which gives a view of great extent. In one part of the garden are the remains of an ancient Roman burial-place. Then there is a subterranean lake, if a very small sheet of water can be called a lake, and it is situated in a grotto from whose roof depend a considerable number of stalactites. A boatman was waiting in this little lake to ferry the party across it for a consideration, which was gladly paid for the novelty of the experience of a boat-ride underground.

From the grotto there is presented a pretty picture of Genoa and the water in front of it, and the strangers lingered as long as their time would permit in order to impress this beautiful scene upon their memories. Here and there in the gardens are kiosks in the Pompeian, Turkish, and Chinese styles, together with numerous fountains and an obelisk, and also a mausoleum which serves as the place of burial of the family to whom the grounds belong. It is needless to say that the gardens contain a wonderful collection of flowering plants, and there are also many tropical products which one hardly expects to find in a place so far to the north as Genoa. Among the things growing in the Pallavicini gardens are coffee, vanilla, camphor, pepper, cinnamon,

sugar-cane, and other tropical plants. Some of the growths are excellent, but it is not to be expected that the culture of these plants is a profitable industry for the owner of the place.

Fred suggested a visit to Cogoletto, about fifteen miles from Genoa, a place that disputes with Genoa and the other cities named in the pre-



COGOLETO.

vious chapter the honor of having been the birthplace of Columbus. It can easily be reached by rail, but Fred suggested that the trip might be more interesting if they made it by boat, which was probably the usual way of transit between Genoa and Cogoletto in the time of Columbus. Fred proceeded alone to the landing-place near the Dogana, and bargained for a boat which should take the party to Cogoletto and back

again, stipulating that the stay there should not exceed two hours. When his bargain was concluded he stepped around the corner and summoned the others, who had been quietly waiting at a convenient café. A bargain with an Italian boatman or carriage-driver can be conducted to much greater advantage if the one who makes it is alone instead of having the rest of his party standing about in an attitude of expectation, which is sure to increase the price.

There was a good breeze blowing from the south, which gave them a delightful and speedy sail from Genoa to Cogoleto. The party landed without difficulty, and strolled through the old town, visiting the house which is said to be the birthplace of the great navigator. It is now a tavern, and a very poor one at that. Mrs. Bassett remarked that nearly all the houses which had been the birthplaces of famous men or women in the various parts of Europe that they had visited were now kept as taverns and hotels. Frank explained that it was probably due to the fact that the fame of a house, being sure to draw a good many visitors, would make it more profitable as a place of entertainment than if it were used for any other purpose, and, consequently, a tavern-keeper could pay a higher rent than any man in another occupation.

The house is certainly old enough to have been the birthplace, not only of Columbus, but of his great-grandfather, and, possibly, of his great-great-grandfather as well. It bears the following inscription, which Mary says ought to be sufficient proof to any one that the claim to the honor in question is well founded :

“HOSPES, SISTE GRADUM. FUIT HIC LUX PRIMA COLUMBO;
ORBE VIRO MAJORI HEU NIMIS ARCTA DOMUS!
UNUS ERAT MUNDUS. ‘DUO SUNT,’ AIT ILLE. FUERE.”

When the inspection of Cogoleto was completed the party returned to the landing-place, and were ready to go back to Genoa; but circumstances over which they had no control had wrought a change in their plans. The wind had risen, and it had also changed its course; it was blowing with disagreeable velocity, and, moreover, it was blowing in an almost direct line from Genoa. In returning by boat they would have a head-wind nearly all the way, and a wind so strong as to make the craft decidedly moist and uncomfortable. Mrs. Bassett intimated that it would be preferable to return by rail, whereupon Fred paid the boatman the stipulated price for the entire journey, and told him to return without them whenever he liked. The boatman thought he de-

served an extra fee on account of being deprived of their very agreeable society on his homeward journey, but he did not get it.

They took the train from Cogoleto, which carried them very speedily to the city. The view from the railway train was fairly good, or might have been had it not been so much interrupted by tunnels. Mary was



ANDREA DORIA.

uncertain as to the number they passed through in their ride of fifteen miles between Cogoleto and Genoa, but she thought there were not fewer than six of them, and possibly eight or ten.

When they left the train Frank remarked that it was a good opportunity for visiting the Palazzo Doria, which is quite near the station.

The palace is one of the objects of interest in Genoa, and was erected for Andrea Doria, the famous man who was accounted the first admiral of his time, and was called "The Father of His Country."

The palace is a magnificent building, and was presented to Andrea Doria in return for his services to the Republic. It has been completely renovated during the present century, but during the renovation great care was taken to preserve everything in its former shape as far as possible. Our friends were admitted by a magnificent staircase and through a grand entrance-hall, whence they passed into a corridor ornamented with portraits of the Doria family. There is a large saloon with a great painting on the ceiling representing Jupiter conquering the Titans, and in this picture is a portrait of Andrea Doria, the most celebrated member of the family, and with him is his favorite cat. Frank explained to his mother that Doria had a pet cat which accompanied him on nearly all occasions, except at those times when the presence of quadrupeds was positively forbidden by the rules of etiquette prevailing in those days, and then it was compelled to stay at home.

In reply to a question on the part of Mary as to the present owner of the property, Fred replied that the Doria family still exists, and the palace is owned by them. He added, however, that the owner generally lives in Rome, and does not often visit Genoa.

"Andrea Doria's name has been mentioned several times," said Mrs. Bassett; "I wish you would tell me something about him, as he seems to have been intimately connected with the history of Genoa."

"He was certainly very intimately connected with it," Frank replied. "The history of Genoa consists very largely of the struggles between the families of Doria, Spinola, Grimaldi, and Fieschi. These were the four great families of the Republic, and the Doges, or Presidents, were generally chosen from one of them. The Doria and Spinola families were usually united, and hostile to the other two; but it sometimes happened that the alliances were changed. Possibly the Doria and Grimaldi families might be at war with the others, and possibly the Dorias and Fieschis would be on the same side. All these families had members who were prominent, at one time or another, in the history of Genoa, but the most prominent of all were the Dorias. In that family the man who most occupied the eye of the world in the days in which he lived, and who did the most towards making the history of his time, was Andrea Doria, about whom I will try to tell you."

"When was he born, and when did he die?" queried Mrs. Bassett. "If I knew when he lived it would be a good starting-point."

“He was born in 1468,” was the reply, “and at the time of his birth the family was already illustrious. Lamba Doria was admiral of the Genoese fleet in 1298, when he gained a decided victory over the Venetians. Paganino Doria was also a famous admiral, and commanded the fleets of Genoa in the third war against Venice. In 1352 he fought a great naval battle near Constantinople, commanding the Genoese fleet in person, while the Venetian fleet was commanded by Admiral Pisani. Doria was victorious then, and two years later he was again victorious over the same Venetian admiral, capturing most of his fleet.”

“Andrea certainly came of an illustrious line,” said Mrs. Bassett.

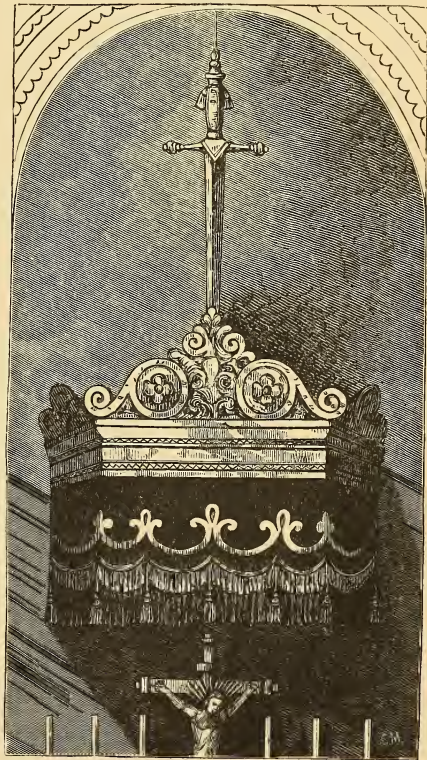
“But that is not all,” replied Frank. “Pietro Doria commanded the Genoese fleet in 1379.”

“He was victorious, too, I suppose.”

“The fortunes of the family seemed to change in his case,” was the reply, “as he attempted to take Venice, but was defeated and killed in January, 1380. Several other members of the Doria family attained distinction in warfare, but we will not trouble ourselves about them now. Our present interest is with Andrea.

“According to history, Andrea Doria entered the service of the Pope at the age of eighteen, and afterwards that of the King of Naples. Then he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on his return engaged in some of the civil commotions which were taking place in Genoa. He was unfortunate enough to show his sympathies on the side which was not successful in the contest, and then

he left the service of his native land and entered that of Francis I., King of France. He took with him a considerable portion of the fleet of the Republic, and never restored it or tried to do so.



THE SWORD OF DORIA.

“The King made him Admiral of France, and at the same time the Pope made him Admiral of the Holy Church; then he felt strong enough to attack Genoa. He made the attack, and expelled the rulers who then held the city. This put the French in control of Genoa, and Doria assumed command as the representative of the King. In 1528 he suspected that the French court had treacherous designs against his country, and accordingly he made a treaty with Charles V., Emperor of Germany, which stipulated for the liberation of Genoa.

“A condition of this treaty was that he should throw all his influence on the side of the Imperial party, which he did. The Emperor made him admiral-in-chief of his fleet. Doria entered the port of Genoa with the fleet, drove out the French, and took possession; from that time until his death he governed the city in the name of the Emperor, and in the imperial interest. He was offered the sovereignty of his country, but declined it, and said he preferred to rule it as the Minister of the Emperor in Italy rather than as an independent sovereign.”

“I suppose,” said Mary, “that the liberation of Genoa from French control through the aid of the German fleet was what gave him the name of ‘The Father of His Country,’ was it not?”

“Yes, it is from that event that his title came; and he was greatly honored and revered by the people, as the gift of the palace well indicates. According to all accounts, he must have been a man of great vigor, as he went with his fleet, at the age of eighty-five, to the relief of Corsica, which had been invaded by the French. He commanded in a naval battle in which he was victorious, and his death occurred at Genoa in 1560, when he was ninety-two years old. Some authorities give him the age of ninety-five when his adventurous life came to an end. I am unable to say which statement is most nearly correct.”

“Wasn’t there a conspiracy at one time against him?” asked Mary.

“There were several conspiracies during his time,” was the reply. “In fact, I presume there was hardly a period when there was not some one endeavoring to drive him from power. The greatest of the conspiracies, and the one which came very near success, was made by a member of the Fieschi family, with the connivance of the Pope and the King of France. It was an excellent time for a conspiracy, as the Emperor Charles V. was very much occupied with the German wars, Genoa had no doge, the galleys of Doria had been dismantled, and were lying without crews in the harbor, there were only a few regular troops in the city, and many of the people were discontented with the state of affairs and ready for a revolution.

“Fieschi found plenty of men ready to join him in the conspiracy. He obtained from the King of France and the Pope several ships fully armed and equipped, and which he pretended he was about to use in an



GIANLUIGI FIESCHI.

expedition against Algiers. The plans were laid for carrying out the conspiracy by taking possession of the city and its harbor, and seizing the dismantled ships on a certain night—January 2, 1547.

“Some of the conspirators were to seize and hold the gate of the city which led in the direction of the Fieschi’s castle, so that in case of failure they would have a safe line of retreat. Others were to seize the gate of St. Thomas, which led to the castle of the Dorias. Others again were to capture the arsenal, and the galleys that I have mentioned were to take possession of the dismantled galleys of Doria.

which would be speedily manned by crews that were ready for them. The date was fixed at that time in order that large numbers of strangers might be brought into the city without exciting suspicion, it being the custom of the neighboring peasants to flock to Genoa during the Christmas festivities. Some of them were dressed as farmers, others as sailors or fishermen, and some came in chains as though they were



FORMING THE CONSPIRACY.

slaves for the galleys of Fieschi. Many of the conspirators were concealed in Fieschi's castle, ready to come into Genoa when the signal was given that they were wanted in the city."

"How did the conspiracy result?"

“It had an excellent chance of success,” replied Frank, “as Andrea Doria had no suspicion of what was taking place. The gates were seized according to the plans, and an attack was made upon the arsenal and the dockyard. Doria’s only son was killed by the party that assailed the Doria Palace, and while this was going on Fieschi went to the harbor to capture Doria’s ships. While he was passing from one ship to another the plank broke under him; and as he was encumbered with his armor he was unable to save himself, he sank to the bottom, and was drowned, in spite of efforts to save him.

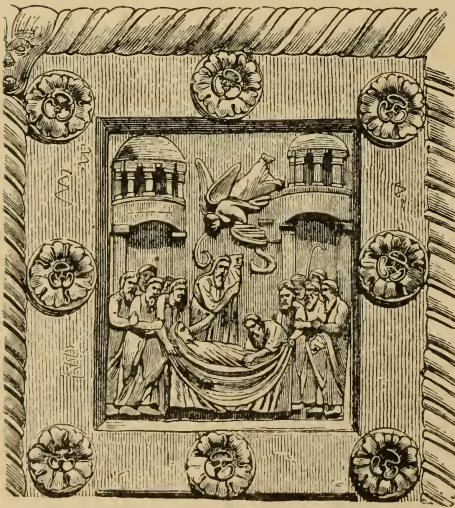
“When the news of his death was spread a panic seized the conspirators, and the whole affair came to nothing. No, I am wrong; it came to a great deal for the members of the Fieschi family and the others concerned in the plot, as the most of them were put to death. Andrea Doria had no further trouble with his enemies after that, and died peacefully at the advanced age I have mentioned.”



DEATH OF FIESCHI.

CHAPTER IX.

LEAVING GENOA.—RAILWAY ALONG THE COAST.—SPEZIA; ITS HARBOR AND NAVAL STATION.—MARBLE QUARRIES OF CARRARA; HOW THE MARBLE IS TAKEN OUT.—PISA; ITS HISTORY AND ATTRACTIONS.—THE CATHEDRAL, AND WHAT IT CONTAINS.—GALILEO AND THE SWINGING LAMP.—LEANING TOWER OF PISA; OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING IT.—THE BAPTISTERY; ITS BRONZE DOORS AND OTHER ORNAMENTS.—CAMPO SANTO.—HOW THE DEAD OF PISA REST IN HOLY GROUND.—CHAINS TO CLOSE THE HARBOR.—LUCCA AND ITS INDUSTRIES.—THE BATHS OF LUCCA; THEIR ANTIQUITY.—PISTOJA.—ORIGIN OF THE PISTOL.—ARRIVAL AT FLORENCE.—THE CITY OF FLOWERS.—FIRENZE LA BELLA.—A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY.—THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, AND WHAT IT CONTAINS.—LOGGIA DEI LANZI.—THE CATHEDRAL AND THE CAMPANILE.—GIOTTO AND HIS WORK.

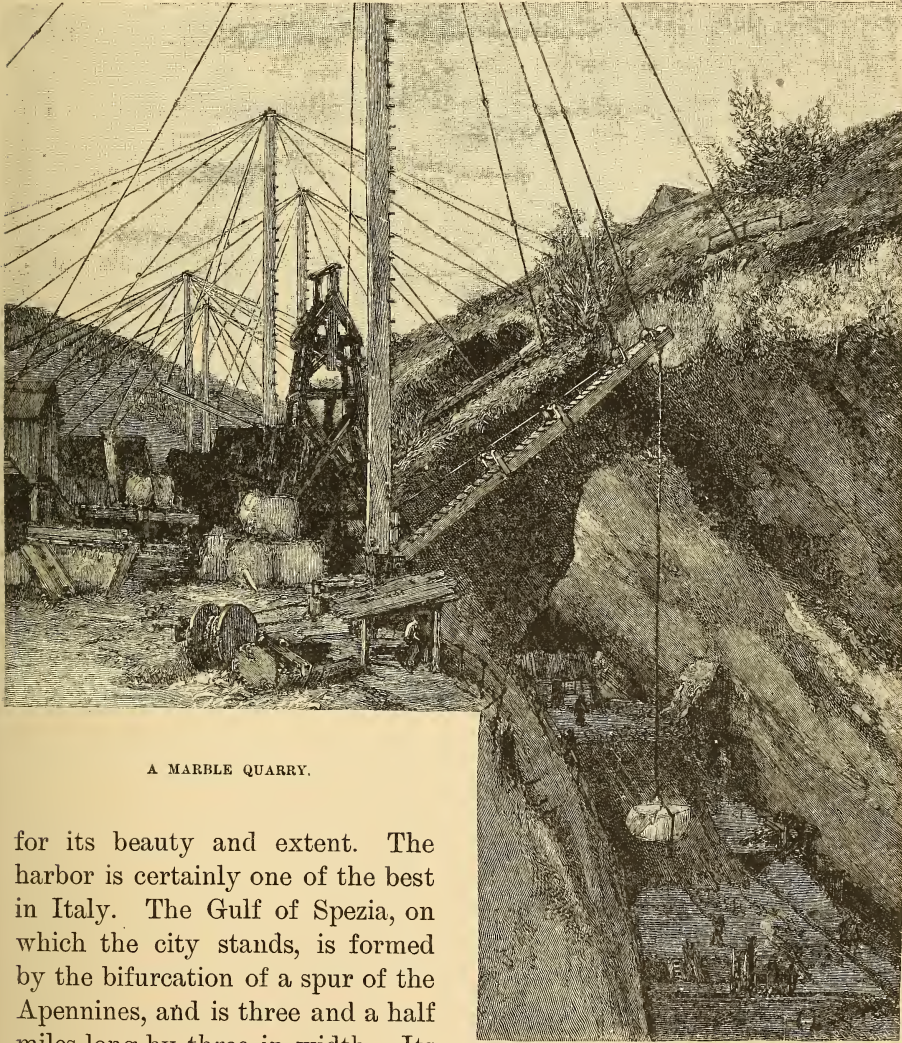


PART OF DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, PISA.

OUR friends bade farewell to Genoa, taking a morning train on the railway which follows the coast of Italy towards the south. Along this part of the coast there are many promontories which the railway line penetrates by means of cuttings and tunnels, so that the view on either hand was frequently interrupted, and sometimes in a way that was decidedly annoying.

“It isn’t a bit nice,” said Mary, “to have your attention fixed upon a picturesque hill with a grand old castle more or less in ruins crowning its summit, and while you’re pondering upon its possible history have your reverie suddenly interrupted by the train darting into a tunnel. If they had appointed me the constructing engineer of this line and given me full powers, I would have tried to build it without any tunnels whatever.”

They passed through several places of no great consequence, and in due time arrived at Spezia, a place which has great antiquity, as it was a flourishing city in the time of the Romans, who praised the harbor



A MARBLE QUARRY.

for its beauty and extent. The harbor is certainly one of the best in Italy. The Gulf of Spezia, on which the city stands, is formed by the bifurcation of a spur of the Apennines, and is three and a half miles long by three in width. Its western shore is indented by several coves or creeks, five of them being deep enough to afford good anchorage for the largest men-of-war. The Italian Government, since 1861, has made an important naval

station here; but they were not by any means the first to recognize the advantages of the place. Napoleon I. at one time determined to make Spezia the chief naval station of the French Empire, but the misfortunes that overtook him shortly after he had formed this intention prevented the carrying out of his plans.

Beyond Spezia the train made a brief halt at Sarzana, and about twenty miles farther on at Avenza. Frank said Avenza was chiefly interesting from something that was not in the city. Mary asked what it was, and Fred said he would give up the conundrum.

"It is the shipping point of the marble of the famous mines at Carrara," was the reply. "Of course you have heard of that marble."

"Certainly I have," said Mary; "I have not only heard of it, but we have seen a great deal of it. It's a very pure white marble, and I believe that when the Italians wish to describe anything as snowy white they say it is 'white as Carrara marble.' I wonder how it gets the peculiar whiteness that makes it so valuable."

"The geologists say," Frank responded, "that the marble from Carrara is a white saccharine limestone that was formerly supposed to belong to the primitive rocks, but is now known to be a limestone of the oolitic period, highly altered by Plutonic action."

"How far is it from here to the marble quarries?" queried the girl.

"About three miles, I believe," said Frank; "at least, that is what I was told by a gentleman who has been there. The town is principally built of the inferior qualities of the marble, not from any special fondness or preference for that stone, but because it is the cheapest stone in the neighborhood. The hills around Carrara are composed of this marble, but it is not all of the pure white that you see in the finest statues. Some of the mines yield finer qualities than the others; the finest quality is known as *marmo statuario*, or statuary marble."

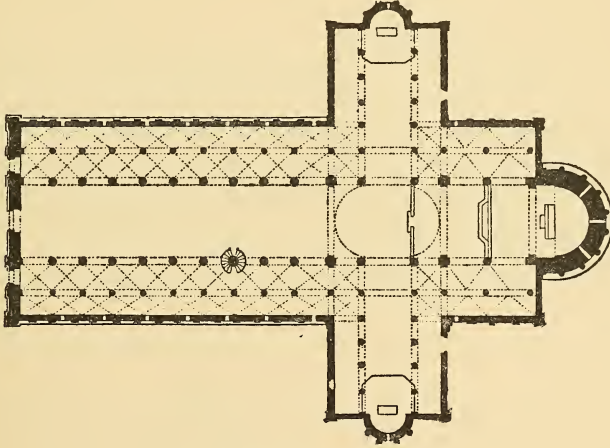
"How do they manage to handle the great blocks of marble that they bring from the quarries? Please tell me."

"They detach the blocks," Frank replied, "in the usual way for separating stone from the quarries, and after they are detached rollers are placed beneath them. They are drawn out by oxen, long teams being hitched to them, and brought from the quarries to the sloping road that leads down to the harbor, and in some cases they are lifted out by steam-power. There are twenty or thirty quarries in the vicinity of the town, but not more than six or seven furnish the fine marble that is used for statuary. There are several large establishments fitted up with modern machinery for sawing the marble into blocks

of various sizes, and a large quantity of marble ornaments of all sorts and sizes is made there."

"They must employ a great many workmen," Mary remarked.

"Yes," was the reply, "from five to seven thousand workmen are employed at and around the quarries, according to the demand for the



PLAN OF THE CATHEDRAL OF PISA.

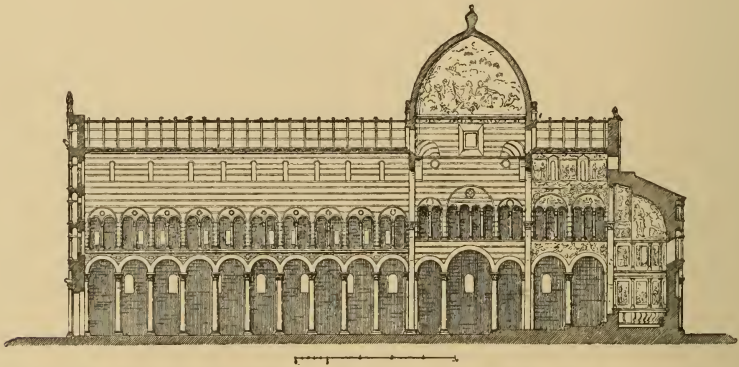
stone. All the inhabitants of the place get their living directly or indirectly from the marble. A good many sculptors have established their studios at Carrara, in order to save the expense of the transport of the marble in its rough state. Some of the sculptors whose studios are nominally in Florence or Rome really spend the greater part of their time at Carrara, where their statuary is made, and whence it may be shipped directly to its destination. The place is said to be a cheap one to live in, but it has certain drawbacks—among others the mosquitoes, which are said to be almost insupportable."

From Avenza the train proceeded to Pisa, where the travellers had decided to spend the night, devoting the afternoon to the curiosities of the place, and continuing, on the following morning, to Florence. We will listen to Mary as she tells the story of their visit to Pisa.

"This is a very quiet place," she wrote in her note-book, "and they tell me that the population does not exceed fifty thousand. Pisa was a much more important place several hundred years ago than it is at present. It was a Roman colony one hundred and eighty years before

the Christian era, and at the beginning of the eleventh century it was one of the greatest commercial and seafaring towns on the Mediterranean. In fact, it was so great that it was a serious rival of Venice and Genoa. It had its fleet and its army, and it was one of the foremost cities or republics to take part in the Crusades.

“In the eleventh century the Pisans drove the Saracens out of Sardinia, and took possession of the entire island. In the same century they defeated the Saracens at Tunis, and also destroyed their fleet near Palermo. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries their trade extended over the entire Mediterranean, and they had possession of several large islands and the whole of the coast from Spezia to Civita Vecchia. Several times they were at war with Genoa, and they suffered some disastrous defeats, which caused a loss of many of their provinces. The city was sold to Florence in 1406, and then it gained its independence for a time; but it soon afterwards fell back into the possession of the



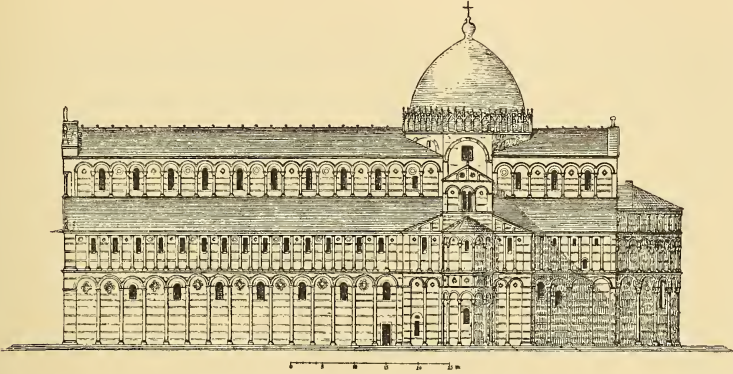
LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Florentines. I could tell you more about the history of Pisa, but Fred says this is enough; so I'll come down to what we saw during our short stay in the venerable and sleepy place.

“The old Pisans showed their good sense in one thing, and we are very much indebted to them—at least, I am; and I'm sure mamma and Frank and Fred echo my sentiments on this point. You can't guess what it is unless you have studied the map of the city.

“Well, they put all their great curiosities together in one place, so we don't have to run about through strange streets and round corners

to see all that is worth the while of the ordinary tourist to see in Pisa. The four things to be seen here are the Duomo, or cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campanile, and the Campo Santo. They are in a single



SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

group, and outside the city. We drove to them, and then made the round of the sights without once being compelled to get into a carriage or make a walk that amounted to anything.

“The cathedral is one of the finest buildings of the kind that we have seen, and was built in the tenth and eleventh centuries in the Tuscan style of architecture. Architecturally speaking, it is a basilica with nave and double aisles, and a transept flanked with aisles. It is one hundred and four yards long by thirty-five and a half yards wide, and there is an immense elliptical dome over the centre. The church is built entirely of white marble with black and colored ornamentations, and the most magnificent part of it is the façade, which has columns and arches in its lower story, and in the upper parts four open galleries.

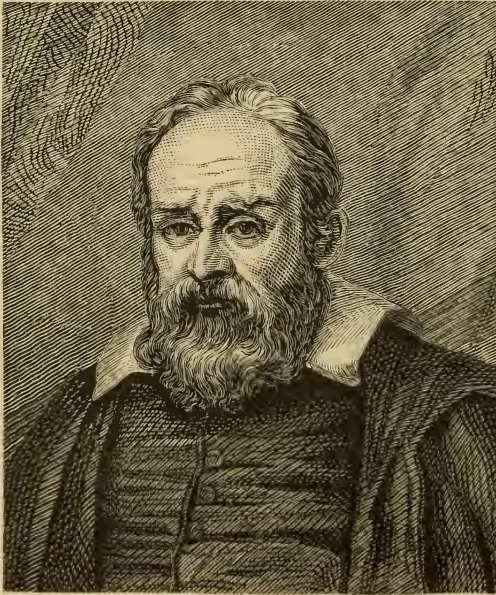
“We entered the Duomo through one of the old doors which is said to have been made in the twelfth century. It is a splendid piece of bronze casting, and is ornamented with twenty-four scenes taken from Scripture. Many of the columns, both on the inside and outside of the church, are ancient Roman and Greek columns which the Pisans captured during their wars. The church has suffered a good deal from a conflagration which occurred here in 1596, and the custodian who showed us about called our attention to some of the traces of the fire. There are some valuable old paintings and fine pieces of statuary in the

church. The pulpit is a very interesting piece of work, and one of the finest we have ever seen during our travels; it is the work of Nicolo Pisano, and he deserves to have his name go down to posterity just for this pulpit if for nothing else.

“In the nave of the church there is a great bronze lamp. The lamp is interesting in itself, but it is more interesting from the fact that the swinging of this lamp was what gave to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. Galileo was born here at Pisa, in 1564. History tells us that he went to Florence to study music and painting, and then came back to Pisa to study medicine. From his early youth he cared more for mechanical invention than he did for the arts and sciences, except in so much as the latter could help him along to the former. One day he

was in church, and the wind blowing through it caused this bronze lamp to swing from side to side.

“No doubt that was a very common occurrence, and he may have seen the lamp swinging hundreds of times before, and thought nothing of it; but on that particular occasion he happened to notice that the swinging of the lamp seemed to mark exact periods of time, and he said to himself, ‘Something could be made to swing like that, and mark off divisions of time more accurately and much more minutely than we can do it by means of the hour-glass.’



GALILEO.

“He went home and set to work on the idea that had occurred to him, and in a little while he had constructed a clock with a pendulum, which was exactly the same in principle as the ordinary pendulum-clock of the present time. It is to Galileo that we owe the invention which is so common everywhere at the present day.

“Well, but this isn't telling you about the sights of Pisa.

“As soon as we had finished with the church we went to the Baptistery, which is a beautiful circular building about a hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by half columns below, and a gallery of smaller columns above. A great dome one hundred and ninety feet high rises



RELIEF UPON THE PULPIT IN THE BAPTISTERY.

above it, and it has four entrances corresponding to the four cardinal points of the compass. There is a beautiful font, which is of an octagonal shape, and occupies the centre of the building; there is also an admirable pulpit, which is supported on columns, and has bronze reliefs by Pisano, the same artist who made the pulpit of the cathedral.

“There is a very fine echo under the dome of the Baptistery, and Frank said it reminded him of the echo at the dome of the Taj Mahal in India, though he thought the echo of the Taj was superior to the one in the Baptistery. Perhaps this may be due to the shape of the two domes; the dome of the Baptistery is exactly the half of a globe, while that of the Taj Mahal is something more than that—perhaps five-eighths of a globe. Its rounded shape makes it appear in the distance as though it were not attached to the building. Bayard Taylor says

in his description of the Taj that as he approached it miles away the great dome seemed like a bubble hanging on the horizon.

“I am sure you have heard of the Campanile of Pisa, though you may not think so until you know that it is more frequently called the Leaning Tower. There are pictures of it in many school-books, representing a tower which leans considerably out of the perpendicular, and appears almost ready to fall over. The height of this tower is one hundred and seventy-nine feet, and it stands thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. It looks as though it were about to fall, but as it has stood in this place and position for centuries, there is really no danger of its toppling over until an earthquake happens along to assist it.

“Nobody knows positively whether this peculiarity of the tower was intentional on the part of its builders or not. It was begun in 1174 and finished in 1350. There is said to be a very old picture of Pisa somewhere in which the Campanile is represented as standing upright, and from this it has been inferred that the tower was built in an upright position and afterwards settled as we find it. Another theory is, that soon after the work of construction was begun the foundations settled somewhat on one side. In order to remedy this defect the builders endeavored to give the upper portion a vertical position.

“We went to the top of the tower, partly for the sake of the view and partly for the sensation of looking over the side which is lowest. I confess that it made my head swim a good deal, and I didn't stay on that side more than a few seconds. Mamma wouldn't venture there at all, although she frankly admitted that it was nonsense for her to feel as she did. She said she couldn't help it, and therefore she was not going to look over the side and run the risk of having a fainting-fit then and there. She was right, as her nerves are weak.

“Before I leave the Leaning Tower I must refer to Galileo again, as it is said that he availed himself of the oblique position of the structure in his experiments regarding the laws of gravitation. In the top of the tower there are seven bells, all of them very old. The heaviest weighs six tons, and I was glad to see that it was on the side farthest away from the overhanging wall. If workmen had been there moving the bell to the lower side, I should have gone down the stairs just as quickly as possible, without any attempt at dignity.

“I have disposed of three of the sights of Pisa, and only one remains: that is the Campo Santo, or burial-ground. It is a very interesting burial-ground because the earth in it was brought from Jerusalem. It was founded by Archbishop Ubaldo in 1188, and he caused fifty-three

ship-loads of earth from Mount Calvary to be brought to Pisa, in order that the dead might lie in holy ground. Originally there was no high wall around the Campo Santo, but a hundred or more years after the burial-place was established the authorities of the city ordered the present wall to be built.

“The Campo Santo is 138 yards long by 57 yards wide, and the wall or arcade which surrounds it is about 50 feet high. There is a marble canopy over one of the entrances, and the wall consists of forty-three arcades resting on pillars, divided up into chapels, and all enclosing the green burial-place in the centre. The walls are covered with frescos by eminent painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and there are tombs and monuments scattered everywhere. Some of the paintings show that the artists who made them must have had a very vivid fancy. I won't attempt to describe them, as it would take altogether too long, and some of the descriptions wouldn't be particularly pleasant.

“At one end of the Campanile we were shown the chain of the ancient harbor of Pisa: an immense chain that was stretched across the Arno to keep out hostile fleets. This chain was captured by the Genoese in 1632. Parts of it were given to the Florentines, who kept them as curiosities, and also as trophies of their war with the vanquished Pisans; but after the events of 1848 the



ITALIAN OAK PEDESTAL.

chains were given up, and are now the permanent property of the city that originally owned them. We spent an hour or more in the Campo Santo looking at the monuments and paintings, and then went to the Botanical Garden, which is said to be one of the oldest in Italy. It contains a statue of Galileo, who was a professor in the university with which the garden is connected."

The evening was devoted to a stroll along the banks of the Arno and through the principal streets of Pisa, and also to the writing of journals and letters which had been left over from Genoa. On the following day the party took the train at the convenient hour of 9.30 in the forenoon, having secured tickets for Florence.

Mrs. Bassett asked how far it was to Florence, and whether they were to stop at any show-place on the way.

"It is sixty-one miles," Frank replied, "and we do not intend stopping until we reach the railway station of the beautiful city."

"What places do we pass through?" was the question which naturally followed Frank's announcement.

"The principal places on our route," said Frank, "are Lucca and Pistoja; both are old, and, to some extent, interesting. The chief objects of interest are the churches, which are admirable structures; and if we were studying architecture it would be worth our while to spend a day or two, or perhaps longer, in each of those cities."

"I will be satisfied," Mrs. Bassett remarked, "if you will tell us something about the cities as we go through them."

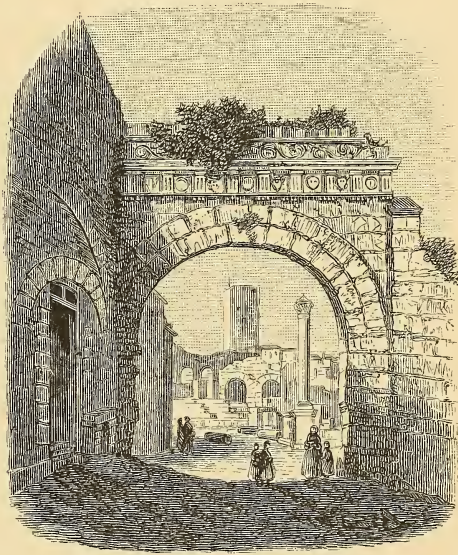
Frank agreed to the proposition, and as the train came in sight of Lucca he told his mother that it was a very well-built city, about the size of Pisa, and was noted for its silk factories. "The silk industry," said he, "was introduced into Lucca from Sicily more than five hundred years ago, and has been kept up ever since. They also make a great many woollen goods here. The Oriental fez or red cap that is worn very much through the Levant and in Egypt is largely manufactured at Lucca, whence it is exported to the market which demands it. There is a general but erroneous impression that the fez is distinctly an article of Oriental manufacture, which is not at all the case.

"While on this subject I may add," he continued, "that a great deal of the Oriental silk offered in the bazaars of Constantinople, Damascus, Cairo, and other cities comes from the looms of France and Italy. When we were in Damascus we were one day looking at the silks in the bazaars, and while one of the dealers was unrolling a piece which he said was manufactured in that city the card of the French manufacturer

who made it dropped from the roll and fell near my feet. I picked it up, wondering what it was. A single glance told the whole story: the silk was not made in Damascus but in Lyons, and that is where a good deal of the Oriental silk comes from."

As Mrs. Bassett looked from the window of the railway train she remarked that Lucca seemed to be a very old city, judging from the appearance of its walls and the few buildings visible.

"Yes," replied Frank; "it was founded so long ago that no one knows exactly how old it is. History says that Julius Cæsar held a conference at Lucca with Pompey and Crassus somewhere about the fifty-sixth year before the Christian era, the object of his conference being to devise plans for the administration of the Roman Empire for the next five years. It is certain that Lucca was an important place then, and there are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre here. After the Roman Empire went to pieces Lucca belonged successively to the Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks; then it became a duchy, and afterwards a republic. It has a long history of captures and recaptures, and fierce wars and insurrections; but I fear it would weary you if I should attempt to give even a brief list of them. After



ROMAN REMAINS.

the conquest by the French in 1799 Napoleon gave Lucca to one of his sisters. It came into the hands of one of the dukes of Parma in 1814, and in 1847 it was ceded to Tuscany."

"Isn't this the place where the baths of Lucca are situated?" Mary asked, as she contemplated the city.

"Yes," said Frank; "they are not in the town itself, but about twelve miles from it. There are some ancient Roman baths in the town, and the baths of Lucca about which you inquired were famous in the Middle Ages. There is quite a village at the baths, and a great many foreign-

ers go there for the bathing. They are situated in the valley of a little river called the Lima, and along this valley there are warm springs varying from 85° to 140° Fahrenheit. I have heard that the baths of Lucca are very agreeable for a sojourn, as there are delightful drives and walks among the neighboring mountains, and the region all about



THE CENTRE OF FLORENCE.

the baths is full of historic interest. Perhaps we may go there before we leave Italy; in case the doctor should order the baths for any of us, it would give an excuse for the visit."

Before the conversation regarding Lucca had come to an end the train was moving in the direction of Pistoja. Fred said that this was the Roman Pistoria, and it was near the spot where Catiline was defeated and killed sixty-two years before the Christian era. He added that many other battles had been fought in the neighborhood, and the town had given its name to an article of very common, perhaps too common, use, as it had killed a great many people.

"What is that, please?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Why," replied Fred, "it is said that the pistol was invented at Pistoja, and derives its name from the place where it was first produced. The name is preserved in the article just as the bayonet pre-

serves the name of Bayonne, in France, where that weapon was first made about the year 1671."

"Do they still manufacture pistols at Pistoja?" Mary inquired.

"Yes," said Fred; "one of the chief industries of the place is the manufacture of guns, pistols, swords, and other weapons of warfare, together with iron-ware of various kinds. The place is not a large one; it hasn't more than a third as many inhabitants as Pisa or Lucca, but it contains some interesting churches and a very quaint palace of justice, which is said to have been built in the fourteenth century."

From Pistoja to Florence the railway line crosses a picturesque region at the base of the Apennines, dotted here and there with old villages and castles, and with two or three towns of comparatively modern growth. As they neared Florence the travellers paid little attention to what was around them, as they were all interested in catch-



VIEW ON THE ARNO.

ing the first glimpse of the great city they were approaching. Frank explained to his mother that Florence is the English name for the city, and has little resemblance to the Italian one.

"What is the Italian name, and in what does it differ from the English one with which we are familiar?"

"The Italians," he replied, "call the city Firenze. They formerly

called it *Fiorenza*, a word which came from the *Florentia* of the Romans, who founded a settlement here."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Bassett, "that the English title comes nearer to the old Roman one than it does to the modern Italian name."

"Certainly it does," replied Frank, "and it was probably taken from it. The different names which are applied to the same city in different languages are sometimes very confusing. Florence and *Fiorenza* would hardly be suspected of meaning the same thing. You would not be likely to suppose that *Livorna* meant Leghorn, which it does. The city that we call Venice is *Venezia* in Italian, *Venetia* in French, and *Venedig* in German. From Venice to *Venedig* is certainly a long way, and it is a pity that there is not a uniform mode of spelling that will apply in all languages, and everybody could understand."

The rest of the party agreed with him, and the next question was as to the surname of Florence, or *Firenze*.

Frank explained that the surname was "*La Bella*;" that the Italians usually spoke of the city as "*Firenze la Bella*" (Florence the Beautiful).

"And I presume it deserves the name," said Mary. "I have heard that it is one of the most beautiful cities in Italy."

"Yes, it is beautiful, and very finely situated," was the reply. "Perhaps it is not as picturesque in certain of its features as Venice or Genoa, but certainly it is very finely placed in the valley of the Arno, and whether viewed from without or within it is a very beautiful city. The Florentines are proud of it, and they have excellent reason for being so, as you will know when you see it."

"I suppose it is as old as Lucca or Pisa?" queried Mrs. Bassett.

"Not quite as old," was the reply, "as it is supposed to have been founded in the first century, while the cities you have named date from before the Christian era. The general belief is that it was an unoccupied region when Lucca and Pisa had attained to considerable importance, but it did not amount to much until the tenth or eleventh centuries. It was overrun by the barbarians during the Dark Ages, and is said to have been at one time so completely destroyed that hardly one stone remained upon another. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries it had grown to such importance that the Florentines aided the Pisans in their contests with Lucca and Genoa, besides having various internal wars of their own in which outsiders were not expected to take any part, though they sometimes did.

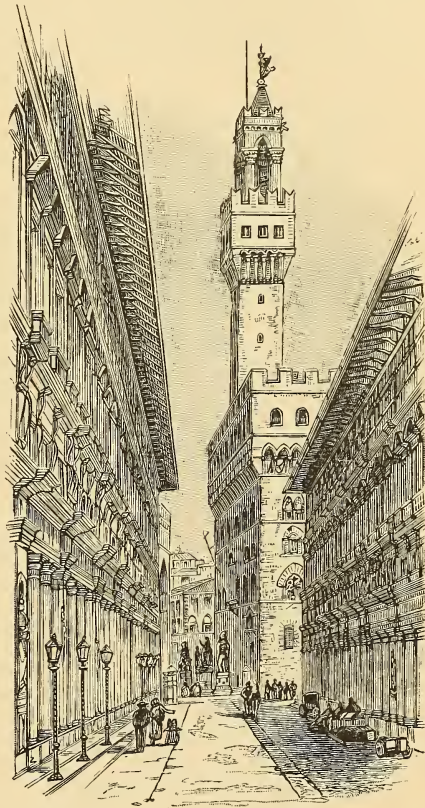
"In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries there were many struggles between local factions and parties, and a great deal of

blood was shed in these disputes. We will learn more of the history of the city as we look at the various monuments it contains. Florence very early attained a high position in art, and for a long time it has been a favorite place for sculptors, painters, and all who are interested in artistic work of any kind.”

It was luncheon-time when the party reached the hotel where they had decided to stop during their visit to Florence, and the ride from Pisa had given all of them good appetites. They promptly attended to the satisfaction of the desire for food, and soon after luncheon went out to take their first view of the city. Fred will tell the story of what they saw and did during the afternoon.

“Florence, The City of Flowers, is well named,” said the youth. “There are flowers everywhere. Wherever we went there were flower-girls peddling their wares, and very often they were more importunate and persistent than is agreeable to strangers. We passed one of the markets and saw great quantities of flowers for sale; on the balconies of houses there was a profusion of growing plants, many of them in blossom, and the public garden which we included in our afternoon stroll was luxuriant with flowers. At almost every step it was demonstrated to us that this city, more than any other we had seen, deserved the appellation of floral. As for the other title, “La Bella” (The Beautiful), that is also appropriate, as Frank predicted.

“Florence is situated on both banks of the Arno, much the greater part of it lying on the right bank. The valley of the river at this point is of goodly width, so that there is abundant room for the city both in its present extent and for what may be added in the future. Florence

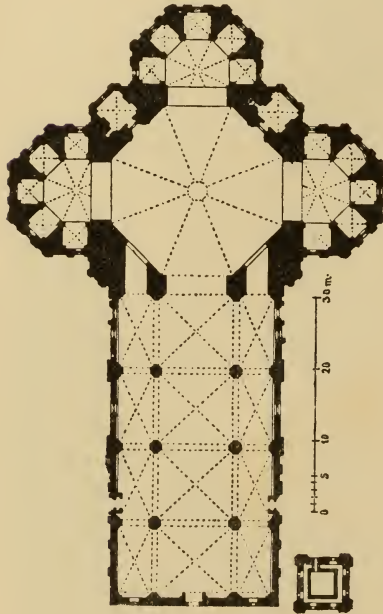


PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA.

was formerly surrounded by walls, but they have been almost entirely taken away in recent years, and the space they occupied has been utilized for the structure of new buildings or the outlaying of avenues, streets, gardens, and fine promenades.

“The walls were built during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and consequently have been of little use since the invention of gunpowder and long-range artillery. The old gates have been preserved—or, at least, the most interesting of them—and great care has been taken to keep them, as nearly as possible, in their former condition. Most of the gates are adorned with frescos, which have endured admirably the sunshine and storms of several centuries. A part of the city is quite new and contains wide streets, which are in marked contrast to the narrow and often crooked streets of the older portions. The work of extending and beautifying Florence has evidently been in charge of men of taste and intelligence, if we may judge by what has been accomplished.

“Of course we bent our steps in the direction of the cathedral, but did not go directly to it, as there were so many things to attract our attention on the way. We lingered for

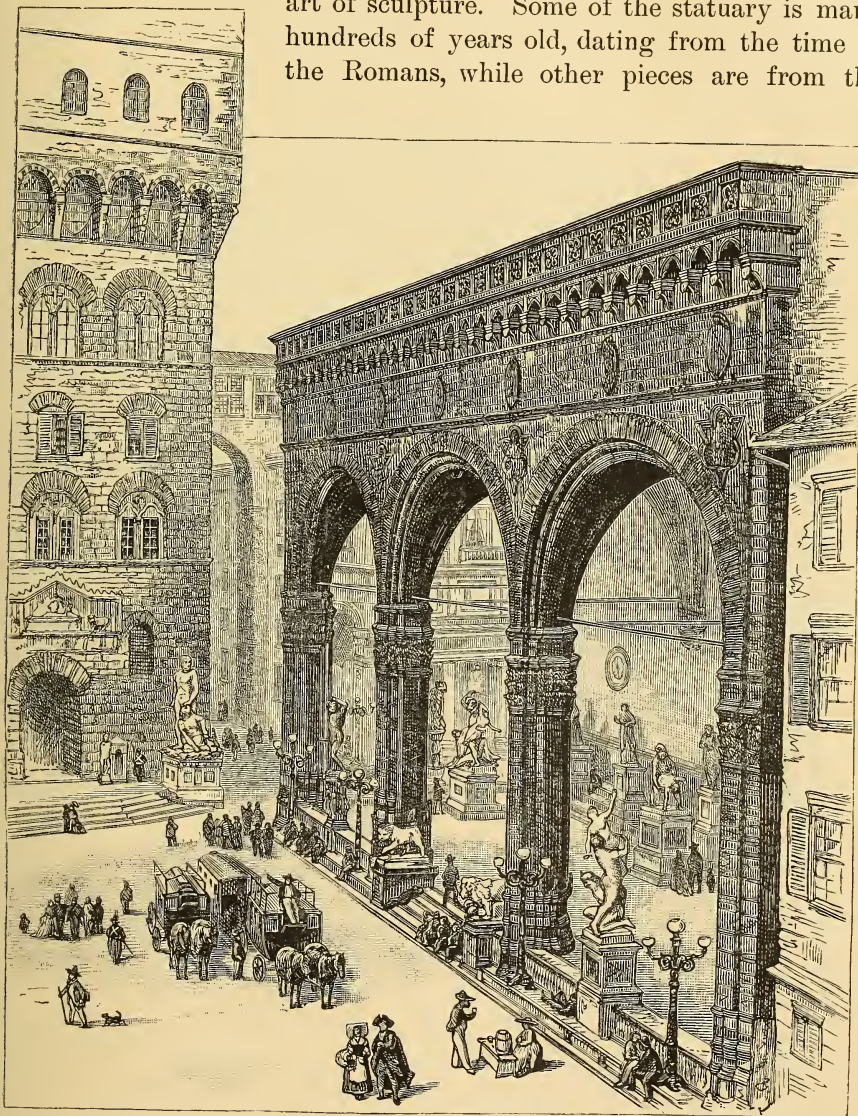


PLAN OF THE CATHEDRAL.

some time on the Piazza della Signoria, which is the centre of business; in fact, it may be called the centre of the city, which it has been for a very long time. In the days of the Republic it was the forum, where the people met to hold their elections and transact any other business pertaining to the Government. It has been the scene of battles and insurrections and of executions. The spot was pointed out where Savonarola and two other monks who were associated with him were burned to death on May 23, 1498. They were leaders in the Reformation in the country south of the Alps, just as Martin Luther was the leader of the Reformation in Germany, and Wickliffe in England.

“The importance of Florence as a centre of art is patent to every

stranger who enters this beautiful square. All around are statues, some of marble and some of bronze, all showing the work of masters in the art of sculpture. Some of the statuary is many hundreds of years old, dating from the time of the Romans, while other pieces are from the



LOGGIA DEI LANZI.

hands of Michael Angelo or other famous men. There is no single specimen that could be called inferior. In the Loggia dei Lanzi there

is a collection of groups and single statues that could not be surpassed in any other city that we have ever seen.

“On this square is the Palazzo Vecchio, which was originally the seat of the Republic, and was built six hundred years ago, though it has undergone many alterations since that time and been furnished with a lofty tower. One of Michael Angelo’s celebrated works stood near the entrance of this palace for nearly four hundred years; it has been removed to the academy and replaced by a copy in bronze. For one, I am sorry it was taken away; I would have preferred to see it in the place where it had been so long. Why it was moved I do not know, unless through fear that the marble might be injured, and the belief that a bronze statue would be safer in such a public spot.

“We didn’t visit the interior of the palace, reserving that for a later day. We remained a full hour in the Piazza della Signoria before we were ready to move on; but move on we did, and here we are at the cathedral, or Duomo, as they generally call it here.



GIOTTO.

“We had heard a great deal about this cathedral; but all that we had heard did not prepare us for its grandeur. According to the published measurements it is 185 yards long by 114 in width, and the lantern on the top of the dome is 385 feet from the ground. It is higher than the domes of St. Peter and the Pantheon at Rome, and from whatever direction you approach Florence the dome of the cathedral is one of the things that first meets your eye.

“It is a very old building, having been erected in the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries; it was begun near the end of the thirteenth century, and finished about two hundred years later. Perhaps I ought not to say finished, because it has received some additions since that time, and portions of it have been torn down to make way for new work.

“The effect upon the spectator is very impressive, whether he looks at the building from the outside or from the interior. If I were to give any preference, it would be to the interior, which is so constructed that

it makes the building appear larger than it really is. The cathedral is built in the form of a Latin cross, and the architecture may be styled Italian Gothic. There are fewer monuments in the interior of the



RELIEF UPON THE CAMPANILE OF FLORENCE.

church than we had expected to find, but the few that it contains are worthy of great admiration.

“Close by the cathedral is the Campanile, or bell-tower, which was begun by Giotto in 1334, but was not completed until after his death, though the plans which he made for it were carried out. It is a square structure, in the general style of the cathedral, 292 feet high, and it is considered one of the finest towers in the world. There is a legend that when Charles V., Emperor of Germany, first saw it, he remarked that the Florentines ought to enclose it in a glass-case, or only exhibit it on feast-days. One of the modes of comparison in common use is found in the words ‘Beautiful as the Campanile.’

“The Campanile is built in four stories, the lower and upper ones being taller than the intermediate stories. On the basement story there

are several designs of tableaux from the hands of Della Robbia and Pisano. They represent the progress of the civilization of man, and are very curious and of beautiful workmanship.

“Frank and I ascended to the top of the Campanile by a staircase of 414 steps. I said that the designs of Giotto were carried out by his successor, but I was not strictly correct in that statement, because it appears that Giotto intended to crown the tower with a spire, whose summit would have been nearly one hundred feet higher than the top of the structure is at present. There is a chime of six fine bells in the top of the tower, which were placed there a long time ago. It is said that the tower cost an enormous amount of money, and for that reason the plans of the designer were not carried out by the addition of the spire.”

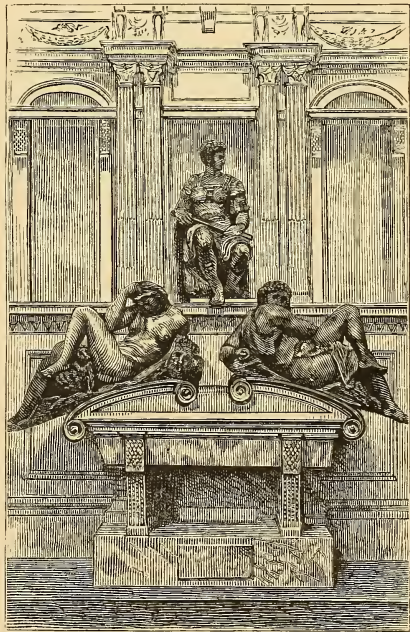


ITALIAN SOFA OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER X.

NOTES ON LIFE IN FLORENCE; FORMER COST OF LIVING THERE; PRESENT PRICES; CAUSE OF THE INCREASE.—VISITING THE BAPTISTERY.—“THE GATES OF PARADISE” AND THEIR HISTORY.—AN ART COMPETITION IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—GENEROSITY OF Ghiberti's CHIEF COMPETITOR.—HOW THE BRONZE DOORS WERE MADE; DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMOUS WORK.—THE UFFIZI GALLERY.—THE TRIBUNE, AND WHAT IT CONTAINS.—MRS. BASSETT'S QUESTION.—THE MEDICI FAMILY, AND WHAT IT ACCOMPLISHED.—HISTORY OF THE UFFIZI PALACE.—PITTI PALACE.—THE BOBOLI GARDENS.—FAMOUS SCULPTORS OF FLORENCE.—MICHAEL ANGELO AND HIS HISTORY; THE HOUSE WHERE HE LIVED; MEMENTOS OF THE GREAT SCULPTOR; ANECDOTES ABOUT HIM.—HOW A DESIGN FOR A TOMB LED TO A GREAT CHURCH.—MICHAEL ANGELO'S CANE AND SLIPPERS.

WE will not attempt to tell in chronological order what our friends saw and did during their stay in Florence. Generally the entire party of four was together, as nearly everything to be seen in the City of Flowers had attractions for all. On a few occasions, when Mrs. Bassett and Mary desired to go on shopping excursions, they were accompanied by one of the youths or by a guide obtained at the hotel. Fred proposed one day that he should assume the character of a professional *courrier*, in the hope of obtaining from the shops where purchases were made the commission that is supposed to go into the hands of that individual. But his scheme failed at the very first shop; in fact,



TOMB OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI.

it failed before he put it in operation. He forgot the character he was playing until too late, and therefore did not venture to ask for a commission upon his mother's purchases.

"I have been told," said Mrs. Bassett, "that Florence is not at all a dear place, but it seems to me that the prices of everything are quite as high as we found them in Paris or Vienna. There must be some mistake in the stories that have been told us about the advantages of Florence over the other cities of Italy."



PICTURE FROM ORGAN SCREEN IN THE CATHEDRAL.

"There was a time," said Frank, in explanation of the subject that perplexed his mother, "when Florence was one of the cheapest places in Europe for a residence, but that was before it was made the capital of Italy. As long as it was the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany it was a quiet and very attractive city, and I have been told that living in Florence was wonderfully cheap. It has been said,

though I do not know if the statement is absolutely true, that in those days a family could have a villa to itself, live well, keep a carriage, and have a box at the opera, all at a cost not exceeding two hundred dollars per month. A great many foreigners—English, French, Germans, and Americans with limited incomes—used to reside here on account of the comforts they could obtain for a small amount of money."

"How does it happen that the prices have increased so much?" queried Mary, as Frank ended the above statement.

"In 1864 Florence was made the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, and the King and his court moved here from Turin. The prices of everything advanced enormously; they were doubled, and in some instances trebled; and during the six years that Florence remained the national capital the city was in the high tide of prosperity. In 1870 the capital was moved to Rome. Florence declined somewhat in importance, but only a little; and though prices fell off at first, they did not drop greatly. Many of the foreign residents continued to stay here, and prices soon regained the standard which they had held during the presence of royalty, which did not please the foreigners.

“Previous to 1864 there had been no new houses erected in Florence for a long time. The establishment of the city as the capital gave a great impetus to the enterprise of the people. New buildings were erected, new streets were planned, the removal of the old fortifications was begun, and in various ways Florence entered upon an era of great prosperity, which is still continued.

“From the fifteenth to the eighteenth century the population of Florence was a little less than one hundred thousand. In 1860 it was one hundred and twelve thousand, at which figure it remained until 1864; then the population began to increase steadily, and at present it is said to be not far from two hundred thousand. The city has a considerable commerce, though not as much as Genoa or Naples; and it has a goodly amount of manufacturing industries, which afford support to large numbers of people. Lying away from the sea, as it does, it has not suffered from the attacks of foreign enemies as much as Genoa, Venice, and some other seaports; but it has had its share of sieges and other troubles, and a very good share of local disturbances growing out of the quarrels of powerful and famous families.”

After they had visited the cathedral and the Campanile our friends went to the Palazzo Vecchio, which has already been mentioned. They admired the proportions of the great hall on the first floor, which was constructed under the direction of Savonarola in 1495. Frank explained that the building was for a long time the seat of the Republic, and during the time that the capital was located at Florence this hall was used for the meetings of the Italian Parliament, and fitted up with benches and a platform. All these were removed after the transfer of the capital to Rome, and the hall is now rarely used for any public purpose.

Not far from the Palazzo Vecchio and the cathedral is the Church of St. John the Baptist, which is better known as the Baptistery, and is said to have been originally erected in the sixth century on the site of a Roman temple. It is of an octagonal shape, about one hundred feet in diameter, and surmounted with a dome of most admirable design.



MICHAEL ANGELO.

An interesting feature of the Baptistery is the celebrated bronze doors; the oldest of them was made by Pisano, and he is said to have devoted twenty-two years to the work. The second door towards the cathedral is the most celebrated, and was executed by Lorenzo Ghiberti.



CHRIST OF THE TRIBUTE MONEY.—[Titian.]

This door represents ten different scenes from Scripture history, and it is the door which Michael Angelo said was worthy of forming the entrance to Paradise. There is another door also by Ghiberti, which is divided into twenty-eight sections, and represents the history of Christ, the Apostles, and the Fathers of the Church down to St. Augustine.

“The story goes,” wrote Fred in his journal, “that Florence suffered from the visitation of the plague towards the end of the fourteenth cen-



ONE OF THE GATES OF Ghiberti.

ture. When the plague ceased, in the year 1400, the Government of Florence, aided by the guild of cloth-merchants, decided to have two bronze doors made for this church to correspond to the door that was already in place—the one made by Pisano. Artists everywhere were invited to present specimens of their work in bronze, which should be submitted to a jury of thirty-four painters, sculptors, bronze-workers, and others who were familiar with the art of that time, not only of Florence but of other cities and countries. Ghiberti was then living in Rimini, having left Florence to escape the plague. When the competition was agreed upon he decided to return at once to Florence to take part in it, there being no further danger of the plague.

“A great many pieces of bronze were offered, and when the jury came to inspect them they threw out one after another, until only six remained. To these six competitors it was suggested that each should produce within a year a panel in bronze of a given size, which should form one of the compartments of the first door. The subject which the officials furnished was ‘The Sacrifice of Abraham.’ The artists were required to include landscape, animals, and human figures, some in full relief, and others in half and low relief, according to the rules of perspective, and, in fact, according to all the rules of Florentine art.

“Each candidate was presented with a certain amount of money to enable him to support himself and pay the expenses of his work, and then all were dismissed to do their best. Ghiberti’s competitors did their work in secret, allowing none but their most intimate friends to know what they were doing, and some of them kept the knowledge of their work entirely to their individual selves.

“Ghiberti, on the contrary, worked openly. He began model after model, and invited the citizens and strangers who might be in Florence to enter his studio, look at his work, and criticise it in any manner they chose. The historian who tells us this says Ghiberti found that this course was greatly to his advantage, as there were many excellent judges of art in Florence at that time; as he was only twenty years of age, it is very evident that the advice of older heads than his was of great benefit, and gave him many good ideas.

“When the year was at an end all the panels were brought together and placed side by side in the great hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, where the jury and the officers of the guild of merchants, together with the citizens and the public generally, came to criticise the work and decide upon its merits. Two of the panels were speedily rejected as being much inferior to the others; there was considerable variation

of opinion concerning the other four, but before long the contest was narrowed down to Ghiberti and Brunellesco. Brunellesco, by-the-way, was the architect who designed the dome of the cathedral, the first dome of the world ever placed at so high an elevation.

“It is a great pity that the four rejected panels were not preserved, as it would be interesting to compare them with those that remained. The judges decided that Brunellesco’s model showed greater freedom



MADONNA AND ANGELS, UFFIZI GALLERY.—[Titian.]

of design and strength of composition than Ghiberti’s, but that the latter possessed more elegance, grace, and picturesque variety in detail and execution. So nearly divided were the opinions regarding the work of the two great artists that some of them proposed to have the execution of the gates divided between them. While the judges were discussing this point, Brunellesco suddenly turned towards them, and indicated that he wished to speak. All became silent, and then he said, in a firm voice, audible through all the great hall :

“Give the work to Lorenzo Ghiberti ; he alone deserves it. I am certain that the public cannot be better served, or with more distinction.’

“Then he added that Ghiberti’s model was better than all the

others, and that the judges would be false to their duty if they did not give him the opportunity for producing the magnificent work for which he was so eminently fitted. The judges assented, the crowd applauded, and the prize was given to Ghiberti. Here before us is the result of his work, and however great may have been the merit of any of his rivals, we all feel that the judges decided rightly and his rival acted with great generosity towards his competitor.

“As already stated, the first door contains twenty compositions representing the life of the Saviour. Below them there are others, with figures of the four Evangelists and the four Doctors of the Church, all varied in their form of composition, and yet all in harmony with each other. According to history, it was completed and put into place in April, 1424, though there is some dispute on this point, one writer saying that it was not finished until three years afterwards. The cost of the door is said to have been about \$200,000, and its weight is 34,000 pounds, though some think it less.

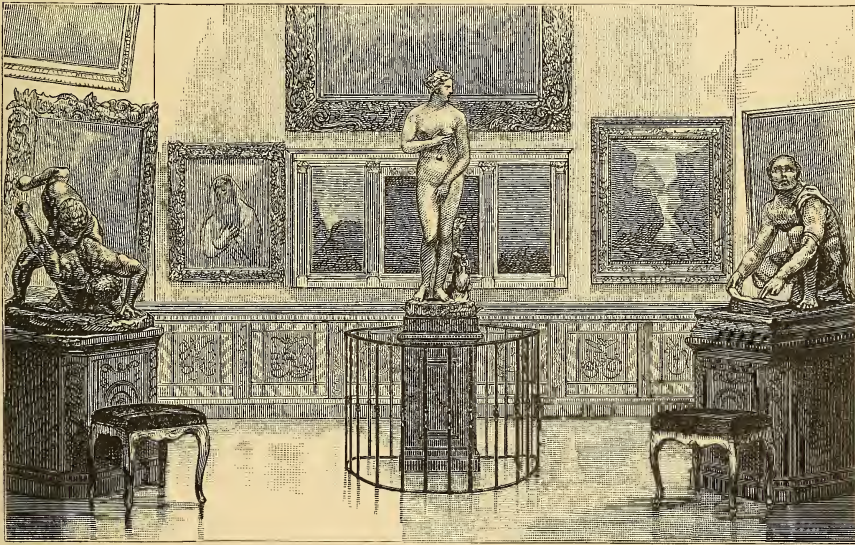
“The officials of Florence and of the guild of cloth-merchants were so greatly pleased with the first door that they gave Ghiberti full permission to exercise his own taste in designing the second. The second is regarded as very much superior to the first, but it did not cost so much money, and was finished about 1450, only five years before the death of the artist. He is said to have devoted forty years to the entire work, but it is hardly to be supposed that this is the only composition in bronze that he made during all that time.

“It is a fortunate circumstance that we have a copy of these gates in America; the copies are about half the size of the original, and reproduce the work with great exactness. They were made by Barbedienne, of Paris, and exhibited at the World's Fair in London in 1851. Prince Demidoff bought them for his Palace of San Donato, near Florence. Ten or twelve years ago these doors were bought for William H. Vanderbilt, and sent to his house in New York.

“Perhaps you may wonder why the copies were not made of the full size of the original. It is for the simple reason that copies of the exact size of originals, whether of paintings or sculpture, are practically forbidden in Italy. I was told yesterday by an artist in one of the galleries here that all copies of celebrated paintings must be made either larger or smaller than the original, never of the same size. I asked the reason for it, and he said it was to avoid the possibility of a substitution of a copy for the original, and to prevent in a general way the perpetration of a fraud.”

“If anybody has a doubt of the importance of Florence as an art centre,” Mary wrote in her journal, “that doubt will be dispelled by a visit to the Uffizi and Pitti galleries. I wish I knew how many acres of paintings there are in the Uffizi Collection—I mean real acres, just the kind that land is measured by. You go through room after room, or, rather, I should say, through hall after hall, until it seems as if there would be no end. Everywhere the walls are covered with paintings, and paintings, too, of the very best character. I don’t know how large the national debt of Italy may be, but if the Uffizi Collection were sold the proceeds would certainly go a long way towards paying off that debt.

“They say that the gallery began with the Medici Collection, and additions were made to it by the Lorraine family, until it is now one of the greatest and best in the world, if not the greatest and best of all. The catalogue of the paintings and statuary in this collection makes a



THE TRIBUNE, UFFIZI GALLERY.

large volume; I have a small catalogue which claims to name only a few of the finest objects in the collection, and yet this little pamphlet contains ten good-sized pages, printed in the finest type.

“I think I could spend a year in Florence, and go through the Uffizi Gallery every day and enjoy the journey. There are Titians, Raphaels, Rembrandts, Tintoretts, Veroneses in considerable number, and I don’t

know how many other old masters are represented. In fact, I believe that every old master who ever acquired a reputation that amounted to anything is represented in this famous collection, not only by one, but by several specimens of his work.

"There are wheels within wheels," continued Mary, "and there are art centres within art centres. Italy is the art centre of the world; Florence is the art centre of Italy; the Uffizi Gallery is the art centre of Florence; and the Tribuna, or Tribune, is the art centre of this gallery. The Tribune of the gallery I am now telling about is the gem of the collection and the art gem of the world.

"Perhaps you may think I am exaggerating, but you won't think so when I tell you what we saw there, and what the Tribune is. It is an octagonal hall, fine enough to have cost one hundred thousand dollars for its construction, and beautifully decorated. In the centre of it are five very famous marble sculptures, the most famous of all being the 'Venus di Medici.' It is no modern work, and nobody knows who made it; it was found in the sixteenth century in the villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli, and was brought to Florence in 1680. I said it is not known who made it, but there is a Greek inscription on the base which indicates that the statue was made by Cleomenes, the son of Apollodorus; he is supposed to have lived about two or three hundred years before the Christian era, though nobody knows positively.

"That is the principal piece of sculpture of the five. The other four are as follows: 'A Satyr Blowing on a Cymbal,' restored by Michael Angelo; 'The Group of the Wrestlers;' and then a statue about which there has been much dispute, but is generally known as 'The Grinder,' or 'A Slave Sharpening a Knife;' it was found at Rome in the sixteenth century, but its origin and maker are unknown; lastly, there is the 'Apollino,' or 'Young Apollo,' also with an unknown history.

We lingered for some time in contemplation of the wonderful statuary which occupies the centre of the Tribune. The walls of this hall are covered with magnificent paintings by Raphael, Correggio, Van Dyke, Titian, Del Sarto, Domenichino, Rubens, and other artists, every one of them foremost on the list of fame. If the Government of Italy should ever ask the President of the United States what it can do to show its good-will towards the Republic beyond the Atlantic, I hope the President will intimate that the art collection in the Tribune of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence will be esteemed as a gift of the very highest character, and calculated to keep the peace between the two nations.

While the party was contemplating the wonderful statuary, Mrs. Bas-

sett intimated that she would like to know what other works of art had been made by Mr. Medici, the sculptor of the "Venus" they were looking at. Frank explained that Medici was not the name of the sculptor, but of the family to whom we are indebted for the collection.

"The Medici family," said Frank, "has been famous in Florentine history ever since 1389, the year of the birth of Cosimo, or Cosmo I. According to history Cosmo I. was a liberal patron of learning and the arts, and acquired an immense fortune by commerce, which he spent in adorning his native city with public edifices, and founding institutions for educational and charitable purposes. He founded an academy for teaching the Platonic philosophy, and also made large collections of Greek, Latin, and Oriental manuscripts, which he bestowed on the Laurentian Library of Florence.

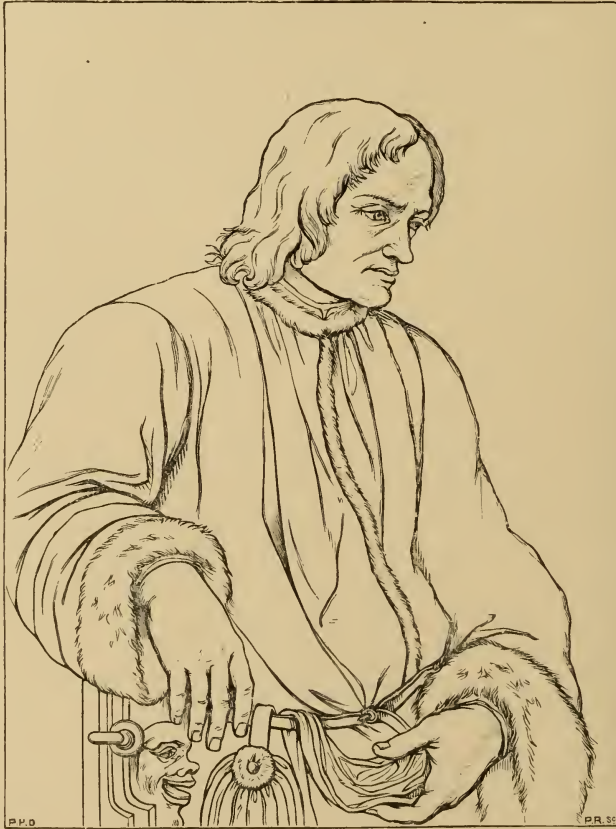
"He was such a great benefactor of the people," Frank continued, "and so renowned for his urbanity of character that he received the title of 'Father of His Country.' He was emphatically the greatest man of his time in Florence, and his example had much effect upon the members of the family who succeeded him.

"There was a long line of distinguished men bearing the name of Medici. Nearly all of them were renowned for their ability, but it is necessary to say that they were not equally renowned for their generosity and kindness to the people. Two of them were usurpers, and met death at the hands of their brothers, after being guilty of many cruelties. One of the Medicis is believed to have poisoned his mother, but happily this charge is not brought against any other member of the family.

"The Uffizi Palace was erected by Cosmo I. for the public offices or tribunals, and contains, in addition to the gallery, an immense library and the archives of the Medici family. A gallery connects the Uffizi with the Pitti Palace, which is on the other side of the Arno. It goes over the Ponte Vecchio, or Old Bridge, and unless one's attention is called to it he hardly realizes that he has crossed the river during his stroll through the halls and corridors devoted to this wonderful art collection of Italy, and specially of Florence.

"The Pitti Palace was the residence of the King during the time that Florence was the capital of Italy. It takes its name from Luca Pitti, who began its structure, and was a bitter opponent of the Medici family. At one period of his life he enjoyed the highest popularity, but he was concerned in a conspiracy against Pietro de' Medici in 1466, and ceased to have any popularity afterwards. Most of those who were concerned with him in the conspiracy were banished, or fled from the city to escape

punishment. One historian says of him : ‘Luca, though exempted from the fate of the other leaders of the faction, experienced a punishment of a more galling and disgraceful kind ; from the high estimation in which he had been before held, he fell into the lowest state of degradation.

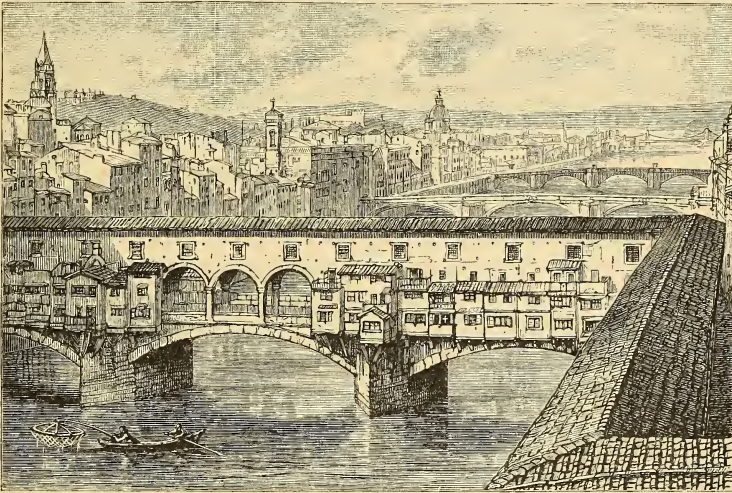


LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

The progress of his magnificent palace was stopped ; the populace, who had formerly vied with each other in giving him assistance, refused any longer to labor for him. Many opulent citizens who had contributed costly articles and materials demanded them back, alleging that they were only lent. The remainder of his days was passed in obscurity and neglect ; but the extensive mansion which his pride had planned still remains to give celebrity to his name.’”

The galleries of the Pitti Palace are by no means as large and numerous as those of the Uffizi, but they contain some magnificent paintings and statuary which should not be neglected. Our friends visited the collection after they had viewed that of the Uffizi Palace, and then, finding themselves near the Boboli Gardens, concluded to spend a little time in the open air and rest from their fatigue.

They found the gardens very interesting, as they are beautifully laid out and picturesquely situated. The ground rises behind the Pitti Palace, and from the upper portion of the gardens the visitors had excel-



PONTE VECCHIO.

lent views of Florence with its domes and towers. They were able to compare the Campanile, the dome of the cathedral, the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, and other domes and towers with each other, and to look down upon the busy streets of the city, as well as upon streets that had a very quiet aspect. The Boboli Gardens were planned and laid out more than three hundred years ago, and from time to time they have been improved very much in various ways.

There are long and sheltered walks, like arbors, and there are walls of verdure admirably adapted to the climate of Central Italy. Then there are many terraces and statues and vases and other works of art, which add to the interest of the place. Some of the statues are antique, some of them are partially antique and partially modern, and nearly all

are by artists of the highest rank. The gardens contain four unfinished statues by Michael Angelo, which are said to have been made by order of Pope Julius II. They stand at the angles of the grotto near to one of the principal entrances to the gardens, and it is said that this grotto was originally used as an ice-house.

There are also in the gardens several statues which are symbolical of rivers; they were designed by John of Bologna, together with other statues devised by this artist. Even without the statuary or other marble adornments, the Boboli Gardens would be magnificent, as they have an admirable collection of laurels, cypresses, and other trees, that have been carefully attended to and have grown to great size. Within the last twenty or thirty years the collection of plants has been considerably increased, and promises to have a still greater increase in the future, as its management is of the best.

While they were looking at the statues from Michael Angelo's hand, Mrs. Bassett said she would like to know something about that great artist. "I have seen so much of his work since I came to Florence," said she, "that it almost seems as if I knew him, although I am well aware that it is a long time since he lived."

"That is the way we all think, and I think it is impossible for any one to visit Florence and not have the same sort of feeling. I was reading up his history this very morning," said Frank, "and therefore am prepared to tell what you wish to know." Thereupon, in compliance with the request, the youth continued as follows:

"His full name was Michael Angelo Buonarrotti; the family was an old and wealthy one of Italy, and the member of it whose history we are considering was born in 1474. He attended school in Florence, and very early in life developed a fondness for art. He began to study sculpture in a garden, which one of the Medici family had furnished with antique statues and reliefs; very soon after beginning his studies he executed a relief in marble which was entitled 'The Battle of Hercules with the Centaurs,' and this work is still preserved in Florence.

"When Angelo was twenty years old he went to Bologna, where he spent a year; then he returned to Florence and executed a statue of a Sleeping Cupid, which was sold to a dealer in antiquities. This dealer passed off the statue as an antique, and sold it for a very high price. Then the sculptor went on producing other statues, and in 1504 executed the celebrated one of 'The Psalmist David,' which was placed in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. It would take a long time to name all of his works; the fact is, I cannot begin to remember them without

looking at the catalogue, and perhaps the catalogue would be tiresome reading if I should attempt to give it in full."

"He was a painter as well as a sculptor, was he not?" queried Mrs. Bassett, as Frank paused.

"Yes, he was both painter and sculptor; and among his early paintings is a picture of the Holy Family. He was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., and employed to build for that pontiff a monument or mausoleum. He made a magnificent design for this work, and while they were consulting for a suitable place for the monument, it was suggested that a new chapel ought to be built expressly for it. The Pope accepted the suggestion and decided to rebuild the Church of St. Peter, and thus it happened that Michael Angelo's design for a tomb was the cause of the erection of the most magnificent church in the world.

"There are many of Michael Angelo's paintings in Rome, and we shall see them when we go there. Among his greatest productions is a picture in fresco of the Last Judgment, which is in the Sistine Chapel at Rome; it is said that he occupied nearly eight years on this picture, which includes about three hundred figures. He was appointed architect of St. Peter's Church on the condition that he should receive no salary, and might deviate in any way he chose from the design of the former architect of the church; but he did not live to see the building completed.

"Michael Angelo planned and built several palaces in Rome, Florence, and other cities, and even these things I have mentioned did not



VIRGIN AND CHILD.—[Michael Angelo.]

exhaust his abilities. He erected fortifications at Florence in 1528, and in the following year aided in the defence of the city when it was attacked. He was a poet, and his sonnets and other poems are distinguished for their elegance and purity of style. They were published in 1538, and have often been reprinted."



HEAD OF ANGEL.—[Donatello.]

"The house where he lived is one of the curiosities of Florence, is it not?" Mary asked.

"Yes," said Frank; "his house is preserved here, and very much in the condition that it was during his lifetime. We will see it to-morrow."

"We must certainly see it," said Mrs. Bassett. "It will be interesting not only on account of the greatness of the man who lived there, but because we can compare it with houses of more modern construction. What is it called?"

"It is the Palazzo Buonarotti,"

was the reply. "The family became extinct about the middle of the present century; the last man to bear the name was Minister of Public Instruction, and greatly honored and respected by his fellow-citizens. At his death he bequeathed the palace and everything it contained to his native city, on the condition that it should remain just as it was."

According to promise, Frank made arrangements for the party to visit the house of Michael Angelo on the following morning. They were shown through the various rooms, which contained a great many specimens of ancient sculpture, pictures, groups and single statues by Michael Angelo and other artists, several portraits of the famous man, and also several busts and statues of him which are said to have been made from life. The largest room contains Angelo's statue by Novelli, a famous sculptor of the time; opposite to this statue is "The Holy Family," one of the few oil-paintings that are certainly known to have been painted by Angelo. Our friends saw the marble relief of "The Battle of Hercules with the Centaurs," which has already been mentioned. There were also several paintings illustrating important events in Michael Angelo's history, and in one room was a collection of paintings which relate principally to the Buonarotti family.

“Quite as interesting to me as anything else that we saw,” said Mary, “was the cabinet which contains various articles worn or used by this illustrious man. There were two of his walking-sticks with strong handles which he used to carry in his old age to prevent falling on the slippery pavements of the city. Then there were the table on which he used to write, and the chair whereon he sat. There are various medals which he received, and one thing I shall never forget is the pair of old slippers which he used to wear when in the house. Everything is so well cared for that it was difficult for me to realize that the man to whom these things belonged had been dead for more than three hundred years.

“In another room we saw several old bookcases, which contained some of Michael Angelo’s manuscripts, and the oil-flasks and paint-cups which he used, together with the tools that he employed in making his models for statuary. We saw several of his models preserved with other things, and also many of his letters, but it is hardly necessary to say that we had neither time nor opportunity to read them. He wrote in a very clear hand, or what was probably a clear hand in those times, though it is not easy reading nowadays. When we came out of the house we did so with great reluctance, and I am pretty sure that the first hour I have to spare, when the house is open to visitors, I shall ask Frank or Fred to go there with me again.”



MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDY.

CHAPTER XI.

SAVONAROLA; SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER; HIS MARTYRDOM; THE CELL WHERE HE LIVED; HIS INFLUENCE WITH THE POPULACE.—AMERICUS VESPUCIUS; HIS HOUSE IN FLORENCE; HOW HE OBTAINED HIS REPUTATION; A GOOD LETTER-WRITER.—STATUE OF DANTE.—CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE.—THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD OF FLORENCE; TOMBS OF GALILEO, MICHAEL ANGELO, AND OTHERS.—MACHIAVELLI, AND HOW HE HAS BEEN MISREPRESENTED.—GALILEO AND HIS INVENTION OF THE TELESCOPE; HIS TREATMENT BY THE INQUISITION; LAST DAYS OF HIS LIFE.—MILTON'S VISIT TO THE GREAT ASTRONOMER.—"IT DOES MOVE!"—VITTORIO ALFIERI.—CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO.—THE MEDICEAN CHAPEL; PURPOSE FOR WHICH IT WAS BUILT.—FLORENTINE MOSAICS; HOW THEY DIFFER FROM ROMAN MOSAICS.—COSTLY COFFINS AND TOMBS.



AMERICUS VESPUCIUS.

ON one of their rounds of sight-seeing our friends visited the building that contains the cell of Savonarola, the Dominican monk whose death at the stake in the Piazza della Signoria has already been mentioned. The cell which this celebrated man occupied is an object of great interest, and is visited every year by thousands of Italians and other people.

Concerning this individual, who made such a mark in the time in which he lived, Fred wrote in his journal as follows:

"We saw the portrait of Savonarola which was painted during his lifetime by one of his

brethren, and they also showed us some of his manuscripts, the tunic and girdle that he wore, and the crucifix that he carried. There was a melancholy souvenir of the last hours of his life in the shape of a charred fagot from the stake where he was burned to death.

“Savonarola was born at Ferrari in 1452, and became a Dominican monk in 1475. According to the accounts of his life, his first attempt to preach proved a failure; but he persevered, like Demosthenes, and



SAVONAROLA.

ultimately became an eloquent preacher. He exercised a wonderful influence over the populace. When he went abroad people knelt as he passed, and pressed upon him to kiss the hem of his robe; so great was the popular enthusiasm in his behalf that for some time he needed a guard to protect him from the rush of the throng whenever he passed between the convent and the cathedral. The great Duomo, with all its

immense interior, could not contain the multitudes that came to hear him preach, and so powerful was the impression he made upon them that not infrequently his voice was drowned by their violent sobbings and expressions of grief. They seemed to regard him in the triple character of prophet, priest, and king; and the great mass of the Florentines at that day considered him as one far above ordinary mortals.

“He preached as vigorously as did Martin Luther, denouncing with the greatest boldness the vices of the priests and monks of that time, and the corruptions of the Church, which had become notorious. In his fight against the Church he very naturally drifted into Republicanism, boldly advocating the overthrow of all kingly power and the establishment of political liberty. In 1494 the power of the Medici family was overthrown, and Savonarola became the leader of the Liberal party, by which a new Constitution was adopted on Christian principles. This liberal party was called the Piagnoni, and at one time it threatened to sweep over the whole of Italy and overthrow the government.

“Savonarola refused to accept the authority of Pope Alexander VI., who was then in power, and in punishment for his refusal he was excommunicated by the Pope. In their zeal for the Reformation which this enthusiastic monk was preaching the people made bonfires in the public squares, on which they piled paintings and statuary, books and musical instruments, costly apparel and jewelry, and many other things whose influence was considered pernicious. Books, either printed or in manuscript, which he condemned were cast into the flames along with the rest, and even some of the artists who had espoused his cause threw away their palettes, pigments, and brushes, and renounced forever their devotion to art. Property of great value was thus destroyed.

“After a time the popular enthusiasm declined, and then the crowd that had sought to do Savonarola reverence became a mob which endeavored to tear him in pieces. He was imprisoned, put to the rack, tried for heresy, and condemned to death at the stake. When he was led out to execution the bishop pronounced complete excommunication upon him. ‘I separate thee from the Church militant,’ said the bishop. ‘Thou canst not separate me from the Church triumphant!’ was the reply of the monk, as he stood upon the pile which was ready to be lighted by the torch of the executioner.

“After his death the ashes of Savonarola were cast into the Arno, just as those of Wickliffe, that other leader of the Reformation in England, were cast into the Avon. It is said that for many years, whenever the anniversary of Savonarola’s death came around, the spot where he

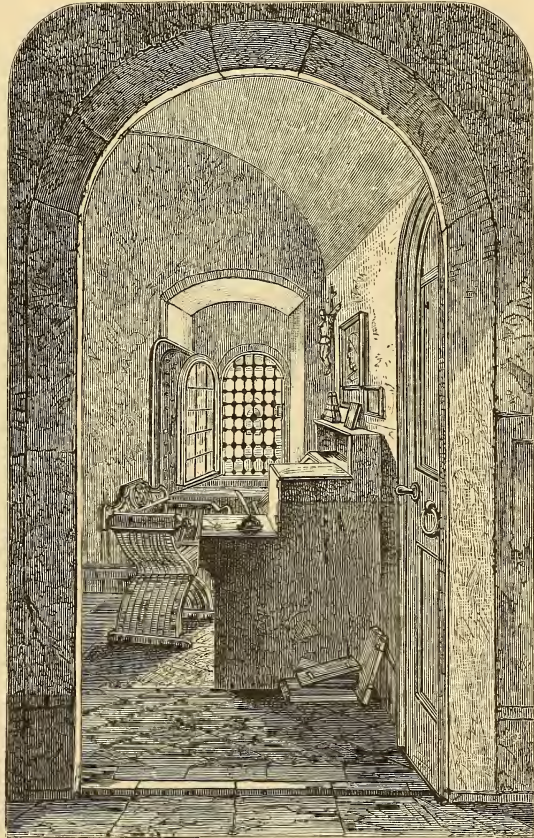
suffered martyrdom was covered with flowers by unknown hands. Many of the people believed that the flowers were scattered there by angels. Savonarola's portrait was painted by Raphael, and placed in the Vatican among the saints and doctors of the Church.

"If you wish to read more about this remarkable man, let me call your attention to the *Romola* of George Eliot, which contains an excellent delineation of his life and character."

Having seen the house in Genoa, and also the one in Cogoletto, alleged to be the birthplace of Columbus, our friends made a point of visiting the building supposed to be the birthplace of that other American discoverer whose name was given to the Western Continent: Amerigo Vespucci, or Americus Vespucius, as it is best known to us. The Florentines did not seem to have a high reverence for the fame of Vespucci, as they make no serious claim that the house exhibited as such was really the home of this navigator. In what part of Florence he was born is an open question; but it is reasonably certain that he first saw the light there during the year 1451. His portrait

is preserved, and a few articles that are said to have belonged to him, and the house which is pointed out to have been his residence is adorned with a long inscription in Latin, setting forth what he accomplished.

In his early life Vespucci was engaged in mercantile pursuits in his native city, and took a great interest in the study of astronomy and



SAVONAROLA'S CELL.

geography. He removed to Spain in 1490, and it is said that he became acquainted with Columbus just before the latter went on the memorable journey which resulted in the discovery of the New World. Vespuccius did not accompany Columbus at that time, and the latter does not mention him in any of his writings that have come down to us until in a letter dated February, 1505, he speaks of Vespuccius as a person whom he knew and esteemed. According to some biographers,

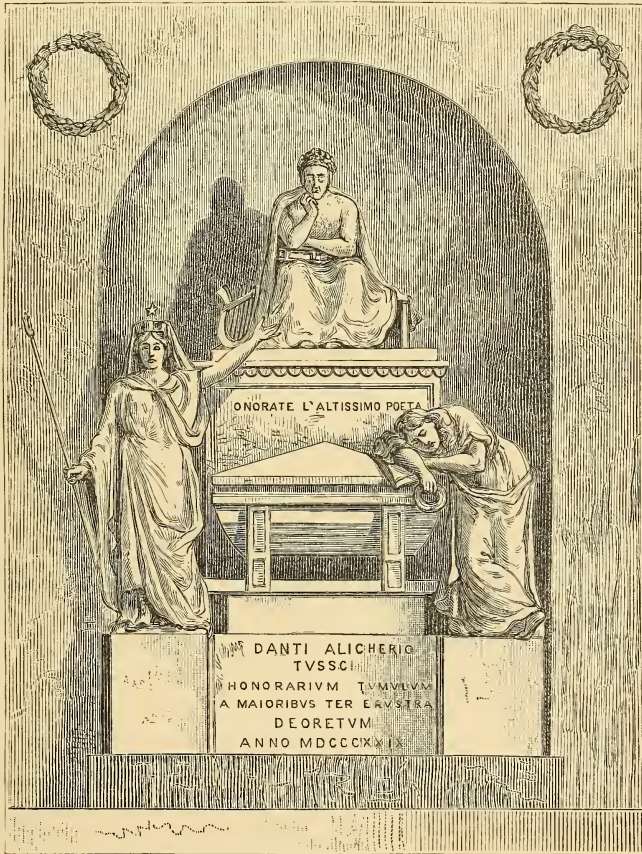


MARTYRDOM OF SAVONAROLA.—[From an old print.]

Vespuccius was employed as a merchant at Seville during the time Columbus was making most of his voyages. As an astronomer he accompanied Ogeda to America in 1499, and, according to a letter written by himself, he was a member of an expedition of discovery which was sent out by the King of Spain in 1497. Humboldt and others argue that 1499 is the true date of his first voyage. He made four voyages to the New World, but never in chief command.

When the above facts were mentioned, Mrs. Bassett remarked: "I presume Americus Vespuccius received many honors, and did not die in chains and in prison, as did Columbus, the real discoverer of America."

“You are quite right,” Frank replied. “He did receive many honors for his astronomical discoveries, and was treated with the greatest distinction when he returned in 1502 from an exploring expedition to Brazil. There was general public rejoicing and a grand procession in his honor at Lisbon, and he seems to have won the favor of the King and court. He returned to Spain about 1505, and died at



DANTE'S MONUMENT.

Seville seven years later. He was never imprisoned, and was held in high esteem to the end of his adventurous life.”

“How did it happen,” asked Mrs. Bassett, “that he obtained so much credit for doing so very little in comparison with what was accomplished by Columbus, whose glory he sought for himself?”

"It all resulted," replied Frank, "from the fact that he was a good letter-writer. He wrote letters to the sovereigns of Spain, Portugal, and Italy, recounting the wonderful things he had seen and accomplished, and it is to these letters his fame is due."

"Is that the only instance in history," Mary asked, with a smile playing over her features, "in which a man's glory has depended almost entirely on his own account of his achievements?"

"History is full of similar cases," Fred remarked, "from Julius Cæsar down to the present day. Cæsar's account of his wars, written by himself, gave him an enduring reputation. A great deal of the reputation of men of the present time is founded on the accounts they themselves have given of what they have done, and it has been asserted that in a good many instances the writers do not always distinguish between fact and fancy. It would take too much time to consider the subject in detail, and perhaps it might give rise to enmities, so we may as well turn our attention to something else."

It will be recalled that our friends became interested in the history of the poet Dante through what they learned of him during their visit to Verona. Their interest in Dante was renewed as they saw in Florence the magnificent monument to his memory, which was inaugurated with great solemnity on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth, May 14, 1865. It is a statue nineteen feet in height, standing on a pedestal twenty-three feet high. The corners of the pedestal are adorned with four lions all bearing shields, and around the square sides of the pedestal are the arms of the principal cities of Italy. Not far from this monument is the Church of Santa Croce, which has been called the Pantheon of Florence, for the reason that it contains the tombs of many of her illustrious dead. Let us listen to what Mary wrote concerning it after their visit to this famous building.

"We seem to have been carried back through several centuries," said the girl; "and as we looked at the burial-places of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Galileo, Alfieri, Vincenzo Alberti, and others, we could hardly realize that we were near the end of the nineteenth century. Some of the tombs are very elaborate in their construction, while others are exceedingly plain. Some were erected shortly after the deaths of those whose memory they aid in preserving, while others are of modern construction. The tomb of Michael Angelo was erected in 1570, six years after the great sculptor's death, while the monument to the memory of Dante was erected as late as 1829.

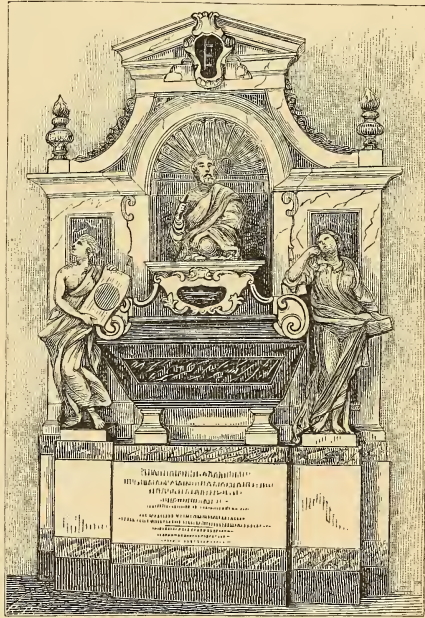
"The monument of Machiavelli, who died in 1527, was erected in

1787, two hundred and sixty years after the death of that famous Italian statesman. Perhaps this is a good place to say something about him, as his character is said to have abounded in enigmas and paradoxes, and his name has been made a synonyme of perfidious diplomacy.

“Machiavelli was famous as a diplomat, and during the middle part of his life he went on many foreign missions, which he managed with great dexterity. His reputation, if we may call by that name the somewhat infamous character which is ascribed to him, is based chiefly on a book that he wrote for the private use of Lorenzo de’ Medici. It was not designed for publication, and its chief fault seems to have been to expose the hypocrisy that prevailed in the diplomacy of the time, and which Frank says is not by any means absent in the diplomacy of the present day. I have never read his book—in fact, I had never heard of it until yesterday; but from what I have heard and read, it seems to me that it has been much misrepresented.”

Frank came to Mary’s aid by reading a quotation from Macaulay, which we will repeat here for the benefit of our readers.

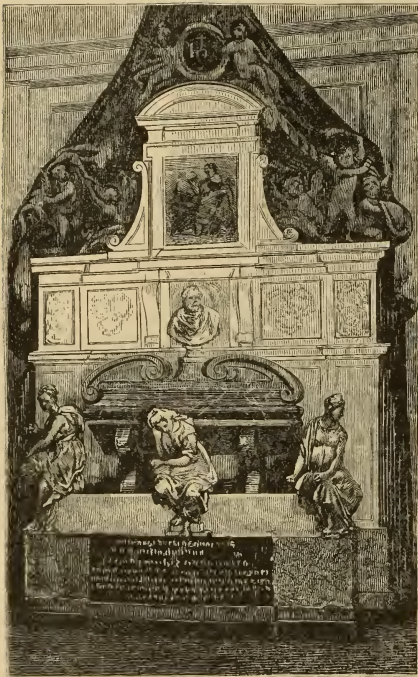
“‘The character of Machiavelli,’ says Macaulay, ‘was hateful to the new masters of Italy. His works were misrepresented by the learned, misconstrued by the ignorant, censured by the Church, abused with all the rancor of simulated virtue by the minions of a base despotism and the priests of a baser superstition. . . . The name of a man whose genius had illuminated all the dark places of policy, and to whose patriotic wisdom an oppressed people had owed their last chance of emancipation, passed into a proverb of infamy. . . . The terms in which he is commonly described would seem to import that he was the tempter, the evil principle, the discoverer of ambition and revenge, the original inventor of perjury,’ etc.”



TOMB OF GALILEO.

“But I am forgetting the Church of Santa Croce in wandering into the fields of diplomacy. In one part of the church our attention was called to a chapel which belongs to the Bonaparte family. It contains some monuments to members of that family, notably to Carlotta Bona-

parte, who died in 1830, and Julia, who died in 1845. The chapel next to it contains a magnificent painting attributed to Andrea Del-sarto. I was told that the author-ship of the picture was somewhat in dispute, but whoever painted it was certainly an artist of the highest class. Our interest in Giotto, the famous designer of the Campanile, was awakened while in this chapel by the frescos representing the history of John the Baptist and of St. John the Evan-gelist. It is a peculiar circum-stance that these frescos were covered up for a long time by whitewash, and had been totally forgotten. Twenty or thirty years ago, while the walls were being renovating, these frescos were discovered, and then the white-wash was carefully removed, bring-ing to light some of the finest



TOMB OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

specimens of Giotto's work. They were damaged in some parts, but have been carefully restored, and are regarded very highly by every visitor to the place, especially by artists and students.

“The church contains the tombs or monuments not only of artists and sculptors, but of men of science, of literature, of musical fame, and a good many men and women of no particular fame worth mentioning. Foreigners as well as Italians have found their burial-place here. In the middle of the nave of the church we saw the marble tomb of a bishop of Exeter, who died in Florence nearly five hundred years ago when on a mission from the King of England to the Roman Pontiff. Near the tomb of Galileo is the monument of the naturalist Tozzetti, and in the north transept is that of the composer Cherubini. He was a native of

Florence who lived a long time in London and Paris, where his operas and sacred music were produced. He returned to Florence to spend the later years of his life, and died there in 1642."

The tomb of Galileo, in the Church of Santa Croce, calls to mind what our young friends learned regarding this remarkable man during their visit to Pisa, his experiments at the Leaning Tower, and his discovery of the utility of the pendulum by observing the swinging lamp in the cathedral of that city. Continuing the consideration of the subject, Fred wrote as follows:

"Galileo's greatest discoveries were made in Florence rather than in Pisa, the principal part of his active life having been passed in this city. After he left Pisa he was Professor of Mathematics in the University of Padua; while at that university he devoted considerable time to the study of astronomy, and made several valuable discoveries. He became very popular as a lecturer on subjects in which he was interested, and so great were the crowds that came to hear him that he was sometimes obliged to lecture in the open air.

"One day while he was in Venice—it was in the year 1609—a report came to him that a man in Holland had constructed an instrument which had the power of making distant objects seem near. Immediately after his return to Padua he devoted himself to solving the mystery of this wonderful invention, and after a good many trials he succeeded in making an instrument which magnified three times. It consisted simply of a pipe of lead with lenses at each end. He carried



VITTORIO ALFIERI.

it to Venice, where it attracted great attention, and pleased the Senate of that city so much that they immediately raised his salary to one thousand florins a year, and confirmed him in his professorship for life.

"He did not stop with his telescope that magnified three times, but soon after constructed one that would magnify eight times, and then one which magnified thirty times. With these instruments he studied the heavens, and, as might be expected, made many valuable discoveries. His telescope revealed the inequalities on the surface of the moon,

and showed great numbers of stars whose existence had been hitherto unknown. On January 13, 1610, he discovered four satellites around the planet Jupiter. Other important discoveries followed."

"No wonder he received great honor and attention after having done all this," said Mrs. Bassett, as Fred read the foregoing paragraph.

"Yes," said Fred, "it is quite true he received great honors; but, on the other hand, he was the object of a great many insults and much incredulity. Comparatively few people believed he discovered what he said he had, and many declared that it was outrageous, and showed a lack of piety for him to scoop out valleys on the fair face of the moon. One of the professors in the University of Padua argued that as there are only seven metals, seven days in the week, and seven apertures in a man's head that there could be only seven planets.

"Galileo invited him to look through the telescope and see for himself the satellites around the planet Jupiter. When the professor saw them he said that as they were not visible to the naked eye they were of no use, and consequently did not exist.

"One of his biographers says that the invention of the telescope led Galileo to invent the compound microscope, but this statement has been disputed. These discoveries were made shortly before he came to Florence to live, having been invited here by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who gave him one thousand florins and appointed him to a high and profitable office. As fast as Galileo increased in popularity and prosperity just so fast the number of his enemies seemed to increase, and with each new discovery he was made the subject of a fresh torrent of abuse. He was summoned before the Inquisition at Rome in 1615. The Inquisition refused to take any serious action against him, though it advised that he should confine himself to astronomy and other studies, and be careful about advancing any theories which would interfere with what is taught in the Scriptures.

"In the following year his case was again taken up. He was charged, I think, with teaching that the sun was the centre of the planetary system, and he interpreted the Scriptures to suit his own theory. This time he was forbidden ever again to teach the motion of the earth or the stability of the sun. The Pope granted Galileo a personal interview, treated him kindly, and gave him the assurance of Pontifical protection. With this promise he returned to Florence, and renewed his studies of astronomy."

"He ought to have been safe after that," said Mary.

"Theoretically, he should have been," said Fred, "but practically

he was not. Perhaps he might have been left alone had he not published a book in Florence in 1632, in which his various theories were set forth. This book was considered a violation of the command of the Inquisition, and Galileo was ordered to go at once to Rome and appear before that body. He was tried on the charge of teaching a condemned proposition and violating his pledge, and was sentenced to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the inquisitors and to recite once a week for three years the Seven Penitential Psalms."

"I have read about that," said Mary. "That was the time when he recanted all that he had said and taught, and promised never again to teach that the earth had any motion whatever and that the sun was fixed in the heavens and was the centre of a system."

"Yes, you're right," said Fred. "What else?"

"He declared that he detested all such principles, and promised to perform the penance that was placed upon him. Then as he rose to his feet he is said to have exclaimed in an undertone, but with much emphasis, '*E pur si muove!*' (It does move!)"

"I wonder if the inquisitors heard him?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"I doubt if they did," said Fred, "or they would have at once condemned him to an additional punishment and penance. He was imprisoned for four days, and was then allowed to go to the house of the Ambassador of the Duke of Tuscany, but for the rest of his life he was kept under careful surveillance."

"Did he publish anything more about astronomy?" asked Mary.

"I believe not," was the reply. "He paid very little attention to astronomy from that time on, but employed himself in other branches of natural philosophy. He spent some time in Siena, and then asked to be allowed to return to Florence in order to obtain medical aid, his health being greatly broken. It was not until 1638 that he obtained permission to go to Florence, and then under very severe restrictions. Towards the end of his life he became totally blind, and not long after his blindness he was afflicted with severe deafness. During this time many men of his country and from other lands went to see him, and he passed his last days in the society of two of his favorite pupils. Among those who visited him was Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost*, who speaks in his journal very forcibly of his acquaintance with Galileo during his Italian tour. In one of his works Milton makes this allusion to Florence: 'There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.'"

“When I saw the tomb of Alfieri,” wrote Mary in her journal, “I did not know anything about him, but determined to find out. The inscription on the tomb did not help me very much, beyond giving the date of his birth and death, and telling that he was a poet; so I turned

to a work on the poets of Italy, and there learned what I wanted to know. I found that Vittorio Alfieri was the most celebrated Italian poet of his time, and he was born at Asti, in Northern Italy, in January, 1749. His father was wealthy, and gave his son a good education; but he left school about the age of fifteen to travel and indulge in wild dissipations. He travelled through Northern Europe and went to England, and in 1775 returned to Turin, where he produced a drama which happened to be successful. The success of this play seemed to make a change in his whole life, and from that time he devoted himself to study and to dramatic composition. In the course of seven years he composed fourteen tragedies, and he wrote a great number of sonnets and short poems, together with some longer ones. He



ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT.

ought to be better known in the United States than he is, because he composed five odes on the American Revolution, and his tragedy of Brutus was dedicated to George Washington. He holds high rank in Italian literature, and the sculptor who made his tomb very appropriately represents Italy standing by it as a weeping mourner.”

Florence contains 172 churches, and it is not to be expected that our friends visited the entire number. We have not space for describing all of the religious edifices that they entered, which included only those of the greatest interest; but we must not omit the Church of San Lorenzo, which stands on the site of what was probably the oldest church in the city. The original building was consecrated by St. Ambrose in 393, but it was so greatly damaged by fire that it was completely rebuilt. The present building dates from 1425, and its con-

struction is due to the Medicis. It has been restored in recent times, and, next to the cathedral, is one of the most attractive churches in Florence. There are many monuments in the Church of San Lorenzo, and a considerable part of the history of Florence can be traced out by the study of these memorials, which are all interesting.

The attention of the strangers was specially attracted to the Medicean chapel in this church, on account of a story connected with it. According to the legend, there arrived in Florence in the year 1603 a mysterious individual who called himself Faccardine, Emir of the Druses. He sought an interview with Duke Ferdinand I., who was then the ruler of Flor-

very important com-
 tion. The stranger an-
 scendant of the "Pious
 earnest Christian; con-
 bitter hatred of
 everything con-
 religion. After
 proposed to aid
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 Holy Sepulchre
 bring it safely

The duke ac-
 gession at once,
 that the posses-
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 nence among

that he was not likely to obtain in any other way; so he entered into negotiations with the Emir, and the plans were made accordingly.

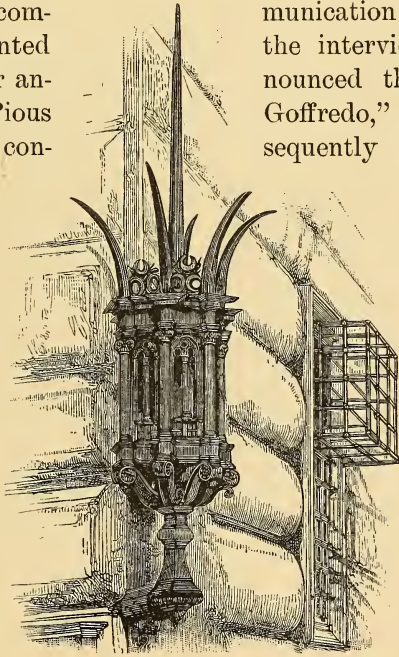
Faccardine returned to Jerusalem in 1604 quite alone; but at the same time the duke sent a fleet of galleys to the coast of Syria under command of one of his most experienced captains. When he despatched the fleet, the duke began the construction of this chapel, laying the first stone of it on the day that the fleet departed. He intended to have the

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LANTERN, PALAZZO STROZZI.

building ready by the time the ships returned with the sacred relic, and the work on the chapel was pushed with the greatest vigor.

The scheme of the theft of the Holy Sepulchre and its transportation to Florence did not succeed, although Faccardine and his confederates entered the church at Jerusalem and began their operations for detaching and removing the sepulchre; they were discovered by the custodians of the place and compelled to flee to save their lives. The marks of the saw with which they began their operations are still visible, and are pointed out to visitors to the famous church. The failure of the scheme of theft was regarded by everybody in Florence as a great misfortune. The building was completed; but as it could not be used for the purpose for which it was originally designed, Cosimo II. converted it into the cemetery of the Medici family.



TORCH-HOLDER FOR EXTERNAL ILLUMINATIONS.

“It is one of the richest buildings in its interior construction that we have ever seen,” said Mary, in writing her description of the visit to it. “The walls are completely covered with the most valuable marbles and costly stones. Turn whatever way you will, you see these marbles, together with jasper, chalcedony, agate, lapis lazuli, and other stones, many of them of a very artistic character; they are formed into Florentine mosaics. I may as well tell you here how the Florentine mosaic differs from the Roman mosaic.

“In the Roman mosaic very small stones are used, each piece being of a uniform color throughout. When pictures are formed in Roman mosaic they are made by using these little pieces of stone, arranging them in such a way as to represent the different shades of the picture. The colors in the Roman mosaic are almost always artificial, being formed of little pieces of opaque glass, which they call ‘smalto.’

“Florentine mosaic is made by employing no colors whatsoever except those of the natural stone. Various tints and shadings are

formed by skilful arrangement and adaptation of the gradations which the stone affords. It requires a great deal more patience to construct a Florentine mosaic than a Roman one, as it is often necessary to hunt for a long time before a piece of stone can be found of the shading required. It is the rule never to use in a Florentine mosaic stones with

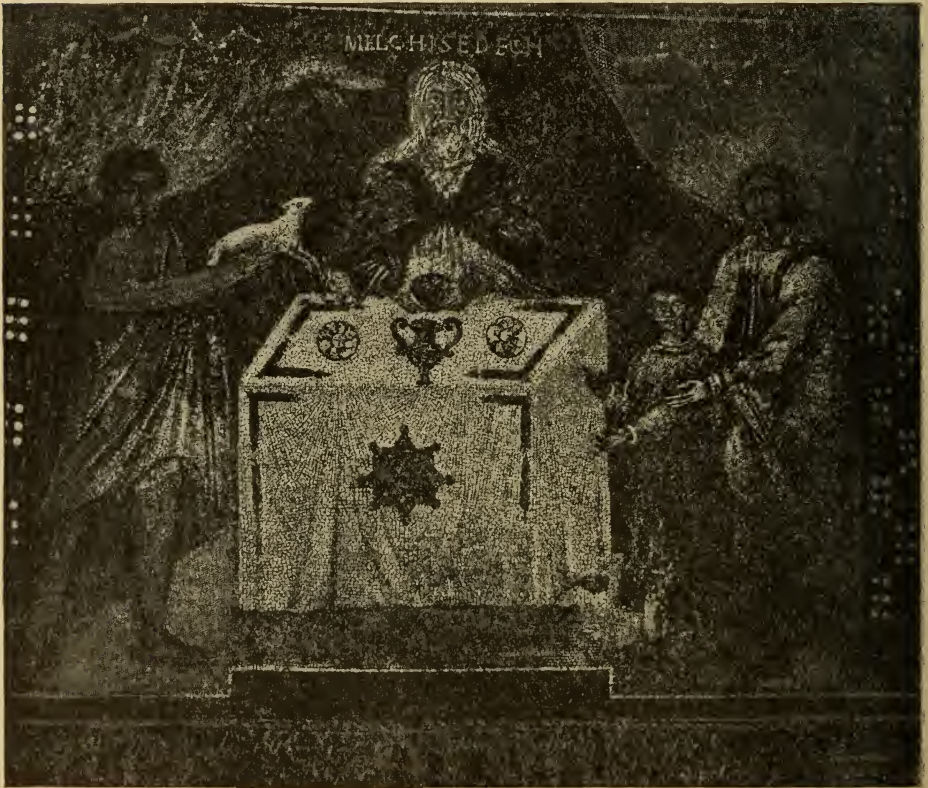


MOSAIC OF THE THREE KINGS.

artificial coloring. Everything must be natural. You may think it would be very difficult to compose a picture under these circumstances; but if you could visit Florence and see what graceful and elaborate pictures they make here, representing flowers, fruit, and other things, you would be astonished. They cut the most costly stones—and, in fact, nearly all the stones—into thin slices not more than an eighth of an inch thick, and the process of putting them together and fitting them exactly is exceedingly tedious. I wonder that any one has the patience to perform this work. The pattern is first drawn on paper, and then

pieces of paper are cut out and drawn with the greatest care on the stone that has been selected for the work.

“After the stone has been cut, it is polished on the edges with emery until it fits exactly; it is then joined to the other pieces upon a surface of cement of just the right consistency to hold it. When the work is finished the cement is smoothed down and fastened to a slab of slate, and the surface of the picture is polished very finely. We went to the Government manufactory of mosaics, and saw many pieces of work

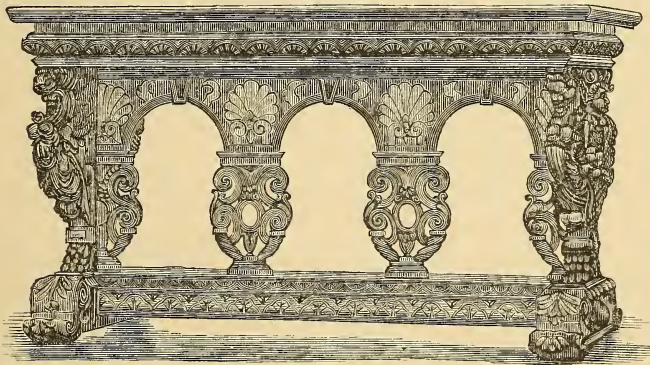


ANCIENT MOSAIC, RAVENNA.

under way. They showed us tables, some of them of considerable size, and others quite small. That the work is very costly you will understand when you know that one table that we saw is less than two feet square and valued at five thousand dollars.

“Now you must understand that all through this chapel of the Medicean family the walls and tombs present splendid specimens of Florentine mosaic. Around the chapel are the armorial bearings of the principal States and cities of Tuscany; they are all made of Florentine mosaic, and one of the finest of the entire lot is the shield of Florence, which is delicately and most elaborately finished with different hues of cornelian and coral, all inlaid so as to represent the relief and shading of the flower. This seems to be the three-petaled iris, which we have seen growing here in Florence. Every one of the armorial bearings is made of bits of natural colored stone put together in this way, and these are not by any means the only specimens of Florentine mosaics in the place; their total value must be enormous.

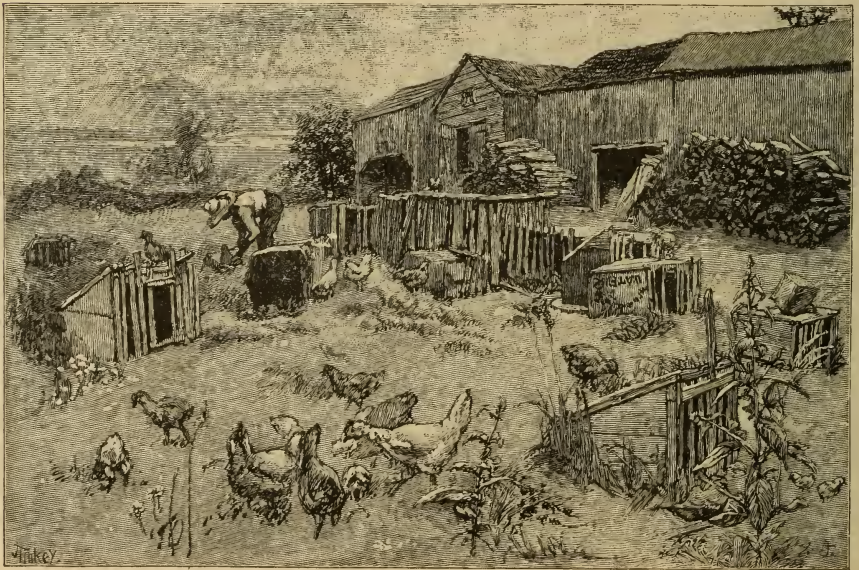
“The coffins or tombs of the members of the Medici that rest here are in the same style of magnificence as I have described. Some of them are of red or gray granite, and some are of marble. Some of the tombs are surmounted with statues, and the roof, which is divided into eight compartments, is covered with frescos that were executed during the present century and represent scriptural scenes. Altogether this building is a magnificent work, and I don't wonder that the Florentines were very sorry that Duke Ferdinand I. was unable to steal the Holy Sepulchre and bring it here.”



A TABLE OF THE MEDICI FAMILY.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ENVIRONS OF FLORENCE.—SAN MINIATO AND ITS HISTORY.—THE VILLA OF GALILEO.—ITALIAN VILLAS, AND WHY THEY ARE MAINTAINED.—TYRANNIES OF FASHION.—LA CERTOSA AND FIESOLE.—AN ANCIENT RIVAL OF FLORENCE.—THE GOLDEN BOOK AND ITS USES.—EXCURSION TO VALLOMBROSA.—THE MONASTERY AND ITS ORIGIN; WHAT THE MONKS ACCOMPLISHED.—LUXURIANT FORESTS AT VALLOMBROSA.—AN INTERESTING RIDE.—SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE.—SCENES ALONG THE ROAD.—CURIOUS LEGENDS.—PELAGO.—NIGHT IN AN ITALIAN INN.—RETURN TO FLORENCE.—THE GALLERY OF TAPESTRIES; SPECIMENS OF TAPESTRIES FROM VARIOUS COUNTRIES; INTRODUCTION OF THE ART INTO ITALY.—MARY'S ACCOUNT OF WHAT THEY SAW.



AMONG THE HILLS.

FLORENCE is hardly less interesting in its suburbs than in what is contained within its walls. Our friends followed the inspection of churches, galleries, and shops with various excursions to the region sur-

rounding Firenze la bella. The morning was generally devoted to the city, and the afternoon, if the weather was fine, to a drive in the neighborhood. From the various heights surrounding Florence many charming views are presented, and one cannot go easily amiss in making these excursions; there are enough of them to last for days and days.

One of the first visits which the party made was to San Miniato, which stands on a hill to the east of Florence, and is a conspicuous object from every direction. On the way thither the visitor passes the Franciscan monastery, together with other venerable buildings, and follows a winding and ascending road till he reaches the church. The edifice is a very old one, and contains valuable paintings and interesting monuments of former days and people.

The Church of San Miniato is said to have been founded in the eleventh century, on the site of an earlier one; its façade dates from the twelfth century, and the mosaics which adorn it belong to the thirteenth. But interesting as the church is, it is by no means the chief attraction of the spot. The piazza in front of it gives a charming view of Florence and the surrounding country, the elevation being such that the whole city stands before the spectator, as though it were a large map lying upon the ground and he standing above it. The position of the church was considered of so much importance in past times that it was fortified in 1529 by Michael Angelo. Some of the fortifications are still preserved, and they were so well built as to hold the enemy at bay during a siege that lasted nearly a year.

On one of their excursions in the suburbs our friends passed the villa of Galileo, which is marked by a bust and an inscription. This is the spot where the great astronomer passed the last years of his life. The villa is pleasantly situated, and one may say the same of the great majority of the villas or detached houses in the neighborhood of Florence. Speaking of these residences, Mrs. Bassett remarked, after the return from one of their drives, that it seemed to her as if there were enough of them to supply every citizen of Florence with a villa for himself and family, and have several to spare.

Frank explained that it was necessary for every family in respectable society to have a place in the country; at least, such was the case in days gone by, though the rule is relaxing somewhat in these modern times. The villas might be allowed to go in a half ruinous condition and be quite bare of furniture, owing to the financial inability of the owners to keep them in order; but as long as he possessed a villa the social standing of a man could not be called seriously in question.

He might stay in the city all through the summer, but it was necessary to go away to his country residence at least during September and October. "It sometimes happened," continued the youth, "that a single villa was owned by two or three people; they took turns in occupying it, each one claiming to be the full owner of the place."

"What did the others do when they had to stay in the city?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

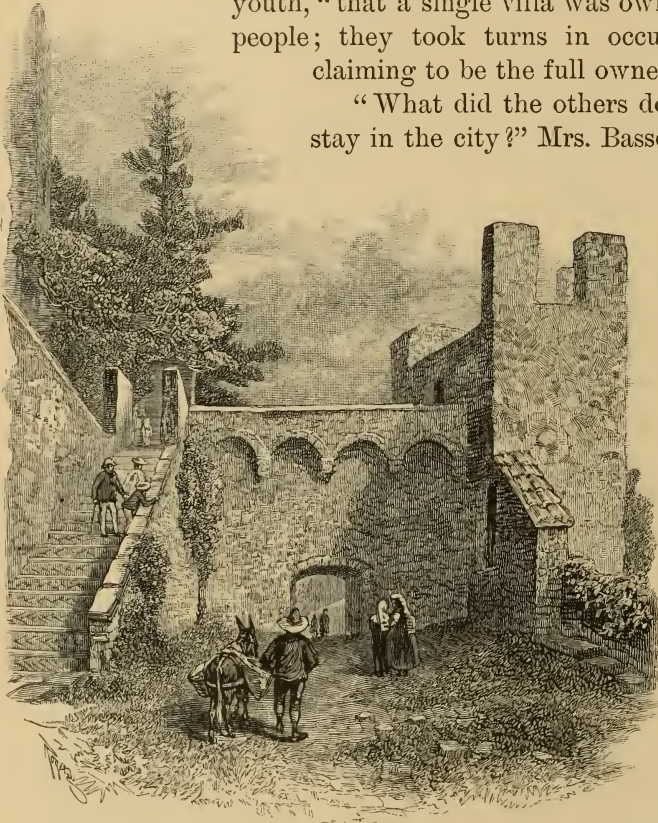
"Oh, they used to shut themselves up in their houses, close the front windows, go and come through the back door, and receive no visitors whatever."

"Is it really the case that the people were as foolish as all that?"

"Oh, I cannot say positively of my own knowledge; but I am told so by persons who claim to know about it, and I have read

the statement in books and stories about Italian life. I have also heard the same thing about New York and London, and believe that to some extent the same practice is followed in those cities."

"I have heard so, too," said Mary; "and don't you remember, mamma, three or four years ago, when the Blanks, on one of the fashionable streets just off Fifth Avenue, pretended to be at Newport, when they were really, for the greater part of their time, in their New York house, only coming out in the evening to take a run to Coney Island and breathe the ocean air? Don't you remember?"



OLD BUILDINGS IN THE VALLEY OF THE ARNO.



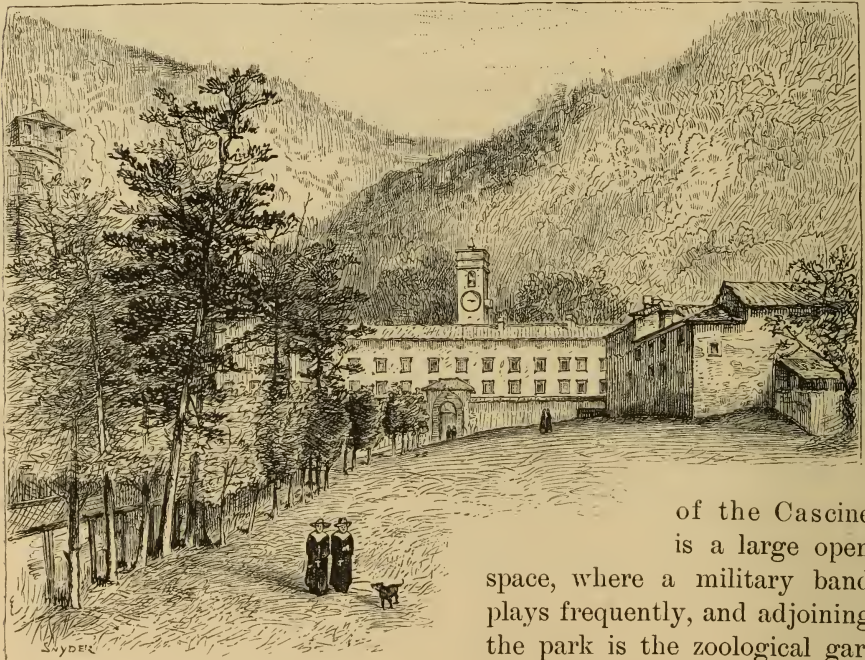
A VILLAGE STREET NEAR FLORENCE.

“Oh, now that you speak of it, I think I do. Well, we won’t discuss that subject any further. Human nature and fashionable nature are pretty much the same the world over, I imagine.”

Another interesting spot which our friends visited is La Certosa, which is about three miles from the city, and situated in a valley on the side of a mountain. La Certosa is a Carthusian monastery; the building was very solidly constructed, and has the appearance of a

fortress of the Middle Ages. The monastery was once a flourishing one, but it has suffered from the suppressions of modern times, and now has but a very few inmates living there permanently.

Portions of two or three afternoons were spent in the Cascine, which is the breathing-place of Florence, and holds the same relation to it that Central Park does to New York, Prospect Park to Brooklyn, and the Bois de Boulogne to Paris. The Cascine is a very pretty park with delightful walks and drives, and on pleasant afternoons it contains a gay assemblage of people on foot and in carriages. It is about two miles in length, lying between the Arno and one of its tributaries, and it obtains its name from a farm in the neighborhood. Near the middle



CONVENT OF VALLOMBROSA.

of the Cascine is a large open space, where a military band plays frequently, and adjoining the park is the zoological garden, which our friends did not fail to visit, mainly for the purpose of comparing it with zoo-

logical gardens elsewhere. It was the unanimous vote of the party that the zoo of Florence is a creditable one, and is surpassed in extent by comparatively few collections of animals that they have seen elsewhere in their Continental travels.

Few travellers in Florence fail to visit Fiesole, which is on a height

to the north of the city about three miles away. On the way to it the visitor passes the Church of San Domenico di Fiesole, which was formerly attached to the monastery where once lived the famous Fra Angelico, a monk whose artistic abilities were of the highest character. The choir of the church contains a "Madonna with Saints," and the picture is known to have come from his easel.

Mrs. Bassett called attention to the excellence of the road along which they were driving, when Frank explained that they were indebted for its construction to the Golden Book of Fiesole. "You remember," said he, "the Golden Book of Venice, containing the names of those who had certain aristocratic privileges. Well, they had a Golden Book at Fiesole, and any one whose name was inscribed therein had a right to claim the privileges of nobility. When the rulers of Fiesole decided to construct this road, they devised a scheme for raising the necessary money by inserting the names of wealthy men in their Golden Book, and receiving in return a very substantial equivalent."

"Custom has not altogether changed," said Fred, as Frank paused at the end of the foregoing remark. "Some of these Italian principalities and grand duchies are in the habit of bestowing decorations and other honors upon those who are willing to pay for them; at least, I have heard so."

"Yes, that is true," Frank answered. "The custom is identical with that of the rulers of Fiesole with their Golden Book, and it prevails not only in Italy, but in Spain, Portugal, and some other countries of Europe. Decorations and honors can be obtained by the judicious use of money, and the man who is anxious for a title will have no difficulty in procuring it, provided he is willing to pay handsomely for the honor."

While this conversation was going on the carriage containing the party was nearing Fiesole, and in due time reached it. Fiesole is an ancient Tuscan town, and portions of its walls are still preserved. For a long time it was a powerful rival of Florence—in fact, it was the more powerful of the two. They were frequently at war, and at last, in the year 1010, Florence was victorious, and the rival town became its victim. That was the time when the Florentines not only conquered Fiesole and other towns, but aided the Pisans in their contest with Lucca and Genoa. It was formerly far more populous and prosperous than it is at present; it contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and their chief industry is the manufacture of straw goods. The cathedral is one of the earliest and simplest specimens of the Tuscan style of architecture; it was begun in 1028, but not completed until a long time afterwards.



PELAGO.

The longest and most interesting excursion made by our friends during their stay at Florence was to Vallombrosa, which has been made familiar to the English speaking public by the following lines from Milton :

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th’ Etrurian shades
High over-arch’d imbower.”

Vallombrosa is some eighteen or twenty miles from Florence, and

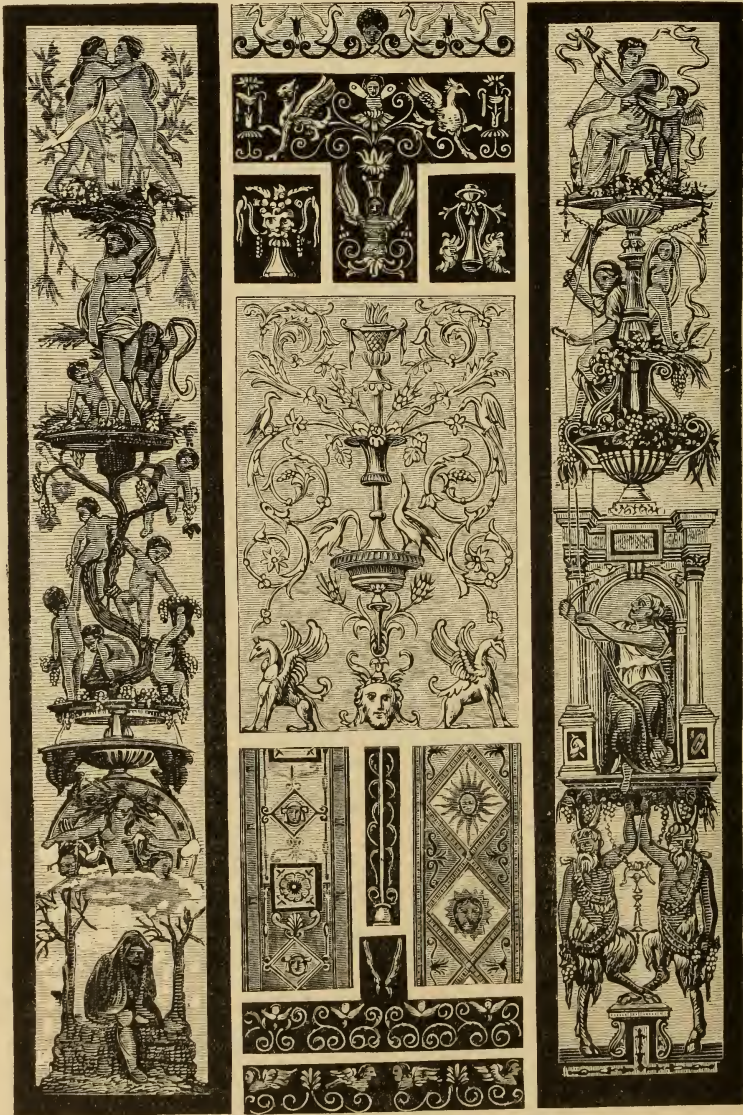
one has the choice of going there by railway or by carriage. Of course the railway is the more expeditious, but it does not afford as many fine views as can be obtained along the carriage road. Frank suggested that they would make the journey by carriage, visit the monastery, spend the night at Pelago, and return on the following day. Should the weather continue favorable, they would make their return by carriage; should it be disagreeable, they would leave the vehicle to find its own way back while they would return by railway.

They made a goodly start in the morning so as to have the day before them, and as they passed out of the Porta alle Croce and along the Via Aretina, which borders the river, they met great numbers of market-wagons and donkeys with heavy burdens of garden vegetables and other produce, which they were bringing to the markets of the city. Then there were people with hand-carts laden with fruit and vegetables, and there were men and women in carts or on foot carrying bundles of straw goods, which they were taking to the city to sell. It was a very picturesque scene, and Mrs. Bassett repeatedly remarked that she was very glad they came by carriage instead of taking the much less interesting though more speedy railway train.

Numerous villages are scattered along the road, and on both sides of the valley the hills were covered with vineyards and olive groves, among which the summer villas of the Florentines are very liberally distributed. Men and women were working in the fields, and the road was thronged with children practising those tricks of beggary in which the Italians display so much expertness. Fred remarked that when he should leave Italy and look back in imagination over his journey, he would gaze through a long vista of extended hands, asking for donations from the illustrious stranger. In some instances the children were accompanied by their elders, who joined in the solicitation for alms; but as a general thing the begging seemed to be regarded as a juvenile monopoly. There is a good deal of uphill in the road from Florence to Vallombrosa, and it was along the hills where the movement of the horses was necessarily slow that the largest groups of beggars were to be found, each group having its own station.

Vineyards succeeded vineyards, and olive gardens succeeded olive gardens. There were numerous groves of chestnuts, and the driver called attention to the fact that the fruit was in excellent condition. Frank explained to his mother that the chestnut is a very important article of food among the Italian peasantry, and a failure or shrinkage in the crop is a serious matter in many parts of the country.

In many places the road wound through a forest so dense that a delightful shade was afforded against the rays of the sun. The leaves of the chestnut-trees, towering above the road, appeared to be very numerous, and Mary suggested that it was probably from these trees



FRESCOS EXECUTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF RAPHAEL.

that Milton found the ground covered with leaves, and was led to make the famous comparison in the lines which have been quoted. The birds were singing in the trees, and the rocks at the side of the road were covered with ferns and mosses, which gave token of an atmosphere favorable to their growth.

The chestnut-trees were succeeded by a wide-spreading forest of pines, and they were of such luxuriant growth as to elicit expressions of admiration from the strangers. Frank said that the Vallombrosa monks planted these forests, and consequently the thickly-growing trees in the region surrounding the convent are due to the pious men who came here a long time ago. It is related in the history of the monastery that between the years 1750 and 1753 the monks planted no fewer than 40,000 beech-trees, and during all the time they remained here they were unwearied in their efforts at preserving and extending the forests; they must have been very industrious.

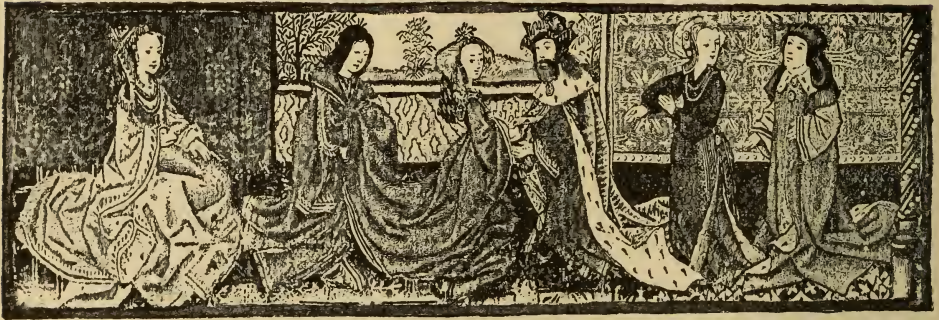
One historian says that when Napoleon ruled over Italy and the suppression of the monasteries was debated in council, he himself being present, the point was raised as to whether an exception should not be made in favor of Vallombrosa. Several members of the council argued that these monks deserved special favor on account of the services they had rendered in keeping this solitude free from wild beasts and open to travel, and also for the good work they had accomplished in extending and preserving the forest. The debate was a long one, and the probabilities were in favor of the exception being granted when one member of the council rose and asked, "Gentlemen, shall we have monks or wolves?" The hatred of the monk was so great among the members of the council that the response to his question was "Wolves! Wolves!" and thereupon the decision was against Vallombrosa.

In a little more than two hours after leaving Florence the party was at the door of the convent. On their way up the hill Frank explained that the Order of Vallombrosa was founded in the early part of the eleventh century. The abbots of Vallombrosa were mostly of the Florentine Senate, and they had temporal as well as spiritual authority in their domains. They are said to have been men renowned for their learning and their excellent manners, and it is evident from what they have left behind them in their buildings and in the forests that their good reputation was well founded.

The convent, or monastery, exists no longer. For twenty years and more the building has been used as an agricultural school, for which it is certainly very well adapted. It has a faculty of nine resident pro-

fessors, and in addition to the instruction given by the faculty, there are frequent lectures by the most eminent men of science in Florence. Agriculture is not the only study at this college, as instruction is also given in modern languages and in drawing. The elevation of the place (2980 feet above the sea-level) causes the winters to be very severe, and consequently there is a vacation from the middle of November to the first of March. Those of the pupils who wish to continue their studies are accommodated at an old monastery lower down the valley.

Fred said there was a curious legend about the way the monastery came to be founded. "It seems that about the year 1050 Giovanni Gualberto, a member of a powerful and wealthy family of Florence, had passed through a career of great dissipation and profligacy. Hav-



TAPESTRY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

ing sowed all his wild oats, he determined to devote the rest of his life to the most severe acts of penitence. His elder brother had been assassinated, and by the custom of the time he was bound by all the sacred ties of honor to retaliate by killing the assassin.

"One day while descending the hill from San Miniato towards Florence, and accompanied by a band of his followers, he suddenly met the assassin in the middle of the road. The latter was completely in the former's power, and fell on his knees and begged for mercy. Giovanni raised his sword to strike a deadly blow, but was suddenly moved by a generous impulse and lowered the weapon harmlessly to his side. Then he forgave his enemy, and immediately made his vow of extreme good-behavior for the rest of his life. He became a monk of San Miniato, but finding that the discipline there was not sufficiently severe to meet his desires, he went up into the mountains and founded Vallombrosa.

The monastery was once very wealthy, but it lost nearly all its possessions in the general overturn at the time of Napoleon's triumph.

"The buildings are extensive and massive, and capable of considerable resistance in case of attack. The church enclosed in them is decorated with gilt stuccos and fine marbles, and possesses several excellent paintings. The monastery was built in the shape of a quadrangle, and its accommodations were so extensive that two hundred people could sit at the table at once in the refectory; there is a smaller refectory, which was intended for the retinue of visitors of high rank who came to the monastery. There are several large halls and rooms, and there is a large room intended for the library. Before the French invasion this library contained some very rare books and manuscripts, but nearly everything of any value was carried away by the invaders, together with some of the finest paintings and a collection of natural history.

"Down to the time of the last suppression of the monastery, in 1860, there was a building outside the convent, called the Foresteria, where strangers were received. This building served as a hotel, and meals were supplied to gentlemen and ladies of visiting parties. If a party wished to remain over night the gentlemen were accommodated with comfortable beds in the convent, but the ladies were required to sleep in the Foresteria. No charge was made for the entertainment of travellers, but it was expected that they would make some remuneration for their bed and board. This was usually done by handing the proper amount of money to the monk in charge of the building, and asking him to distribute it among the servants."

From Vallombrosa our friends returned down the road to a turning, whence they reached Pelago, a little town nestled among the hills near the valley of the Arno. The inn where they spent the night was thoroughly Italian and endurable, but nothing more.

When they left in the morning Mrs. Bassett said she was very glad to have spent a night in an Italian inn, and more glad to get away from it. She did not enjoy the cookery of the establishment, in which oil seemed to have a very prominent place. The steak which they had for supper was cooked in oil, the chicken for breakfast appeared to have been stewed in oil, and the butter that was placed on the table had much more the flavor of oil than of butter.

The streets of Pelago are narrow, and our friends found many of the houses standing open, as though inviting strangers to enter. Most of the women were seated in the doorways or at the open windows engaged in braiding straw, while the men were idling along the principal

street, having finished the work, if any, that occupied their attention during the middle hours of the day. As for the children, they were unceasing in their demands for small coins, and the only way of escaping them was by staying in-doors or hiring a guard.

The weather favored and so did the road, which was a descending one in the direction of Florence. Accordingly, our friends returned to the city as they had gone from it—in the carriage; and as they stepped from the vehicle to the door of their hotel in the busy street of the city, they voted unanimously that they had greatly enjoyed the excursion.

“There is one thing I wish to see before we leave Florence,” Mrs. Bassett remarked, shortly after their return from Vallombrosa, while she and Mary were seated in the parlor of the hotel.

Mary asked what it was and where it could be seen.

“There is a gallery of tapestries here, so I learn from the guide-book,” was the reply, “and we have not yet seen it. I am interested, as you know, in anything of this kind, and if the collection in Florence is as good as the collections of painting and statuary that we have seen since we came here, it is certainly worth a visit.”

Frank and Fred returned just at the conclusion of this remark, and Mary called their attention to Mrs. Bassett’s desire to look at the tapestries in the gallery devoted to them.

“I had planned for that to-morrow morning,” said Frank. “The tapestry collection is in an old palace whose ground-floor is devoted to the Egyptian Museum. We have been so much interested in matters pertaining particularly to Italy that we have not included the Egyptian Museum in our rounds, but I had not forgotten it. The tapestry collection occupies the second floor of the palace, above the Egyptian Museum, and is certainly well worth seeing.”

The party went there, according to the agreement. Mary informed herself concerning the tapestry work in the gallery, so that she was able to talk intelligently upon the subject. Here is what she said:

“The gallery of tapestry in Florence is comparatively new, as it was opened in February, 1884. The Florentines claim that there is no other institution of the kind in Italy. It contains specimens of the tapestries of several centuries, and is specially designed to illustrate the history of tapestry-making in Tuscany. Altogether the gallery contains nearly one hundred and fifty pieces, made from designs of celebrated artists by the workmen of different countries and times.

“Tapestries were made in Italy in the early part of the fifteenth century, the first establishment for their manufacture being at Mantua.

By the middle of the sixteenth century Cosmo I. introduced the making of tapestries at Florence, and gave liberally towards the starting of the industry. He determined that the Florentine factory should surpass all



CHRIST WASHING THE APOSTLES' FEET.—[Sixteenth Century Tapestry.]

others in Italy, and to accomplish this end he sought for the best men to superintend the work. Two of the most celebrated makers were engaged at high salaries. They entered into an agreement to teach the secret of their art to a stipulated number of Florentine pupils, and they were allowed to execute private commissions in addition to their salaries. The Grand Duke Cosmo I. gave them large orders from his private purse, and these were to be paid for separately. By the terms of

their contract they were required to keep twenty-four tapestries in hand at all times, so that they could afford the proper instruction to the pupils belonging to the school.

“One of the instructors in this school of tapestry was from Bruges, in the Netherlands, where the tapestry industry had long before obtained great fame. Two or three centuries before the establishment of the industry at Florence it had been established at Bruges, workmen having gone from that city to Constantinople to learn the secrets of the art, and succeeding, though with much difficulty.

“The representation of pictures by the loom is almost as old as that of painting with pigments. Exactly when the first tapestries were woven nobody knows, but they date from a long time before the Christian era. Previous to the invention of the art of weaving pictures the art of embroidery had long been practised. Its origin is likewise unknown, but it certainly began in the very earliest periods of civilization. We are told in the Bible and elsewhere that the Babylonians wove different colors into their cloths, and the Egyptians did the same thing.

“When the Temple of Jerusalem was restored by King Herod he adorned it with Babylonian tapestries, and we also read that Nero spent an enormous sum of money for the tapestries that decorated his dining-room. For a long time the tapestries used in Rome and other parts of Italy were imported from the East, and it was quite to be expected that as the people progressed in arts and sciences they would take up that of weaving tapestry. And this brings us down to the introduction of the art into European countries, as already mentioned.

“The earliest specimen of tapestry in this gallery belongs to the fourteenth century. The colors are deep and clear; evidently they have suffered little, if any, since the pictures that they delineate were woven. In these earlier works the colors that were used were symbolical. White represented purity; red, charity; green, contemplation; and livid colors, tribulation. An old treatise on the subject explains fully the character of the colors used in the work, and what they meant.

“One of the best specimens of the early Florentine tapestry is preserved in this gallery, and was made between the years 1591 and 1609. The catalogue says it is from a cartoon by Alessandro Allori, which represents Christ washing the Apostles' feet. Not only is the picture very carefully executed in all its details, but the border is equally worthy of admiration. It is a very intricate and elaborate piece of work.

“There are other tapestries representing home scenes, and one which shows Henry II. and Catherine de' Medici, with the ladies of their



A HOME INTERIOR OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

court, witnessing games given in their honor. I wish you could see the wonderful art displayed in the embroidery of the ladies' dresses. In this piece, as in most of the others, the colors are admirably preserved, and show that the art of dyeing embroidery materials has not been improved upon very much in our day.

“In order to afford comparisons, there are specimens of French, Flemish, and other tapestries; but I have neither time nor space to give you a description of them, and, furthermore, a detailed account would be out of place when our chief object of consideration is the tapestry of Italy.”



THE FALL OF PHAETHON.—[Italian tapestry of the eighteenth century]

CHAPTER XIII.

LEAVING FLORENCE.—EMPOLI.—THE VALLEY OF THE ELSA.—A PICTURESQUE COUNTRY.—BOCCACCIO'S BIRTHPLACE.—THE "DECAMERON."—PETRARCH, AND WHAT HE WROTE.—ARIOSTO, AND HIS GREAT POEM.—TASSO.—"JERUSALEM DELIVERED."—TASSO'S IMPRISONMENT.—SIENA.—AN ANCIENT CITY, AND ITS HISTORY.—THE PLAGUE IN SIENA; NOTES ON THE CHARACTER AND ORIGIN OF THE PLAGUE; ITS DEVASTATIONS IN EUROPE.—MONUMENTS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SIENA.—WONDERFUL MOSAICS.—CARVED PULPIT BY PISANO.—ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA; THE HOUSE WHERE SHE LIVED; HISTORY OF THE SAINT.—GUIDO RENI'S PAINTING.—ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA.—WOOD-CARVING AT SIENA; ANTIQUITY OF THE INDUSTRY.—A CHEAP PLACE OF RESIDENCE.—THE BAPTISTERY.—PALAZZO PUBBLICO.—PIAZZA VITTORIA EMANUELE.—GREAT FESTIVAL OF SIENA.—HORSE-RACING OF A PECULIAR KIND.

THE day came in due course when our friends bade farewell to Florence and continued their journey. When Mrs. Bassett asked where they were to go next, Frank recalled the old saying, "All roads lead to Rome," and added that Rome was their objective point.

"But we will not go directly there," said he. "It is rather a long ride to make continuously, and as we wish to see something of the country we will break the journey at one or two points."

"That will be quite satisfactory to me," said Mrs. Bassett; "in fact, I think it preferable to taking the direct train, as most of our countrymen are said to do. Where shall we stop first?



LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

At an interesting place, I hope."

“Fred and I have planned to go to Siena,” was the reply. “Siena is about one hundred miles from here, and the journey to it can be made in three or four hours. We will pass through a picturesque country,



DANTE AT RAVENNA.

and most parts of it have a historic interest. We will learn more about the region when we are on the railway train.”

The party took the train from Florence in the direction of Pisa, but did not continue far towards

the latter city. The line followed the banks of the Arno, passing the Cascine and numerous villas, and on either hand there were vineyards and olive gardens that filled the near landscape, while in the background ranges of hills and mountains met the sky. At the station at Empoli the line to Siena leaves the one going to Pisa, and accordingly the train on which the travellers were proceeding turned away to the left.

Mary asked if there was anything to be seen at Empoli, to which

Frank replied that the place contained some old buildings and narrow streets, and had a population of five or six thousand. "I don't think it worth our while to stop here," said Frank, "after our surfeit of old and fine buildings during our stay in Florence."

Mary was of the same opinion, and as the train moved on Empoli was left behind, not only in its position on their route, but quite behind in their memories, which were just a little confused.

In leaving Empoli the travellers also left the Arno and entered the valley of the Elsa, one of the tributaries of the former river. Our friends observed that the country was fertile and well peopled, and that several hills on either side of the valley were crowned with castles. At the stations where they stopped, little groups of inhabitants watched the train with that air of listless indolence which betokens idleness and a contented mind that does not worry itself much about the affairs of every-day life.

Frank pointed out a town, on the hill-side to the left, which was the native place of the poet Boccaccio. Mrs. Bassett asked how long it was since he lived, to which Frank responded that the death of the poet occurred in 1375. "Boccaccio's house is shown to visitors," said Frank; "but after the house of Michael Angelo, I don't think it would possess any great interest for us."

The mention of Boccaccio naturally led to a question by Mary regarding the Italian poets. Dante had already been discussed during their visits to Verona and Florence, and Mrs. Bassett asked if Boccaccio was considered as great a poet as the author of *Inferno*.

"He does not take as high rank as Dante," replied Frank; "in fact, the works by which he is best known are not poetical compositions, but prose. His most famous production is the *Decameron*, which furnished



FRANCESCO PETRARCH.

Shakespeare with several of his plays, and has been used by other writers both before and since Shakespeare's time. One critic, in speaking of Shakespeare's play 'All's Well that Ends Well,' says that the Bard of Avon dramatized the original novel with great care, and preserved all its character and spirit without improving upon it, which is impossible. Boccaccio wrote a history of Dante's life, and delivered lectures on the same subject. Dante has probably a hundred readers where Boccaccio has one, and this circumstance may be considered in any comparison of merit which is made between the two men.

"It is generally considered, I believe," said Frank, "that the next great poet of Italy was Petrarch. He followed Dante very closely, as he was seventeen years old when the latter died, and profited greatly by Dante's misfortune and sad experiences of life."

"How was that?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Why, Dante died in poverty and an exile from Florence. He had taken part in the civil government of the city, and was for a time its chief magistrate. The opposite party came into power, and Dante was fined heavily, banished, and even sentenced to be burned alive. He fled from the city, and spent the greater part of the rest of his life at Ravenna, sometimes in actual want and always in poverty. He repeatedly tried to get back to Florence, but could not do so. As soon as he was dead the people of Italy seemed to wake to the conviction that he was a man of genius, and had been of material help to his country. The whole of Italy went into mourning for him, and a costly monument was raised to his memory at Ravenna, the city where he had suffered for want of bread. The people of Florence, who had driven him out, sent a petition to the authorities of Ravenna asking for the poet's body that they might bury it with high honors in the sepulchre of his ancestors. His poems became famous at once, and were everywhere read and recited, and his popularity continues down to the present day.

"This explains the good-fortune that I attributed to Petrarch in being seventeen years old when Dante died. He, no doubt, shared in the general lamentation of the fate of the great poet, and was stimulated to his own work by Dante's example. He was treated in just the opposite manner in which Dante had been treated. Great men of all countries sought to know him. Kings and princes endeavored to do him honor; and he was invited to Rome, where he was received by a triumphal procession, escorted through the streets, and crowned by the Pope with a laurel crown. His opinions were adopted as the opinions of the time, and one writer says he was almost the arbitrator of Europe in the period



CORONATION OF PETRARCH.

in which he lived. He was not so great a poet as Dante, but he was a most earnest advocate of the revival of learning, and did much towards awakening the taste for Greek and Roman literature which prevailed in Italy during the fourteenth century and afterwards."

Frank paused, and Fred said he had a word to say about another celebrated Italian poet whose history he had been reading.

"Who is that?" queried Frank.

"I refer to Ariosto," was the reply. "He was born in 1474 at Reggio, and was a man of the world and of society. History says of him that he was witty, sensible, and had good taste, and his works contained no trace of poetic melancholy. His great poem is entitled 'Orlando Furioso,' and he occupied eleven years in writing it. I won't attempt to recite or read it to you, as it contains thirty-eight thousand lines," continued Fred.

"How many pages would that be altogether?" Mary asked.

"Well, you can easily figure it for yourself," said Fred. "Suppose there are thirty lines to a page. Divide



ARIOSTO'S INKSTAND.

thirty-eight thousand by thirty, and you have the length in ordinary pages of Ariosto's famous poem 'Orlando Furioso.'"

The girl made a brief calculation, and then concluded she would not—at least, for the present—undertake to read this great work of the famous fifteenth century poet. She said it was no wonder it took him so long to write the poem, in view of its great length and also great reputation.

"There is an Italian poem I have been reading, or, rather, an English translation of it," Mary continued, "which I found very interesting. It is Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered.' I don't know how closely the translation follows the original, but certainly the poem is a very interesting one."

"Yes," said Fred; "I read it some time ago, or portions of it, and it gives a very good idea of the Crusades and the beliefs that prevailed at that time. When reading it I could easily imagine myself in the camp of the Crusaders, and in the presence of those famous knights who went to Palestine to redeem Jerusalem from the hands of the infidel. I remember particularly the description of the scene when the Crusaders first

came in sight of the Holy City. Let me see if I can repeat a verse of it, which I shall do from memory, and therefore may not give it correctly.”

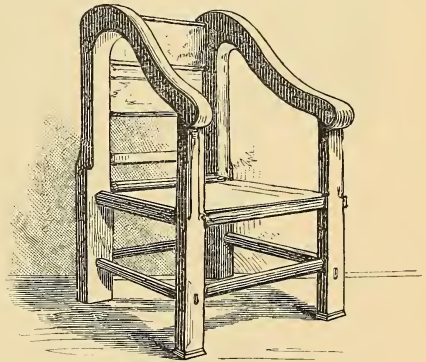
Thereupon Fred paused a moment, and then recited the following :

“Wing’d is each heart, and wing-ed every heel ;
 They fly, yet notice not how fast they fly ;
 But by the time the dewless meads reveal
 The fervent sun ascended in the sky,
 Lo, tower’d Jerusalem salutes the eye !
 A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale ;
 “Jerusalem !” a thousand voices cry,
 “All hail, Jerusalem !” hill, down, and dale
 Catch the glad sounds, and shout, “Jerusalem, all hail !””

“Yes,” said Frank, “I remember reading that very verse. I found the poem very interesting and picturesque, and I remember reading, too, of Tasso’s life, which was certainly a very unhappy one. He was born in 1544, and died at the age of forty-one. He was always poor and dependent upon patrons, and none of the great men with whom he constantly associated seems ever to have thought of giving proper support to the poet. For several years he was confined in prison as a lunatic, where he was at first lodged among paupers, and afterwards kept under a strict guard and fed on the poorest food. At the end of seven years he was released ; but his health was so shattered that it was evident to every one he could not live long. He was invited to Rome, and when he neared the city was met by a large cavalcade of troops and escorted through the gates. He received the blessings of the Pope, and was courted and flattered by Society and the populace ; the Pope promised to give him the laurel crown, and the day for his coronation was appointed. Preparations were made for a splendid pageant on that day, but before it arrived he died.”

“His life was not altogether unlike that of Dante,” Mrs. Bassett remarked. “Florence condemned Dante to be burned to death, while Tasso’s life was passed in poverty and prison almost to its very end.”

“Yes,” said Frank ; “Italy seems to have treated her poets and ex-



ARIOSTO'S CHAIR.

plorers very much in the same way. Nearly all were honored after death, when they were honored at all."

The conversation about Italian poets was several times interrupted by observation of the panorama which was unrolled on either side of the travellers as the train sped onward. As they approached Siena they found that the line of railway ascended among the hills and mountains until that venerable city was reached.



TORQUATO TASSO.

Siena stands well up among the hills of Tuscany, and its fine position gives it a delightful climate. The atmosphere in summer is much cooler than that of the lower ground near the coast, and the place has the reputation of being one of the healthiest in Italy. It is a very old city as well as a healthy one. Anciently it was called Sena Julia, or Colonia Julia Senensis; it is said to have been founded by the Senonian Gauls, and converted into a Roman colony by the Emperor Augustus. It was a prosperous city for several centuries, and attained the height

of its glory during the Middle Ages. Now it has a population of twenty thousand; at one time it had two hundred thousand inhabitants, and was a keen rival of Florence in wealth and in devotion to art. In the sixteenth century the Medicis of Florence gradually gained an influence over Siena, and finally obtained full control of it.

Siena retains the greater part of its old walls, and the railway station where our friends stopped is outside the city. From the station they drove through the San Lorenzo gate, and were not long in reaching the centre of the place. Mrs. Bassett called attention to the narrow and crooked streets, which Frank said were due to their having been laid out long before wheeled vehicles were in general use; but in spite of their narrowness and tortuous character, the streets abound in handsome buildings, nearly all of them very old.

Fred called attention to the prevalence of the Gothic style of architecture in the palaces and churches to an extent they had not observed in any city of Italy that they had yet visited.

“We shall find some very interesting churches here,” said Frank, “and we must not fail to visit the Palazzo Pubblico, or Town-hall.”



TASSO IN PRISON.

The honor of telling the story of what the party saw in Siena fell upon Fred, to whom we will now listen for a while.

“The first building of importance that we saw,” said the youth, “was the cathedral, which occupies the most elevated position in the city. From every direction as you approach Siena the towers and walls

of the cathedral are plainly visible, rising above all the surrounding buildings; in fact, it was the first object that caught our eyes when the train neared the city. It is said to stand on the site of an older church, and they say further that this older church occupied the place where the Romans built the Temple of Minerva. The present building was begun in the eleventh century; but it was a long time in construction, and has undergone several alterations. At one time the plan was that the present building should merely be the transept of a much larger edifice. Siena suffered from the plague in 1348, and its history tells us that eighty thousand inhabitants of the city died of the disease. After the plague had subsided the old design for the cathedral was abandoned, and the present edifice was completed."

At that point Mrs. Bassett interrupted Fred, and remarked that the plague had been mentioned several times during their travels; every time she had wished to ask something about it, but had failed to do so. Could either of the youths tell her what the plague was?

"I will do so with pleasure," said Fred, "and the information may be interesting to Mary as well as to yourself. The plague is a very malignant kind of fever, and it prevails at certain times and places as an epidemic. It is supposed to have originated in Asia; some authorities say that it started in China, and gradually spread from there through Asia and into Europe. The visitation from which Siena suffered was about the middle of the fourteenth century, and the disease at that time spread throughout Europe. In addition to being called the 'Plague' it was known as the 'Black Death,' and it took this name from the black spots which at certain stages of the disease appear on the face of the victim, and sometimes spread all over the body."

"What were the characteristics of the disease?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

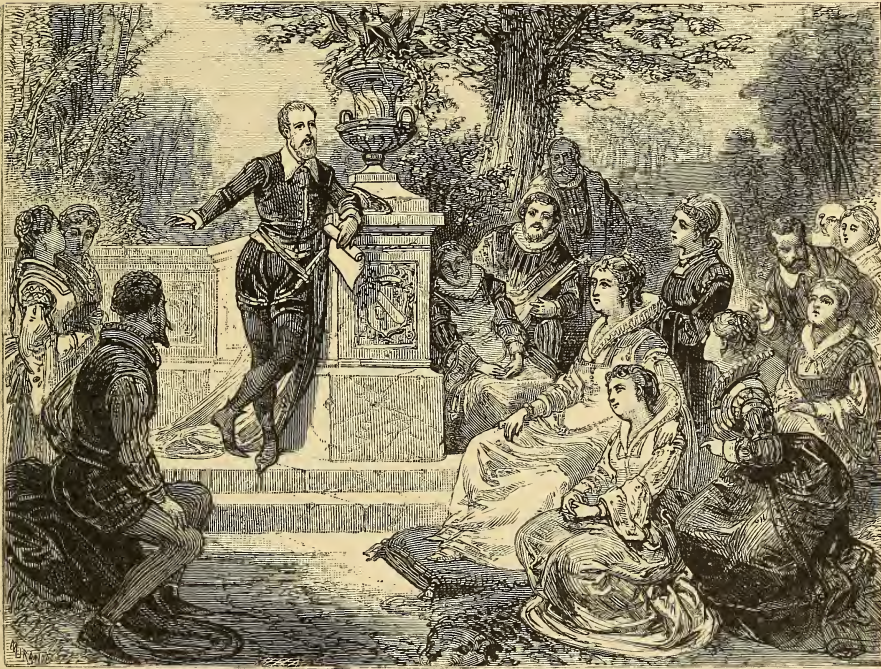
"The history of it is not very clear," replied Fred; "but it is said to have been characterized by great numbers of boils or carbuncles on the arms and face—and, in fact, all over the bodies—of those who were subject to it. Sometimes the black spots appeared before these boils formed, while at others the spots and the boils were distinct from each other. The victim of the plague usually suffered at first from dizziness and fever of the brain; then he was overcome by stupor or listlessness; then his tongue swelled greatly and turned black, and he was unable to speak; this was followed by a burning thirst, which could not be allayed; then came inflammation of the lungs, together with the boils and sores that I mentioned, accompanied by terrible pains all over the body. The power of the will over the muscles was very much impaired, so that a

person suffering from the plague while attempting to walk was sure to reel and stagger about like one greatly intoxicated."

"How long did it take for the disease to run its course?" was the question which very naturally followed this explanation.

"Where the plague was fatal, its course occupied usually about five or six days; in case the patient recovered, he remained for a long time very weak and unable to move, except with great effort."

"Have they ever discovered a way to cure or prevent it?"



TASSO AT THE COURT OF FERRARA.

"As to that," replied Fred, "there is considerable difference of opinion, both as to the cause and proper mode of treatment. Some authorities claim that it spreads only by contagion; others maintain that it is epidemic, like cholera; while still others assert that it originates entirely from local causes. It does not prevail in tropical climates, and it is greatly checked by the cold of the North. It has always been most fatal in Europe during the summer and autumn, especially in September. No treatment has been found that will cure the plague,

but it can be greatly reduced or altogether prevented by careful sanitary measures, in the same way that cholera is guarded against."

"That is the same disease that they had in London in 1665, is it not?" queried Mary.

"Yes," said Fred; "the Black Death, or great Plague of London, in the year you mention, was probably the same as the one that desolated Siena and other Italian cities three centuries earlier. The great Plague of London lasted about six months. The deaths from it were as follows: in June, 590; in July, 4129; in August, 20,046; in September, 26,230; in October, 14,373; in November, 3449; and in December the number was



PALAZZO PUBBLICO, SIENA.

about the same as in June, the month of the commencement of the disease. A month later it disappeared altogether.

"To continue this subject a little," said Fred, "the plague prevailed in China for fifteen years before it reached Europe. Previous to its outbreak, China suffered from droughts, famines, floods, earthquakes, and immense swarms of locusts which devoured every green thing in the

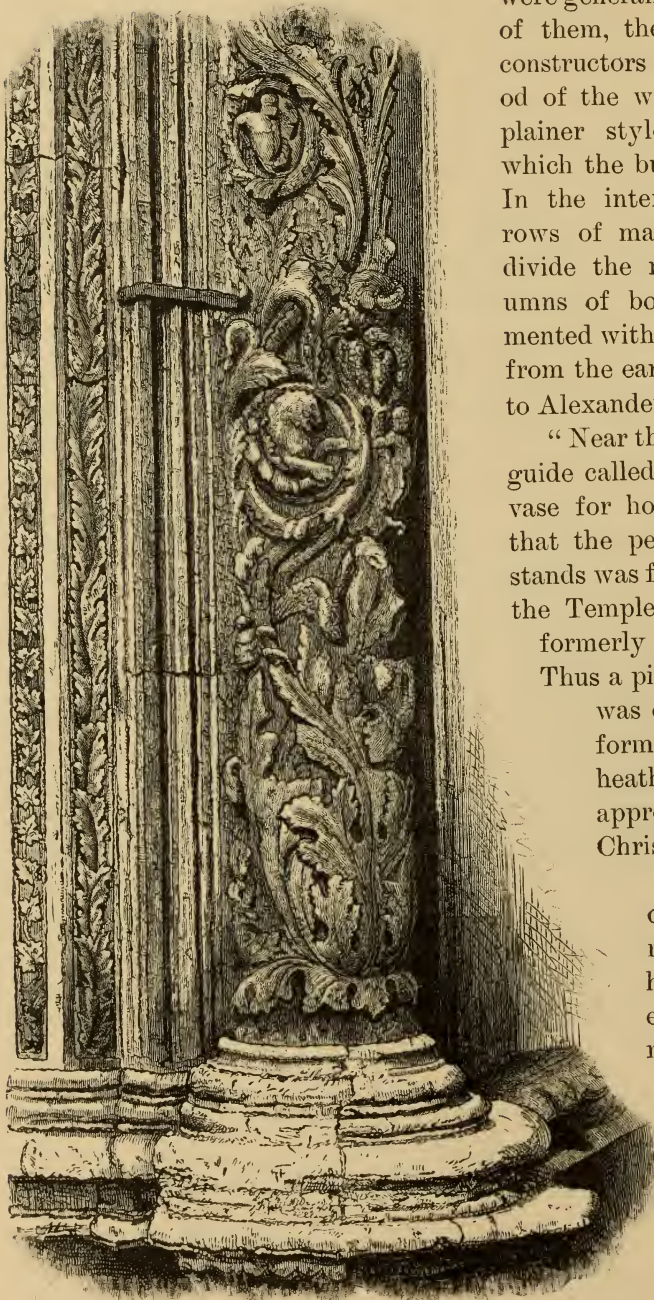
parts of the country they infested. The plague followed these calamities. The statistics concerning it are, of course, obscure; but it is said that thirteen million people died in China alone, and in the rest of Asia about twenty-four million. The plague came from China by the various caravan routes that then connected the East and the West. It came to Constantinople along the coast of the Black Sea, and from Constantinople it reached the seaports of Italy, and from there spread through Europe. Italy lost one-half of its population at that time, and Germany is said to have lost more than a million of its inhabitants.

“Some authorities estimate that twenty-five million people died in Europe during the three years that the plague prevailed here. The mortality was so great that sometimes the living were not able to bury the dead. In some places bodies were cast by thousands into great pits, and in other instances rivers were consecrated in order that they might be used as tombs, and the bodies of those who died from the plague were thrown into the water to drift away with the current. There are accounts of ships, whose entire crews had died of the plague, drifting through the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and out upon the Atlantic Ocean, and stories are told of towns and villages where every inhabitant perished of this dread disease. One of the best accounts of the ravages of the plague and the scenes to which it gave rise is to be found in Boccaccio’s *Decameron*, which we have already discussed.

“And now,” said Fred, as he paused for a moment, “let us drop the plague and return to the subject of the cathedral.

“The cathedral is a magnificent building,” said the youth in his narrative, “although it is much smaller than it was originally intended to be. It is built of black and white marble; it has its campanile attached to and forming a part of it, and not standing by itself like the campanile of the Cathedral of Florence. Nothing but a photograph or a very careful drawing can give you an idea of the elaborate work upon the columns of this cathedral and a considerable portion of the walls. I secured some photographs both of the exterior and the interior of the building, and will have some of them accompany this description.

“It seemed to all of us that the bewildering assemblage of statues, pinnacles, columns, and mosaics in the façade of the cathedral detracted from the general effects. Such an amount of carving spread over a larger area would be much more pleasing to the eye. The description of the cathedral tells us that Niccolò Pisano was the designer of the façade, and you will remember that we saw some of his work at Pisa, and also, I believe, at Florence. The most elaborate of the columns



COLUMN AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

were generally the most ancient of them, the tendency of the constructors in the latter period of the work being towards plainer styles than those in which the building was begun. In the interior there are two rows of marble pillars which divide the nave, and the columns of both rows are ornamented with busts of the popes, from the earliest of them down to Alexander III.

“Near the entrance door the guide called our attention to a vase for holy-water, and said that the pedestal on which it stands was found in the ruins of the Temple of Minerva, which formerly occupied this spot.

Thus a piece of marble which was originally shaped to form an ornament for a heathen temple has been appropriated to use in a Christian church.

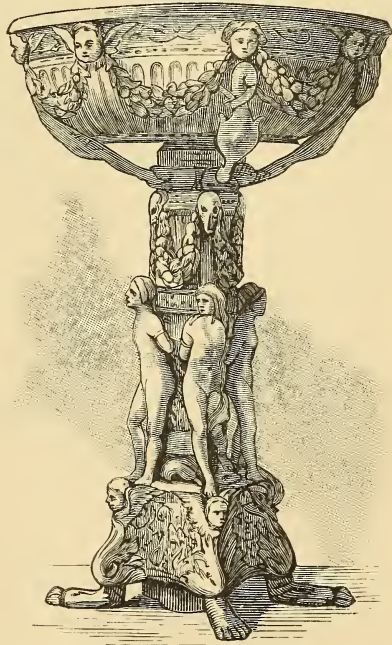
“The pavement is one of the most curious pavements we have ever seen. Generally speaking, it may be called a mosaic. It consists of different colored marbles inlaid with each other, and representing scenes from the Old Testament. In

some places these mosaics were covered with boards to protect them from the feet of visitors. The custodian removed the boards so that we could look at the pictures, and of course he expected and received a fee in return for his services. It seems to me that the pavement is much less liable to be injured by the footsteps of those who come into the church than by the frequent handling of the boards above them. The real object of the covering is probably to increase the revenues of the building or of the men who have it in charge. These mosaics were made by some of the best artists of their time, and several of these artists are represented by paintings in various parts of the church.

“The paintings belonging to the cathedral would of themselves make an admirable collection; but they could not be removed, as a considerable part of them consists of frescos on the solid walls. One of the frescos represents scenes from the life of Pope Pius II., and there is another fresco which represents the coronation of his nephew, Pius III., who reigned only twenty-seven days. Both of these popes were natives of Siena, and this is why the great events of their lives are commemorated.

“The finest of the pavement pictures are in front of the high altar, and we were all surprised at the expressiveness which the artists were able to give in the faces and attitudes of the subjects of their work. Each of the pictures is enclosed in a border of black and white mosaic in very delicate patterns. I bought a drawing of a portion of one of these borders, and shall keep it as an interesting memento of our visit to the cathedral.

“I must not fail to mention as one of the curiosities of the church the marble pulpit, which was designed by Pisano, and certainly does him very great credit. Some of the columns rest on the backs of lions, and the upper part of the pulpit is surrounded by a screen of marble presenting a great many figures in high and low relief.



HOLY-WATER VASE, WITH PAGAN PEDESTAL.



MOSAIC BORDER ON THE FLOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

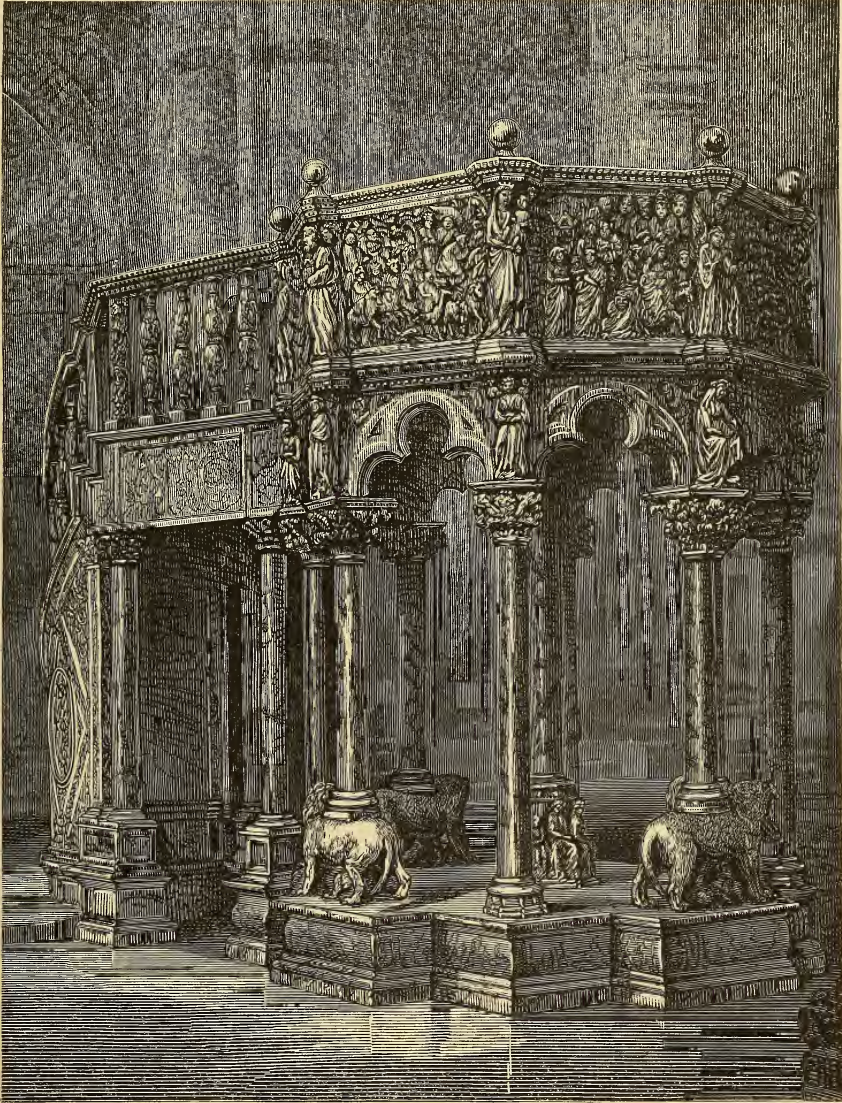
“For a long time one of the special industries of Siena was the working of iron. The hinges of the doors and windows of the houses reminded us of some of the iron-work of Germany and Holland, and we observed as we went about the city some very elaborate gates, also of iron, which are placed inside the principal doors of the best of the houses. Then they have lantern-holders placed along the front of every palace, and usually on each story, so that they add very much to the picturesqueness of the streets. Some of these lantern-holders are in the forms of leaves or flowers, and some represent the heads of various kinds of animals. Many of the windows in Siena are of stained glass, and some of this glass dates from a long time ago.

“In the cathedral and elsewhere we saw several pictures of St. Catherine, and learned that she was a native of Siena. According to history, she was born here in 1347, and became a nun about 1366. She is said to have negotiated a peace between the Florentines and Pope Urban VI. in 1378; she favored Pope Urban when his authority was disputed by Clement VII., and made very earnest efforts to terminate the quarrel between them. We were told that we could visit her house, and did not neglect the opportunity to do so.

“The house stands in one of the poorest parts of the city, which is now, as in the fourteenth century, the quarter occupied by the fullers and dyers; St. Catherine, it seems, was the daughter of a dyer and fuller. Close by is the old fountain of Fontebranda, which is mentioned by Dante in one of his poems. A portion of the original building has been torn down, but the cell which St. Catherine inhabited is said to be in exactly the same condition as when she lived there.

“It is a little room not more than eight feet long by six in width, and has no window whatever; the only light that comes into it is by a door through which the cell is entered. So many people have visited

the place that the floor, originally of brick, has been partially worn away, and is now protected by wooden boards. The stone which served St. Catherine for a pillow is covered by a plate of glass, so that it can be seen but not touched. The walls of the cell are entirely bare of ornaments, the only decoration of any kind in the room being a crucifix.



MARBLE PULPIT.—[Niccolo Pisano.]

The rest of the house has been converted into oratories and little chapels; the walls are ornamented with frescos representing the life of St. Catherine, and there is a miraculous crucifix which she is said to have carried. Some of these frescos are excellent, and some are very ordinary; the best of them is not nearly as fine as the one in the Church of San Domenico, which was painted by Sodoma, an artist of great fame in his day, though little known at present.

“They showed us in this church a shrine above the altar, where the head of St. Catherine is preserved. We asked why the head only was

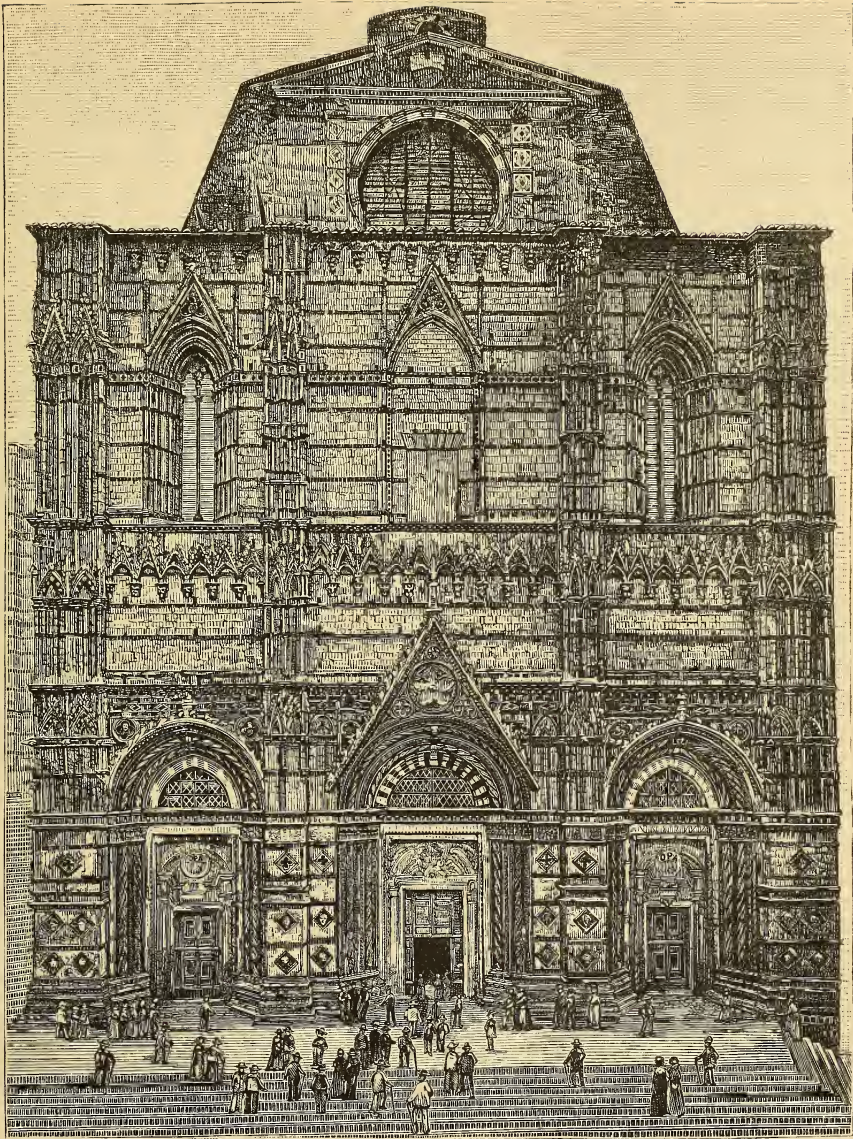
kept there, and it was explained that St. Catherine died in Rome and was buried there. Her confessor was unwilling that her native city, Siena, should be deprived of the relic; he endeavored to obtain permission to bring her body here, but the request was refused, and he took his opportunity to remove the head and convey it surreptitiously to Siena.

“We heard of a beautiful picture of St. Catherine in one of the palaces in Siena, but were unable to see it. It is said to have been painted by Guido Reni, and represents St. Catherine kneeling before a table on which are resting a crucifix and a skull, together with a lily, which was her emblem. Her eyes are fastened on the crucifix, and the expression of her face is said to be a perfect delineation of the love and grief that she feels for her Saviour. One writer who has seen the picture speaks of it as follows:

“Her face expresses not so much contrition as tenderness; the thought of the cause of the Redeemer’s sufferings seems to be lost in that of His ineffable condescension. She is not thinking of herself, but of Him. She wears a crown of thorns above her veil, and you feel that there are blood-drops where they have pierced the tender skin beneath it; but the painter, with rare insight, has not weakened the impression



PANEL IN PRINCIPAL DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.



FAÇADE OF THE BAPTISTRY.

by making them visible; nor are there tears upon the cheeks, although we know that intense gaze is the prelude to an agony of weeping. Her lips are parted, as if in wonder and awe, and her whole attitude seems to say, "I have found Him whom my soul loveth."

"St. Catherine of Siena must not be confounded with St. Catherine

of Alexandria, who suffered martyrdom in the fourth century by being tortured on a wheel before being put to death. From this circumstance comes the name of St. Catherine's wheel.

"We saw, while going about the city, many fine specimens of wood-carving, and bought several of them to send home. Wood-carving is quite an industry here, and has been for a very long time. The ornamentation of the cathedral and other churches shows that the people of Siena were experts at wood-carving centuries ago, and they have been very successful in preserving this industry down to the present time. Their wood-carving differs somewhat from that of Switzerland and the Tyrol, as it is not so much devoted to toys and small figures as to furniture and the carved work of doors and ceilings.

"Very elaborate sets of furniture are made here, and find their way to all parts of the world. Many excellent specimens of the antique wood-carving of Siena can be seen here, but it is very difficult to buy them, as the people are very unwilling to part with any of their ancient heirlooms, and only do so when greatly in need of money. There is a considerable quantity of ancient armor in the old palaces, and the stranger properly introduced may look at it; but if he endeavors to purchase it he is met with an emphatic shake of the head.

"We were pleased to learn that in this city a considerable portion of the old palaces are occupied by the descendants of those who built them, which is rarely the case in Venice and the other Italian cities that we have visited. The people do not seem to be wealthy, as a general thing; but the owners of the palaces usually have sufficient incomes to support them in a modest and frugal way.

"If we were going to stop anywhere in Italy and select a residence, I don't know a more agreeable place than this—at least, for a while. The guide who has shown us around the city says that a good apartment of ten rooms, well furnished, can be hired for \$20 a month, while \$30 a month will hire a furnished villa. Provisions are abundant and cheap, and a good cook can be hired for \$3 a month. We were told that there are many foreign families living here, partly for economical reasons and partly because it is a good place to educate their children.

The Italian spoken at Siena is the purest Tuscan, and there are excellent tutors and governesses to take charge of children. There is a university here, and it has a library of 50,000 volumes and 5000 manuscripts. We were shown through the library, and saw some of the manuscripts, which date back to the eighth and ninth centuries.

"We visited the Baptistery, which is a rival of the cathedral in pictu-

resqueness; it is in the rear of the cathedral, and has a beautiful façade in the Gothic style, and a brazen font which dates from the fifteenth century.

“ From the Baptistery we went to the Palazzo Pubblico, which was built in 1293. It stands at one side of the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, which is the public square of Siena, and the central part of the city. The Palazzo has a castellated appearance, and at one corner of it there is a lofty campanile, with a clock about one-third the distance from the base to the summit. Near this building we stopped in front of a small chapel, which is a reminder of the plague, of which I have already told you; it was built after the cessation of the plague, and was intended to commemorate the deliverance of the city from its visitation. The campanile is more than four hundred feet high, and in its top is a great bell, which is rung only on the most important occasions. We went through the Palazzo, and saw some beautiful frescos and the portraits of eight popes and thirty-nine cardinals who were natives of Siena.

“ The Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, anciently called the Campo, was the scene of the festivities and popular assemblages in the old days of the Republic of Siena, and also in the time of the Romans. They cling to old customs here to a wonderful degree. They have their festivities still, and the greatest of them all is held on August 15th (Assumption Day). It is as great an affair for a native of Siena as the Fourth of July is for the

people in the United States, and for weeks and months before its celebration everybody is looking forward to a great event.

“ The principal feature of the festival is horse-racing; the horses are Corsican ponies, and the races take place in the Piazza. Rows of seats are arranged in front of the buildings surrounding the square, and



SIENESE PEASANT WOMAN.

the carriage road is covered with a thick layer of earth, which is beaten down so as to form a good track for the horses. There are several sharp turns in making the circuit, and in order to save the jockeys in case of a fall, mattresses are placed at the side of the track at the turnings. It sometimes happens that every jockey is thrown off, and there is rarely a race when all the riders are able to keep their saddles during the entire performance.

“There are ten horses from as many districts of the city, and before the race each horse is taken to the church of his district and blessed by the priest. At the appointed time all the horses and jockeys are assembled in front of the judges’ stand in the square, and at a given signal they start for the grand race. The jockeys carry strong whips, which they use very vigorously, not only upon the horses, but upon each other; and sometimes the riders are seriously injured by the blows from the whips. The horses make three rounds, their running distance being about a mile, and the winning horse receives a silk banner, which is given to the district whence he comes. The winning jockey re-

ceives a prize of money from the city, and also one from his district.

“The whole population turns out to witness the performance; and not only the population of the city, but of all the surrounding country. A gentleman who has been present at several of these races says he has seen as many as forty thousand people in and around the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele on the day of the great race. In the evening there is a grand festival in the winning district, a long table being placed in the middle of one of its principal streets. The view of the table, with the feasters crowded about it, and the whole scene lighted up by lanterns and torches, is said to be very picturesque.”



SIENESE PEASANT GIRL IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM SIENA TO ROME.—A DESOLATE REGION.—CROSSING THE DIVIDING RANGE.—THE VALLEY OF THE TIBER.—ORVIETO.—THE MIRACLE OF BOLSENA.—CATHEDRAL OF ORVIETO.—ETRURIA AND THE ETRUSCANS.—A PREHISTORIC RACE.—ETRUSCAN REMAINS.—PAINTINGS ON THE WALLS OF TOMBS.—ETRUSCAN SCULPTURES.—HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS, ORNAMENTS, AND WAYS OF LIFE.—WAR BETWEEN ROMANS AND ETRUSCANS.—BOATS ON THE TIBER; LENGTH AND PECULIARITIES OF THE RIVER.—FIRST SIGHT OF ROME.—THOUGHTS OF MRS. BASSETT AND MARY.—THE CORSO.—FOUNTAIN OF TREVÌ, AND LEGEND CONNECTED WITH IT.—WHEN WAS ROME FOUNDED?—A DRIVE THROUGH THE CITY.—SCRAPS OF HISTORY.

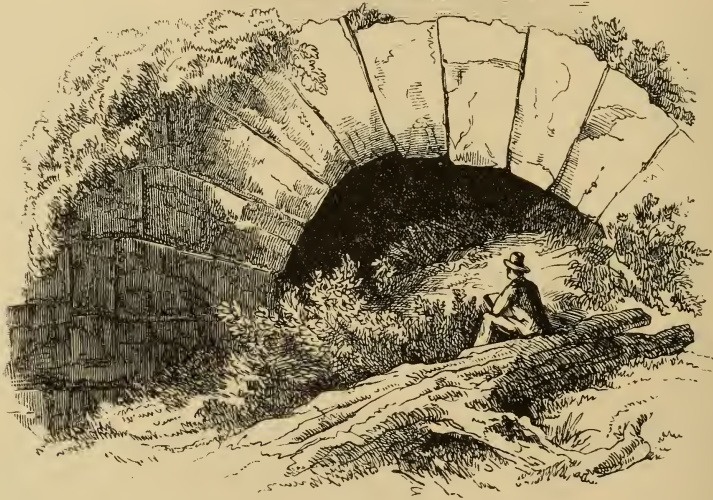
FROM Siena our friends proceeded in the direction of Rome, and as they left the former city they found that the railway continued to ascend, while its course lay through a rugged and comparatively barren district. The mountains surrounding them were rough and forbidding in aspect. Here and there were hills of sand, and sometimes as far as they could see in any direction no houses were visible. They passed through several tunnels, and after looking a while at the landscape we have described, Mrs. Bassett said she thought the scenery in a tunnel was pretty nearly as attractive as that outside.

The travellers crossed a range of hills, and then found that their



AN ETRUSCAN GATEWAY.

way was a descending one. They were interested in knowing that they were now in the valley of the Tiber; the impetuous and brawling little river on whose banks they soon found themselves was the Paglia, a tributary of the Tiber, which is said to cause great damage sometimes during the rainy season. Their first stopping-place—and, in fact, their



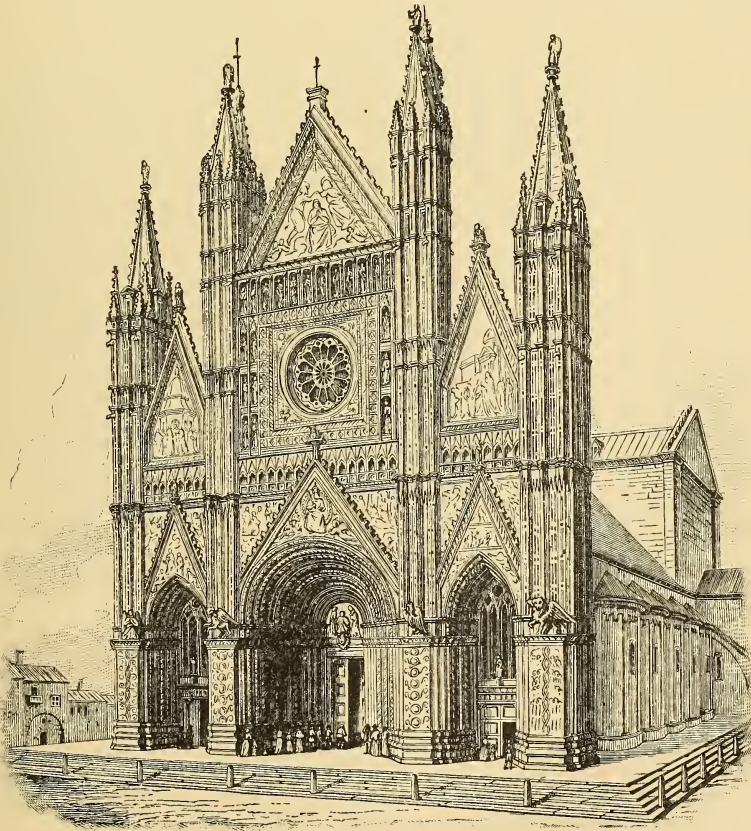
AN ETRUSCAN ARCHWAY.

only one before reaching the Imperial City—was Orvieto, which is picturesquely situated on a high rock more than thirteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and six or seven hundred feet above the Paglia, which winds through the valley below. Orvieto is said to have been settled by the Romans; during the Middle Ages it was a stronghold which could defy all attacks by outside foes, unless they were able to sit down and wait until the garrison was starved out. It is now a small town and of little consequence, except for its antiquities and its cathedral, which is one of the finest specimens of Italian Gothic architecture in existence. Here is what Frank wrote concerning it:

“The Cathedral of Orvieto reminded us of the cathedrals of Florence and Siena in its mode of construction, as it is built of black and white marble, and its façade is richly decorated with mosaics and sculptures. It is said to have been founded in consequence of the miracle of Bolsena, and its construction was begun in 1290; but the build-

ing was not completed until the sixteenth century. Perhaps you would like to know what the miracle of Bolsena was. This is its history, as I find it in the description of the cathedral :

“A Bohemian priest had expressed grave doubts respecting transubstantiation, and a miracle was performed to convince him. He had just consecrated the host in one of the Church ceremonies when he observed the miraculous appearance of drops of blood upon it. He called the attention of his fellow-priest to the miracle, and the news of its oc-



CATHEDRAL OF ORVIETO.

currence was immediately carried to the Pope. The Pope, Urban IV., happened to be at that time at Orvieto; and in commemoration of the miracle he introduced the festival of Corpus Christi, and ordered the construction of the famous cathedral.’

“As we walked through the cathedral we saw several paintings illustrating the miracle; some of them are excellent, though all are said to be inferior to that of Raphael, which is now in the Vatican at Rome. The miracle of Bolsena is said to have occurred in the year 1263, and the artists of that period evidently considered it a most worthy subject for their work. The frescos in the interior of the church are of the finest character, and are nearly all by celebrated artists. They showed us a silver shrine weighing four hundred pounds, and other costly things, the property of the church.

“The region around Orvieto for a considerable distance abounds in Etruscan remains, and many vases, statues, trinkets, and other things have been unearthed in modern days. A good many curiosities were offered to us for sale, principally in the form of vases and personal ornaments; we were cautioned against buying them, as they are nearly all of modern make, and some of the factories where they are produced are said to be in Orvieto. We asked a guide about them, and offered to pay him liberally if he would take us to one of the manufactories of antiquities, but he positively declared that he knew nothing about them. Of course he is interested in keeping up the deception, as he receives a liberal commission upon all purchases made by the strangers whom he shows about the place.”

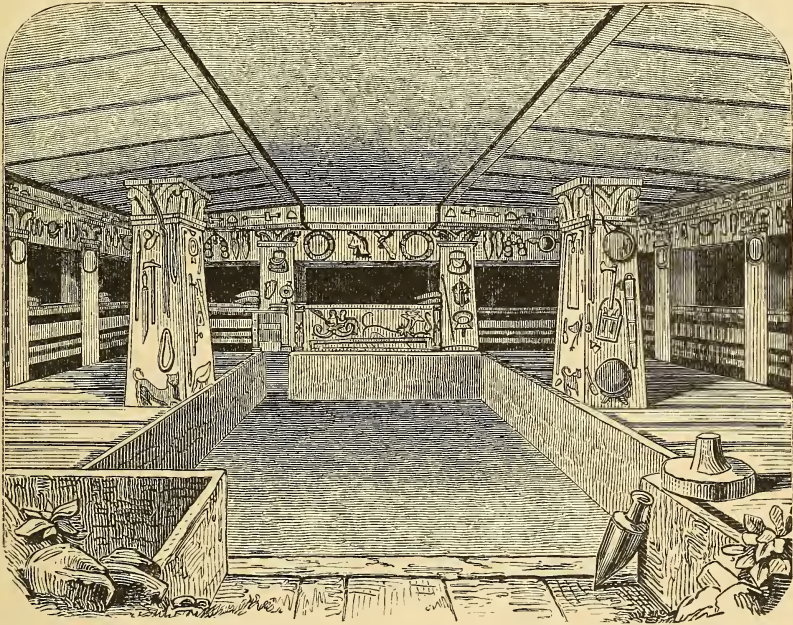
While they were looking at the collection of Etruscan antiquities Mrs. Bassett asked who the Etruscans were, where they lived, and how long ago it was that they flourished.

Frank replied that he would answer the question as soon as they were again in the railway train and on the way to Rome. Accordingly it was not many minutes after the departure of the train from Orvieto before the youth was reminded by his mother of the promise he had made, whereupon he spoke as follows:

“Previous to the foundation of Rome nearly the whole of Italy, together with some of its western islands, was known by the name of Etruria. It was divided into three portions; the northern part, from the Alps to the Apennines, was known as Etruria Circumpadana; the central portion, from the Apennines to the Tiber, was Etruria Propria; and the southern was called Etruria Campaniana. The most interesting of these was the middle one, Etruria Propria (proper), which was divided into twelve sovereign cities or districts, ruled by sovereigns who were practically independent of each other, though bound together in a sort of league in which they made common cause against any invader.

“After the foundation of Rome the cities of Etruria Proper were

frequently at war with that city, and sometimes they carried their hostilities up to the very walls of the Imperial City. The inhabitants of Etruria were called Etruscans, and it is a disputed question, never satisfactorily settled, as to what nation they belonged. Various origins have been ascribed to them. Some authorities think they were of the Slavonic race, and came from the north; another calls them Celts;



INTERIOR OF AN ETRUSCAN TOMB.

another Albanise; three writers say they were Semitics, and other authorities class them as Goths, Scandinavians, Basques, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Egyptians, and Armenians."

"Well, I don't care particularly what they were," said Mrs. Bassett. "They never gave me any trouble, and as long as they occupied the country and took good care of it, it is of no great consequence where they came from or what language they spoke."

"As a general thing," continued Frank, "they seem to have preferred peace to war, and the most of the wars in which they were engaged were brought about by the attacks made upon them by the Romans. It is generally thought that the Etruscan State was founded

about one thousand years before the Christian era, though some historians say it had a much greater antiquity. Some of their cities were of goodly size; one city (Veii) is said to have had more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, but nearly all of their cities have been destroyed, and some of them so completely that few traces of their existence can be found. Sometimes single cities were at war with each other, though that was rarely the case; and it is said that on one occasion two cities of the league were at war, while the whole league was fighting against Rome. Each of these cities sent its contingent of troops, who fought side by side in perfect harmony in the struggle against the foreign foe, and at the same time the troops at home were seeking every means and embracing every opportunity to take each other's lives."

"What religion did the Etruscans have?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"That is a difficult question to answer," Frank replied, "as we are unable to make out very clearly what it was. They have left very few written records, and the most of our information comes from inscrip-

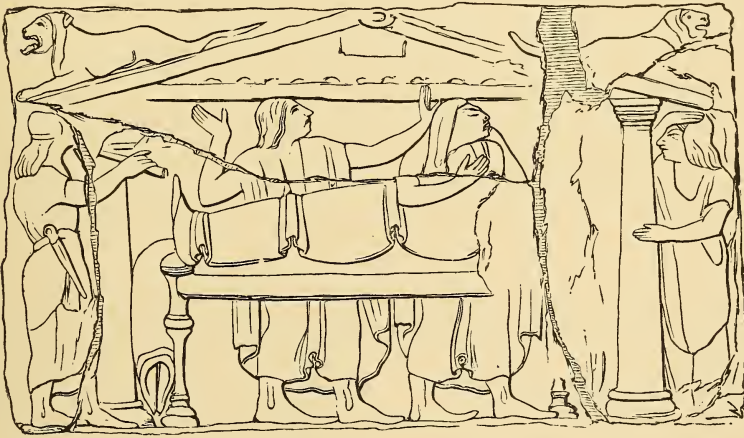


ETRUSCAN SARCOPHAGUS OF TERRA-COTTA.

tions upon vases, statues, tombs, and other remains that have come down to us from this very ancient people. The general belief is that their religion was a combination of the symbol service of the Eastern nations, the barbarous religious practices of Northern savages, and the Greek ideas of the gods of their day. They divided their gods into

two classes, one being evil and mischievous, and the other good and beneficent. As usual in most pagan nations, they worshipped the evil gods more than the good ones, their theory being that if they could persuade the evil divinities not to work any mischief upon them, there was no special occasion for invoking the aid of the beneficent gods.

“Some things of the present day,” continued Frank, “have come to us from the Etruscans. They divided the year into twelve months, and



ETRUSCAN RELIEF.

the designation of the days of the months by numerals is also of the same origin. Their towns were clean and healthy, as they had a very good system of drainage. They made tunnels and canals, changed the course of streams, drained swamps, and performed other engineering work about as well as it is performed at the present day.”

“How were they in their home life, and what was the position of their women?” Mary asked, as Frank paused.

“Their ideas in that respect,” the youth answered, “will, I am sure, meet your approval. They are credited with the invention of the *atrium*, or common sitting-room of the family, where the master of the house sat surrounded by his household gods and the figures of his ancestors, while his wife and daughters and handmaidens were busy at the loom or distaff. Woman was held in high estimation among the Etruscans; she was not the slave of her husband, but his companion. In the pictures representing their festivities we find men and women

joining in the games and dancing, and everything indicates that there was more equality between the sexes among the Etruscans than among other nations of their time and many of to-day.

“Their architecture was solid, and much of it had an ornamental character; there is not much of it remaining at present, but here and there may be found the foundations of buildings, and the traces of amphitheatres, walls, gates, temples, and porticos. The greater part of our knowledge concerning the Etruscans is obtained from the pictures on the walls of their tombs. The tombs were hollowed out in rocks something after the manner of the Egyptians; the inside of a tomb was made to resemble as closely as possible the interior of a house with all its decorations, furniture, and utensils. Most of these tombs were opened and plundered long ago, but enough has remained to be of great value in getting at the history of the people. Their statuary has a very close resemblance to that of the Egyptians, and this circumstance has given rise to the belief among certain writers that the Etruscans were of Egyptian origin.”

“Please tell me what articles were found in the Etruscan tombs; I would very much like to know,” said Mrs. Bassett, as Frank paused for a moment while looking out of the window.

“Many articles in terra-cotta, or baked clay, were found there. I may remark, by-the-way, that the Etruscans were famous for their work in clay, and their vases are highly prized. Many articles of bronze were found there, and the Etruscans were thought to have been the inventors of bronze casting, and certainly they brought it to a very high state of perfection. They manufactured great quantities of statues and vases of bronze, and exported them to Rome and to other parts of the world as it was then known. Candelabra, cups, disks, tripods, articles of armor, musical instruments, fans, toilet-boxes, and similar things have been found in the tombs, all of them displaying the most exquisite skill in their construction and ornamentation. The Etruscans were excellent workers in gems; they made beautiful cuttings on cornelian, sardonyx, and agate, and their lapidary work has received the highest praise from lapidaries of the present time. Altogether they were a remarkable people, and it is a great pity that we cannot learn more of them. They lived a long time before the invention of the art of printing, and even before that of writing, was in very general use. Specimens of their writing have been found, but nobody has yet been able to read it.”

“Thank you, very much,” said Mrs. Bassett, as Frank paused and

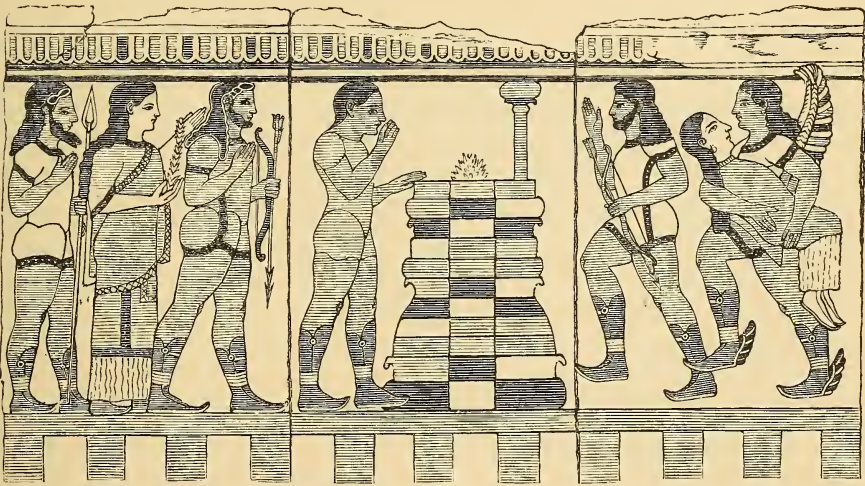
called attention to the Tiber, on whose banks the train was carrying them rapidly along towards the Eternal City.

Mrs. Bassett was disappointed in the size of the river, as she had expected to find a much larger stream. She had heard so much of the Tiber that she was inclined to regard it as a second Mississippi or St. Lawrence, and much larger than the Hudson.

"The entire course of the river," said Mary, "is only a trifle over two hundred and fifty miles. It is the chief river of Central Italy, and the most famous in the whole peninsula. It takes its rise from two springs in a forest of beech-trees in the Apennines; these springs were formerly supposed to be inhabited by divinities, just as all the streams and fountains in the world at that time were supposed to be peopled."

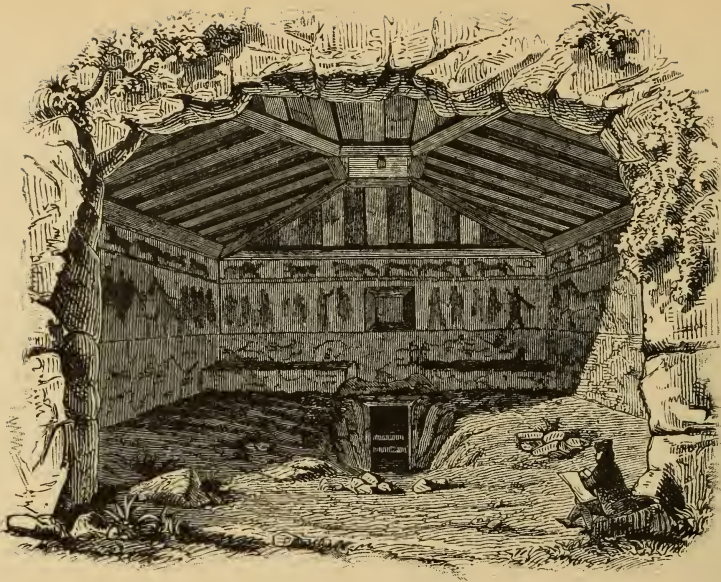
"How far is the Tiber navigable?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"It is navigable," said Fred, "for boats of fifty tons and under up to its junction with the Nar River, about one hundred miles from the sea, and smaller boats can go up as far as Orvieto. A great deal of



WALL PAINTING FROM ETRURIA.

produce is brought down from the interior to Rome on the surface of the Tiber. There is a boat now," said he, as he pointed to a craft on the river, "which is probably laden with wine, charcoal, or garden produce, on the way to market in the great city. Nearly everybody," he continued, "is disappointed at the size of the river, just as you have



ENTRANCE TO A TOMB.

been. At Rome the general width of the stream is about three hundred feet, and the depth from twelve to eighteen feet."

"I supposed, too, that it was a clear stream, as it comes down from the mountains," Mrs. Bassett remarked; "but it isn't at all. It is almost as muddy as the Mississippi, or the Missouri."

"It is supplied by mountain streams that are constantly affected by sudden rains, which wash down the earth and discolor the water; in time of floods there is one part of earth to six parts of fluid. When several of these tributaries are swollen at the same time it results in an overflow of the banks of the Tiber lower down. These inundations come very suddenly, and history shows that they were as frequent in ancient days as in the years in which we live. The water is discolored, just as it was in the days when Virgil and other poets wrote about it. Men and nations have changed, and changed many times, but the Tiber remains the same from one century to another."

Mary remarked that it was possibly in regard to the Tiber that some one wrote the lines:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I flow on forever."

Frank evaded a direct answer, but said the Tiber was known to

have been flowing for a good many centuries, and the probabilities were in favor of its flowing for many centuries to come.

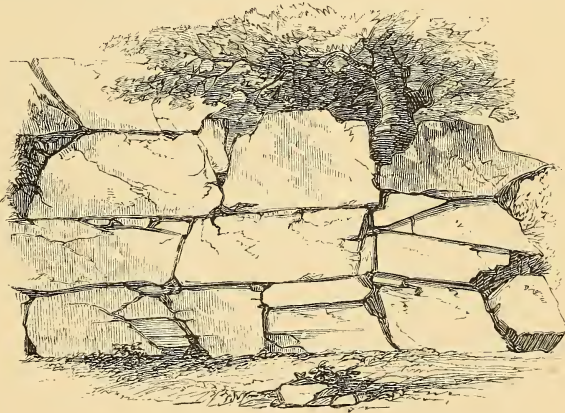
"As far as I can judge," said Mary, "looking at it from the railway train, it appears to be a rapid stream."

"Yes, it is," Frank answered; "its current flows at the rate of about three miles an hour in the ordinary stage of the water. In time of flood its velocity is considerably increased; it is said to be a dangerous river for swimmers, as it abounds in whirlpools and treacherous eddies. Ancient history tells us that the floods of the Tiber used to bring down large numbers of serpents, so that the inhabitants of the lower part of the valley ran the risk of being bitten by poisonous reptiles in addition to the calamity of the deluge."

"Has the river changed its course at all since the earliest records concerning it?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"There is a difference of opinion on that point," Frank replied, "some writers supposing that the bed of the river in the lower part of its course has been raised; but to offset this theory is the fact that the positions of the bridges of two thousand years ago show about the same water-level as that of to-day."

The water of the Tiber was a favorite drink of the Romans during the Middle Ages, and it was carried through the city in skins of animals, and sold to whoever wished to buy it. It is said that some of the popes, notably Clement VII. and Paul

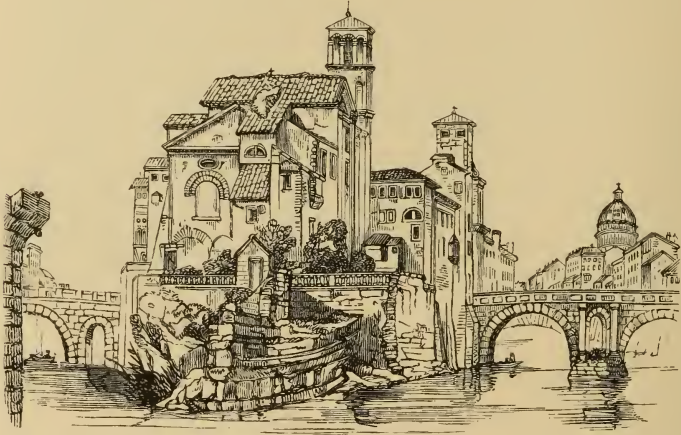


AN ETRUSCAN WALL.

III., were so fond of the water that they took a supply of it with them when they travelled. At the present day it is not regarded as a good drinking-water, but whether its character has changed at all during the more recent centuries I am unable to say.

"Couldn't we get a boat and float down from here to Rome?" queried Mary. "It would be delightful to do so."

“Perhaps we could,” replied Frank; “but I don’t think it would be advisable to try just now. We will continue to Rome by the railway train. Perhaps some day we will make arrangements to come by rail to one of the stations near the river, and there meet a boat to carry us down with the current. There are steamboats running between Rome



THE ISLAND OF THE TIBER, ROME.

and the mouth of the river, and possibly we will find a steamboat excursion sufficiently interesting to pay us for the time and trouble of making it. Anyway, it will not be a long one.”

While this dialogue was going on Fred was looking out of the window, and suddenly announced that he thought he could see the dome of St. Peter’s Church. The dialogue concerning the Tiber came to an end abruptly, as all were interested in obtaining a glimpse of the Eternal City, and impatient to reach it.

In Rome at last! Mrs. Bassett was inclined to rub her eyes to make sure that she was not dreaming. She said it was hard for her to believe that she was really in the famous city, about which she had read so much in childhood—the city of the Roman emperors, where the Christians were persecuted and thrown to wild beasts in the presence of the populace, and the city which abounds in so many monuments that tell of its former greatness. Mary, too, felt the same uncertainty as to the reality of her presence in Rome, and her uncertainty was combined with a flush of excitement which communicated itself to her brother and cousin. But these sentimental thoughts of the situation

quickly gave way to practical necessities, as they placed themselves and their belongings in the hands of the commissionaire of the hotel where they had decided to lodge during their stay in the once Imperial City.

On their way from the railway station to the hotel Mrs. Bassett and Mary were constantly on the lookout, to see if they could make out points of historic interest through the knowledge of Rome they had already obtained by means of reading and the study of photographs and engravings. Of course they had no trouble about the Church of St. Peter; its dome is visible from every direction as one approaches the city, and there are comparatively few points in Rome whence it cannot be seen. Unhappily for the stranger, the route from the railway station to the quarter where the hotels are situated does not take in many of the famous places, and consequently our friends were somewhat disappointed at the result of the ride.

Most of the hotels of Rome are situated in what is known as the Strangers' Quarter, between the Porta del Popolo and the Piazza di Spagna; and when our friends were settled at one of these establishments Mrs. Bassett wondered if the Cæsars, the Pompeys, and other



ROMAN SOLDIERS.

great men of ancient Rome were as well lodged and cared for as are the travellers of the present day. Mary suggested that they certainly ought to have been, although she doubted very much if the comforts of a palace in the time of the Cæsars, with all their luxuries, were equal to those of a modern hotel of the best sort.

"I am sure," said Mary, "that Julius Cæsar, with all his greatness, did not have gas to read by at night, and he could not light his cigar

with a match. He did not have a spring-mattress to sleep on, and the waiters at dinner were not attired in dress-coats. The Roman chariot was not as comfortable as a modern carriage with steel springs, and I don't believe they had in those times sole-leather trunks, with compartments where bonnets can be kept safe from injury while being jolted over the roads or handled at the stations."

Mary had other comparisons to make between the old and the new, but they were cut short by the announcement that dinner was ready. One cannot live upon sentiment and ancient history in Rome any more than elsewhere, as our friends demonstrated in several very practical ways, and they went to the dining-room at once.

While they were at dinner Mrs. Bassett asked how long it would take them to see all that was to be seen in Rome.

Frank replied that the question was one of the most difficult to answer that his mother had asked during their journey. "To see all that is to be seen here," said he, "would take a long time. One might spend months—yes, years—in Rome, and find something new every day, especially if he is more than ordinarily interested in any line of art study, or in history, archæology, or anything peculiarly connected with the famous city. But for the ordinary traveller who simply wishes to see the ordinary sights, those that are mentioned in the guide-books, and form the stock subjects of the conversation of travellers, from one to two weeks will suffice."

"I suppose you mean by that," said Mrs. Bassett, "that one can see the churches and palaces, the Colosseum, the Forum, and other things that we have read about in books, but only see them superficially."

"Yes, that is what I mean," was the reply. "For instance, a party visits St. Peter's Church and the Vatican in a single forenoon, and probably the great mass of the tourists who come here devote but an hour or so to each of those places. To see them with any sort of thoroughness one should give a whole day to those places alone, half of it to the church, and the other half to the Vatican, and a whole day to each of them is little enough, provided one can spare the time."

"Well, I don't wish to be hurried," Mrs. Bassett responded; "and, on the other hand, I don't want the rest of the party to feel that I am taking up too much time. I shall leave everything in the hands of Frank and Fred, just as I have done before."

Mary indorsed her mother's views, and after dinner the party went out for a stroll along the Corso, on which their hotel was situated. The Corso is one of the principal streets of Rome, and as they walked

along Frank explained that it was anciently the street which connected the capitol with the Via Flaminia. They found the street filled with carriages and pedestrians, and Mrs. Bassett was agreeably surprised at the attractiveness of the shops with which the Corso is lined. The great mass of the people along the sidewalks were dressed in the ordinary garb of modern days, but here and there were Italians wearing



ITALIAN CHILDREN AT PLAY.

picturesque costumes, which were new to the eyes of the strangers. Frank explained that some of these people served as models for artists, but most of them were peasants from the region around Rome, or people living in the city itself.

Mary asked if there were any antiquities to be seen along the Corso. Frank explained that most of the buildings there—or, at least, those in the part of the Corso where they were—were of modern construction; they might be hundreds of years old, but were modern in comparison with the edifices belonging to the ancient city. “The Corso,” he said, “was originally narrower than it is at present; it was levelled and widened by Pope Alexander VII., in order to afford space for the horse-races peculiar to the city.”

“Do they have horse-races on this street?” said Mrs. Bassett, in a tone of surprise as she looked along the Corso.

“Oh yes,” replied Frank; “horse-races take place here in the time of the Carnival, but not the kind of racing that you have witnessed. I will tell you about them later on, when we have seen something more of the city. Just here we will turn aside and visit the Fountain of

Trevi. It will be the last thing that you will want to see in Rome, and we may as well make it our first point of sight-seeing."

"Why, how is that?" Mrs. Bassett exclaimed.

"There is a tradition," replied Frank, "that every one who wishes to return to Rome should come here the evening before his departure, throw a coin into the basin of the fountain, and silently or audibly express a wish to see the fountain again."

"Oh yes," said Mary; "I've heard of that. Some ladies in Paris told me that when I came to Rome I must be sure to visit the Fountain of Trevi the evening before I left; they had done so, and I promised to follow their example. It will certainly be very nice to visit the fountain both first and last."

"This is a very old fountain," said Frank, as they reached the spot.



AN ITALIAN BOY AND HIS PETS.

"The tradition is that the spring here was pointed out by a girl to a thirsty soldier not long after the founding of the city by Romulus; but whether this is absolutely true or not I have no means of knowing.

It is also said that the water from the spring was conducted to the baths of Agrippa at the Pantheon before the Christian era. The present form of the fountain is comparatively modern; that is to say, it was made within the last two hundred years."

The Fountain of Trevi is very tastefully designed, having the figure of Neptune in the centre, with allegorical figures of "Health" and "Fertility" on either side. In front of the group is the large stone basin, and this is the place where the pious and superstitious throw their coins on the evening before their departure from Rome. Opposite to the fountain is a church which would be attractive and interesting in any American city, but is of no material consequence in the city containing the greatest church in the world.

After visiting the fountain our friends strolled slowly back to the hotel, stopping at one of the cafés in order to see the people that assembled there. Mary was inclined to be historical, and, turning to Fred, asked if he really believed that Rome was founded in the year 753 before the Christian era.

"That is a conundrum I give up at once," said Fred. "How can I possibly know in what year the foundation-stones of Rome were laid, or whether any such men as Romulus and Remus ever lived? My belief is, though, that in all probability Rome was begun long before the year mentioned. There are many traditions to that effect, and in portions of the city relics of the flint period have been found, and the flint period, you know, was long before the time ascribed to Romulus and the foundation of this city. Those who have carefully studied the subject believe very strongly that there was some kind of a town or city here ages and ages before Romulus came. The people living here were grouped around the Palatine, and it is on the Palatine Hill that Romulus is said to have founded his city."

"Are there any traces to be seen to-day of the real, original Rome which Romulus created?" Mary asked.

"Yes," said Fred; "modern excavations have brought to light a portion of the ancient wall, and there are the remains of a gateway and the pavement of a street which belonged to the time of Romulus. The year 753 B.C. may not be an exact date, but it is near enough for all practical purposes. We will probably see for ourselves the relics of the city of Romulus when we make our rounds of sight-seeing."

Ancient history was set aside at the conclusion of Fred's remark, and plans for the next day were taken into consideration.

"The first thing we will do," said Frank, "is to engage a carriage

and take a preliminary drive, without stopping to see anything on our way. We will go down the Corso to the Piazza di Venezia; then we will drive past the Forum and the Colosseum, and from there to the Church of St. John Lateran, and then through several streets that will take us past the principal churches, including that of St. Peter, and

afterwards by the Castle of St. Angelo. This drive will give us an idea of the extent of the city, and will show us some of the things that we will afterwards wish to see in detail. We shall cross the Tiber on two of its bridges, and you will have a good opportunity to observe the width and character of the river as it passes through Rome. Perhaps we may see one of the little steamboats that I mentioned to-day, and as



WALLS OF ROME—THE OSTIAN GATE.

we go along the streets we will be able to make comparisons between the people of Central Italy and those that we have seen in Venice, Florence, and other cities farther to the north.”

The drive was made according to the plan proposed, and every one enjoyed it. One thing that forcibly impressed itself upon the minds of the strangers was the frequent juxtaposition of the new and the old. By the side of ancient palaces, and in some instances in the midst of ruins, modern buildings were standing; and here and there were modern buildings in course of construction. Ancient Rome and modern Rome were more closely related than our friends had expected to find them, and not infrequently the new was mingled with the old.

A great part of the Rome of to-day is made of the materials taken from the older structures, and at one time there was great danger that the ancient monuments would entirely disappear through the greed of

modern builders. A considerable portion of the Colosseum was thus used, and the same may be said of many of the temples, palaces, and other buildings. Mrs. Bassett asked how it happened that this was done, and wondered that anybody allowed it.

“As to that,” replied Frank, “you must bear in mind that the builders of ancient Rome were heathens—at least, we must so regard them; and they showed their heathenism by building temples to the heathen gods. After the power of Rome declined the capital of the world was transferred from this city to Constantinople. No new works were undertaken, and everything that existed was allowed to decay. In the year 330 of our era Rome is said to have possessed 37 gates, 19 aqueducts, and 3 bridges across the Tiber. From the gates of the city 28 high-roads diverged. Within the walls there were 423 streets, 1800 palaces, and 46,000 dwelling-houses; and there were 423 temples, 36 triumphal arches, and 1300 fountains. Perhaps these figures do not give

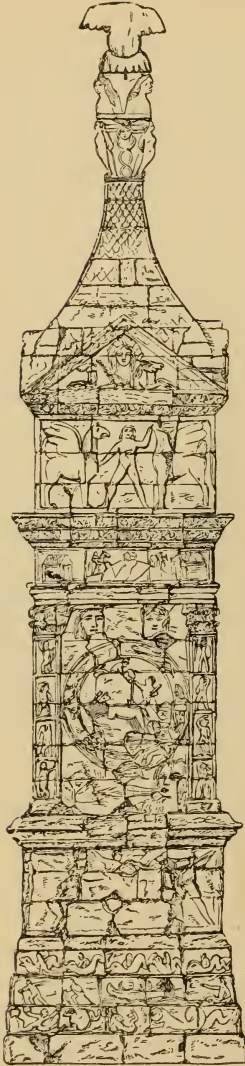


EMPEROR JUSTINIAN.—[From a mosaic.]

you a very clear idea of the greatness of the city, but I think you will not fail to understand that it was certainly very extensive and magnificent before its decline began.”

“Yes, I understand,” Mrs. Bassett replied; “and how did it happen that so much was allowed to go to ruin?”

“With the decline of Rome,” said Frank, “as the capital of the Empire, the population fell off. The city was attacked by enemies, captured again and again, and reduced almost to a place of desolation. In the days of its glory Rome is said to have had a population of not far



ANCIENT ROMAN MONUMENT.

from two millions, though this figure may be somewhat exaggerated. At one time during its decline it had less than twenty thousand inhabitants, and some authorities say its population was even less than ten thousand. The introduction of Christianity was unfavorable to the preservation of heathen temples and statues. No one can blame the early Christians for destroying the temples and other works of heathenism. They suffered terrible persecution in the first three centuries of our era, and when they obtained power it is not to be wondered at that they wished to efface all traces of the former heathenism. The early bishops of Rome used the materials of the ancient temples for the construction of churches, and this plan was very generally followed for a long time. The work of destruction was going on in Rome for more than a thousand years. Just think of it! There is an old proverb which says, 'Rome was not built in a day,' and we might add that it was not destroyed in a day. When you realize that for so long a time there was no attempt to preserve anything, you will be likely to wonder that there is as much remaining of the ancient city as we now find here."

"If that is the case," said Mrs. Bassett, "I certainly am surprised. It is a marvel they didn't tear down the whole of the Colosseum, and the Forum, and all the other buildings that the heathen Romans left. It's fortunate that the Romans builded as solidly as they did. I don't believe there's a city in America that wouldn't have disappeared completely if it had been allowed to go to destruction for a thousand years."

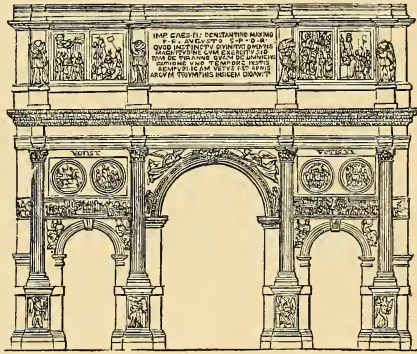
CHAPTER XV.

THE COLOSSEUM; ORIGIN OF ITS NAME; DATE OF ITS CONSTRUCTION; CELEBRATION OF ITS COMPLETION.—SLAUGHTER OF MEN AND BEASTS.—MEASUREMENTS OF THE GREAT STRUCTURE.—THE PODIUM AND ITS USES.—ACCOMMODATIONS FOR SPECTATORS.—ARRANGEMENT OF SEATS AND ENTRANCES.—AWNINGS FOR SHELTER AGAINST SUN AND RAIN.—THE ARENA.—GLADIATORIAL COMBATS, CONTESTS WITH WILD BEASTS, SEA-FIGHTS, ETC.—CONSECRATION OF THE COLOSSEUM BY POPE BENEDICT XIV.—MRS. BASSETT'S QUESTION ABOUT GLADIATORS; WHO AND WHAT THE GLADIATORS WERE; ORIGIN OF THEIR NAME.—HUMAN SACRIFICES AT FUNERALS; HOW THEY BECAME POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.—FIRST GLADIATORIAL FIGHTS AT ROME; ABOLITION OF THE CUSTOM.—ARCH OF CONSTANTINE AND ITS HISTORY.—TRAJAN'S ARCH.—ARCH OF TITUS.—THE CAPITOL AND FORUM.—TARPEIAN ROCK.—EXCAVATIONS IN THE FORUM.

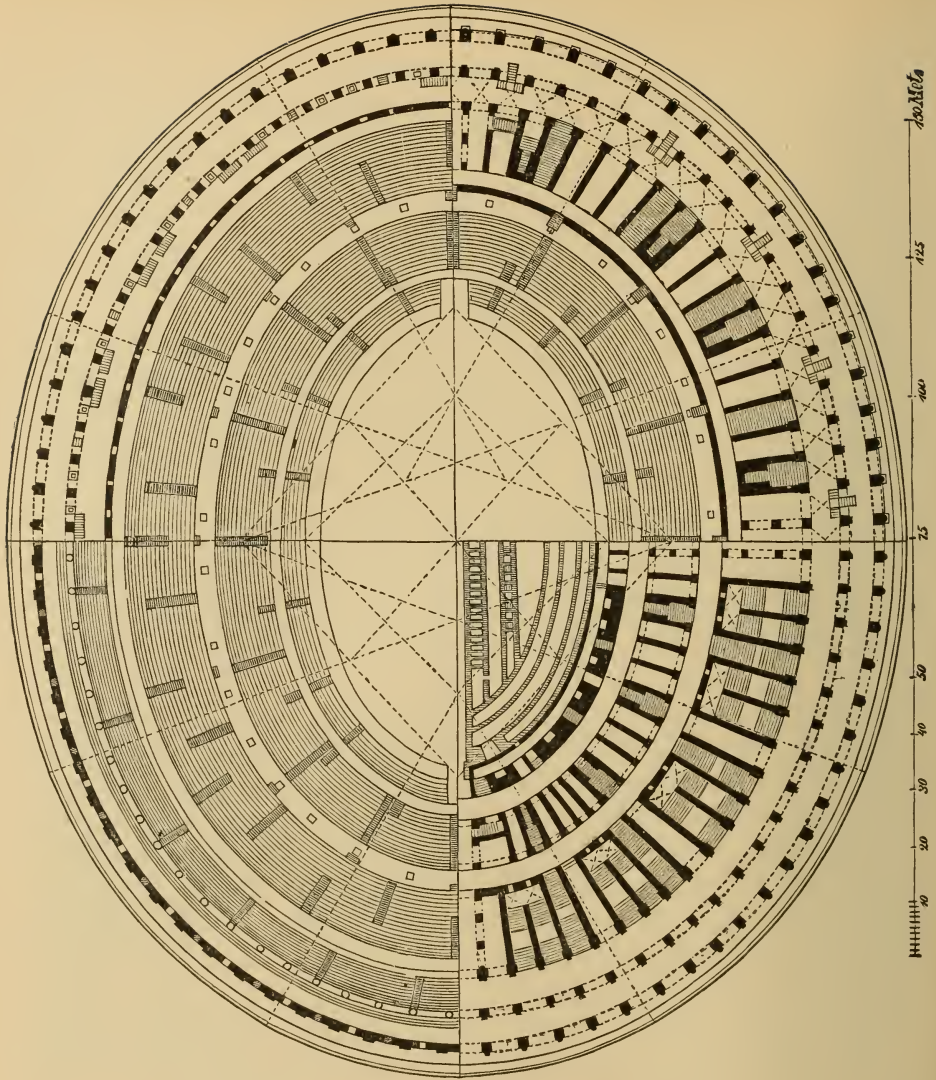
THE party returned to the hotel in time for luncheon, and when that repast was finished they were ready to see in detail what they had just looked at in general. Mrs. Bassett thought she would prefer to visit the Colosseum before going anywhere else, and accordingly the way was taken in the direction of that famous ruin.

The question arose as to the origin of the name of the great amphitheatre, to which Frank made the following answer:

“‘Coliseum,’ as Webster gives it, is often written ‘Colosseum;’ and perhaps that is the more appropriate way of spelling the word. Near the side of this structure there formerly stood a colossal statue of Nero in the character of the ‘God of the Sun.’ It was of bronze, thickly gilded, and one hundred and seventeen feet in height. It was executed during Nero’s time by order of the Emperor himself, and was made by the sculptor Zenodorus. There was a magnificent palace not far from here



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

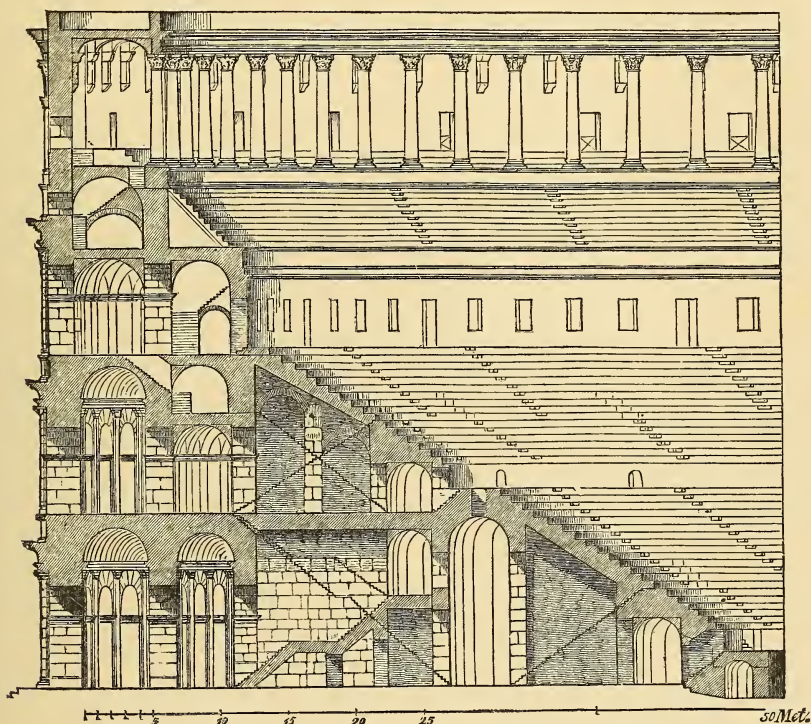


PLAN OF THE COLOSSEUM

belonging to the same Emperor, but after his death the building decayed and the statue was removed. The gardens of the palace contained an artificial lake, and in the spot where this lake stood Vespasian founded the amphitheatre. It was completed by Titus in the year 80, and was subsequently named after the colossal statue of Nero. 'Coliseum' is the customary spelling, but you see that 'Colosseum' is perhaps more descriptive, and so we will adhere to it."

“Yes,” said Mrs. Bassett; “it is certainly a colossal structure, and those who built it must have been very proud of their work. Didn’t they celebrate its completion, just as we are accustomed to celebrate the completion of a grand building nowadays?”

“Certainly, they did,” was the reply. “The completion of the Colosseum was celebrated by gladiatorial combats, men fighting with each



SECTION OF THE AUDITORIUM OF THE COLOSSEUM.

other or with wild beasts; and these contests lasted for a hundred days. Five thousand wild animals were killed during this celebration, and I don’t know how many men. They had naval battles in the Colosseum at that time as well as gladiatorial fights. When we reach the place I will tell you more about the affair and how it was managed.”

When they arrived in front of the Colosseum the party left the carriage and took an outside survey of the immense structure. They walked around it; and the walk was no small matter, as the external circumference of this immense mass of stone measures more than one-third of a mile. It is not round but elliptical in shape, its long diameter

being six hundred and fifty-eight feet, and the shorter five hundred and fifty-eight feet. The height of it at the loftiest point is two hundred and fifty feet according to careful measurement.

“How many spectators could assemble in the Colosseum at once?” Mrs. Bassett asked, as she looked around.

“Eighty thousand could be accommodated with seats,” was the reply, “and from ten to twenty thousand more could have what the theatres in New York call ‘standing room only.’”

“I suppose it was filled to its utmost capacity during the hundred days of the celebration of its completion.”

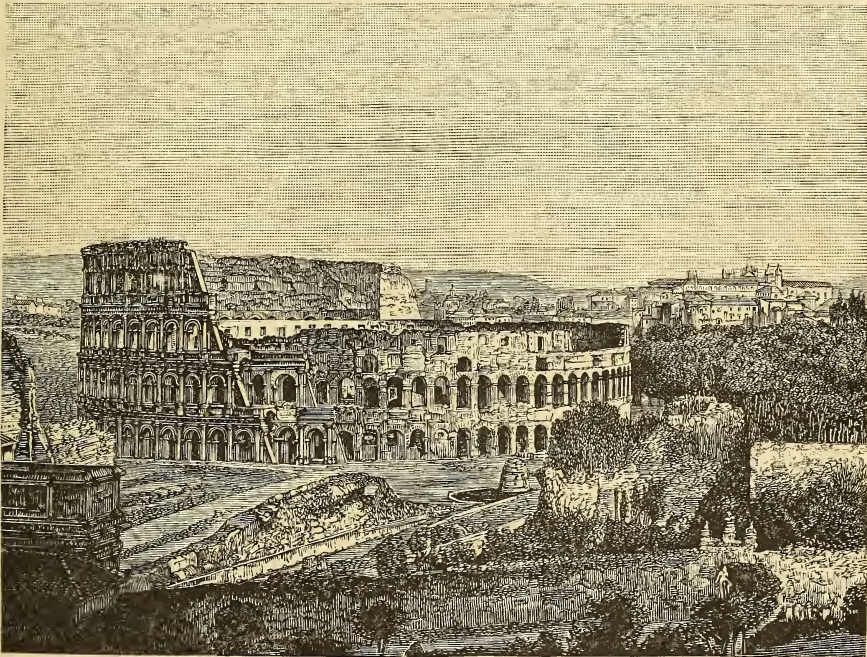
“Undoubtedly it was,” said Frank, “as Rome had a great population then, somewhere between one and two millions. It is probable that business was very generally suspended at that time, and there was no difficulty in filling the seats. Whether the audience went there by special invitation of the Emperor, or whether they paid for their seats, I am not sure. Probably the performances were so arranged that all the inhabitants of the city could have an opportunity, on one day or another, to be present at the show and enjoy the sport.”

After their walk around the Colosseum was completed the party went inside. Fred was appointed historian of the day, and we will listen as he reads from his journal and tells about what they saw:

“This is probably the largest theatre in the world; though it has been considerably injured, enough of it remains to give us a perfect idea of what it must have been in the days of the Roman emperors. It is constructed of blocks of stone, although a considerable quantity of brick was used in the interior. The stone blocks were originally held together by iron clamps, and the guide called our attention to holes that were cut in the stones during the Middle Ages, in order to obtain the iron, which was then very valuable. The seats rise from the edge of the arena tier upon tier, one row above another. Most of the tiers of seats have been taken away, and there are just enough of them remaining to show their original character. They were so designed that the place could be quickly filled, and at the end of a performance it did not require a long time for the audience to get away. The passageways lead to arches beneath the seats, and there was a sufficient number of these passages to enable the audience to scatter in all directions.

“The best-preserved portion of the Colosseum is on the north-east side, and is four stories in height. The first three stories are formed by arcades, and a wall with windows makes the fourth story. It is supposed that statues were placed in the arcades of the second and third stories,

although none are there at present. There are ancient Roman coins in existence with pictures of the Colosseum, and these pictures show statues in the arches I have mentioned. Every fourth arch, as you go around the building, contains a staircase, and besides these staircases there were four main entrances, which are at the extremities of lines drawn through the length and breadth of the building. One of these entrances was for the Emperor; the others were for the grand procession previous to the games, and for bringing in the animals and the machinery. Evidently



THE COLOSSEUM, FROM THE PALATINE HILL.

the places were numbered, and the tickets were marked with the arcade through which the holders were to enter. There were eighty of these arcades, and the numbers, from XXIII. to LIV., are still here. With the arcades thus numbered ticket-holders could get to their places without difficulty or the least confusion.

“The guide showed us the place where the Emperor sat, and it is hardly necessary to say that he had the best position in the house. His seat was called the *Pulvinar*, and this, together with the seats for the

Senators and other high dignitaries, were all enclosed in what they called the *Podium*. Above the podium were three other classes of seats. The gallery of the Colosseum was like that of the modern theatre in one respect, at least. It was the cheapest place in the house, and was occupied by the portion of the public that may be called 'The Lower Ten Thousand.' No doubt it was well patronized.

"They had the necessary apparatus for spreading an awning over the entire place to keep out the rays of the sun in hot days, and also to exclude the wet on rainy ones. Exactly how this was arranged nobody knows, and there has been a great deal of controversy on the subject among modern engineers. We climbed to the top of the colonnade at the place where it was last broken, and had a splendid view, not only of the interior of the structure, but a considerable portion of Rome. The Colosseum is visible from a good many points, and consequently when you are on the top of the ruin you can see those points in return.

"It seemed hardly possible that an awning could be made to stretch over this entire area; but we were assured that such was the case, and, furthermore we could see the holes in the stones where the masts were placed for attaching the ropes that held the awning. It is no easy climb to make, as the staircase that leads to the top of the Colosseum is decidedly steep. We didn't go all the way up in a single staircase; we ascended to the first story, and then walked around till we came to another stairway which took us to the third story. On this story we walked around for a while and then ascended to the top.

"We spent some time on and around the walls and seats of the Colosseum, and then descended to the arena. 'Arena' is the Latin word for sand, and the level space in the middle of the amphitheatre was called the arena because it was covered with sand during the gladiatorial combats, the races, and similar games. They had an arrangement whereby the whole space of the arena could be flooded to the depth of several feet, and thus give an opportunity for boat-races and naval combats. But this was not all; sometimes the arena was filled with a forest, trees being brought from the neighboring hills and set out in the ground, which had been carefully covered with heavy turf. Under these trees ostriches, stags, deer, wild beasts, lions, leopards, bears, and other wild animals were let loose, and then hunting scenes took place, sometimes resulting in the actual killing of the beasts in the forests, and in others simply making a pretence of pursuing them, and allowing them to escape in the dens beneath the rows of seats.

"We wanted to go under the amphitheatre and see the chambers, or



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

dens, where the wild beasts were kept, but learned that these places have been filled up and are not now on exhibition. The cost of supplying the Colosseum with the beasts that were slaughtered here must have been enormous. Lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, and all the other wild animals of the then known world were made to contribute to the amusement of the Romans. Only about one-third of the Colosseum remains at present; but there is enough to give a magnificent effect and show what it was originally. For hundreds of years the Colosseum was

used as a quarry; from its materials entire palaces were constructed, and scores upon scores of smaller buildings. At one time it was used as a private castle, and has also been occupied as a hospital and as a salt-petre manufactory, and I don't know what else.

“Little attention was given to the preservation of the Colosseum until 1740, when Pope Benedict XIV. consecrated it, on account of the frequency with which the blood of martyrs had flowed there. Several chapels were erected in the interior of the Colosseum, and in these chapels sermons are still preached at stated intervals. There was danger that the ruins would fall, and two of the popes caused huge buttresses to be erected for their preservation. The portion of the structure that remains is so large that its value as building material is said to exceed two million dollars. It has often been remarked that the Colosseum is the symbol of the greatness of Rome. As far back as the eighth century it is said that the pilgrims who visited Rome used to exclaim :

“‘While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand ;
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall ;
And when Rome falls—the world.’”

While our friends were seated on one of the rows of steps, Mrs. Bassett said she would like to know something about the gladiatorial combats in the Colosseum; in fact, she was not sure that she knew exactly what a gladiator was, but thought he was a warrior.

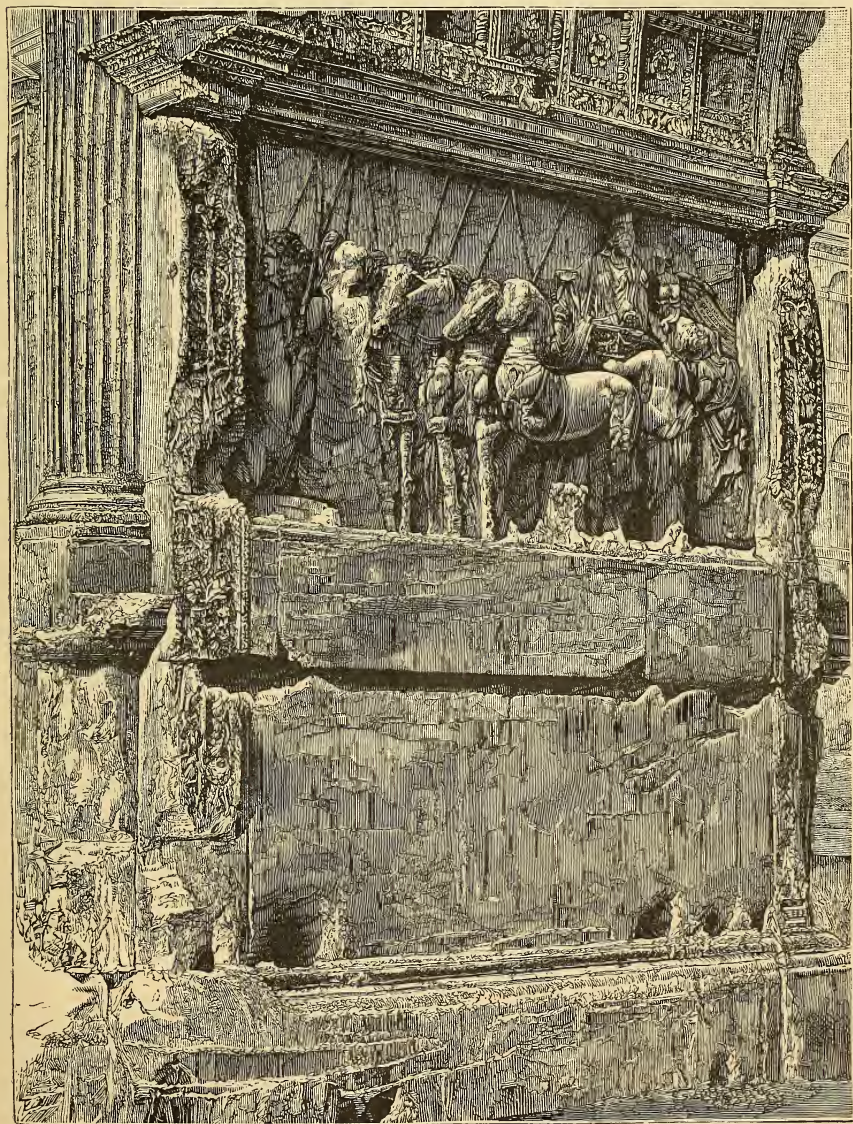
“I will explain that,” said Frank. “A gladiator was a man who fought in the Colosseum here, and in the amphitheatres of other cities, to amuse the public. He fought with a short sword, which was called *gladius*, and from *gladius* came his name of *gladiator*.”

“Do you mean that they fought to kill each other?” queried Mrs. Bassett, in a tone of astonishment.

“Certainly,” was the reply; “usually, when two gladiators fought, one of them was killed, though that was not always the case when one man was vanquished by another. The victor generally appealed to the audience to decide whether he should spare his victim or slay him, the decision being left to the Emperor, the Senators, and other distinguished individuals seated in the podium. These spectators indicated their decision by holding the thumbs of their right hands either upward or downward. If the thumb was held upward, it indicated that the life of the vanquished man should be spared; if downward, he was to be slain.”

“What was the decision usually, as far as you know from history?”

“To the discredit of human nature, it must be said that it was generally unfavorable; and, furthermore, I must say, to the discredit of the gentler sex, they usually voted that the life of the vanquished man should be taken. The women of ancient Rome were quite as blood-



ARCH OF TITUS—TRIUMPHAL CAR AND PROCESSION.

thirsty and cruel as the men; there were exceptional cases, but this must be set down as the general rule."

"Who were the gladiators?" Mary asked; "that is, what kind of men were they? Were they soldiers, or citizens, or prisoners of war?"

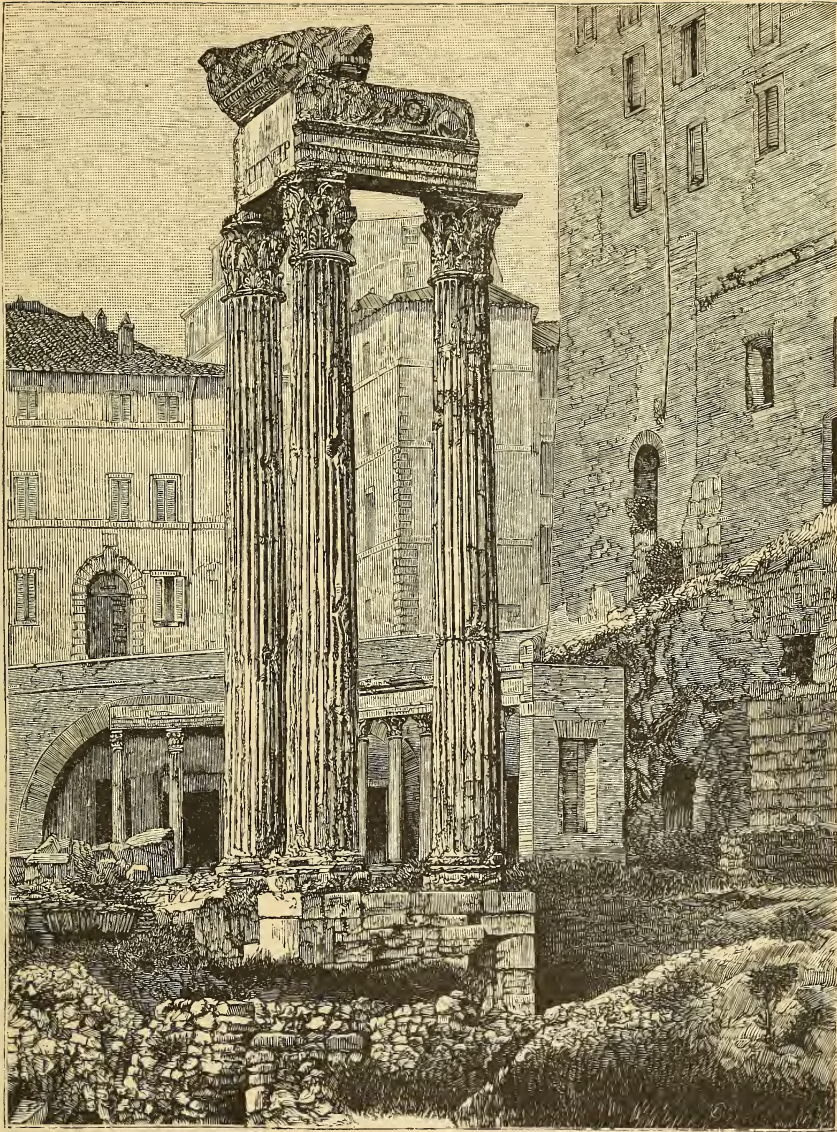
"Usually they were slaves," replied Frank, "bought and trained for fighting by men who made it their business to purchase and train gladiators, and then sell them to the Emperor, or to his master of ceremonies at the amphitheatre. The custom is supposed to have come from Asia, and to have originated in the practice of human sacrifices, or that of taking the lives of captives or prisoners of war. The Egyptians and other people who flourished long before the time of the Romans usually slaughtered their captives in war, and when they did not slaughter them, they converted them into slaves. This custom has not altogether become extinct among savage people; it is practised to this very day in Africa, and until quite recently it was the custom of the American Indians to torture their prisoners to death.

"Gladiatorial combats were introduced at Rome at the funerals of great personages, this practice being in accordance with the Eastern custom of human sacrifices on the occasion of the death of a ruler. The Romans improved on these sacrifices by making the prisoners kill each other; as the prisoners or slaves were specially kept for this purpose, they were trained to fight with skill and courage, in order to make the spectacle as impressive as possible.

"From being a funeral rite, these gladiatorial fights were not long in becoming a spectacle for popular amusement; they were at first given in the open air, where hollows between two hills afforded an opportunity for large numbers of people to witness the performance. As the number of these natural amphitheatres was limited, especially within the walls of a city, it became necessary to erect artificial amphitheatres, and out of this necessity came the Colosseum and the amphitheatres which belonged to Roman cities generally."

"Can you tell me," said Mary, "when they had their first gladiatorial combats at Rome, or any other Italian city?"

"I cannot tell exactly," replied Frank; "but the first one that we read about in Roman history was a show of three pairs of gladiators given at a funeral in the year 490 after the founding of Rome. Fifty years later there was a show of twenty-two pairs of gladiators in the Forum. From that time on the practice increased rapidly; magistrates, public officers of various kinds, and candidates for election gave shows of this kind to the people, and it became the custom for the victor in



TEMPLE OF VESPASIAN.

each pair of gladiators to kill his opponent. The fight was generally to the death, and the victor was rewarded sometimes with a branch of palm, or some other token, and sometimes with his freedom.

“The Roman emperors surpassed everybody else in the extent and grandeur of these spectacles. Julius Cæsar gave a show of three hun-

dred and twenty couples of gladiators, and you already know about the dedication of the Colosseum, when Titus gave a performance of gladiators, wild beasts, and sea-fights for one hundred days. Trajan gave a show of one hundred and twenty-three days, in which twelve hundred men fought with and killed each other, or fought with wild beasts, for the amusement of the populace who were invited."

"They must have required a great number of slaves at Rome to maintain these shows and furnish material for fighting."

"Yes," said Frank; "at some times the number was so great that it was feared they might enter into a conspiracy for the capture of the city. More than once schemes were formed by discontented men for overthrowing the rulers then in power, and in all those schemes the slaves were generally included. There was so much fear of trouble from this source that efforts were made to limit the number of gladiators and diminish the frequency of the shows. Cicero proposed a law to forbid any man giving a gladiatorial show for two years before be-

coming a candidate for office, and the Emperor Augustus prohibited more than two shows in a year. The law was evaded to a considerable extent by private individuals, who used to have gladiatorial fights at banquets and other entertainments, just as in modern times singers or elocutionists are called in to entertain dinner and reception parties.

"I said that the gladiators were prisoners or slaves. This was true for a time; but in the later history of the business freemen often trained themselves for the profession, and adopted it just as one might adopt



SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

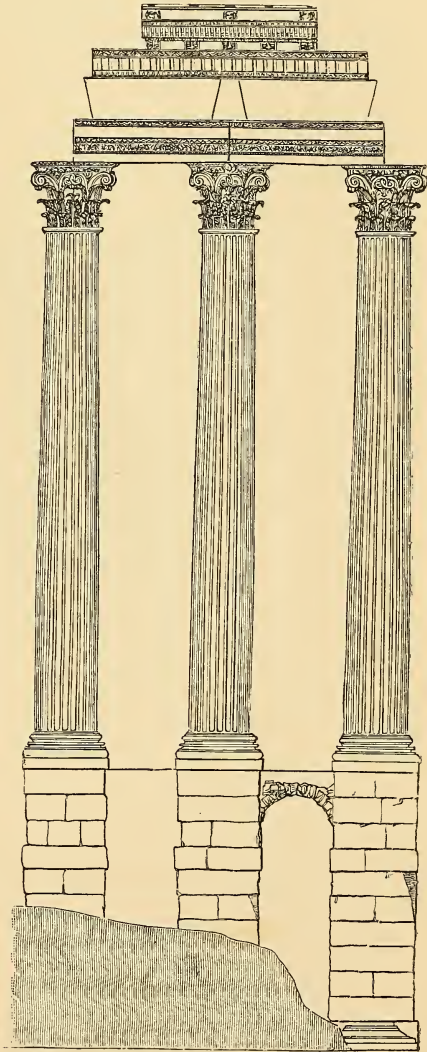
any other occupation. These men have their imitators in modern times in the men who fight in the prize-ring. It is true our modern combatants do not use the sword, or any other weapons except their fists, but it occasionally happens that these natural means of fighting prove fatal in the prize-ring. Not only freemen, but even knights and women fought in the gladiatorial combats before they were abolished by the Emperor Constantine in the year 325. Constantine abolished them by law; but they did not by any means cease until a

considerable time afterwards, as it was not until the year 500 that they were completely brought to an end and out of fashion."

From the Colosseum our friends went to view the Triumphal Arch of Constantine, which is not far away, and is the best preserved of the triumphal arches of Rome. It was erected after the victory over Maxentius in 311, when Constantine declared himself in favor of Christianity.

"It is a very handsome arch," wrote Mary in her note-book, "and is adorned with some very interesting sculptures; the guide said that these sculptures were brought from the Triumphal Arch of Trajan, that stood at the entrance to Trajan's Forum. I asked why they were taken away and brought here; the guide answered that the skill of the sculptors at the time of Constantine was not equal to that of Trajan's time, and so these sculptures were appropriated by the builders of the more modern arch. Some of the figures on the sculptures were so badly defaced during the time of the decline and destruction of Rome that it has been necessary to restore them. Several were entirely destroyed, while others were deprived of their hands and heads.

"The sculptures are interesting from the amount of history contained in them. One shows Trajan's entrance into Rome; another represents him condemning barbarians; another commemorates the foundation of schools where poor children were educated; and in another sculpture Trajan is crowning a Parthian king. Then there are reliefs and medallions representing sacrifices and hunting



COLUMNS OF TEMPLE IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

scenes, together with battles and other incidents in the life of the hero. Between the medallions there are reliefs which represent the triumphs of Constantine, in whose honor the arch was erected. They told us that at one time the arch was surrounded by ruins, so that only the upper part was visible, but in the early part of this century a considerable amount of money was expended in removing the rubbish, and lowering the ground to its original level.

“The Arch of Titus, from which the sculptures were taken,” Mary continued, in her narrative, “must not be confounded with the triumphal arch of the same Emperor, which was erected in commemoration of his victory over the Jews, and dedicated to him by his successor, Domitian, in the year 81. That is a very handsome arch, and we went to see it after we had looked at the Arch of Constantine. It must be an unpleasant spectacle for the Jews, as the reliefs upon the arch commemorate the destruction of their city. One of the finest of the reliefs shows the Emperor with a triumphal procession which contains captive Jews, and in another sculpture he is represented as crowned by Victory in a chariot driven by Roma. During the Middle Ages this arch was converted into a small fortress and strengthened by new walls; when they were removed there was danger that the arch would fall, and its reconstruction became necessary. I learned this partly from an inscription on the side of the arch, and partly from what the guide told me.”

From the arch which Mary has just described our friends went to the capitol, which was the central and principal part of ancient Rome. It is 160 feet above the sea-level, and stands on one of the hills which gave to Rome the name of Seven-hilled City. Few of the ancient buildings which formerly covered the capitol are now standing, though some of their remains are preserved where the Senatorial palace rises. This building was known as the Tabularium, and was erected in the sixth century before the Christian era, for the reception of state documents. It consisted of a series of vaults that are now considerably broken down, and part of it is in the form of an open hall, which was for a long time used as a storehouse for salt. From this building there is an old staircase which descended from the hill of the capitol to the Forum, but there is not much of the staircase remaining.

Mrs. Bassett wished to see the famous Tarpeian Rock, whence, according to history, traitors were thrown and killed. At Frank's suggestion the guide led the way to the rock, which was a disappointment to our friends, as it is to nearly every one who sees it at the present time. What the height of the Tarpeian Rock was in the days of

ancient Rome, we are unable to say; but at present one might jump from the top to its base with no very great danger to his life. It is probable that here as elsewhere a great amount of rubbish has accumu-



TARPEIAN ROCK.

lated, and what was once a considerable height is now a very moderate one. Some authorities think that the spot which is now pointed out is not the Tarpeian Rock of ancient times, though the general impression of the majority confirms its identity.

“From the capitol,” said Fred, “we descended to the Forum, having first taken a good survey of it from the heights above. Portions of the Forum have been excavated, and the rest is still covered, with rubbish. Originally the Forum is said to have been about 750 feet in

length by a little more than 300 in width. It was the great meeting-place of the city, the focus or centre of political life, and it has its counterpart to-day in the central public square of towns and cities throughout the civilized world. It was the place for popular assemblages, for commercial transactions—in fact, for nearly everything connected with the life of the great city. Lawyers seeking clients, doctors desiring patients, merchants wishing for business, all assembled at the Forum, and wandered up and down or stood silently here and there until their opportunities came, if they came at all.

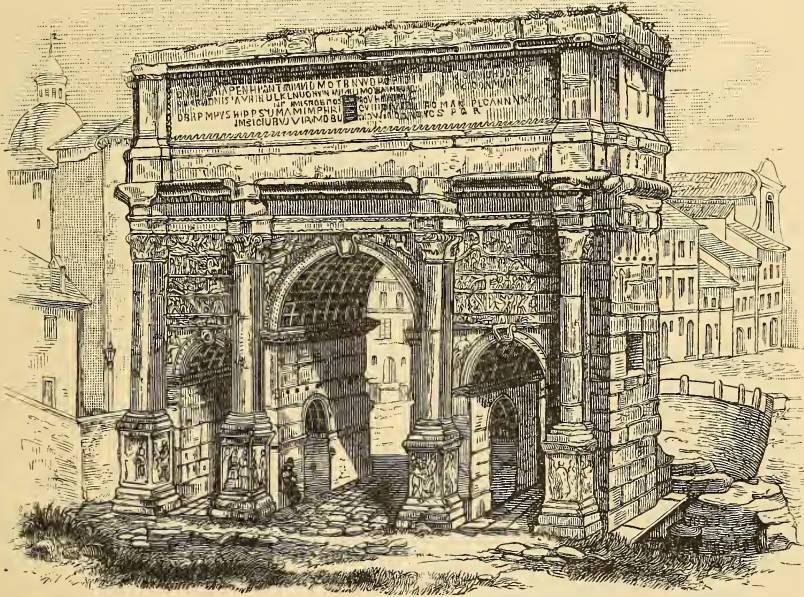
“The Forum was the origin of modern stump-speaking, and the name of rostrum, which is given to the platform whence an orator excites or instructs an audience, comes from this place. Wooden platforms were constructed in different parts of the Forum where the speakers held forth. Judicial trials of various kinds took place here, and it was on this very spot that Cicero delivered the orations which have been the wonder of all ages and the perplexity and annoyance of many a school-boy. The Forum is the place where Cæsar fell, where Brutus delivered his famous oration, and where, according to tradition, the earth opened as a token of the anger of the gods, and refused to close until it received a sacrifice. Into the chasm, so history tells us, rode the warrior Curtius ready armed for battle, and as he disappeared in the depth the vengeance of the gods was satisfied and the earth closed above him.

“In some places the rubbish that has accumulated over the Forum is fifteen or twenty feet in depth, and in order to reach the pavement much digging has been necessary. Every new excavation brings to light treasures that have been hidden for many centuries. The greater part of the Forum has been uncovered, but there is yet much to be brought to light in that locality.*

“The space immediately surrounding the Forum was naturally selected by the Roman emperors for the construction of temples and triumphal arches, some of which have entirely disappeared, while portions of others remain to-day. The first of these to which our attention was

* In Rome the eighty-two miles of new streets made last year yielded the following “dug-ups :” 905 amphora, 2360 terra-cotta lamps, 1824 inscriptions on marble, 77 columns of rare marble, 313 pieces of columns, 157 marble capitals, 118 bases, 590 works of art in terra-cotta, 540 works of art in bronze, 711 intaglios and cameos, 18 marble sarcophagi, 152 bass-reliefs, 192 marble statues, 21 marble figures of animals, 266 busts and heads, 54 pictures in polychrome mosaic, 47 objects of gold, 39 objects of silver, 36,679 coins. Even this astonishing list does not cover everything, but embraces only those objects which were worthy of a place in the museums.

called was the Temple of Saturn, of which eight granite columns are still standing on a basement sixteen feet high. This temple is said to have been erected in the fifth century before our era, and is one of the oldest of the edifices in this vicinity. Near it the Colonnade of the Twelve Gods was pointed out to us, and then the Temple of Vespasian, the Temple of Concordia, and just beyond the latter the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus. History tells us that this arch was erected in honor of that emperor by his two sons, Caracalla and Geta; but Caracalla afterwards murdered his brother, and removed his name from the arch."



ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO THE GHETTO, THE JEWS' QUARTER, AND HOW IT ORIGINATED.—PERSECUTIONS OF THE JEWS IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES; CRUEL EDICTS AGAINST THEM.—DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS; HOW THE JEWS OF ROME WERE COMPELLED TO CELEBRATE IT.—SIGHTS AND SCENES IN THE GHETTO.—ST. PETER'S CHURCH; ITS EXTENT, AND COMPARISON WITH OTHER GREAT CHURCHES.—BAPTISMAL FONT, CANOPY, MOSAICS, MONUMENTS, ETC.—STATUES ON THE ROOF, AND A STORY ABOUT THEM.—AN ART COMPETITION.—A BOY'S READY WIT AND ITS RESULT.—THE VATICAN AND ITS TREASURES.—SISTINE CHAPEL.—“THE LAST JUDGMENT.”—RAPHAEL'S LOGGIE.—FAMOUS PAINTINGS IN THE PICTURE-GALLERY.—COLLECTION OF STATUES.—FAMOUS SCULPTURES.—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—KITCHEN UTENSILS, AND OTHER THINGS.—HOW THE OLD ROMANS LIVED.—THE PANTHEON.—TRAJAN'S COLUMN.—AN AMBITIOUS AMERICAN.

“WE grew weary of walking among the ruins of ancient Rome,” continued Fred, “and so Frank proposed that we take a drive. The rest of us assented to the suggestion, and Mrs. Bassett said she would like to visit the Ghetto, the portion of the city which was allotted to the Jews a long time ago, and where they still live.

“Accordingly we drove there, but did not remain long. The Ghetto is on the banks of the Tiber, and consists of several streets which are parallel with the river and connected by narrow lanes. The population consists entirely of Hebrews, and it is evident to the most casual observer that they are as industrious here as in



ROMAN COIN WITH HEAD OF JANUS.

any other part of the world. Some of the children followed the custom of other Italian children by begging for small coins, but we have become so used to this everywhere we go in this country that we would be very much surprised to find ourselves free from the annoyance for any material length of time while going about the streets.

“The history of the Hebrews in Rome is a history of oppression. The forefathers of the people that we see here to-day were brought to



MAP OF ANCIENT ROME.

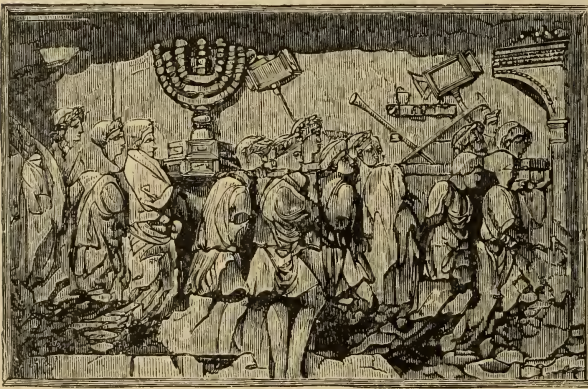
Rome as slaves by Pompey fifty years before the Christian era. In addition to being compelled to perform the most laborious tasks, they were persecuted and loaded with indignities solely because they were slaves and of an alien race. Julius Cæsar relieved their burdens somewhat, and at his death there was general lamentation among the Jews in Rome at the loss of one whom they deemed their friend, and through fear of what might follow. The Emperor Augustus increased their liberty somewhat, and assigned them a quarter in Trastevere, on the other

side of the Tiber ; but their happiness did not long continue, as the cruelties towards them were renewed during the reign of Tiberias.

“They were persecuted still more by Nero, and from his time to that of Vespasian; not only were they subject to indignities and persecution, and forced to perform the severest tasks, but they were thrown into the arena to be devoured by wild beasts, just as a mouse might be tossed to a cat. They were not trained as gladiators, and thus enabled to fight for their lives, but were used to add to the interest of the spectacle without being permitted to defend themselves. Domitian banished them altogether from Rome, and they were compelled to wander about

the country begging or stealing for subsistence, or adopting trades which nobody else wished to follow.”

“That was the way they were treated under the pagan emperors,” Mrs. Bassett said. “When Rome became a Christian city I presume the troubles of the Jews were ended.”



SLAB FROM ARCH OF TITUS, SHOWING SPOILS FROM JERUSALEM.

“Not at all,” continued Fred; “they gained a little more freedom during the twelfth century, and this continued for some time; but in the year 1556 all the privileges they had enjoyed were taken away, and they were confined within the limits of the present Ghetto by order of the Pope, Paul IV., the same one who established the censorship and inquisition at Rome. He commanded that every Jew should wear a badge—the men yellow hats and the women yellow veils. For two centuries these Hebrew victims of intolerance were confined to the limits of the Ghetto, and subjected to all sorts of restrictions and oppressions. The occupations in which they might engage were very few, and they were driven into downright dishonesty in order to support themselves.

“Every Sunday they were required to listen to a sermon against their religion. Under Gregory VI. they were compelled to decorate the road leading to the Colosseum, and also to decorate the Triumphal



A JEWISH RABBI.—[Rembrandt.]

Arch of Titus, which commemorated their defeat and the destruction of Jerusalem. Under another pope they were required to run races almost naked, and with ropes about their necks, at the time of the Carnival, amid the hootings and other insults of the populace. The gates of their quarter of the city were locked at a certain time of the night; unless they were within the gates at the time they were compelled to stay outside, and were punished for not being at home. Down to what we

may call our day the persecutions continued, and it was only in the year 1846 that the walls of the Ghetto were torn down and the old harshness towards the Hebrews ceased.”*

“Four or five thousand people live in the Ghetto at the present time,” said Fred. “The number varies somewhat with the season of the year, owing to the habits of some of the Hebrews, who go about the country for purposes of trade.”

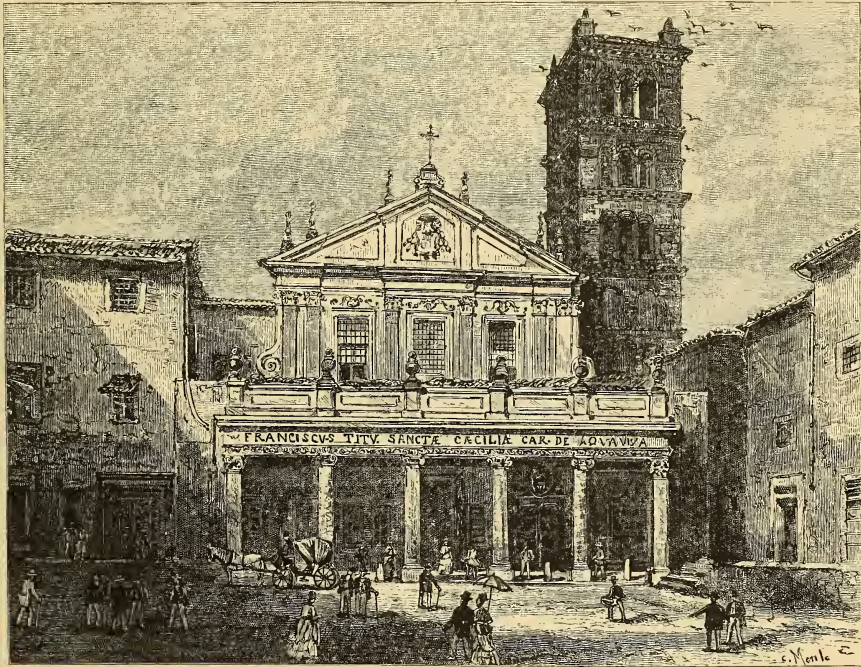
Mrs. Bassett observed that nearly every one except the children seemed to be occupied with something, and in many places even the children were at work. Women were sewing in the shops, and men were offering goods of various kinds for sale. There are large dealings in the Ghetto in cloths and jewelry, tapestries, paintings, and similar treasures, and there is no doubt that the Ghetto contains a great deal of wealth. Of course there were shops for the sale of cast-off clothing, and most of them seemed to be doing a good business. The streets of the Ghetto are not the cleanest in the world—in fact, they are decidedly dirty and unwholesome in appearance; but it is a curious circumstance that there is less disease there than in most other parts of Rome. Fevers, cholera, and maladies of a similar nature are said to be far less dangerous in this part of the Imperial City than anywhere else.

Everywhere our friends went in the Ghetto they were treated with civility. Mrs. Bassett remarked that the inhabitants would be justified in stoning any stranger that ventures there, in view of the persecutions of the Jews during the last eighteen centuries.

We will not attempt to tell in detail the story of what our friends saw during their stay in Rome. After visiting the principal sights of the city in the order in which they are usually seen by tourists, they decided to follow their own plans, which Frank said were very nearly no plans at all. In other words, they decided at the end of one day what they would do on the next, with the understanding that the scheme would be an elastic one and liable to change at any moment. If they found that the time allotted to examining any temple, church, ruin, palace, or other place of interest was too short, they remained as long as they liked, and whatever was left unseen at the end of the day became part of the programme of the next.

* Since the visit of our friends to Rome, the Ghetto has been entirely demolished and its inhabitants scattered. New buildings and an open square now occupy the site of the old quarter of Rome, to which the Jews were restricted, and few, if any, of the ancient landmarks of the Ghetto are visible to-day.

Of course they went to St. Peter's Church ; in fact, they did so on the day after seeing the Colosseum, the Forum, and other objects of interest already mentioned. Hardly a day passed during their stay in the city that they did not manage to spend a short while in or near the great church, and before the time of their departure arrived they felt



CHURCH OF ST. CECILIA IN ROME.

that they were thoroughly familiar with it, and not likely soon to forget its greatness and its magnificence. Mary endeavored to put on paper a description of the church, which we are permitted to copy :

“There may be finer churches in the world,” said the girl ; “but certainly we have never seen them, and for one I never realized that there was so grand a church anywhere as this. It is great in every way: it is great when you look at it from the outside, and it is equally great when you are in the interior ; and everything is in harmonious proportion. For instance, inside the church at one point is a basin for holy-water ; it is carved in marble and fastened against one of the pillars supporting the roof, and appears to be upheld by two cherubs.

“We were standing perhaps a hundred feet away when Frank called my attention to the basin, and asked me how large I thought the cherubs were. They looked small, and I told him they might be fifteen or eighteen inches high. He smiled, and asked me to go with him.

“We went together to the front of the basin, and what do you suppose we discovered? Those cherubs were each of them fully six feet in height; the reason they look so small is because everything is on a grand scale, and they are proportioned to the size of things about them. When I saw the size of these cherubs I realized more forcibly than at any previous moment the grandeur of St. Peter’s.

“Let me give you a few figures by way of comparison, omitting the hundreds. The area of St. Peter’s Church is 212,000 feet, while that of the Cathedral of Milan is 117,000; St. Paul’s, in London, 108,000; St. Sophia, at Constantinople, 96,000; the Cathedral of Cologne, 73,000; and the Catholic Cathedral of New York, 43,000. Now just please read these figures over again to impress them on your memory. St. Peter’s Church is 650 feet long on the outside and 630 feet on the inside. Near the entrance the nave is 162 feet high and 93 feet wide. Each aisle is 35 feet wide, and the total width of the church is 209 feet. The breadth of the transept is 220 feet. From the pavement to the lantern on the dome is 429 feet, and to the cross on the summit 465 feet. The diameter of the dome is 148 feet. It is a very large dome, but is 3 feet less than the dome of the Pantheon, which is supposed to have been the model used by the architect Michael Angelo. There are 290 windows in the church, 48 columns, 46 altars, and 390 statues.

“There are figures enough for the present. The church occupies the site of the circus of Nero, where St. Peter suffered martyrdom. There was an earlier church here that was approached by an entrance court with colonnades, and surrounded with smaller churches, monasteries, and chapels. It was in this church, in the year 800, that the Emperor Charlemagne received the Roman imperial crown from the hands of Pope Leo III., and after that time other emperors and popes received their crowns in this very place. The edifice became a good deal damaged in course of time, so that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was determined to erect a new building. To no one architect is due the grandeur of the edifice—all had a greater or less part in the work; but it is generally conceded that the greatest of all the men connected with it was Michael Angelo. The whole expense of the construction of St. Peter’s Church is said to have been £10,000,000 sterling, or \$50,000,000, and the repairs cost about \$30,000 a year.

“I will not undertake to describe the church in detail, as it would take altogether too much time and space, and besides I couldn't do it if I wanted to. We visited every part of the church, including the chapels

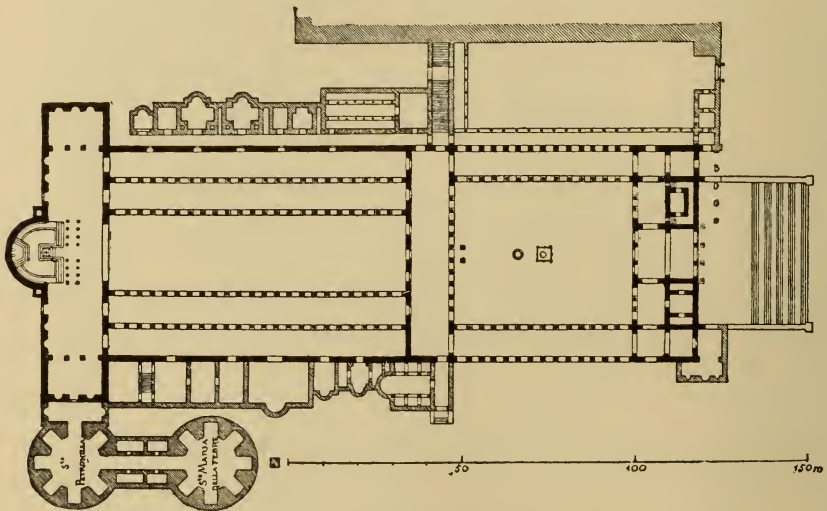


THE TRANSFIGURATION.—[Raphael.]

and the dome. We walked about the roof, and looked down upon the city and the winding Tiber. We climbed into the ball above the dome—at least, Frank and Fred did; but mamma and I stayed below. The bones of St. Peter rest in the confessio, which is directly under the centre of the

dome. Over it, on the main floor of the church, is the canopy, supported by four richly-gilded spiral columns surmounted with a cross. This canopy, as you look at it from the entrance of the church, appears to be of no great height, perhaps ten or twenty feet from the floor; but it is really ninety feet high from base to top.

“I was disappointed in one thing: I thought we would see a great many pictures in the church, but learned soon after we entered it that there are fewer fine pictures here than in any other church of importance. Most of the pictures have been removed to the Vatican,



PLAN OF THE ORIGINAL CHURCH OF ST. PETER.

and those that were formerly here have been replaced by copies in mosaics, the mosaics being so well made that many of them might be taken for paintings. The church is ornamented with a great many statues, nearly all the popes being thus represented and many saints. There are monuments in memory of former popes, some of them very elaborate, and costing a great deal of money.

“When we were on the roof of the church our attention was called to the statues which ornamented the front. We had looked at them from below, and they seemed to us perfect in proportion and features; but when we were on the roof, and the statues were close at hand, they had a grotesque appearance. Their features were exaggerated, their figures were out of all proportion, and in several ways they seemed to

be the work of the merest tyro at sculpture. Mamma wondered why it was they were allowed to be put here, where everything else is so tasteful and in harmony with everything else.

“Frank explained that the statues were not intended to be looked at from the roof, but from below, and at the angle and distance whence a spectator sees them. Seen from the pavement they were perfect, and



STATUE OF ST. PETER IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

that was what was intended. Frank said there was a story, whether true or not he could not say, that when the church was built there was a competition for the statues to be placed on the roof. On the day

when judgment was to be made on the statues, they were all placed in the square in front of the church. Those with the grotesque features were laughed at, and the choice fell at once upon the statues that were perfect in proportion and regular in features. They were accepted, while the others were rejected; and one of the accepted ones was immediately hoisted to the roof. When it was in its proper position it did not appear to have any features at all; it was out of shape and dwarfed in every way as one looked at it from below, and the spectators derided it and demanded its removal at once.

“Then the other sculptor asked that one of his statues should be tried. At first the proposition was laughed at, but a sense of justice prevailed with those in charge of the work, and so the grotesque figure was hoisted up. When it was in position, and the workmen stood aside so that it could be seen, it was found to be exactly what was needed. The features were regular, the proportions of the body and limbs were exactly what the place required, and the populace that had assembled to witness the trial cheered loudly the successful sculptor, whom they had ridiculed when they first saw his work.

“In the open space in front of St. Peter’s Church there is an obelisk which was brought from Egypt, and I heard an interesting story about placing it on its pedestal. The machinery was all ready, and the spectators had been ordered, under penalty of the severest punishment, not to utter a word while the work of lifting the obelisk was in progress. When the hoisting began the ropes stretched considerably, and, after rising for a short distance, the great mass of stone came to a stand-still. The engineer in charge of the work was puzzled, and held a consultation with his assistants. They were standing close to a group of the spectators, when a boy who saw their perplexity shouted at the top of his voice, ‘Wet the ropes!’ He was immediately pounced upon by a policeman for violating the order that had been issued at the beginning of the work, but his advice was acted upon. The wetting of the ropes caused them to shrink, and the obelisk was very soon hoisted into place. Instead of being punished, the boy was taken into the presence of the Pope, where the story of the occurrence was narrated. The Pope forgave him for his violation of the order, and then asked what reward he desired for his valuable suggestion to the workmen.

“Instead of mentioning a sum of money or a bagful of sweetmeats as a suitable compensation, the boy asked that his family might have the privilege of supplying the palm leaves that are distributed at St. Peter’s and other churches of Rome on Palm Sunday. His request was granted,

and the monopoly of this privilege remains at the present day among his descendants, who remember him with gratitude."

The Vatican is at the side of St. Peter's Church, and the visit to the two places is usually combined in one. Our friends spent so much time



MOSAIC, SHOWING ENTRY OF CHRIST INTO JERUSALEM.

in the church when they made their detailed visit that it was too late in the day for the Vatican, and they postponed their inspection of the latter place until the following morning.

The Vatican is probably the largest palace in the world. It was originally erected as a dwelling-house for the popes, and consequently was made convenient to the church; the original Vatican was annexed to the old Church of St. Peter, and was gradually extended as the power of the Church increased. It is generally believed that the Emperor Charlemagne resided here at the time when he was in Rome.

From time to time the building has been increased; new buildings have been added, and sections have been joined on, one after another, until at present the palace is said to contain more than ten thousand

chapels, saloons, and rooms. There are no fewer than twenty courts in the Vatican, and if it could be divided and moved away at least a dozen good-sized palaces could be constructed from it. There is a covered passage-way leading from the Vatican to the Castle of St. Angelo, which



THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

was constructed more than four hundred years ago. From a strategic point of view the Vatican was a stronghold of no small consequence before the invention of artillery, but it could make only a slight resistance to the fire-arms of the present day.

“I cannot give you a full description of the Vatican,” said Mary in her journal, “any more than I could describe in detail the Church of St. Peter, and will only undertake to tell you about a few of the things we saw. In the first place, the art treasures of the Vatican are among the finest in the world. In the various halls and galleries are collected works of the greatest masters that have ever existed. I could spend days and days there, and so could any one who is a lover of pictures. Even a simple list of the pictures and statuary in the Vatican would fill many pages, and the visitor who goes there expecting to look at everything will soon find that he has undertaken to do far more than is within his power to execute.

“One of the finest halls in the Vatican is the Sistine Chapel, which received its name from being erected under Sixtus IV., in 1473. It is decorated with beautiful frescos by Florentine masters of the fifteenth century, which represent parallel scenes from the lives of Christ and Moses. As you stand in front of the altar facing the entrance-wall the scenes of the life of Christ are on the right hand, and those dealing with the life of Moses are on the left. They extend along the sides of the chapel until they meet at the entrance-wall. Portraits of twenty-eight of the popes are painted on the pillars between the windows, but we gave little attention to them, as we found the frescos of much more interest. They are worthy of the highest praise.

“The great work of art in the Sistine Chapel is the ceiling, which was painted, so history tells us, by Michael Angelo. We learned at Florence what a rapid worker he was; but even with the knowledge that we had concerning him we were surprised at the extent of the painting in the Sistine Chapel. The painting represents the preparation of the world for the coming of the Saviour. The Creation, the Fall, and the



ANCIENT KNOCKER.

Deluge are represented in the centre of the ceiling, and around these paintings are the figures of the prophets who predicted the coming of the Messiah, and the ancestors of Christ who expected him. These pictures are combined so as to form an exquisite whole; and there are great numbers of accessory figures, relief-medallions, and other things, so that the painting requires considerable study before one can begin to make out all its component parts.



STATUE OF AUGUSTUS—VATICAN COLLECTION.

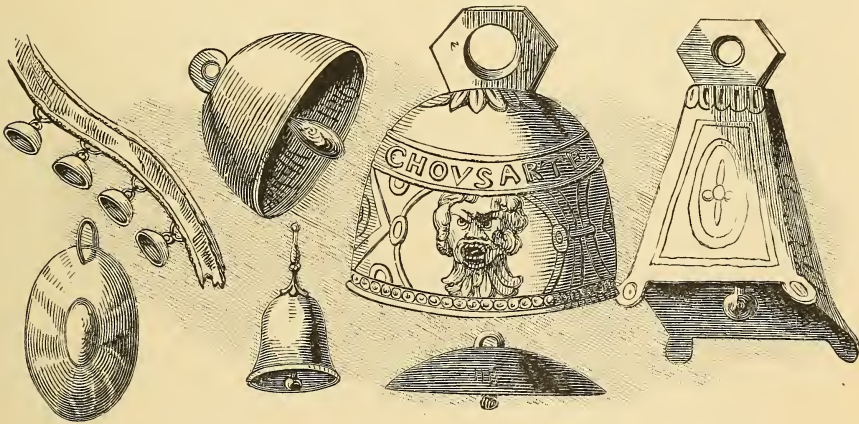
“On the wall back of the altar is the celebrated painting, also by Michael Angelo, representing the Last Judgment, but it is not in a good light, and has been blackened and injured by the torches and candles used in the chapel. We studied the painting for some time, but really one can get a better idea of it from a good engraving than from the painting itself, for the reason that the engraving shows very distinctly many points that are decidedly obscure in the picture as it now is.

“Another very interesting part of the Vatican was the Loggie of Raphael. We reached it by the same flight of stairs that took us to the Sistine Chapel; the

chapel is on the first floor, while the Loggie of Raphael is on the second floor. The paintings are partly by Raphael and partly by his pupils from drawings made by the master. There is an almost endless

number of pictures, all of religious subjects, some from the Old Testament and some from the New. Part of the pictures are upon canvas, and the rest are frescos on the wall and cannot be moved.

“Perhaps you imagine that the paintings I have described form a part of the Picture-gallery, but you are mistaken. The Picture-gallery is quite a little distance from the Sistine Chapel, and is comparatively modern, as it was founded by Pope Pius VII., who collected in this gallery the pictures which the French had taken away from the churches and were compelled to restore in 1815. They were the finest in Rome,



BELLS OF ANCIENT ROME.

and probably would have never been brought together as we now find them had it not been for their removal to Paris during the wars of Napoleon. In the collection is the famous ‘Transfiguration,’ by Raphael; ‘The Annunciation,’ by the same artist; ‘The Communion of St. Jerome,’ by Da Vinci; and ‘The Adoration of the Shepherds,’ by Murillo. These famous pictures include only a comparatively small part of the great works by the same and other artists. They are well known to lovers of art, generally by means of the engravings and copies that have been made of them, and therefore it is useless for me to attempt to describe, or even to name them, in this brief narrative.

“There is a museum of statues in the Vatican,” Mary continued, “which equals the Picture-gallery in extent and magnificence; in fact, I believe it is regarded as the finest collection of antiquities in the world. It contains some of the best of the old Roman statues, including the

'Apollo Belvedere,' 'The Laocoon,' and 'The Torso of Hercules,' which have received the admiration and praise of all sculptors who ever saw them. Apart from these famous pieces there are statues and busts in great number, enough to supply half a dozen museums and leave a good many pieces to spare. We spent some time in this collection, and were very unwilling to leave it. Quite as interesting as the statues was the collection of utensils of every-day life and personal ornaments, which tell us a great deal about the ancient Romans, how they lived, and what they did. There were keys with which they locked their doors and chests, and some of these keys were so small that they were attached to finger-rings. There were bronze knockers which came from the doors of their houses, many of them of very curious workmanship, and presenting the heads of animals, together with grotesque caricatures of the human face. Then there were bells, some round and others square, some large and others small, and many of them very beautifully wrought. On one of the bells there was an inscription which signified Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, these being the four elements of nature, as taught by some of the most ancient philosophers.

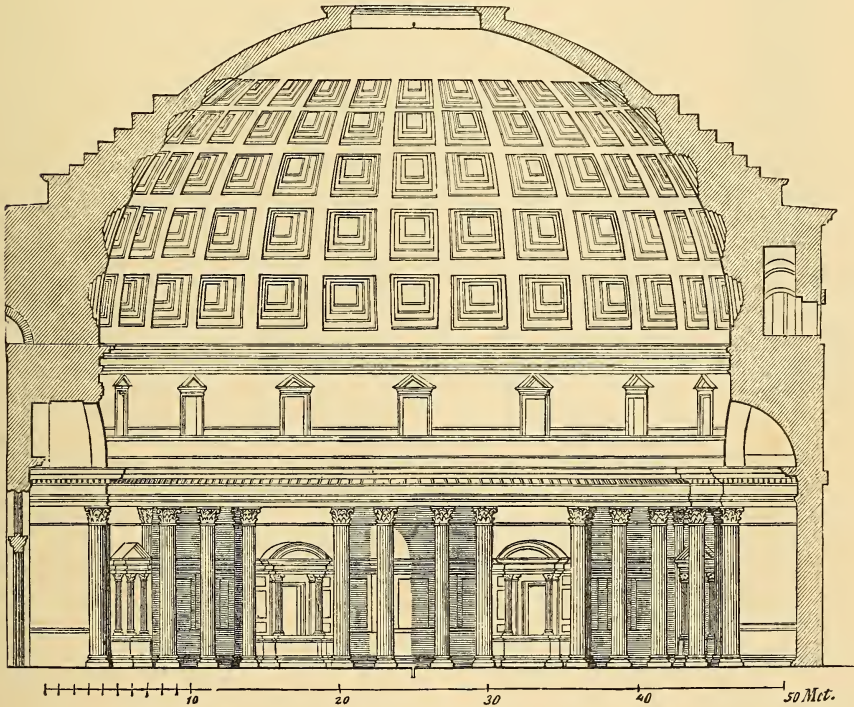
"The kitchen utensils were more ornamental than the kitchen utensils of the present day. We saw a wine-strainer whose handle was beautifully decorated with figures of animals, and the holes through the thin bronze were arranged in very pretty figures. There are some Roman chairs in the museum; they are very interesting on account of their age, but they don't look as comfortable as the chairs we use at the present time. One of them has a straight and high back, while another has a back only a few inches in height, so that it is little better than no back at all. As nearly as I can make out the houses of the old Romans were not very comfortably furnished according to our notions, but I suppose they were suited to the times and to the tastes of the people.

"Our attention was called to a couch, and Frank explained to me that these couches were used at dinner, the old Romans being accustomed to recline at their feasts instead of sitting upright, as we do. It is supposed that this custom began from the daily use of the bath, as the Romans were in the habit of bathing just before their evening meal; it was their practice to rest after a bath, and so they would lie down on their couches and be served with food by their attendants.

"The tables of the rich were made of costly wood and adorned with tortoise-shells, ivory, and valuable stones; and the couches were covered with thick quilts, or mattresses, embroidered in gold, and made of expensive materials. The poorer classes of the people were obliged to eat

from plain tables, or more likely from no tables at all. They had cups and goblets of gold, silver, and crystal, and also of glass, and I was surprised to find to what an extent the old Romans carried the art of working in glass, and the beautiful things made of it.

“We have seen vases and bottles which reminded us of vases and decanters of the present time. Some of the glass goblets from which



SECTION OF THE PANTHEON.

they drank their wine have a peculiar color that changes with the changing of the light upon them. Many of their pitchers, vases, and goblets were made in the form of animals. We saw one pitcher which was in the form of a goat sitting upright; the open mouth of the animal raised in the air formed the mouth of the pitcher, and his horns, curved so as to touch his back, made the handle.

“I wish I had time to tell you even a tenth part of what we saw in the Vatican Museum, but Frank is calling me, and I must lay aside my pen for I don't know how long.”



TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

When Frank interrupted Mary it was to tell her it was time to start for their visit to the Pantheon, which is the best preserved ancient edifice in Rome. According to history, it was erected in the year 27 before the Christian era; it has suffered a good deal from the destruction that went on in Rome for so long, but happily the destruction was less than that of the other buildings. It was consecrated as a Christian church in the year 610, and in this way its preservation was greatly assisted. The ground in its vicinity has been raised, so that the pavement of the temple is considerably below the level of the surrounding space, although originally it was approached by an ascent of several steps. It has a portico of sixteen columns of granite nearly forty feet in height. These columns were arranged to form three colonnades, and in these colonnades there formerly stood, along with others, the colossal statues of the Emperor Augustus and his son-in-law Agrippa.

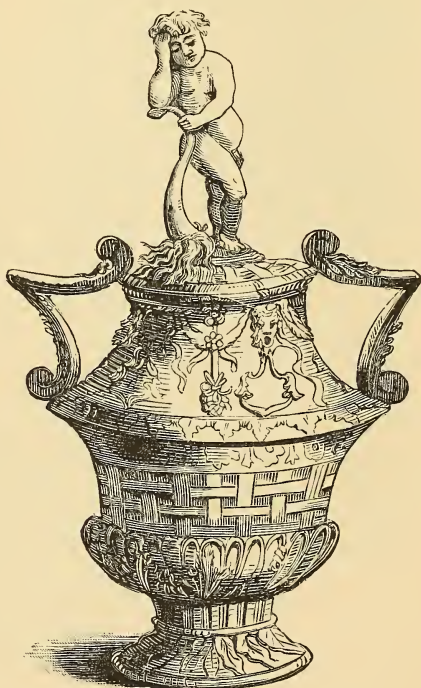
The Pantheon is in the shape of a dome, and the only light that enters it is through the aperture at the top. This circular opening is twenty-eight feet in diameter, and is formed by an immense ring of bronze that must have taxed the ingenuity of the engineers to put it in place. The origin of the name of the Pantheon has never been fully explained, but one tradition is that the beautiful effect of the interior lighted from above was such as to make it resemble the vault of heaven. Originally the Pantheon was covered with gilded bronze tiles, which were removed by one of the emperors during the seventh century. Some of the bronze pillars of the Pantheon were taken away to be converted into the columns of the high altar of the Church of St. Peter, and into cannon for the Castle of St. Angelo.

“As we have seen the best preserved building of ancient Rome,” said Fred in his journal, “I must not fail to mention the best preserved of the many columns with which the city was once adorned. This is Trajan’s Column, which stands now, where it has stood since the time of that Emperor, on what is called the Forum of Trajan. The column, with its pedestal and the statue on its top, is one hundred and fifty-eight feet high, and it is

twelve feet in diameter at its base. It is covered with reliefs which describe Trajan's war with the Dacians, and it is said that there are more than twenty-five hundred human figures represented in these reliefs, each figure being two feet high. This column served as the model for the famous Vendôme Column in Paris, and it has served as the model for other columns both ancient and modern.

“There is a story that an American visitor to Rome once called on a sculptor, and asked him to make an estimate for erecting a column on the plan of that of Trajan's. ‘I want my own history on a monument just like that,’ he explained. ‘I want a picture of myself at the bottom of the column beginning life as a farmer's boy in the country, then working as clerk in a country store, teaching a district school, running a saw-mill, driving a stage, conducting a railroad, and so on through a dozen different occupations, and with my statue on the top just like that statue on Trajan's Column. I want it to set up in the city where I live in America, so that everybody can see it and know who I am.’

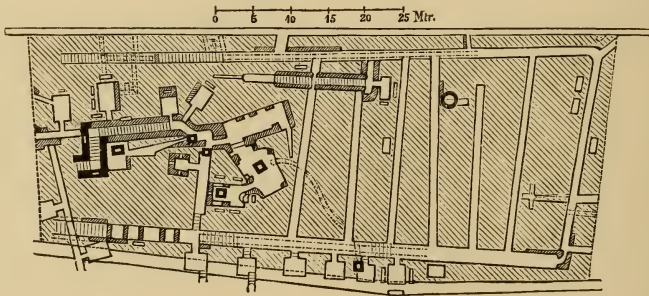
“The sculptor was appalled at the proposition, and said it would take a long time for him to make an estimate, and, furthermore, the execution of the work would cost many thousands of dollars, and require ten or twenty years for its completion. The American concluded to drop the subject and be content with a monument of a more modest character.”



MONUMENTAL URN.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME, AND A VISIT TO THEM.—MEMENTOS OF EARLY CHRISTIAN PERSECUTION.—CATACOMB OF ST. CALIXTUS.—PASSAGES AND ROOMS UNDERGROUND.—PAINTINGS ON THE WALLS.—BURIAL NICHES AND VAULTS.—FROM ROME TO NAPLES.—CAPUA.—THE APPIAN WAY.—THE BAY OF NAPLES.—EXTENT AND BEAUTY OF THE CITY; ITS HISTORY.—CASTLE OF ST. ELMO, AND VIEWS FROM ITS WALLS.—STREET SCENES OF NAPLES.—OUT-DOOR LIFE.—STRADA SANTA LUCIA AND THE PROMONTORY.—OYSTER MEN AND FRUTTI DI MARE.—LAZZARONI, AND THEIR HISTORY; HOW THEY EAT MACARONI.—A FREE LUNCH IN THE STREET.—PERAMBULATING RESTAURANTS.—STREET LETTER-WRITERS, AND THEIR OCCUPATION.—ZAMPOGNARI.—RASCALITIES OF BOATMEN AND CARRIAGE DRIVERS; HOW TO MEET THEM.—A DRIVER'S PHILOSOPHY.—CHURCHES AND THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.



PLAN OF THE CATACOMB OF ST. CALIXTUS.

FRANK and Fred arranged for a visit to the Catacombs, which are an interesting feature of sight-seeing in Rome. The Catacombs were the burial-places of the early Christians, and were comparatively little known in modern times until the present century. Investigations concerning them are constantly going on, and every year adds something to our information concerning them. Originally the term Catacombs referred to those under the Church of St. Sebastian, but it is now applied to all the subterranean passages in and about Rome. Some of them were excavated especially for the purpose of Christian

burial, and others were made in search of puzzolona, a peculiar earth or stone which, when mixed with lime, forms the famous Roman cement. Some of the Catacombs were family tombs, and some were like cemeteries, as they were owned by societies formed by the Christians for interment in the days of Christian persecution.

There are various theories and traditions concerning the Catacombs, one being that their localities and the entrances to them were carefully concealed, and that the Christians fled to these places to escape persecution, the Romans not knowing where they were. Doubtless it is true that in some cases the early Christians found the Catacombs a secure retreat against persecution, but it can hardly have been the case with all of them. They extend around the city in a wide circle, and many of them are beneath the city itself. There are said to have been some thirty or more of them, but at the present time only a few are accessible. Visitors are usually taken to the Catacomb of Calixtus, which is on the Appian Way, a little more than a mile beyond the San Sebastian gate. The entrance to it is in a small vineyard, and adjoins a brick



PAPAL VAULT IN THE CATACOMB.

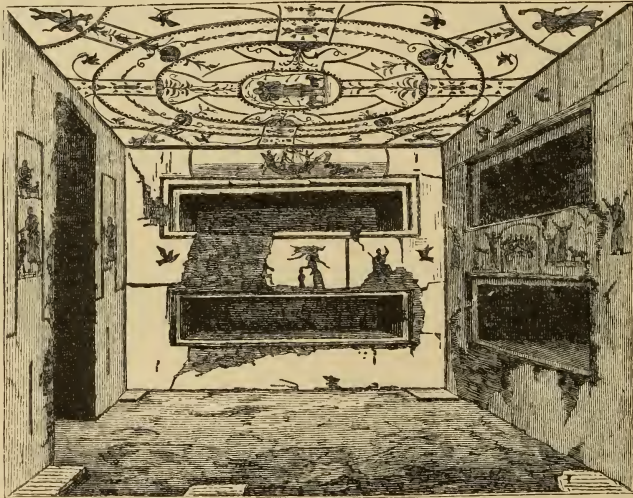
building which was quite neglected until the middle of the present century, when it was accidentally discovered to be a chapel of St. Calixtus.

“There was a small party of us,” said Fred, “perhaps ten or twelve in all, and we were instructed to follow closely after one another, keeping all the time within sight or hearing of the guide. There are many lateral passages in the Catacombs, and it is said that visitors have sometimes wandered off and been lost, their absence not being noticed until too late to find them, but such occurrences are infrequent.

“The passages were quite narrow, so that it was necessary for us to walk in single file for the greater part of the way. Here and there a passage widened into rooms or chambers, and the walls of these chambers contained niches which had been the tombs of the early Christians. They showed us the tombs of several of the early popes and bishops,

the identity of the places being known by the inscription above or below them. There are great numbers of inscriptions all through the Catacombs, and they are supposed to have been made between the third and sixth centuries, and possibly later.

“The walls of the narrow passages, as well as those of the rooms, contain niches where the dead were laid to rest, and it is evident that a great number of people found their resting-place here during the time that Christianity was under ban in Rome. One of the rooms that they showed us contained the tomb of St. Cecilia, whose remains are now in the Roman church that bears her name. Some of the walls are ornamented with paintings which date from various centuries between the fourth and the eighth. Mass is celebrated in this tomb on St. Cecilia’s Day, the chapel and adjoining chambers being lighted up and open to



CRYPT IN THE CATACOMB OF CALIXTUS.

the public. In one of the tombs there is a stone coffin containing the remains of the original occupant, dried so that in its general appearance it resembles an Egyptian mummy.

“We spent an hour or more in this Catacomb, wandering through the passages, looking at the inscriptions and paintings on the walls, examining the burial-places, and listening to the explanations of the guide, which were not always easy to understand. The guide and several others carried torches, and the smoke from these torches made the

atmosphere anything but clear. We were all of us glad when we saw the light shining at the place of exit, and were told that our journey was at an end. The guide suggested that we could visit some of the other Catacombs, but we concluded that our experience in this line of underground exploration was all that we desired."

Visits were made to the principal palaces and villas that are open to the public in and around the city, and the days passed pleasantly and rapidly. The account of what our friends saw and learned at Rome would fill a volume of goodly size, and even then much would be left untold. One morning the party took the train for Naples. Several places of interest were pointed out as they sped along the railway, but we will not attempt to describe them.

The ride between the two cities was greatly enjoyed. Frank said they might have found it more interesting if they had gone, as many tourists go, by carriage, instead of making the more expeditious journey by railway. The train by which they travelled carried them from Rome to Naples in about seven hours; the journey by carriage occupies three days, and for a part of the distance the route follows the Appian Way of ancient Rome. Portions of the Via Appia, which extended from Rome to Capua, are identical with the modern road, while other portions follow a different route. The Roman roads were very solidly constructed; so well were they made that those which have been neglected for hundreds of years can still be traced, and in many places are in a passable condition. The carriage road down to a few years ago was rather unsafe, on account of the brigandage which prevailed in this part of Italy. The Government has now suppressed it, but occasionally it happens that travellers are stopped by robbers, and compelled to pay heavily to their captors for the privilege of continuing their journey with life and limb unharmed.

When our friends reached Naples and caught sight of the beautiful bay on which the city stands Mrs. Bassett and Mary were quite excited with delight. They had read and heard much of the great beauty of the situation, but were unprepared for all the attractions that met their eyes in the scene before them.

From time immemorial the Bay of Naples has been celebrated for its loveliness. Writers in ancient times sounded its praises just as warmly as do those of the present day. The city stands on a sweep or bend of the bay, and the visitor along any part of the shore has constantly before his eyes a beautiful panorama. The Neapolitans claim that the position of their city is the finest in the world, and so firmly

are they impressed with this belief that one of their favorite sayings is, "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori!*" (See Naples and then die!) Mary said that when she first heard the expression she could not understand why one should wish to see Naples and then cease to live. She thought it far preferable to keep on living and see it again.

Naples was formerly the capital of the kingdom of the same name and now is the capital of a province. Its population exceeds half a million, which makes it the largest city of Italy, and it has many attrac-



DECORATED CRYPT, CATACOMB OF CALIXTUS.

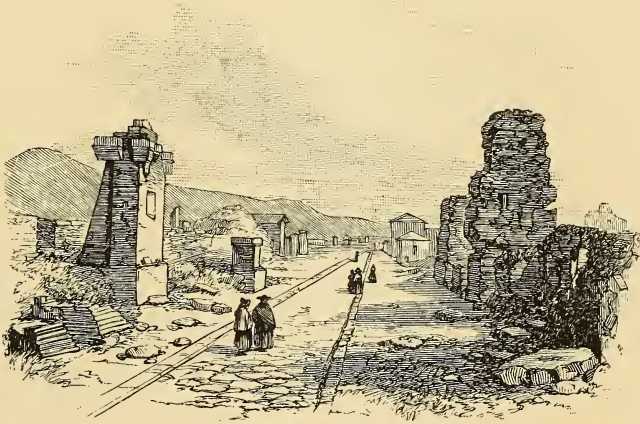
tions and advantages that bring thousands of strangers there every year in search of health or enjoyment. It cannot boast of many antiquities of its own, but the ruins of Herculanean and Pompeii make up for the deficiency.

Mrs. Bassett remarked that she thought Naples a much more noisy city than Rome; Mary explained this on the ground that it had more inhabi-

tants, and consequently there were more people to make a noise. Certainly the streets of Naples are much more animated than those of Rome, and they present a greater variety of scenes of every-day life than does the last-named city. There are more vehicles in motion, and more people on foot. There are peddlers, guides, drivers, beggars, and others whose sources of living are precarious, in far greater number than in the capital city. Not only are they more numerous, but they are more insolent in their ways, and after her second or third day in the city Mary suggested that she began to understand why one should see Naples and then die: it was in order to escape the importunities and annoyances that beset the stranger at every step.

Our friends followed their usual custom of taking a drive about the city and its immediate neighborhood before plunging into the details of sight-seeing. They found the area of Naples somewhat less than they had expected, as its total length does not exceed three miles, while its breadth from the bay to its rearward limits is not over two miles.

There is a good deal of up and down in Naples, as the city is built on the slopes of several hills which rise from the water in the form of the half of an amphitheatre. Frank suggested that if the place were converted into an enormous colosseum, there would be



VIEW ON THE APPIAN WAY.

seating capacity for a goodly portion of the population of the whole of Italy, provided they sat close together.

The principal streets of Naples are of good width and handsome, but the smaller ones are very narrow, and bounded on each side by lofty buildings, between which the light of day does not always penetrate with full force. Some parts of the city are densely crowded, and in times of cholera and other epidemics the mortality is very great, owing to the closely-packed population. Of late years the authorities have endeavored to remedy this defect by constructing new streets and commodious dwellings, but the removal of the narrow and unhealthy streets proceeds more slowly than is desirable.

The prosperity of the city is made manifest by large numbers of new buildings that have been erected on what was formerly unoccupied ground, and the popularity of Naples with visitors is indicated by the abundance and extent of its hotels. The western quarter of the city may almost be considered the foreign one, as the side of it facing the water consists of a series of hotels, while the buildings in the neighborhood of these establishments are largely devoted to lodgings that are

let to strangers. In the older parts of the city many of the streets have no sidewalks, and consequently afford very poor accommodation for foot-passengers, who are often jostled unpleasantly.

We will listen to Fred, from whose journal and his letters to friends at home we are permitted to make an extract :

“ We all gave a sigh of relief when we learned that practically there were no Roman antiquities in Naples, except such as are in the museum. Although we were much interested in what we saw in Rome, we felt that we had had quite enough for the present about the emperors and the buildings they constructed. But it is not to be understood that Naples is not an old city. According to history, the foundations of a colony were laid here more than a thousand years before the Christian era, and the place was a flourishing one at the time of the reputed foundation of Rome. When Rome grew powerful it conquered Neapolis (New City), and the beauty of its situation made it a favorite residence of the great men of Rome. Lucullus had gardens in the neighborhood of Naples, Augustus resided here at times, and so did half a

dozen other emperors. Virgil composed many of his poems here, and during our first drive we were shown the location of his tomb, or, at all events, what purports to be the last resting-place of the great poet.

“ Naples has five forts and four gates, which date from times which we in America would call ancient, though they are modern enough when compared with the antiquities of Rome. We have given a hasty glance at these forts, the one which received the most of our attention being the Castle of St. Elmo, not so much on account of its historical interest as by reason of its position.



ANTIQUE BUST, MUSEUM OF CAPUA.

It is said to have been built more than five hundred years ago, and close to it are the monastery and Church of San Martino, which is somewhat older than the castle. The view from the walls of the castle, or from the belvedere of the church, is perfectly enchanting, and we were reluctant to leave it.

“ The castle is on one of the highest hills surrounding the Bay of

Naples, so that we have the whole of that sheet of water in view, and can look upon the islands of Capri and Ischia, while away to the left we have the smoking cone of Vesuvius, and between Vesuvius and Capri the panorama includes the heights of Sorrento. At the time of our visit the bay was thickly dotted with boats of various sorts and



VIEW OF NAPLES FROM POSILIPPO.

kinds, while steamers were coming and going through the channels which connect the bay with the sea. There was a fringe of masts along the water-front, and from the city below us rose the hum of busy life. The air was clear and balmy, and the sky was of that beautiful blue for which Naples is famous, the blue above being reflected from the water below, which was slightly ruffled by a gentle breeze.

“We were glad indeed that our visit was made on such a day rather than on a dull one, as every feature of the landscape had a most pleasing tint. The view from the belvedere of the church is less extensive than that from the summit of the castle, but it is more picturesque, because the city is brought nearer to the spectator, and his attention is not drawn away to the mountains and hills in the distance, which are included in the higher view.

“Thus far we have found the scenes of Naples full of interest. From its southerly position and its enclosure in a sheltered bay it has a more genial climate than the more northern cities of Italy, and consequently the people pass much more of their life out-of-doors. Women are working in front of the houses or along the sides of the streets; boot-makers, tailors, and other tradesmen perform their avocations under the shelter of the sky, or possibly beneath little awnings which are stretched to mitigate the heat of the sun. Children, scantily clad, are playing in little groups, though the play ceases instantly on the advent of strangers, and a dozen little hands are extended in supplication for the small coin that will avert starvation.

“We think that the children of Naples surpass those of the northern part of Italy in the rapidity with which they can suppress their laughter and change their merry voices into tones of whining entreaty. The ‘lightning-change artists’ of the variety stage could obtain points by studying the habits of the street-urchins of this Neapolitan city. Let them come for a day to Strada Santa Lucia, and wander among the people that haunt the sides of the quay and the Promontory below it, and they will learn something to their advantage.

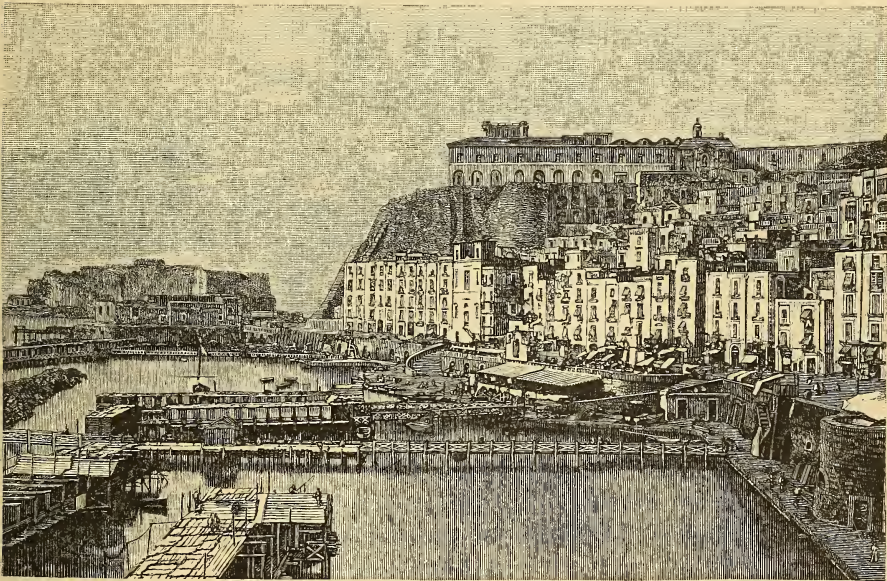
“Perhaps I ought to explain that the Strada Santa Lucia is a part of the water-front which was formerly an insignificant street, but has latterly been converted into a broad and well-paved quay. The land side of it is fringed with fine buildings; on the sea-front there is a railing, and through this railing is a passage by steps to what is called the Promontory, a broad strip of paved ground whose edge is washed by the waters of the bay.

“Along the water-side of the Strada, and also along the Promontory, there are numerous oyster-stands which are devoted to the sale of the bivalve whose name they bear, and also of various other marine delicacies, called by the Neapolitans *frutti di mare*; comprised in these delicacies are sea-urchins, crabs, and fish of various kinds. The oysters are tempting in appearance, but a resident doctor whom we met at the hotel told us to beware of them. He said that many cases of typhus and other maladies had been traced to the oysters of Santa Lucia; he explained that they were kept in disagreeable proximity to the mouths of the sewers, and hence their unsanitary character. If you ever come to Naples let me advise you to beware of the oyster, unless you know positively that he has just been brought from the oyster-beds in distant parts of the bay; even then he cannot be fully trusted.

“The number of people along the water-front leads us to believe

that there is a great deal of idleness in Naples. There is a vast number of people here whose principal occupation is no occupation at all, and they are encouraged in their idleness by the Italian proverb, '*Dolce far niente*' (It is sweet to do nothing). They are content if they can get enough to satisfy their appetites, and are not greatly disturbed in mind if compelled to go hungry. Closely associated with the complete idlers are those who have no fixed occupations or regular employments, and altogether they make up a considerable part of the population of this densely inhabited city.

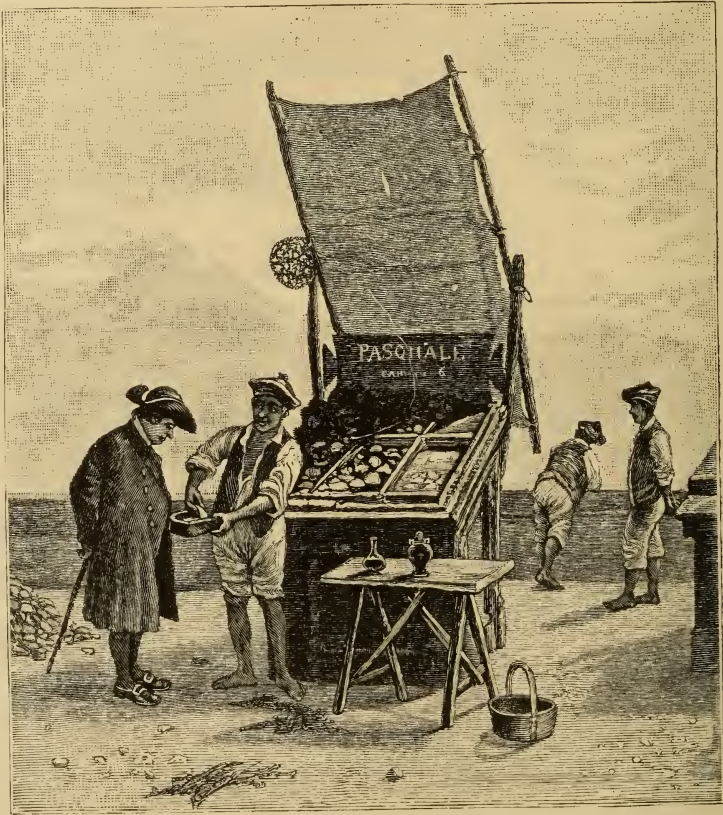
“Formerly this class was known as Lazzaroni, their name being derived from that of Lazarus in the scriptural parable. In former times they had a chief of their own, whose title was Capo Lazzaroni, and he exercised great power over them. When revolutions were fashionable in the Kingdom of Naples, the Lazzaroni always had a prominent part



SANTA LUCIA AND CASTELLO DELL'OVO.

in them, and they used to defy the laws of the land, and obey only the edicts of their chief. They are no longer recognized as a separate class, and have no government of their own, though the name is still given to the boatmen and fishermen of the city, who are really the most industrious of all the lower classes of the population.

“We had heard, as everybody has, of the fondness of the Neapolitans for macaroni, and while in the vicinity of the water-front we told our guide we would like to see how the natives ate this article.



THE OYSTERMAN.

“‘That is the easiest thing in the world,’ said the guide; ‘if you will pay for some macaroni, you will see how they eat it.’

“I nodded assent, and handed a franc to the guide. He led the way to a macaroni-stand, and we were quickly surrounded by a dozen or more of the ragged idlers of the locality. The vender of the delicacy dished out as many platefuls of macaroni as the franc would pay for, and they were at once distributed to the hungry and struggling crowd. If Mary had not been able to stifle her laughter whenever she thought proper to do so, I am afraid she would have gone into convulsions at

seeing the way in which the macaroni was disposed of. It was in strings, anywhere from a foot to two feet in length; the way of eating it is to take one of these strings by the end, hold it in the air above the open mouth, and then let it slip down the throat. Long practice has made the natives expert at the business. In less than a minute—well, it may possibly have been two minutes—every plate was cleared. We paid to have the plates refilled, and again refilled, but at the end of the third performance the diners seemed to be as hungry as ever, and we gave up in despair the attempt to satisfy their appetites.

“During our stroll we passed some perambulating restaurants, and stopped near one of them to see how it was managed. A man and a woman comprised the working force of the establishment, the man dipping out a curious-looking soup which included macaroni, fish, fragments of meat, and I don't know what else. The soup was in a large kettle, resting on a box on the pavement, and the ladle with which he dipped out the soup held perhaps a little less than a quart. The soup was poured into a large plate or bowl, and this, with a piece of bread, comprised the meal, for which each customer paid *due soldi* (two cents). The money was taken by the woman, and as she received the coins from a patron she handed to him a large piece of bread, with which he turned to the man to obtain the other part of the meal. The possession of the bread indicated that he had paid his money, and Frank remarked that it was the first time he ever saw a slice of bread used as a ticket for soup.



ZAMPOGNARI PLAYING BEFORE A SHRINE.

“Letter-writers are quite a feature of Neapolitan life, and we have seen several of them along the streets. The stock in trade of one of these individuals consists of a small table, two chairs, possibly an umbrella for use as a sunshade, and a supply of pens, ink, and paper. One of the chairs is for the scribe and the other for his customer, and Mary

noted that the customers, in nine cases out of ten, were women. Comparatively few of the lower classes of Neapolitans can read or write; writing is decidedly a rare accomplishment among them, and when letters are to be sent it is necessary to invoke the services of the public scribe. We had seen this individual in Rome and other of the Italian

cities, but not as frequently as in Naples. The patrons of the scribe being mostly young and pretty women, the conclusion is natural that his chief occupation is that of writing love-letters. It is very interesting to stand at a little distance and watch the expression on a pretty face as the lips are uttering the words which the scribe is to put on paper.

“A curious personage that we saw in one of our strolls was a street tragedian. In a little nook, perhaps eight or ten feet square, a man had surrounded himself with planks supported on boxes or chairs. These planks served as seats for his audience, or at least the more select portion, the rest of them being accommodated with standing-room in the rear. In the enclosure, which was about six feet square, stood a man in ordinary



THE PUBLIC SCRIBE.

every-day dress, and very ordinary at that, loudly declaiming or reciting the impassioned parts of an Italian tragedy. Exactly what he was saying we did not know. Our guide told us that the man was an actor, and when an actor is out of employment, and also out of money, he manages to obtain a subsistence by thus reciting in public. He has no fixed charge for a place in his improvised theatre, but relies on the generosity of those who listen to him. We asked what was a proper compensation for a spectator, and the guide said that two or three soldi would be considered liberal, and five soldi a princely reward; if the amount averaged one soldi for every listener the performer was more than usually fortunate, and might retire in a few years.

“We saw a good many street musicians of various kinds, but they were not novel sights, as you will easily understand, seeing that the

hand-organ has long been known in the United States. A few were new to us, however; they wore pointed felt-hats, and were wrapped in long brown cloaks, which concealed the rest of the costume. When the cloaks were removed they revealed cloth or goat-skin jackets adorned with large buttons, and legs incased in tight-fitting knee-breeches. The feet of the men were sometimes, though not generally, covered with shoes; more frequently they wore sandals, or rags which were fastened about the ankles with leather thongs.

“The guide said these people were known as *zampognari*, and that they came from the mountains of the Abruzzi to play during the Church festivals, after which they usually wandered back again to the country. The more prominent the Church festival is the greater is the number of these musicians. They are most numerous at Christmas-time, when



ZAMPOGNARI IN THE STREET.

people are disposed to be liberal, and sometimes an industrious group will gather in a good-sized bagful of copper coins in the course of the day. They play upon bagpipes and instruments resembling flutes, and stop in front of the shrines which abound in all the towns of southern Italy, and also in front of houses, just as street musicians do in other lands. Their presence is a delight to the children, and nearly every

group of these musicians that we have seen is surrounded by impromptu dancers of both sexes and tender ages.

“The Italians, as everybody knows, are fond of music, and this fondness prevails among the children of the lower classes as much as with the aristocracy. The strains of a bagpipe and flute are sure to start the muscles of the juvenile feet of Naples, and so intent have we found the children on the pleasures of the dance that they have actually neglected on several occasions to stop their sport in order to beg from us when we appeared on the scene and paused to look on.

“The boatmen of Naples are a picturesque lot of men, very industrious when they have an opportunity for employment, and very dishonest when they come in contact with a foreigner and have the chance to defraud him. The true Neapolitan boatman wears a knitted cap instead of the ordinary hat or cap of civilization. It is proper to say that the old costumes of the country are disappearing year by year, probably for the reason that ordinary garments made by wholesale are cheaper than the peculiar garb which formerly distinguished these people.

“Whenever we have been near the water-side we have been beset by boatmen desiring engagement, but have invariably declined them, not that we were averse to excursions on the water, but every affair of the sort is pretty certain to end in trouble. The Neapolitan boatman, cabman, guide, or other individual who serves the stranger, almost invariably demands, when the time comes for payment, more than was agreed upon. If you employ a cabman to take you to a particular place and return for a stipulated amount of money, he has no hesitation at the end of the drive at declaring solemnly that you agreed to pay several francs more than stipulated, and he will call other cabmen to testify that the amount he demands is the regular fare.

“Engage a boatman to take you to a steamer in the harbor, agreeing to pay him three francs for the transport of yourself and baggage, and he starts off as though perfectly content. Half-way to the steamer he stops rowing and demands four francs. If you refuse and remind him of his agreement, he threatens to row back again to the shore. It may be near the hour of departure for your steamer, and you cannot afford the loss of time for going to the shore and making a fresh start. You accede to his demand by force of circumstances, and he proceeds; but after a dozen strokes of the oars he stops again and demands five francs.

“You are in a dilemma. You cannot know where it will end, and whatever course you adopt you feel that you are the victim of an im-

position. Under circumstances like these it is necessary to be either firm or diplomatic. If your party is numerically and physically the stronger, you can threaten to throw the boat man or men overboard unless they go on. Sometimes the threat to hand the fellows over to the police will frighten them into good-behavior, and if you decide to return to the shore the rascals will be very unwilling to go back with you, as they know they will be liable to punishment. A gentleman who has had considerable experience with the boatmen of Naples and other Med-



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

iterranean ports, tells me that he has found the easiest way out of the trouble is to assent to all the demands that are made upon him. The price may be doubled or trebled upon him, but he nods his willingness to pay, and in due time is safe on board the steamer with his baggage. Then he gives the boatman exactly the amount he had agreed to give and no more, and while the latter is counting over the money the traveler goes below, and is out of reach of all expostulation, as the boatmen

are never under any circumstances permitted to descend beneath the deck of a passenger steamship.

“This morning, when we returned from an excursion in a carriage, the driver demanded nearly double what we had agreed to pay him. Frank counted out the exact amount which had been stipulated, and placed it in the fellow’s hands. The driver appeared to be angry, but was quieted with the suggestion that the police-station was close by. He spoke French very well, and on finding that he could not get any more for his services he immediately set about engaging to take us on our next drive. I asked him why it was that he and his fellows were in the habit of lying so outrageously in regard to their agreements with strangers, to which he coolly answered :

“‘Oh, signor, you foreigners always pay us what you agree to, and we are sure of that. If we can get anything more from you by lying it is our duty to do so, as we have families to support and must make all we can. Providence sends us the strangers to fleece.’

“There’s philosophy for you, and the theory on which he proceeds seems to be that of the greater part of the people with whom we come in contact in this country, and not alone the lower classes.”

Fred has given in the foregoing a very good description of certain phases of Neapolitan life, and the characteristics of that portion of the population with whom the stranger is brought in contact. While he has been busy in its preparation, Frank has been endeavoring to tell about some of the attractions of the city. Let us listen to him :

“There are about three hundred churches in Naples,” said Frank, “but only a very few of them possess any interest, after one has visited the churches of Rome and other cities farther to the north. We have visited the cathedral and a few other churches, but our visits to them have been very brief. We have been much more interested in the museum, which, next to that of the Vatican, may be regarded as the finest in Italy. It was formerly known as the Royal Bourbon Museum, but latterly, since Naples became united with the rest of Italy, it has been called The National Museum. The building was erected as a cavalry barrack about three hundred years ago, but since 1790 it has contained the royal collection of antiquities and pictures. The antiquities found in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum are brought to this museum to be exhibited, except in the instances where they will not bear removal and transportation.

“Additions are made to the collection whenever there is any discovery of importance in the excavations, which go on somewhat irregu-

larly at Pompeii; but the other parts of the museum are said to remain pretty much the same from year to year.

“As we enter the building we come in sight of several antique statues, some from Pompeii and some from other places, and after ascending the staircase reach the ancient collection of frescos. We were surprised at the quantity of them, as they occupy seven or eight large rooms; they are admirably arranged, and, with the exception of painted vases and mosaics, they are almost the only specimens of ancient paintings of their time which have come down to us. They are highly prized by artists on this account, as many of them are our sole sources of information concerning the ancient styles and coloring, and the treatment of light and shade. They are admirable from an artistic point of view, and some of them equal the best work of the artists of the present time. Unfortunately, a considerable portion of these pictures have faded a great deal since they have been exposed to the air. I am told that when excavations are made at Pompeii the colors of the paintings on the walls are as bright and fresh as when they were first laid on, although they have been buried out of sight beneath the mud of Vesuvius for nearly two thousand years. Very soon after being exposed to the light and air the colors fade, and some of the finest of the Pompeian pictures have become almost imperceptible. In view of this circumstance the authorities in charge of



STATUE OF ISIS.—[Museum of Naples.]

the excavations have of late years adopted the plan of making copies of the mural paintings as soon as they are uncovered, obtaining the outlines by means of photographs. In this way excellent copies are made, so that the fading of the original work of art is not so great a calamity as it might be under other circumstances.

“Two or three rooms are filled with mosaics, some of great rarity and beauty. Several rooms contain statuary, and some of the single

figures and groups rival in interest and value the statues of the Vatican. There is a room of inscriptions, of which there are more than two thou-



HEAD OF THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES.

sand, some in Latin, some in Greek, and some in Oscan, which was formerly spoken in the peninsula, but is now as extinct as Latin.

“The celebrated ‘Farnese Bull’ is in one of the rooms of the gallery, and in the same room is the ‘Farnese Hercules.’ Both of these statues were found in Rome, and in a sad state of mutilation; but a while afterwards some of the missing parts were found and put in their places. The portions still missing have been made up by modern sculptors, and the work is so skilfully done as to defy detection, except on close observation.”

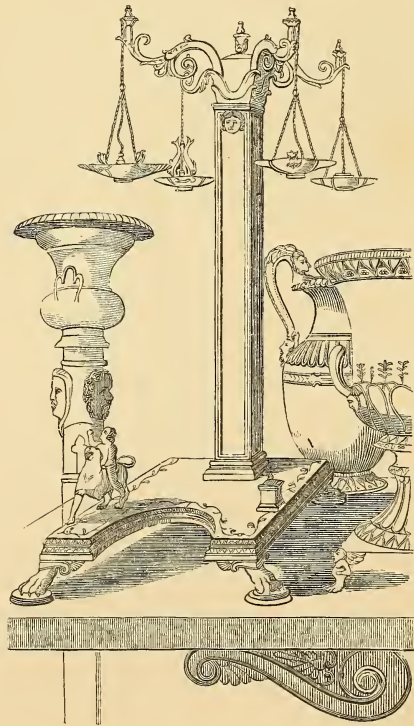
CHAPTER. XVIII.

ANTIQUITIES IN THE MUSEUM.—PAPYRI FROM HERCULANEUM; PROCESS OF UNROLLING AND READING THEM.—RECEIPTS OF A POMPEIAN BANKER.—BREAD BAKED EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—THE VILLA NAZIONALE.—GROTTO OF POZZUOLI.—THE OLD TUNNEL AND THE NEW.—ANCIENT SYSTEM OF TUNNELLING.—THE ROYAL PALACE.—SAN CARLO THEATRE.—OPERATIC PERFORMANCES.—HOW TWO AMERICANS SECURED SILENCE.—MINOR THEATRES OF NAPLES.—BURLESQUE.—PULCINELLO.—MARKETS OF NAPLES.—DONKEYS AND THEIR WORK.—HOW MACARONI IS MADE; VISITING A MACARONI FACTORY.—AN AMUSING INCIDENT.—ENVIRONS OF NAPLES.—POZZUOLI AND BAJA.—LAKE AVERNUS, SIBYL'S CAVE, NERO'S PRISON, NERO'S AMPHITHEATRE, ETC.—THE GUIDE'S TRICK.—TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.—SOLFATARA.

CONCERNING the visit of the party to the National Museum, Frank continued as follows :

“The museum contains an admirable collection of bronzes and of coins, and collections of Egyptian, Greek, and other antiquities enough to interest a visitor for days and weeks together. There is a magnificent gallery of paintings, though of course we paid little attention to it, after all that we had seen in Rome and Florence. Mary remarked that it is possible to have too much of a good thing, even though it consists of paintings by the greatest artists the world has ever known.

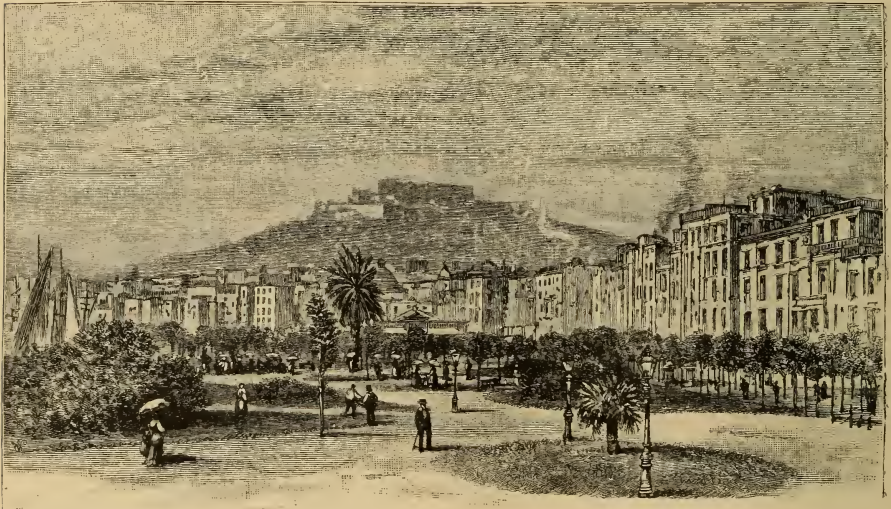
“In one of the rooms we came to where several men were at work close to the window, endeavoring to unroll papyri or ancient books. All around in little compartments were rolls of paper, which looked as



CANDELABRA AND VASE FROM POMPEII.

though they had been charred by fire, and this was really the case. There were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of these rolls—I don't know really how many—and some ten or twelve of them were being examined. Bear in mind that they were charred, and required very delicate handling to prevent their crumbling to pieces, and, as near as I can remember from looking at it, the process was about like this :

“A spindle was passed through the centre of a roll ; the ends of the spindle rested on uprights a few inches high attached to the desks



THE VILLA NAZIONALE.

where the men were at work. The surface of the roll was gently moistened by means of a small sponge, and then little hooks were fastened to the edge of the paper roll, the hooks being attached to small cords which hung over a horizontal bar towards the window. The weight of the cords pulled very gently upon the paper and unrolled it ; as fast as it was unrolled the writing was deciphered wherever possible. The process is very tedious, and we were told that thus far the return for the labor had been very light. Nothing of great historical importance had been discovered, the manuscripts consisting chiefly of treatises in Greek on music, rhetoric, and other matters. About three thousand of these papyri were discovered in a villa near Herculaneum, and some six or eight hundred have thus far been unrolled.

“In the same room they showed us some receipts for money advanced by a Pompeian banker, which were found in a box at Pompeii some years ago. In the next room we saw some articles of food and objects in common use at Pompeii, carefully preserved in glass-cases. One of the cases contained a bottle filled with oil — the very oil that was found in the bottle when it was unearthed.

“One of the most interesting things in the collection is a case containing several loaves of bread that were found in an oven at Pompeii. One of them is stamped with the baker’s name, and I made a note of it — ‘Celer, slave of Q. Granius Verus.’ Mary thought that she would like very much to taste some of the bread, but afterwards concluded not to express her desire to the custodian.



ENTRANCE OF THE GROTTA OF POSILIPPO.

“That individual would certainly have objected, as these ancient loaves are doubtless very precious and would sell for their weight in gold; besides, I fear that any one attempting to eat them would not go far. Bread that was baked eighteen hundred years ago cannot be called fresh even by the wildest stretch of the imagination.

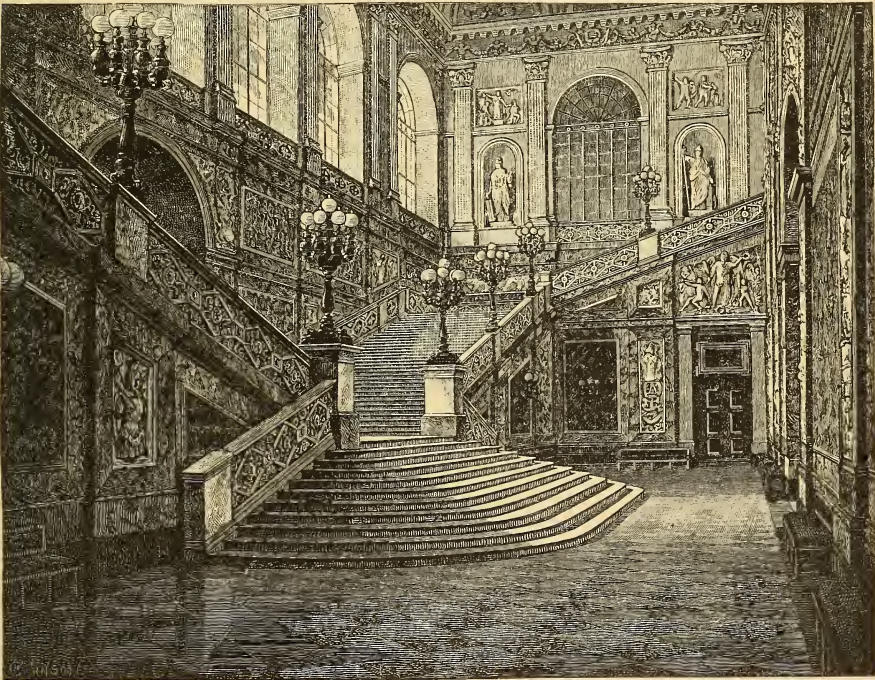
“We will learn more about Pompeii when we go there; for the present we will leave the museum and spend a little time out-of-doors. It is getting well along in the afternoon, and we shall visit the Villa Nazionale, which is very interesting; it was formerly called the Villa Reale, and is the principal promenade of Naples. It is ornamented with trees and a good many pieces of sculpture. When we first saw the statues we thought they were ancient, but they turned out to be—at least, the majority—imitations of antique work, and I’m sorry to say some of them were rather poorly executed. But the poor quality of the statuary does not interfere with the other attractions of the place.

“When we reached the villa a band of music was playing in the centre, and there was a large crowd there of all classes of people, though the kind that we have seen around the water-front in the older parts of the city were not numerous. The villa contains several statues in honor of prominent men of the present time and a small temple to the memory of the poet Virgil. There is another temple not far off, which is dedicated to the memory of Tasso, and near the end of the garden we saw a statue of Thalberg the pianist, who died at Naples.

“In the middle of the villa is a large white building which contains an aquarium, and I don’t think we have ever seen an institution of the kind which equals it. This aquarium was established about twenty years ago, for the purpose of making a thorough scientific investigation of the animal and vegetable inhabitants of the Mediterranean. The Italian Government has given liberally towards the enterprise, and most of the European Governments have followed its example, as they realize the advantages of learning as much as possible concerning the marine life of this great sea. We spent an hour or more in the aquarium, but found the time altogether too short. We have voted unanimously that we shall visit the place again at the first opportunity.

“When we left the Villa Nazionale we decided to take a drive in the direction of the Grotto of Pozzuoli. There are two grottos bearing the name, one called ‘The New’ and the other ‘The Old.’ The new one is less than ten years of age, and is a tunnel bored through the hill of Posilippo for a railway extending to the region on the other side of the hill. Not far from this grotto our attention was called to the tomb

of Virgil, which has been mentioned heretofore; but there is nothing specially interesting about the tomb, and no remains of Virgil to be found in it. The fact is, there is no historical authority that this was really his tomb, but the belief is supported by tradition and the certainty that he lived in this neighborhood. It is known that Virgil had a villa on the Posilippo, and that he was buried somewhere within its grounds. There is an old record which said that the tomb was in a



STAIRCASE IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

good state of preservation in 1326, and then contained a marble urn with nine small pillars; but there is no trace to be found of either urn or pillars, though diligent search has been made.

“From the vicinity we had a fine view of the bay, and then continued our drive through the Old Grotto of Pozzuoli. This is also an artificial tunnel, and it well deserves to be called ‘old,’ as it was made by order of the Emperor Augustus, and is mentioned by a writer in the time of Nero as a very gloomy passageway through the hill. It is cer-

tainly a very fine piece of engineering, and reminded me of what I have heard about the Hoosac Tunnel, in Massachusetts. When the Hoosac Tunnel was made, a shaft was sunk about midway from the two ends, and the engineers attacked the rock in both directions from the bottom of the shaft, so that work was carried on at four points instead of two, as in the ordinary process of making a tunnel. The performance was greatly praised at the time as a marvel of engineering skill.

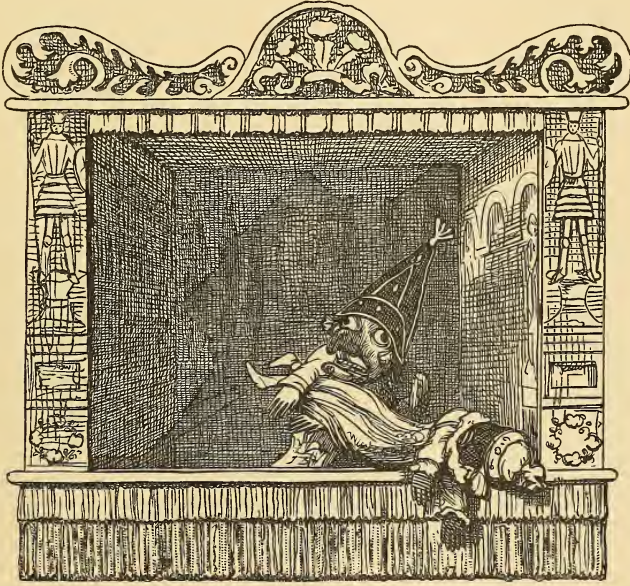
“Whether the engineers of the Hoosac Tunnel copied from the ancients, or invented their plan of work with no knowledge that it had ever been tried before, I am unable to say, but they did exactly what was done by the engineers at Posilippo nineteen centuries ago. The construction of this tunnel was begun at two points equidistant from the ends as well as at each end. In mediæval times it was supposed that the tunnel of Posilippo was the result of magic brought about by Virgil, and there are yet several superstitions connected with the place. The arch of the tunnel is higher than usual, being about 90 feet at the entrance and varying in the interior from 20 to 50. It is nearly half a mile in length, and varies from 20 to 30 feet in width. Originally its floor was higher than at present; history says that the level of the road was lowered about the year 1440, and as we looked along the sides of the tunnel, which is lighted with gas, we could see the marks of the axles of wagons and chariots considerably above our heads. The indications are that the lowering of the floor of the tunnel was not done all at once, but at different periods—perhaps hundreds of years apart.

“It was getting towards the end of the day when we returned to the city. Though we were weary enough to rest after dinner, we could not resist the temptation to a stroll, which included a visit to the Piazza del Plebiscito, which is the finest square in Naples and one of its centres of activity. We were attracted there because we knew that the square would be crowded with people, as it was one of the evenings in which the band plays for the entertainment of the public. The Royal Palace occupies one side of the square, or part of one side, and there are palaces, churches, and other buildings surrounding the open space.

“The Royal Palace is a very handsome building; it is principally of modern construction, and stands on the site of the old palace, which was torn down in 1837. There are statues in the niches in front of the palace which represent the Neapolitan dynasties of the last eight hundred years, beginning with Roger of Normandy and ending with Victor Emmanuel, of the present reigning family.

“It was past the hour for visiting the palace, and so we went there

on another day. It contains some fine paintings and statuary, but the object of art that attracted our attention more than anything else was the grand staircase, which is constructed entirely of white marble, and adorned with reliefs and statues. This staircase dates from the year



SCENE FROM "PUNCH AND JUDY."

1651, and escaped destruction at the time of the burning of the old building. Another very interesting work of art, if I may be permitted so to call it, is the garden terrace, which forms part of the Royal Palace, and affords a magnificent view of the harbor with its shipping, and the islands and promontories that enclose it.

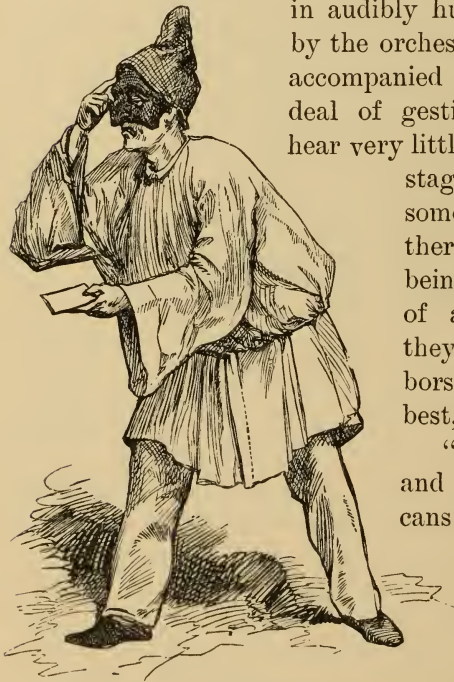
"Close by the palace is the Teatro San Carlo, or San Carlo Theatre, which is a very large theatre or opera-house, and was the scene of the first production of the principal works of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and other famous Italian composers. There was no performance of opera on the evening to which I refer, but there was one on another evening, and we attended it, securing a box for our party.

"It did not seem to us that the music, either of the singers or of the orchestra, was anything more than ordinary, and the rest of the audience appeared to have agreed with us, if we can judge by the noise that prevailed throughout the house. I have been told that the noisiest

operatic audience in the world is the one at Naples, and am quite ready to believe it. Through the entire performance the people in the boxes and all through the body of the house were talking and paying little attention to the performance, unless I except those who were audibly humming the airs and accompanying the orchestra and performers. It is bad enough to be in a box at a performance of this sort, but it is worse to be in one of the orchestra stalls. The Italians seem to go to the opera to be seen and heard, and not to see and hear. In this respect it is said that they have many imitators among the opera-goers of New York and other American cities.

“I heard yesterday a good story of two Americans who went to a performance of opera at the San Carlo. They were seated together, and all about them were Italians, who persisted in audibly humming the airs that were given by the orchestra and singers, and some of them accompanied their performances with a good deal of gesticulation. The Americans could hear very little of what was taking place on the stage, and so they determined to have some fun on their own account. Neither could sing a note, their voices being about as musical as the braying of a donkey, but, nothing daunted, they proceeded to imitate their neighbors, humming and singing the airs as best, or worst, they could.

“The Italians were dumfounded and stopped, whereupon the Americans became silent. But the former could not remain quiet for any length of time; very soon they renewed their musical performances, whereupon the Americans renewed their unmusical ones. The Italians twisted uneasily in their seats, and assumed an appearance of the most sublime contempt; when the curtain fell at the end of the first act, all the neighbors of the representatives of the United States left their places, and did not return. For the rest of the evening the Americans were left in peace.



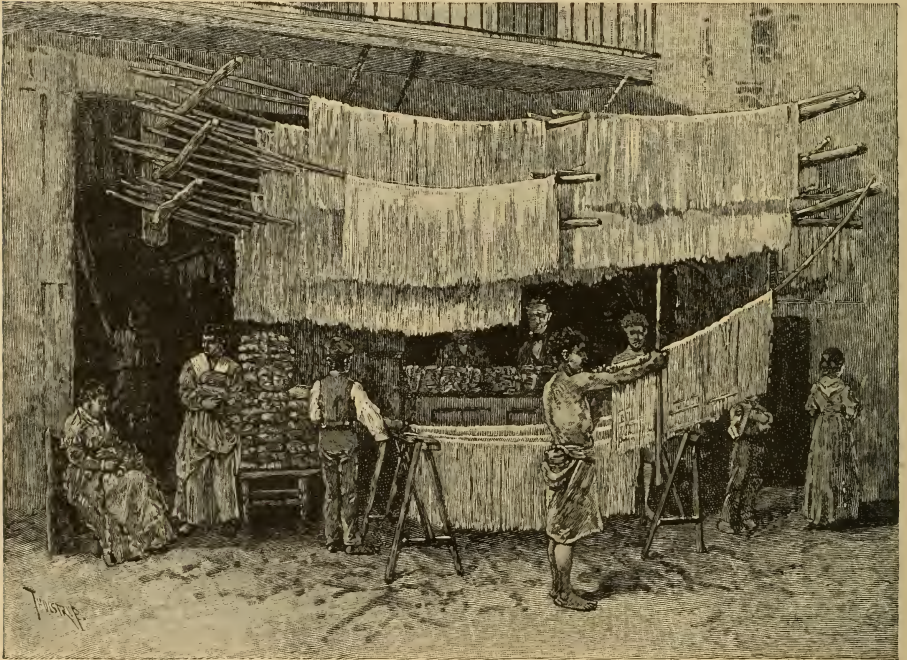
PULCINELLO.

"The lower classes of the Neapolitans are quite as fond of musical and theatrical performances of all kinds as are the upper classes, and if there is any difference between the two in this devotion to the stage it is in favor of the populace. All the grand operas produced at the San Carlo are burlesqued at the smaller houses, and the majority of these burlesques are very amusing. Those who have seen the opera of 'Aida' will remember that in the last act the two principal characters are sentenced to be immured alive in a tomb, whose entrance is walled up in the most impressive manner. In the burlesque of this scene the immurement takes place as in the genuine opera, and after the tomb has been closed upon them, the two victims of royal displeasure proceed to make arrangements for prolonging their lives as much as possible. One brings forward a basket, and the other a sack; from basket and sack are produced provisions of various kinds—a ham, two or three strings of sausages, several loaves of bread, a small cheese, and half a dozen bottles of wine. It is needless to say that this comical turn of affairs never fails to elicit loud applause from the audience.

"A great character on the popular Neapolitan stage is that of Pulcinello, who is said to be the original Punch in the 'Punch and Judy' performance, so well known to English children. The image of Pulcinello has been found in Pompeii and Herculaneum, and he is certainly a very ancient character. One of the small theatres of Naples was dedicated to him more than a hundred years ago, and he appears in nearly all the pieces produced there. His dress is usually a very baggy jacket of linen, and equally baggy trousers; he wears a pointed cap, and a small black mask that conceals the upper part of his face. He is not unlike the Punch of the show, and has many bad qualities with very few good ones. He is lazy, generally hungry, and occasionally thievish; smart sayings are put into his mouth; he is a coward and a braggart, a knave and a fool, and displays at times an abundance of good-nature which is offset by an equal abundance of malice. His popularity is shown by the fact that whenever a play at this theatre is produced without Pulcinello in the cast, the patronage in the place is pretty sure to fall off, and sometimes very noticeably.

"The price of admission to the theatres is gauged according to the character of the audience. At the San Carlo single seats vary from six to twelve francs. There are six tiers of boxes, thirty-two in each tier; those of the first tier cost fifty-five francs; for the second tier, sixty-five; and for the third, forty. Many of the boxes are taken by the season by prominent residents, or by foreigners spending the winter in Naples; each

box has a neat anteroom attached to it, in which visits are paid between the acts or while the curtain is up, and the etiquette of Naples permits fashionable calls to be made in this way. It is needless to say that the prices at the San Carlo are much higher than those at any other theatre. At the San Carlino (which is the diminutive of San Carlo), and similar establishments, the best places can be had for two or three



MAKING MACARONI.

francs, while some of the cheapest cost no more than five soldi (cents). Some of the theatres give two performances in an evening, one at seven o'clock and another at half-past nine, the charge for the second performance being lower than that for the first."

Our friends visited one of the markets of Naples, but were much disappointed, as they found it poorly supplied with provisions, and with very slight variety. Mrs. Bassett wondered why so large a city should have such a poor market, but the sharp-eyed Mary divined and gave the reason for the state of affairs they had found.

"Don't you remember, mamma, that you called my attention to the

donkeys, which were going about the city with great loads of provisions, wood, coal, and kindred things on their backs?"

"Oh yes, I remember now," her mother replied. "I suppose they carry supplies to the people in the dwelling-houses."

"Yes," responded Mary; "that is exactly what they do. I asked the guide about it, and he said that the markets of Naples went about on their feet for the most part, and did not stay in great buildings, like the markets of other cities. If all the donkeys (I mean the four-footed ones) should be taken out of Naples, there would be a good deal of suffering among the people—at least, for a day or two. Venders of provisions, wine, and other articles of daily use go from house to house leading their donkeys, or followed by them, and in this way the people are supplied without the necessity of going to market themselves. Not only do they supply provisions, but they carry drinking-water, which is not furnished to the houses through pipes, as in most other cities, but is taken from the fountains at the street corners and in public squares. The more aristocratic venders put their wares in carts, and use their donkeys as draft animals, instead of piling great heaps of articles on their backs. Whichever way it is done the donkey is patient and submissive, but if he gives any thought to his occupation he must conclude that he has a pretty hard time of it."

Mrs. Bassett suggested that she would like to see a macaroni factory; as Naples is the home of macaroni, she believed they ought to be able to see the making of that article.

Frank consulted their guide, and a visit was made to one of those establishments. On their return Mrs. Bassett said she would not be quite so fond of macaroni for the future as she had been in the past, unless she could be assured that it was not made in the factory they had visited. Here is Mary's account of what they saw:

"We drove outside of Naples a little way in the direction of Pompeii, as we were told that most of the factories for making macaroni were in that direction. The proprietor of the establishment was very civil, and so were all his employés; the civility of the former arose from the expectation of obtaining customers for his wares, while that of the latter was due to an equally keen expectation that we would distribute small coins among them previous to our departure, which we did. This is a custom of the country.

"I had expected to see a great deal of machinery in the factory, but was disappointed, as there was very little. They mix the flour with water, and knead it in a great trough until it is of the right consistency.

Very glutinous flour is needed for macaroni making, and I was told that the best flour for the purpose was made from Algerian wheat. Macaroni, spaghetti, and several other varieties have different names,



“WAITING FOR MACARONI.”

but they are all made from the same sort of paste, the name being given according to the shape of the article produced. A little girl at the hotel says spaghetti is a solid stick, and macaroni is a hole with a stick around it. The shape of the product is given by means of a perforated iron plate at the bottom of a press. The dough is put in the box or trough of the press, and then a heavy wooden beam is brought down upon it; this forces the dough out through the holes in the plate, and the toughness of the dough prevents its breaking. The macaroni is cut off in lengths of three or four feet, and then taken outside and hung

upon frames, where it dries in the sun; but sometimes, when the weather is bad, it is placed in a tight room and dried by artificial heat.

“The disagreeable feature about macaroni is that there does not seem to be any attempt at cleanliness in the manufacturing process. The factory did not appear to have been swept for days or weeks, and the dirt lay thick on the floor and machinery. The workmen were very scantily clad, most of them being stripped to the waist; the place was very hot; the men were perspiring freely, and as they carried the macaroni around they flung it over their shoulders or across their arms in the most nonchalant manner. If they happened to drop any of it on the floor, they took it up and restored it to its place without the least hesitation, often without brushing off the dirt.

“I quite agree with mamma that for the present I’ve lost my appetite for macaroni. As we were driving back to the city we passed another factory, where we saw something which gave us all a hearty laugh, and it was so funny that I must tell you about it.

“A lot of macaroni had been hung on the frames to dry, as I have already described, and the lower rows of it were not more than a foot from the ground. Two boys were supposed to be watching it to keep away a flock of fowls that were hovering about; but the boys were so intent upon playing with each other that the fowls were having things their own way. They secured good positions under the macaroni frames, and the leader of the flock set the example for the rest. He stood under a string of the soft macaroni, where he raised his head and opened his mouth so that the end of the stick was just within his beak. Then he jumped up—it seemed to me that he jumped at least eight inches from the ground—and let the macaroni slip down his throat; as he reached the highest point he gave a judicious bite that severed the soft dough. His expertness evidently came from long practice, and we concluded that the rest of the flock had profited well by his example, as they were not long in satisfying their appetites for fresh macaroni.”

Interesting as Naples is to the visitor, its environs are far more inter-

esting. Pompeii, Herculaneum, Sorrento, Capri, and Ischia are all attractive, and should not be omitted from the tourist's itinerary; neither should Mount Vesuvius, with its stream of smoke always rising from its cone, and occasionally changing to fire. On the other side of Naples is the Phlegræan Plain, which has been the scene of volcanic activity from time immemorial, and contains ruins of great historical interest. Greek civilization first obtained its foothold in Italy at this



THE LEADER OF THE FLOCK.

point, and students have been made familiar with it through the poems of Homer and Virgil. Frank and Fred were eager to visit the spot about which they had read when at school, and consequently the excursion in this direction was the first of any importance that was made by our friends after their arrival at Naples.

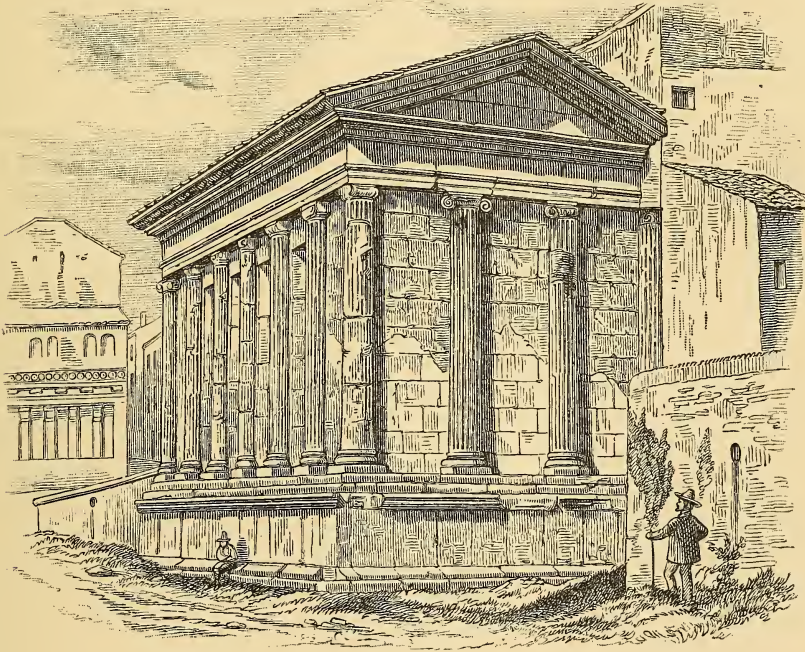
“We took a carriage for the day,” said Fred, “and a very interesting day it proved to be. We drove through the old Grotto of Posilippo, which you already know about, and then followed along the coast to Pozzuoli and Baja. At almost every step we found something of present or historical interest. Hot springs are not at all infrequent, and the first place where we stopped after emerging from the grotto is a watering and bathing resort which is patronized by the Neapolitans. A visitor can have the choice of sea-bathing or of baths at the hot springs, some of which contain salt and carbonic gas, and others iron and sulphur. We concluded that we had not sufficient time to patronize the bathing establishments, especially as we were well satisfied with the baths we obtained in the hotel, and so did not try them.

“From Bagnoli, as this bathing-place is called, to Pozzuoli the road follows the coast quite closely, and we made no stop. When we reached the town we were assailed by guides and beggars, the latter being in greater number than in any other place we had hitherto visited.

“Pozzuoli contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and Mrs. Bassett said she thought that at least fourteen thousand of them were engaged in begging and the other thousand had set up in business as guides. We selected a guide who had been recommended to us by some people at the hotel in Naples; they employed him the day before, and found him very satisfactory. In our agreement with him we stipulated that a part of his duty would be to keep beggars away from us; he certainly had a very active day of it, and although the beggars were his fellow-townsmen, and possibly some of them may have been members of his family, he made a vigorous use of his walking-stick without fear or favor. He suggested that if we would make presents to a few of the principal beggars the others might be induced to stay away, but this plan did not receive the prompt approval that he evidently desired. It is quite possible, however, that it might have been successful, as the beggars are said to be organized into a trades-union, and a contribution to their chiefs may have been regarded as a contribution for all.

“The genius of our guide was shown at the various places where we stopped during our excursion. Before leaving Pozzuoli we invested in torches for lighting up the various underground places we were to visit,

the guide declaring that they were absolutely necessary, and the prices asked for them, which seemed to us very dear, were the customary rates which had been established. Whenever we approached one of the show-places, Tomasso (for that was our guide's name) whispered to us with



TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS.

the most impressive and confidential air that the custodian would make an extortionate demand for the privilege of seeing what was in his charge. 'He aska four franca,' the guide would say; 'but you not give him; you not give no more as two franca; two franca enough; justa right. Italiano bada man, verra.'

"The first part of the statement was true; the custodian demanded four francs and we offered two, which he refused. Then followed an excited dialogue between custodian and Tomasso, the latter taking our part with great vehemence, and leading us to believe that he was protecting us against an intended fraud. Ultimately the two francs were accepted; we saw the show, whatever it was, and came away. This scene was repeated with slight variations at every place we visited.

When at the close of the day we separated from Tomasso, we paid him the stipulated price for his services, and gave a handsome gratuity in addition for the zeal he had displayed in our behalf.

“We had been too much interested in sight-seeing during the day to give the matter any attention; but on our way home, while we were discussing the noble conduct of Tomasso, Frank suggested that we had been the victim of some admirable acting. A brief consideration led the rest of us to share Frank’s opinion, and we found while talking the matter over with people at the hotel that it was correct. The fees that we paid by the guide’s advice were in every instance double the customary fees that are paid at those places. It was all a neatly arranged job on the part of Tomasso and the custodians, and he has doubtless made a handsome profit from the services he has rendered to innocent strangers, as he can play the game every day.

“But I am forgetting the sights of our excursion.

“Pozzuoli is a quiet place and a very old one, as it was founded by the Greeks long before Romulus and Remus laid the foundations of the



COIN OF EMPEROR NERO.

Imperial City. The Romans conquered it, and after the conquest it became the most commercial city of Italy, and the principal point of trade with Egypt and the East. St. Paul spent seven days at this place, and if you wish to read about it I refer you to the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where the story is told.

“The guide first showed us the harbor with the remains of the ancient pier which is mentioned by Seneca, Suetonius, and other ancient writers. Originally there were twenty-five buttresses which supported twenty-four arches. Sixteen of these remain, but only thirteen are visible above the water, the other three being covered by the sea, except at very low tide.

“From the harbor we went to the Serapeum, or Temple of Serapis, which consists of a square court enclosed by forty-eight granite and marble columns, and with some thirty or more side chambers connected with it. There is some dispute as to whether it was really the temple or a market-hall, but the probabilities are in favor of the temple theory. In the centre of the court there was a circular temple surrounded by sixteen Corinthian pillars of African marble, but the pillars are not here, having been transferred to the Royal Palace at Caserta. That

the temple was a very old one there can be no question, as it bears two inscriptions which mention its restoration by Marcus Aurelius and Septimius Severus. The date of original erection is unknown.

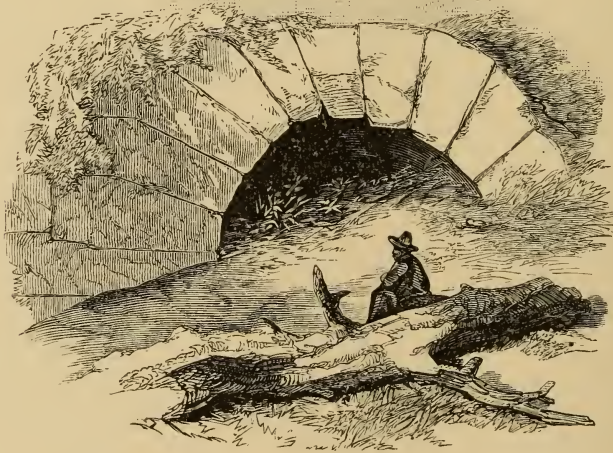
“Some parts of the ruins are under water, and the excavations that have been made here show that the spot where the temple stands has undergone several changes of level. The bases of the columns that surround the court show that for centuries they were under water, the ground having sunk so that the sea flowed in and covered the space. The lower part of the edifice was at one time engulfed to the depth of thirteen feet, as indicated by the marks on the column; afterwards the ground was covered, probably by an eruption of the neighboring volcano of Solfatara, which sent out a flood of mud similar to that which overwhelmed Pompeii. The place was excavated less than two hundred years ago, and since that time the ground seems to have been sinking steadily though slowly. There are salt springs in the neighborhood, and also some springs whence come fumes of sulphur. There are two other temples in the neighborhood, but they are not of much consequence compared with the Serapeum, and one’s interest in them is considerably reduced by the fact that they are under water. Some ruins were pointed out which are said to be on the site of Cicero’s Academy that he established in imitation of Plato.

“The most interesting and the most perfect of all the ruins of Pozzuoli is the Amphitheatre. The description which we have given of the Colosseum will answer in a general way for that of the Amphitheatre, and need not be repeated. One interesting feature of it deserves mention, as we were able to see the dens for the wild beasts and the conduits for flooding the arena when naval fights were to be represented. You will remember that these places have been filled up in the Colosseum. They showed us the doors where the gladiators entered, and the air-holes and outlets of the dens of the animals. This is the spot where Nero gave his celebrated gladiatorial combats when he received the King of Armenia. There is a chapel in the arena dedicated to St. Januarius, which records that the saint and his companions were thrown to the wild beasts in this arena; but the animals refused to touch them, and they were put to death at Solfatara.

“We visited Solfatara, the crater of a half extinct volcano, which is an oblong space enclosed by hills of pumice-stone, and seamed here and there with fissures, from which rise sulphurous gases. The guide stamped on the ground in various places to show that it was hollow, and we could not help thinking what would happen if it should give

way. We did not, however, regard ourselves in great danger, as the volcano has not been in eruption for several centuries.

“We passed near Lake Lucrinus, which was famous for its oysters in ancient times, and is still famous for those excellent bivalves. Then we saw the more celebrated Lake Avernus, which the ancients used to regard as the entrance to the infernal regions; it was formerly supposed that no bird could fly across the lake and live, and that no fish could exist in its waters. Fred and I entered the Grotto of Aver-



ANCIENT ARCH.

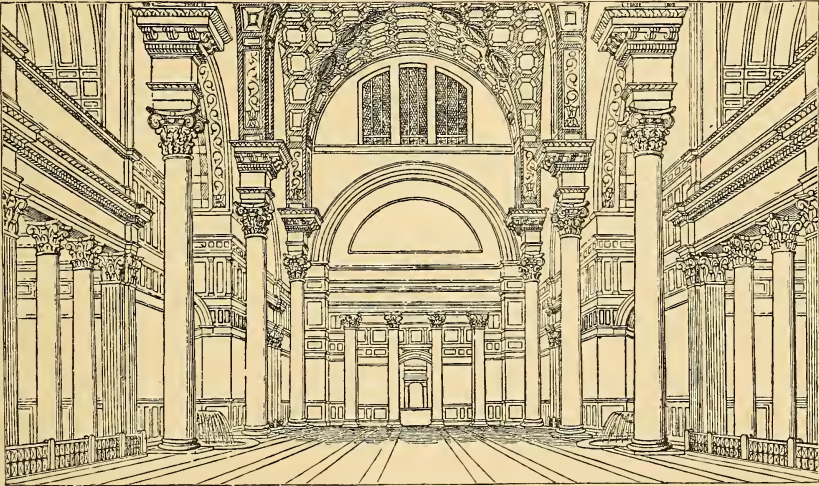
nus, which is a sloping passageway in the solid rock or earth, preceded by a boy carrying a torch and followed by our guide. The air was so warm that it threw us into a violent perspiration, and at the end of the passage a jet of hot gas rose from the fissure.

“Our torch-bearer carried an egg in his hand, and placed it in the jet to be cooked; the guide said it would only take five minutes to cook it, but we did not care to wait long enough for the performance, lest we might ourselves suffer the same fate. We gave the order to return, and in coming back we realized the difficulty of the ascent over the slippery ground beneath us. It is said that this grotto suggested to Virgil the line, familiar to every student of Latin, beginning:

“‘Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradem, hic labor est.’

“ We continued our excursion to Baja, which was the most famous and magnificent watering-place of antiquity, and was at the height of its splendor during the times of Cicero, Augustus, and Nero. It contains remains of the baths, villas, and temples of the Romans, and the guide showed us the location of the villa where Nero planned the murder of his mother. Her tomb was near Baja, on the road to Misenum, but its exact locality cannot be determined, the place that is pointed out as her sepulchre being really the remains of a theatre. Baja is near Misenum, where a vast war-harbor was established during the time of the Roman emperors, and traces of its piers and docks are still visible.

“ We visited Nero’s prison, Nero’s tomb, and the Grotto of the Sibyl, where Nero and other emperors went to consult the oracles. The day was drawing to a close when we reached Pozzuoli on our return to the city ; by the time we stepped from the carriage at the door of our hotel the shadows were spreading over the city and the stars were coming out in the sky.”



CHIEF HALL OF ANCIENT ROMAN BATHS.—[Restored.]

CHAPTER XIX.

MOUNT VESUVIUS, POMPEII, AND HERCULANEUM.—VISIT TO THE RUINS OF HERCULANEUM.—A CITY UNDER A CITY.—THE THEATRE AND OTHER BUILDINGS EXCAVATED.—VESUVIUS AND ITS ERUPTIONS.—ASCENDING THE VOLCANO.—WIRE-ROPE RAILWAY.—OLD METHODS CONTRASTED WITH THE PRESENT.—AT THE EDGE OF THE CRATER.—COOKING AN EGG BY VOLCANIC HEAT.—A WARM PROMENADE.—A RAPID DESCENT.—POMPEII; ITS HISTORY AND DESTRUCTION; HOW ITS LOCATION WAS DISCOVERED.—DESCRIPTION OF STREETS AND HOUSES.—FOUNTAINS AT STREET CORNERS.—ELECTION PLACARDS.—SIGNS OF TRADESMEN.—SHOPS IN POMPEII.—CONSTRUCTION OF DWELLINGS AND THE WAY THE PEOPLE LIVED.



WALL PAINTING FROM HERCULANEUM.

A DAY was taken for an excursion to Mount Vesuvius, and with it was included a visit to the ruins of Herculaneum. As the carriage stopped in Resina and Frank announced that they had arrived at Herculaneum, Mrs. Bassett remarked that it didn't look like so old a city as she had been told it was. Frank explained that Resina is a modern town, and is built on the lava streams which covered the ancient city.

“At the great eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 Herculaneum and Pompeii were both destroyed,” said Frank, “the former being overwhelmed from the lava of the volcano and the latter by the mud, ashes, cinders, and scoriæ that flowed or fell from it.”

“I wish you would tell me the difference between them,” said Mrs. Bassett; “that is, the difference between the ways the two cities were destroyed, as I don’t fully understand.”

“It is hardly necessary to describe mud,” Frank replied, “as we all know what that is. The mud that partly overwhelmed Pompeii is different from the mud of our streets. It was a very fine earth mixed with water, and also with ashes and pumice-stone; during the centuries that have elapsed since the eruption the drying away of the water has left the city covered with a bank of earth which can be cut away with comparative ease. The lava which destroyed Herculaneum is a different substance. It is really melted rock like the slag of an iron-foundry, and flows out of the base of the mountain at the time of an eruption, coming down towards the sea in a stream like a very slowly moving river. It cools and hardens, and is then literally as hard as a stone—it is, in fact, a stone. Rock is not a good conductor of heat, and the interior of a lava bed remains in a heated condition for a long time, as we shall see when we ascend Vesuvius. The lava rock is porous, and sometimes there are considerable cavities in it; it is useful for building purposes when sufficiently solid to cut in blocks, but cannot in any way be considered a valuable stone. Granite is much better.”

“Why! they have been showing us in the shops of Naples jewelry made of lava—at least, they said it was.”

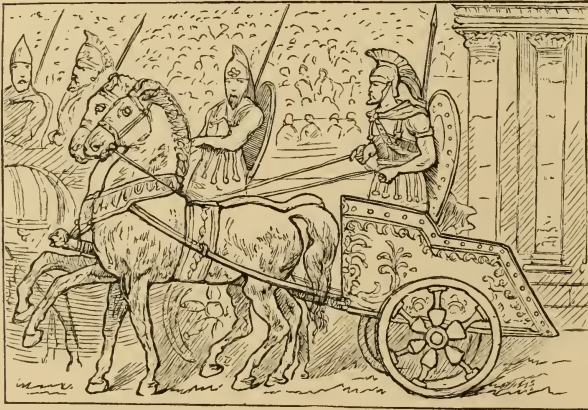
“Yes, I know,” said Frank; “they call it lava, but it is not lava at all. The so-called lava ornaments are made of a kind of calcareous tufa, which is found at the base of Mount Vesuvius and in this vicinity; it is of volcanic origin, but is not in any way lava as we understand it. Herculaneum was a small city, very prettily situated on the shore, and a favorite site for Roman villas, and was totally destroyed by the lava stream that flowed over it. A century or so later a village was established right over the spot, and this was destroyed in the same way as Herculaneum. These and later eruptions altered the whole line of the coast at this point, and increased the depth of ashes and lava to about eighty feet, so that where we now stand in the streets of Resina, which is a modern city, Herculaneum is eighty feet below us.”

Mrs. Bassett called attention to a doorway with the inscription above it, “Scavi di Ercolane,” and asked what it was.

“That is the entrance to the excavations,” said Frank, as he led the way through the door, which was standing open.

Tickets were bought at the office, as at the entrance to a theatre, the admission being two francs for each member of the party. Then a guide carrying a lantern took them down a flight of steps to the ancient theatre, which was lighted up with a few candles carried by the guide. It was a small place, as it could not accommodate more than three thousand spectators; so many pillars have been left to sustain the roof that it is not easy for the majority of visitors to make out the form of the theatre; but there is no doubt of its genuineness.

In addition to the theatre, several other buildings have been exca-



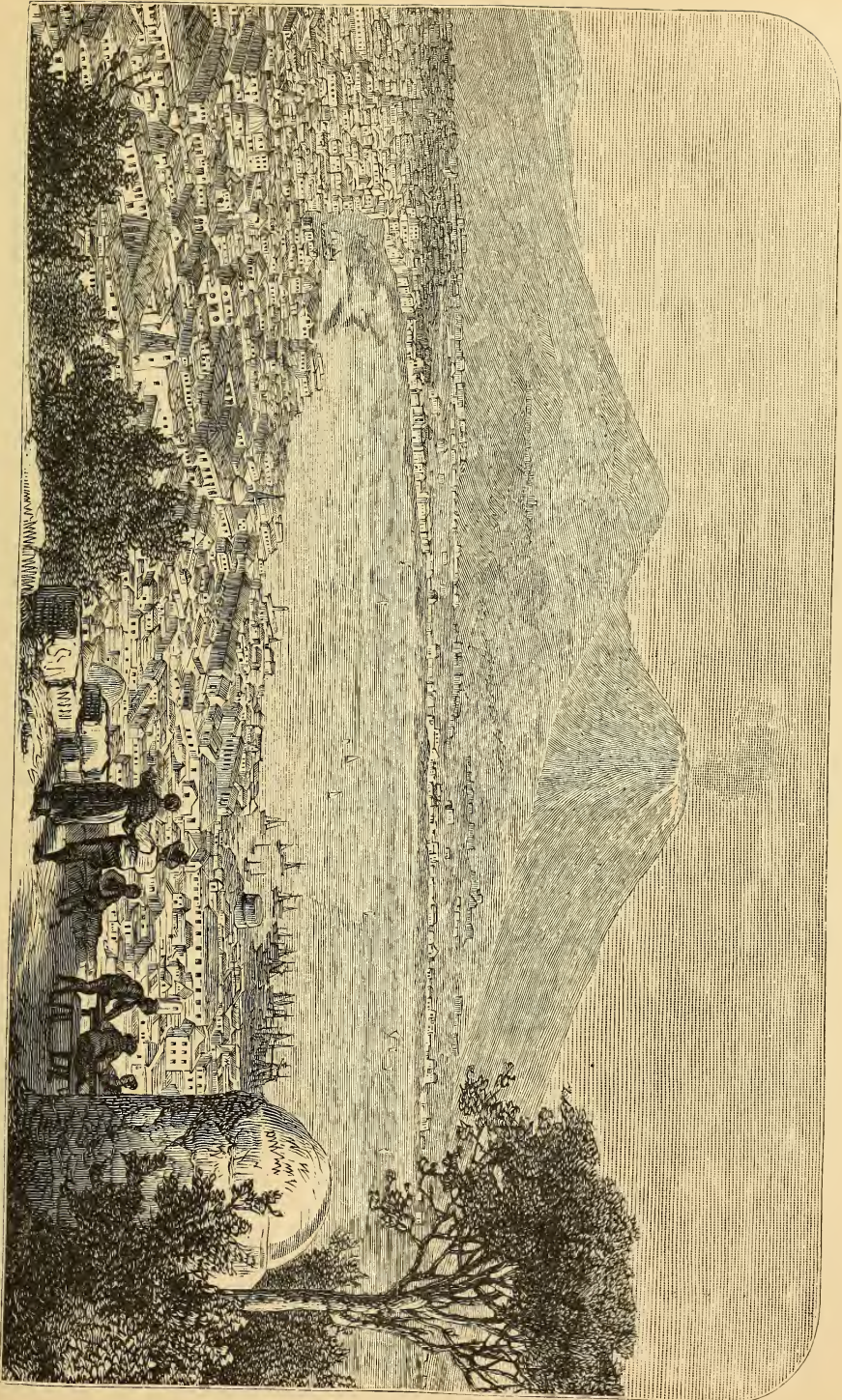
ROMAN WAR-CHARIOT.

vated, and a street has been revealed, with a portion of a large private house and several shops. The houses and the decorations in them are very much like those of Pompeii; some of the houses are three stories in height and very well preserved.

The site of Herculaneum was unknown for centuries, and it was discovered in 1799, during the digging of a well. The diggers came upon the theatre which has just been mentioned, and found a number of statues; the statues were carefully preserved, some of them being now in the museum at Naples, and the rest in various museums of Europe. The attempt to find water was given up, and nothing more was done for twenty years; at different times since then excavations have been made, but the expense of delving into the hard rock and removing it is so great that no considerable portion of the city has been uncovered. A great many statues, busts, and wall paintings have been found here, the most of which have been carried to the National Museum in Naples, where they were carefully preserved.

When the visit to Herculaneum was concluded, our friends proceeded

VIEW OF VESUVIUS, WITH NAPLES IN THE FOREGROUND.



on their way to Vesuvius. The excursion up the volcano is not at all difficult at the present time; down to 1880 it was a fatiguing or else an expensive affair, as the visitor was obliged to ascend the cone on foot or be carried up by porters. Carriages took him from Naples or from the



ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS IN 1737.

railway station to the end of the carriage road, whence a ride upon horses or donkeys, or a tiresome walk, was necessary to reach the foot of the cone, and then began the great fatigue of the ascent. It was a hard journey, and many a traveller abandoned it before reaching the top. The perpendicular height of the cone is not far from one thousand feet, and the ascent is at an angle of about thirty-five degrees. To step from stone to stone and occasionally slip in the ashes was by no means agreeable, and the ride in a chair carried by porters, though less fatiguing, possessed features that were try-

ing to nervous persons. All this is obviated at present, as there is a wire-rope railway extending up the cone to within about one hundred and fifty yards of the mouth of the crater, and carriages take the traveller to the starting-point of this railway.

Here is what Frank says of this part of the excursion :

“ We had secured our tickets for the railway, so that we had no trouble, the time of our arrival having been arranged the evening before. The railway carriages are small affairs, having only twelve seats each, and the number twelve seems to be a favorite one, as the time of the ascent or descent when the machinery is working smoothly is twelve minutes. From various points of the ascent, from Resina to the foot of the railway, we had fine views of Naples and its bay, together with the islands of Capri and Ischia, and the promontories of Sorrento and Baja jutting into the sea.

“ We crossed some of the ancient lava beds, and passed close to the stream of lava which was thrown out at the latest eruption. It has cooled on the surface sufficiently to allow one to walk upon it, but is still very warm on the outside, while the inside is decidedly hot. At one point a man thrust a long stick into a crevice in the lava, held it there for a minute or so, and then drew it out with the end on fire. It takes years for one of these masses of lava to cool, the time depending upon the depth of the stream and also upon its width.

“ It is a curious circumstance that the people of this region seem to have no hesitation at building over these lava streams or beds. They know that Herculaneum was destroyed by the lava, and that other towns and villages had been swept out of existence in the same way ; but after an eruption is over they come back and settle in the immediate neighborhood, and when the lava is cooled sufficiently they build their houses upon it, as though there was no possibility that the mountain would ever again be in a dangerous condition.

“ As you look at the mountain from any prominent point in Naples the dark streams of lava are distinctly visible. None of them in recent centuries have reached the sea like the one which overwhelmed Herculaneum, but there is no telling what may happen in the future. At the time of the great eruption of 1872 many residents of Naples were so much alarmed at the performance of the volcano that they fled from the place. Earthquakes were of frequent occurrence at that time, and as the clouds of ashes poured from the volcano and were swept by the wind in the direction of the city, they fell in the streets to a depth of several inches. Let there come a great eruption with an outpour of ashes, and a strong wind blowing in the direction of Naples, the city would run the risk of being overwhelmed, like the cities that were buried at the beginning of the Christian era.

“ From the railway carriage as we ascended we had a magnificent

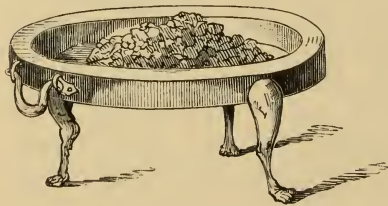
view, but of course it did not last long; and, besides, we were more or less occupied with our unusual mode of conveyance. When we reached the top the guides employed by the railway took us in charge, and recommended that we engage *portatinas*, or chairs, for the ladies of our party, which we did without delay.

“Although the distance is not great from the end of the railway to the crater the walk is very fatiguing, and, furthermore, the walk around the crater, or the portions of it that are visited, is by no means an easy affair, even for one who is young and vigorous.

“We were annoyed somewhat by the persistence of guides and beggars, but less so than was the case before the building of the railway. It occurred to me that the Italians living in the neighborhood of the mountain cannot be called lazy people, when they are ready to climb the steep cone of Vesuvius on the mere chance of earning a little money by serving or vexing the travellers who go there for the sake of the sight. Some of them had brought up baskets filled with wine and provisions which they hoped to sell, and there was so much competition among them that the prices they asked were not at all dear. Excellent wine is made from the vineyards on the slopes of Vesuvius. The ashes thrown out by the volcano cause the vines to grow very luxuriantly, and I am told that there is no better wine-growing region in Italy than around this mountain. This circumstance accounts for

the readiness of the people to settle where they may be overwhelmed by an eruption at any time.

“We got to the crater all right, and when we reached its edge were nearly stifled by the fumes of sulphur that rose from it. The crater of the volcano changes its form after every great eruption. Just now Vesuvius is not at all active; there is a



PORTABLE FIREPLACE, HERCULANEUM.

thin stream of smoke and steam constantly rising from it, but it is not at all in a state of eruption or anywhere near it. We went around to the windward side of the crater, in order that the sulphur fumes might be blown from us rather than in our direction, but there were little eddies in the wind which caused us to get a good deal more of the smell than we wanted, in spite of all efforts to avoid it.

“The guide proposed to take us where we could see fresh molten lava. Fred and I accompanied him, but mamma and Mary concluded

to remain where they were. No doubt Mary would have been willing to go, but she felt that she ought to stay with mamma, who did not want to enter the crater. We descended into the crater perhaps two hundred feet from the rim; the path was not particularly agreeable



LANDSCAPE-PAINTING FROM POMPEII.

and it is not absolutely safe, though the danger is very slight if the visitor is careful and obeys the guide in everything.

“We suffered considerable inconvenience from the sulphur fumes and clouds of steamy smoke, but observed implicitly the directions of

the guide, and felt that we were all right. The lava was not in an actual state of ebullition, though it was very hot and of the consistency of putty. There were crevices in it whence streams of hot air poured steadily, and at one of these crevices the guide placed an egg, which was very soon cooked thoroughly. At another crevice he held a piece of paper, which ignited as though it had been put in the flame of a candle.

“While we were there a party of three or four gentlemen with a guide came up, and proceeded to light their cigars at the volcano. The usual way of performing this feat is to set a piece of paper on fire in the manner I described, and then hold it to the cigar; but a light can be obtained by placing the end of the cigar in one of the crevices whence the hot air issues and leaving it to take fire.

“We felt the ground very hot under our feet, and did not care to remain long. The crater of the volcano is much larger than I had expected to find it, judging from the appearance of Vesuvius as one looks at it from Naples. The guide said that to go entirely around it would involve a walk of fully two miles, and as the path is a very difficult one we did not venture upon it. This may seem a great distance, but it is really a small one when compared with some of the great volcanoes in other parts of the world. The crater of Mount *Ætna* is twice or three times as large as that of Vesuvius, and the crater of *Kilauea*, in the Sandwich Islands, is no less than sixteen miles in circumference, and it has craters within craters. If you want to know more about it I suggest that you read Chapter II. of *The Boy Travellers in Australasia*, which describes our visit there.

“We spent an hour or more on the summit of Vesuvius, looking at the crater and studying the peculiarities of the volcano, and then came down again. Mamma and Mary descended the same way we went up—that is, by the railway train, accompanying some other ladies who ascended the same time we did. Fred and I, with half a dozen others, walked—or, rather, ran—down the mountain, but not in the vicinity of the railway track. The descent is made in a very few minutes through the ashes which the volcano has thrown out. Volcanic ashes are not like ordinary coal or wood ashes, but more like fine gravel; if you can imagine the ashes that come from your furnace done up into little pellets from the size of a pin-head up to that of a chestnut you will have an idea of the material through which we walked on our descent.

“From the top to the bottom of the cone these ashes lie many feet in thickness; it looks very dangerous before you start, but really there is no danger at all. You stand up and walk; that’s all you do, being

careful not to lean forward—stand erect and move your feet. If you happen to slip down it's of no consequence, as the soft ashes receive you gently; but it is not as easy to slip down as you might think. You go three or four yards at every step. Your feet sink into the ashes above the ankles, and after the first few steps you think what jolly fun it would be to have a romp on the side of Vesuvius, playing tag and chasing one another all around. It takes about an hour and a half for a good pedestrian to ascend the cone of Vesuvius from the base to the top, but it doesn't take more than ten minutes to come down, and one could easily do it in half that time.

“This is a good place to tell something about the performances of Vesuvius in times past, but I will not detain you long. The height of the mountain varies according to the different effects of the eruptions, and its shape changes from time to time from the same cause. In 1845 the summit of the mountain was thirty-nine hundred feet above the sea-level. Twenty years afterwards it was very nearly forty-three hundred feet. The eruption of 1872 reduced it somewhat, but since then it has increased. Perhaps before these lines that I am writing see the light there may be another eruption, and the height and shape will again be changed. Vesuvius has been known as an active volcano from very ancient times. The geographer Strabo, who was born sixty years before the Christian

era, speaks of it as though it had not been active for a long while. Here is what he says in describing his visit to the volcanic mountain:

“Mount Vesuvius is covered with beautiful meadows, with the exception of the summit. The latter is for the most part level, but quite sterile; for it has an appearance like ashes, and shows rugged rocks of sooty consistency and color, as if they had been consumed by fire.



CERES.—[Pompeian wall-painting.]

One might conclude from this that the mountain had once burned, and possessed fiery abysses, and had become extinguished when the material was spent. And just from this cause its fertility may arise, as in the case of Catania the eruption of ashes from *Ætna* renders it so productive of wine.'

"This paragraph must have been written not far from the beginning of our era. In the year A.D. 63 there was a great earthquake and eruption which destroyed much of the prosperous region around there, and seriously damaged *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*. After this there were earthquakes and eruptions every year or two until August 24, 79, when the first recorded earthquake took place, and devastated the country for a considerable distance around. This was the eruption that destroyed *Pompeii*, *Herculaneum*, and other towns, and converted the formerly smiling land into an area of desolation.

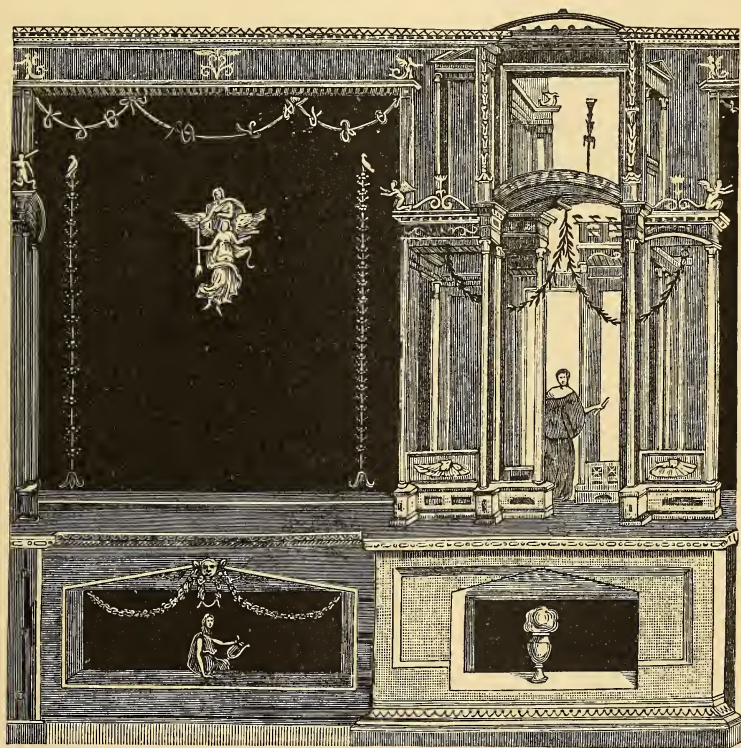
"The naturalist *Pliny*, who was then in command of the section of the Roman fleet at *Misenum*, perished during that eruption; he had ventured too near the scene of desolation, partly as an observer and partly to help the people on shore, and was suffocated by fumes of sulphur and overwhelmed by the ashes. The description that his nephew, the younger *Pliny*, gave in letters to his friend, the historian *Tacitus*, might answer as a description of an eruption of the present time. He tells of the premonitory earthquakes, and great clouds of steam that overwhelmed the sky, turning day into night, the agitation of the sea, the lightning storms, the emission of fire and ashes, the river of lava that flowed down towards the sea, and the terror of all the people, who supposed that the end of the world had come.

"The next eruption took place in the year 203, and the next great one in 472, when the showers of ashes were carried by the winds as far as *Constantinople*. Nine great eruptions are on record down to 1500, and from that year to the present time there have been no fewer than fifty, not counting the small ones.

"Eruptions do not take place at regular intervals; sometimes they occur every few years, and at others long periods pass without any disturbance. From 1500 to 1631 *Vesuvius* was in a quiet state; it was covered with trees and bushes to the very summit, and the crater was used as a grazing place for cattle. A terrible eruption came in December, 1631, and the cloud of smoke and ashes overspread a considerable part of southern Italy. Heavy stones were thrown up by the mountain, some of them falling a distance of fifteen miles away. One stone that was thrown several miles weighed twenty-five tons, and many

other great masses were upheaved in a similar way. One eruption in 1707 lasted from May to August, and the quantities of ashes that fell in Naples filled the street to a depth of several feet.

“The greatest eruption of late years was in 1872, when the lava burst out in several places, and one stream came so suddenly that it overwhelmed and destroyed some twenty or more people in a crowd of spectators who were watching the effect and had gone too near.



WALL PAINTING, POMPEII.

Others were injured by the falling stones, and the red-hot stones thrown out with the column of smoke and steam were carried to a height of 4000 feet! Clouds of ashes were carried upward twice that distance, and borne by the wind to a distance of 140 miles.

“There is a popular idea that a volcano is in eruption only when columns of smoke and stones are thrown up, and the streams of lava burst from the sides. Scientifically a volcano is in eruption when the

masses of lava begin to form inside. How they are caused no one can say exactly, but it is thought that it is in consequence of the burning mass of the interior of the earth coming in contact with the waters of the ocean, nearly all the active volcanoes of the world being near the sea, and some rising directly from it.

“The earthquakes that precede an eruption are occasioned by the vapors and gases formed in the earth endeavoring to seek an outlet. The mass of lava in the interior steadily increases day by day, and fills up the base of the mountain. Before the lava can rise sufficiently high

to flow over the rim of the crater, its pressure is so great that it bursts through the sides, and when the lava thus finds its exit, the release of the gases beneath it causes the clouds of smoke and steam to ascend, and they rise with such force as to carry with them stones and ashes, and not infrequently masses of molten lava heated to redness.

“Sometimes an eruption may be weeks or months under way before the mountain breaks out. This circumstance is immediately heralded all over the world by hotel-keepers and others



ACHILLES DELIVERING UP BRISEIS, POMPEII.

interested in drawing strangers to Naples. A gentleman tells me that in the spring of 1876 he came to Naples on the announcement of an eruption, and remained here for five weeks, waiting for the last act in the performance. At the end of that time he was obliged to leave, on account of business; the bursting of the lava and attendant explosions did not take place for a month after his departure, and then the performance was comparatively small and hardly worth seeing.

“I wish to correct another erroneous impression which is very general. When you see a colored picture representing a vast column of fire rising from the crater of Vesuvius or some other volcano, do not suppose that it is really a column of fire that you see. It is the re-

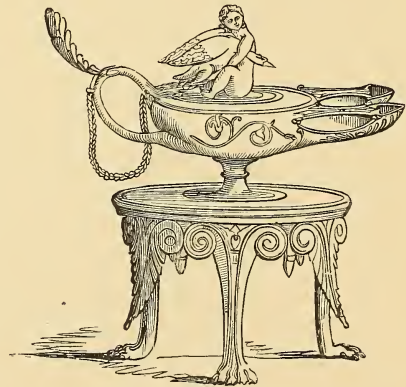
flection of the molten lava in the interior of the crater on the clouds of vapor and ashes in the sky—just as you sometimes see at night the clouds reflecting fires on the earth far below. There is no column of fire rising from the volcano as far as I am able to ascertain, and there never was anything of the kind in the most violent eruptions that have taken place, either here or at other volcanoes.”

A visit to Pompeii naturally followed the excursion to Vesuvius; in fact, the party made two visits to the old city, going once by the carriage road and once by the railway. The distance from Naples is about fifteen miles. The carriage road follows the coast, passes through several towns and villages, and is bordered here and there by handsome villas, smiling vineyards, busy factories, and persistent beggars. Numerous macaroni factories were passed, and vast quantities of the article of which the Neapolitans are so fond were hung out to dry. The drive is an interesting one, and if the traveller is not pressed for time the journey is to be recommended in preference to that by railway. There are two small hotels at Pompeii, so that if one wishes to make a prolonged stay he has the opportunity to do so.

On arriving at the entrance gates our friends found the arrangements not unlike those of Herculaneum; they paid an admission-fee of two francs each, and a guide was assigned to them. The Government has made the most rigid rules regarding the guides, who are forbidden, under penalty of dismissal, to receive fees from visitors, their services being paid out of the entrance-fees taken at the gate. When a guide is assigned to a party he is required to accompany them as long as they choose to stay in the place between sunrise and sunset; in case of incivility a complaint addressed to the inspector in charge of the office, or to the director of the museum at Naples, will receive the most prompt and vigorous attention.

Frank having given quite an interesting account of the visit to Vesuvius, it naturally became the duty of Fred to tell about what they saw in Pompeii. Here is what he wrote in his journal on this subject:

“If any one has an impression that Pompeii was a great city like



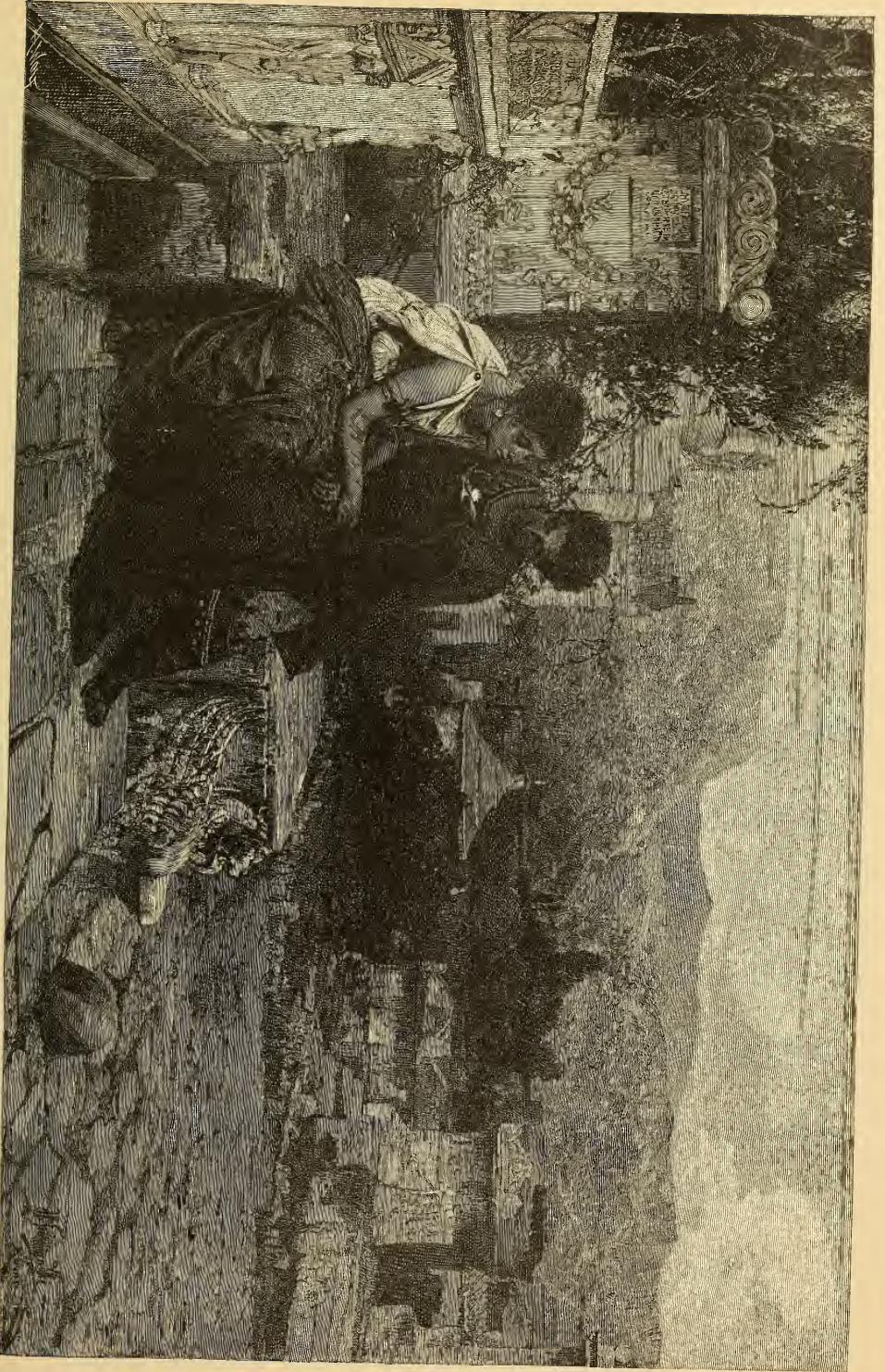
LAMP AND STAND.

Rome or Carthage he has made a huge mistake, as it was nothing more than a provincial town with a population of not much over twenty thousand. Exactly when it was founded nobody knows, but the Greek temple and the shape of the walls show that it was a very ancient place. It had quite an extensive commerce, and before the eruption it stood upon the sea; now it is fully a mile away from it.

“Frank has told you in his account of Vesuvius about the destruction of Pompeii on August 24, A.D. 79. Although the city was destroyed, it is not believed that more than two thousand of its inhabitants actually perished on that day. The mud and ashes and fragments of pumice-stone with which the city was covered form a mass about twenty feet thick, though it is known that some of it is the result of later eruptions. Numerous excavations were made in the years immediately following the destruction of the city, in order to recover valuables that were buried there. For two or three centuries these searches went on, and not only valuables were removed, but many parts of the temples and other buildings, and then the place was considered to contain nothing of special value, and was abandoned.

“During the Middle Ages the location of Pompeii was entirely unknown, and its name practically disappeared from history. The discovery of the ruins was made in 1748 by a peasant who was digging a well. He found some statues and bronze utensils, which were shown to the King, and His Majesty caused excavations to be made. From that time to the present excavations have been continued at intervals; from eighty to one hundred men are now constantly employed, and sometimes several hundred are engaged. The fees received from visitors are devoted to maintaining the guides and police and to carrying on the excavations, and it is estimated that if the work continues at the present rate the town will be completely excavated by the year 1950. About one-half of it has now been brought to light, and the other half remains buried, just as it has been for centuries.

“It was difficult to realize, as we walked about Pompeii, that we were in a city of eighteen hundred years ago. The streets are straight and narrow, the widest of them rarely exceeding twenty-five feet and the narrower ones twelve or fourteen feet; they are paved with large blocks of lava stone, and the pavement is well laid down. At most places where the streets intersect there are stepping-stones—that is, lines of stones raised above the rest of the pavement, and intended to facilitate the crossing of the streets by pedestrians in wet weather. In many places there are deep ruts which were worn by the wheels of



SUMMER NIGHT IN POMPEII.

wagons. The horses' hoofs have made impressions on the stepping-stones, and the indications are that they were generally driven singly, and rarely in pairs, the latter being considered luxuries.

"A very noticeable feature is the abundance of fountains in Pompeii, not only in the streets but in the houses. All houses that were at all costly, and many of the humbler ones, had fountains in the principal courts, and the fountain was almost always surrounded by a basin which furnished facilities for a bath. Public and private baths were numerous. The modern Italians might learn a lesson from the ancient inhabitants of the country in the matter of water supply, and also in the use of water after it has been supplied.

"At many of the street corners of Pompeii the fountains were in the shape of upright posts decorated with the head of a god, a mask, or some other ornament. In some cases the water ran into a drinking-trough, where horses might quench their thirst; otherwise it ran into the gutter at the edge of the sidewalk. These street fountains were of the right height to enable the pedestrian to drink from them, and we observed that some of them had been considerably worn away by the many thousands of lips which had been pressed against the orifice whence the water flowed. A man stopping to drink in this way would naturally place one hand on the top of the upright pillar, and the top of the pillar was thus worn away to the same degree as the stone at the point of issue.



GOLD PIN.

"There are many signs along the streets, and it would appear from some of them that an election was about to take place at the time of the eruption. The signs or placards were painted in red letters on the walls of the buildings, and recommended particular individuals for the offices of ædile or duumvir. Then there are numerous signs of grocers, bakers, wine-dealers, butchers, and other tradesmen. Some of the walls are covered with rough sketches evidently done by the small boy of the period, in just the same way that the small boy of the present day delights in making pictures on blank walls or adding to the attractions of circus posters.

"The houses are built of concrete or brick (concrete, as you know, is made of small stones mixed with cement), and sometimes the corners of the houses are of blocks of stone. Some houses are built entirely of



RING.

stone blocks, but their number is not large. It is supposed that the greater part of the concrete buildings were erected between the years 63 and 79, the dates respectively of the great earthquake and of the city's destruction. According to history, the majority of the inhabitants fled at the time of the earthquake, the city being very seriously damaged; they afterwards returned, and restored such of their buildings as would bear restoration, or erected new ones in place of those that had been quite destroyed. In many of the houses there are staircases, which shows that they must have had a second story, and perhaps a third one. All the upper portions of the houses were destroyed by the red-hot scoriæ that came out of the volcano at the time of the eruption. No, I am wrong; there was one house whose second story is preserved.

“Many of the dwelling-houses had rows of shops next to the street. These were owned by the proprietors of the houses and rented to merchants, just as we find the shops in many buildings of Naples and other Italian cities at the present day. Where the shops were rented they had no connection whatever with the dwelling portion of the house; they were entirely open to the street, and closed at night by means of large wooden doors. Many of the shop tables covered with marble stand in their original places, and some of them contain earthen jars for holding wine, oil, and other liquids. Sometimes there is a second room back of the shop, which may have been occupied by the tenant and his family, or used perhaps as an inner office for the entertainment of customers. There were restaurants for the sale of food, just like the restaurants of to-day, and in these establishments the second room was no doubt the place where customers were served. Where there were no shops the part of the house fronting the street was generally a blank wall, with a few narrow openings to admit light and air. The streets of Pompeii had sidewalks, which is more than can be said of many of the streets of Naples, Florence, and other Italian cities; the sidewalks were narrow, and when a person in a house was about to open a door, it was necessary for him to give a shout of warning lest a passing pedestrian might run against it.”

CHAPTER XX.

HOUSES OF RICH AND POOR.—DESCRIPTION OF A RICH MAN'S DWELLING.—THE HOUSE OF PANSA AND ITS ORNAMENTS.—A GLASS WINDOW; OTHER USES OF GLASS.—“SALVE!”—AN AMERICAN'S MISTAKE.—CUSTOM-HOUSE.—HOUSE OF THE SURGEONS.—MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.—THE STREET OF TOMBS.—THE ROMAN SENTINEL AND HIS STORY.—DIOMEDES' HOUSE; SKELETONS IN HIS CELLAR.—HOW CASTS OF BODIES ARE MADE.—AN OFFICIAL'S INGENUITY.—WALL PAINTINGS; DESCRIPTION OF SOME OF THEM.—HOUSE OF THE TRAGIC POET.—“BEWARE OF THE DOG!”—ISLAND OF CAPRI, AND A VISIT TO IT.—TIBERIUS AND HIS PALACE.—A CHEAP PLACE TO LIVE.—CAPRI AND ANACAPRI.—THE BLUE GROTTO.—A CURIOUS SIGHT.—TRICKS OF THE BOATMEN.—OTHER GROTTOES.—CORAL FISHING.—WOMEN OF CAPRI AND THEIR OCCUPATIONS.

“THERE is great variety in the dwelling-houses of Pompeii,” Fred continued, “some of them being very large, and others of modest size. It is evident that every man built and fitted up his house in the



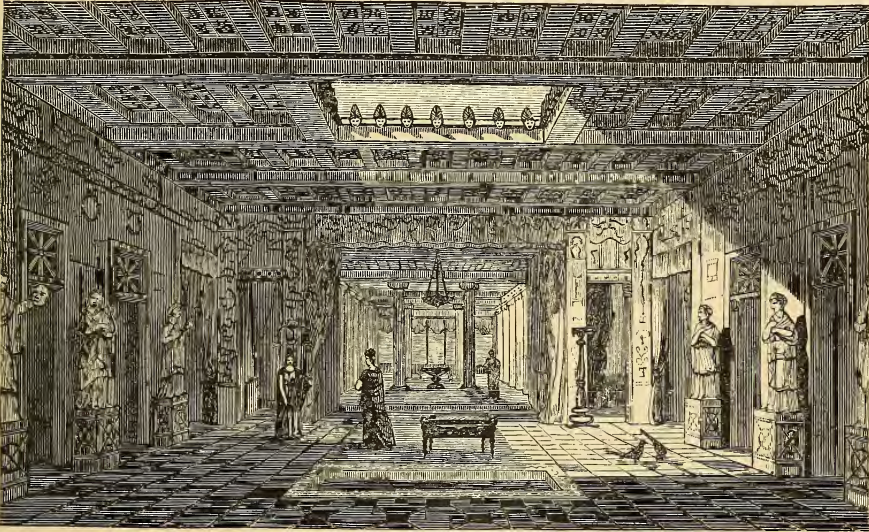
PICTURE IN THE HOUSE OF PANSA.

way he could best afford; a very rich man had a palace, and a poor man occupied quarters best suited to the condition of his purse. The Pompeian houses of the well-to-do middle class of people were entered from the street by a narrow passage or vestibule which leads to the court they call the atrium. The atrium was surrounded by a covered

passage with a reservoir for rain-water in the centre; to supply this reservoir the roof of the building was made to slope inward, so that the rain from the roof would be carried to the reservoir or com-

pluvium, and there was an opening in the centre of the roof for the admission of light and air to the courts and rooms that adjoined the atrium. Beyond the atrium is a large apartment which opens into what is called the tablinum, or dining-room.

“The front part of the house which I have described was like the reception-room or parlor of the modern house in Europe and America. It was where the master and his family held their relations with the outer world, the place where visitors were received, and where the master transacted business and met his friends. The rest of the house was



ATRIUM IN THE HOUSE OF PANSA.

devoted entirely to the use of the family. The centre of the private portion of the house also consisted of an open court enclosed by columns, the middle of it being laid out as a garden, with a fountain or perhaps a fish-pond in the centre. Around and beyond this inner court were the rooms of the members of the family, the sleeping and eating rooms, the kitchen, slaves' rooms, store places, and the like. The family dwelt almost exclusively on the ground-floor, the upper floor or floors being principally for the servants or slaves.

“The sitting-room, or the place where the family spent the greater part of its time, was in the open courts and in the apartments which were nearly always very small. The ideas of the Pompeians about

sleeping-rooms were that any place was good enough to sleep in. Their beds were narrow bunks of solid masonry on which mattresses were placed, and it is quite possible that poor people slept on the bare stone without any intervening mattress whatever. It seemed to us that this feature of a Pompeian house was not at all an agreeable one; but if the people liked it, it is none of our business.

“We thought it a little odd that the wealthy residents of Pompeii did not have glass windows for their houses. The Pompeians made bottles and many other things out of glass, and they knew the use of window-glass, as there is a window, two feet and a half by three, in one of the public baths, which had panes of glass set in a bronze frame. They must have known the advantages of glass for windows; no doubt it was a very costly material, and could only be afforded by the wealthy; but why the wealthy did not have it is a mystery.

“The finest of the Pompeian houses is the house of Pansa, which occupies an entire block three hundred and nineteen feet long and one hundred and twenty-four feet broad. I ought to have explained before this that the blocks, or squares, in Pompeii are very small; perhaps this is because Pompeii was a small city. On the same principle a famous New Yorker who had an impediment in his speech explained once that he stammered worse in New York than in Baltimore, because New York was a much bigger place.



A SUPPER-PARTY.

“The house of Pansa has sixteen shops facing two of the streets, and on the inside is the dwelling. On the threshold of the entrance was found a mosaic with the greeting ‘Salve!’ (Welcome!); this is probably the house which a practical American supposed was devoted to the sale of ointments and salves, in consequence of the sign.

“It would take too long for me to tell all about what we saw in Pompeii, or even a quarter of it. Suffice it to say that we walked

through the streets, visited several houses, went to the Forum, several temples, the amphitheatre, and other points of general interest. One building that we entered is supposed to have been a sort of custom-house, as a number of weights and measures were found there. Close to it is the House of the Surgeons, which derives its name from the fact that it contained quite a lot of surgical instruments. We had already seen them in the museum at Naples, and it is a curious circumstance that the exact duplicates of certain instruments which have been invented and patented during this century were found in Pompeii.

“We went through the Street of Tombs, which was the great military road in the direction of Naples and Rome, and receives its name from the fact that many burial-places were ranged along the sides of the road. Mrs. Bassett wanted to see the sentry-box where a Roman soldier died at his post of duty, as described so graphically in Bulwer’s *Last Days of Pompeii*. We saw the box, which was really a tomb, and the probability is that the skeleton found within it had been there for years before the eruption took place. Bulwer’s description is a beautiful piece of fiction, and has been greatly admired.

“Of course we did not fail to visit the Villa of Diomedes, whose tomb was close to his house. He seems to have been a man of a practical turn of mind, as he erected his tomb during his lifetime, and had it where he could observe it conveniently whenever he liked. His house was an extensive one, with a garden more than a hundred feet square, surrounded by a colonnade. There is a cellar under this colonnade, and in it were found eighteen bodies of women and children who had fled there and provided themselves with food, under the belief that they would be protected against the eruption; they were found with their heads wrapped up and buried in the ashes and mud. Mr. Diomedes himself attempted to escape by way of the garden; he was found near the garden door with the key in his hand, and with him, or, rather, just behind him, was a slave with money and costly jewelry.

“They have a museum here, but the articles preserved in it are of no great value, the most of them being duplicates of the articles in the museum at Naples. Among the most interesting things that we saw there were the casts of bodies found in the ashes. During the centuries that they lay underground the bodies of those who perished by the eruption disappeared altogether, with the exception sometimes of the bones, and left cavities in the earth of their exact shape. Repeatedly during the progress of the excavations the workmen have come upon cavities of the shape of human bodies; various plans were adopted to

obtain casts of these places, but none were successful until one of the officials hit upon the plan of pouring melted tallow into the openings, and obtained the cast which he desired.

“In many instances the casts of openings or cavities were of no value, while in others they were of great importance. On one occasion a workman found a small hole, which looked as though it might

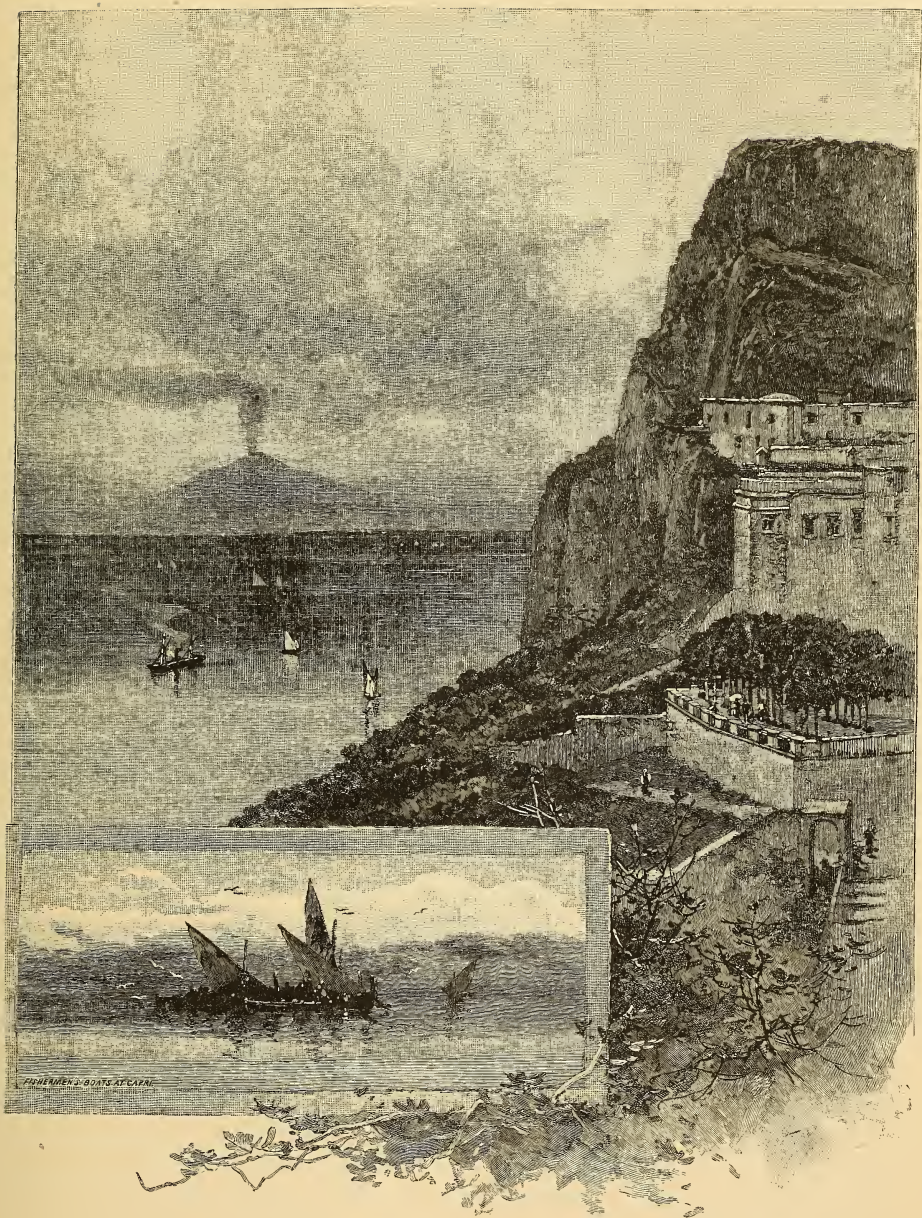


“BEWARE OF THE DOG!”

have been made by a human finger. The superintendent was called, kettles of melted tallow were brought, and the liquid was poured into the cavity; but kettle after kettle was required before the cavity was filled up. When the tallow had cooled thoroughly the earth around it was carefully removed, and a complete cast of a human body was obtained. Duplicates have been made of it in plaster, and are now preserved in the museum at Naples, and also in the museum here in Pompeii.

“The paintings on the walls of the houses, as you have already learned from our account of the museum at Naples, have generally faded and lost most of their color, but enough of them remain to give an idea of the Pompeian style of decoration. We have bought photographs of some of them, and shall keep these photographs as souvenirs of our visit; some of the houses contain many paintings and others very few. The house of the Quæstor was particularly rich in paintings; among them were Perseus and Andromeda, and another which represented Medea meditating the murder of her children. The garden of this house contains rows of wine jars, which are standing exactly as they were placed in the year of the eruption; on one of the columns is a drawing which was scratched by a sharp instrument, and it has an inscription in Greek directly underneath the drawing.

“In the House of the Tragic Poet we came across a mosaic which has become celebrated; it is at the entrance, and represents a dog wearing a collar bristling with spikes, and tugging heavily at a cord which restrains him. At his feet is the inscription ‘*Cave Canem!*’ (Beware of the dog!) Evidently the proprietor of the house was some-



VIEW OF VESUVIUS FROM CAPRI.

thing of a wag, who planned this little joke upon his visitors, as a dog in mosaic is not likely to be dangerous. The mosaic now here is a modern one, an exact copy of the original which was taken up twenty or thirty years ago and removed to Naples."

After our friends had concluded their investigation of Pompeii, they arranged for a visit to the Island of Capri. Its name indicates that it is the island of goats; the goats are there, but they do not have entire possession of the island. Capri stands directly in front of Naples, and the indications are that it was once joined with the main-land. In some of the earthquakes and volcanic upheavals that take place here periodically, Capri was detached and became an island, and probably its near neighbor, Ischia, has a similar history.

Capri is not densely peopled, but has been occupied from very ancient times; it presents nearly everywhere a bold face towards the water, and there are only two places where boats can land safely. The highest point is about 2000 feet above the sea-level, and on one side are the cliffs, which are nearly 1000 feet in height and rise abruptly from the sea. The island has about 5000 inhabitants, and its principal products are fruit, oil, and wines; there are many fishermen living on the island, and a considerable portion of the people are engaged in the fishing industry.

Probably the largest source of income is found in the strangers who visit the island, the number being fully 30,000 every year. Our friends contributed their share to this sort of revenue, and were well satisfied with their outlay, as the island is picturesque and interesting; although the people are classed as Italians, they are not altogether like their neighbors of Naples, and have many ways of their own.

Before the party went there, Mary investigated the history of Capri, and said it was a favorite resort of the Emperor Augustus, who founded palaces and baths there and built an aqueduct. The Emperor Tiberius also lived there for the last ten years of his life, and traditions concerning his way of existence are still circulating among the people.

"We went to Capri by the steamboat," said Mary, "which gave us a very agreeable trip across the Bay of Naples. The boat landed us at the Marina Grande, or principal landing-place, which is a miniature sort of harbor with flat-roof buildings fronting the water in an almost continuous line. The town of Capri is not at the landing-place, but farther back and higher up. Down to comparatively recent times the only road to it was a pathway with steps, but a carriage road was made there a few years ago, so that one can reach the town very com-

fortably. Its elevation is nearly five hundred feet above the bay, and it lies in a hollow which connects the eastern part of the island with the west; the situation is very picturesque.

“I wondered why the town was placed in such an inaccessible position, and was told that it was founded in the fifteenth century, in consequence of the older town, which was at the water’s edge, being visited very often by pirates; they robbed the buildings, maltreated the people, and occasionally carried some of the inhabitants away to sell them into slavery. In order to escape their incursions the people



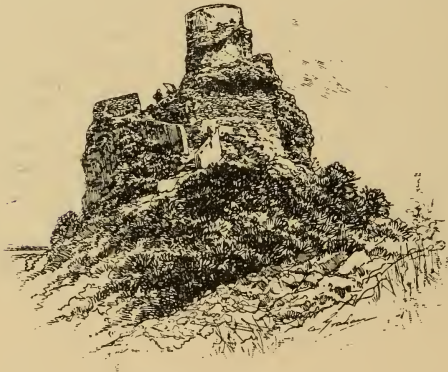
MARINA GRANDE.

fled from the shore, and selected the present location of the place; it has an old monastery, which was founded long before the town was established; the building is now used as a military barrack, and contains a small garrison of soldiers from Naples.

“When we were arranging to visit Capri we found that we would not have an opportunity to see the island thoroughly unless we spent a night there, as the steamboat only allows passengers three or four hours on shore; consequently, we came prepared to stay, and Frank arranged for our lodgings at one of the hotels as soon as we arrived. There are several hotels here, most of them very good; the one where

we stopped was excellent, and I would have been perfectly willing to remain there several days. If anybody wants to live cheaply this is a good place for him to patronize, as the prices are something surprising. You can get very good furnished apartments, including breakfast, for forty or fifty francs (eight or ten dollars) a month, and if you are willing to pay eighty or a hundred francs a month you can be lodged in almost princely fashion. A little money will go a great way in Capri if you know just how to use it.

“History tells us that the Emperor Tiberius built twelve palaces on the island, and named them after the twelve deities whom he was most anxious to propitiate. Tiberius the natives call Timberio; and according to the accounts that have come down to us, the palaces that he built were magnificent, and his way of living was infamous in the extreme. After he died the Roman Senate condemned all his palaces to destruction—they probably wished to wipe out all mementos of that bad man; but it is a great pity for us who come to see the island, as the palaces would have added very much to the interest of the place. There are traces of all of them, but not enough to give a clear idea of what they were originally.



LIGHT-HOUSE OF TIBERIUS.

“The building that is in the best state of preservation was the Villa of Jove, which was situated on the eastern end of the island, on a spot which commanded a magnificent view of the main-land and of the water directly in front. On our way there we passed a rock which is called the Salto di Tiberio; it takes

its name from a story, which I hope has no foundation, that the tyrant Tiberius used to throw his victims from this point. The rock is about seven hundred feet above the sea, and rises perpendicularly, so that if a person should be thrown from it his death would be absolutely certain.

“We went out on a projecting platform, which has a strong railing around it, and looked directly down on the waves as they broke against the rock. Frank and Fred dropped pieces of stone over the railing, and the time taken by the stones in their fall gave us a good idea of

the height of the rock. A little distance away to the right are the ruins of an ancient light-house; it is said to have been erected by order of Tiberius, but whether that is really so or not I am unable to say.

“We were somewhat disappointed with the Villa of Tiberio when we reached it, as the only remains of the building consist of a series



FISHER PEOPLE OF CAPRI.

of vaulted chambers and corridors that are not in a good state of preservation. Exactly what was the use of these chambers and corridors no one is able to make out clearly. The natives who owned the land have put the ruins to a practical use, as they occupy part of them as stables for their cows and goats, and very good stables they are.

“On the highest point of rock above the villa is a small chapel, in which is a cell occupied by a hermit; he is a hermit more in theory than in practice, as he is willing to talk with visitors and drives a fairly good business by selling wine to them. Perhaps I ought to say giving wine instead of selling, since he offers it as a courtesy, though he expects payment for it; if the visitor starts to leave without giving sufficient compensation for his entertainment, he is pretty certain to be reminded of his neglect to reward his host.

“There are two towns on the island, one called Capri, which has already been mentioned, and the other called Anacapri. We did not

want Anacapri to be jealous, so we visited it; but I must say that I don't think the interest of the place equalled the difficulty of reaching it, though it is more easy to reach than it used to be. Down to 1874 visitors were obliged to ascend a flight of five hundred and thirty-five steps to get to Anacapri, and if they came directly from the Marina there were two hundred and fifty more which they had to climb.

"Now there is a road, and a very good one, too, which ascends by long windings and must have cost a great deal of money, as it is hewn in the rock for the principal part of the way. Near this road are the ruins of a castle, which is called Castello di Barbarossa, not in honor of the man who built it, but in remembrance of the one who destroyed it; he was a pirate, and came here in the sixteenth century. As if it were not enough to preserve his name in this way by attaching it to the ruins of the castle which he destroyed, the proprietor of the hotel at the entrance to Anacapri has named his place Albergo de Barbarossa. We stopped a few minutes at the hotel, which is not of an attractive appearance, and if the pirate stopped there any length of time I don't wonder that he wanted to destroy something.

"There are a good many grottos and caves in the Island of Capri; of course the guide sounded their praises and wanted us to visit all of them; the natives say that the island is built upon grottos and caves, and I have no doubt such is the case. The most interesting of all is the Blue Grotto, which is in the rock and cliff that faces towards the north; it is not as large as some of the other grottos along the rocky shore, but is interesting from its peculiarities. The entrance to it is directly from the water, and is not more than three feet high by five in width.

"The day we went to the island it would have been impossible to visit the grotto, as the wind was blowing from the north-east; whenever the wind blows from east or north, or from any point between those two cardinal ones, boats cannot enter the Blue Grotto; but the captain of the steamer which brings you from Naples never mentions that circumstance, and if you ask him anything about it he declares he never heard anything of the kind. It often happens that visitors make several attempts to visit the grotto without being able to see the inside of it. The second day of our stay the wind was blowing from the south, and the boatmen at the Marina assured us there would be no trouble. So confident were they that when Frank and Fred expressed doubts on that point, they offered to take us there and back for nothing in case we did not succeed in entering the cavern.

"We went in a row-boat, the distance being a little more than

a mile from the Marina. It was very pretty and interesting to go in this way, and I was very glad of the opportunity of thus making the journey, instead of going by the prosaic steamboat. The water was very clear; we could look down a great distance and see the red coral



VIEW IN THE ISLAND.

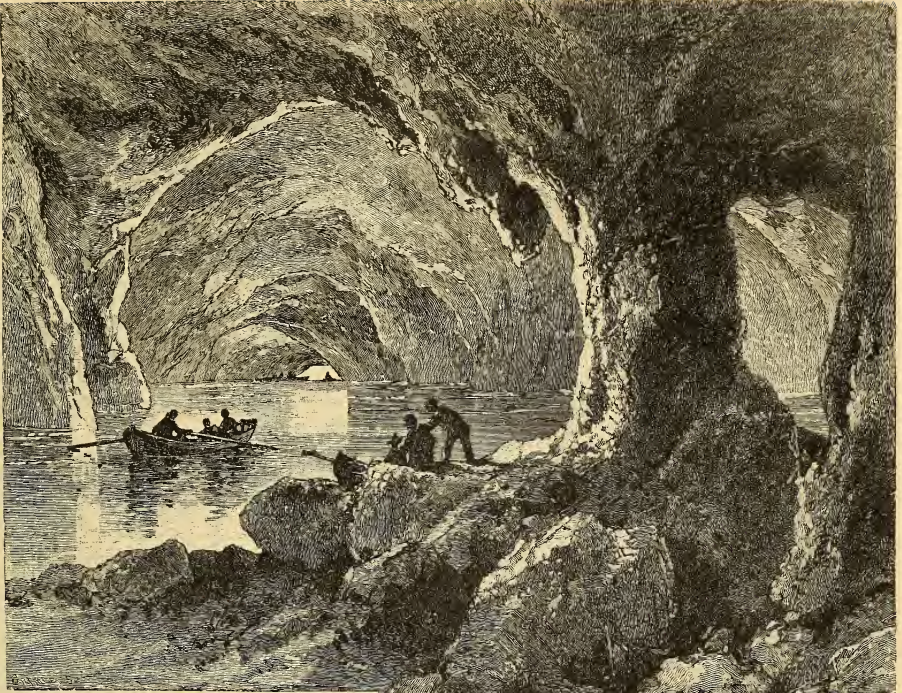
at the bottom of the sea, and the fishes swimming about, while the surface of the water was covered in places with sea-stars and jelly-fish. We passed the baths of Tiberius on the way, but there is very little to

be seen of them, as the buildings were destroyed at the same time as the rest of the edifices erected by the Emperor. When we got to the Blue Grotto we were surrounded by a swarm of little boats ready to take us inside. There was a party of six ladies and gentlemen who went from the Marina to the grotto at the same time as ourselves, so that we were ten in all, and about the time we arrived a steamboat came from Naples bringing thirty or forty tourists.

“The row-boats which take people inside can only carry three passengers; mamma and Frank got into one of the boats, and Fred and I into another. We wondered why the boat which brought us from the Marina could not enter, and were told that it was too large; but we found out when we reached the entrance, as the boatman motioned to us that we must stoop very low, and we did so. This was necessary in order to prevent hitting our heads against the very low arch at the entrance. It was not necessary to remain long in this posture, as the boat slid quickly through the entrance, and then we could lift our heads as high as we pleased. The grotto is nearly two hundred feet long by about one hundred feet in width, and the roof is fully forty feet high. The water is deep through the greater part of the grotto, being nearly fifty feet in some places. Perhaps you wonder why it is called the Blue Grotto, instead of the Red or Yellow one.

“Well, this is the reason: Nearly all the light that enters the place must come through the water, the low and narrow entrance being nothing more than a very insignificant window. The light is not colorless like the ordinary shade of the light of day, but is blue like that of the sky. The water of the Mediterranean, as you are probably aware, is generally of a deep blue, and on the day we made our visit the sky was of that color. Well, as the light comes through the water it is tinged with blue; as you look around in the air you see the bluish shade over all the rock, and when you look down into the water you see more color than in the air above. There is a silvery sheen everywhere, and as the waves rise and fall gently against the rocks on the side of the grotto they reflect it; the oars and the sides of the boat present the same appearance, and you almost think they are painted.

“As soon as we were inside the grotto one of the boatmen (there were two in our boat), proposed that his comrade should plunge into the water on payment of a franc from each of us, and let us see the effect of the waves upon him. Fred consented to the arrangement; at the same time a similar bargain was made with Frank by the boatmen in his boat, and not only in our two boats, but in the ten or twelve



THE BLUE GROTTA.

other boats that came into the grotto was a similar arrangement made. Every passenger, therefore, was to pay one franc to reward the boatman for his trouble in removing his ordinary clothing and donning a bathing costume for the amusement of the visitors in the cavern.

“The affair turned out to be a very shrewd speculation on the part of the boatmen. All the bargains were concluded, and then the chief of the rowers gave a signal; out from behind one of the rocks in the interior of the grotto there came a man already costumed for the performance. He plunged into the water and swam around all the boats, visiting each in turn, and thus served as the proxy for all the individual boatmen who were to plunge into the waters of the grotto.

“The harvest of francs was a very good one, and we couldn't help admiring the shrewd trick by which it was obtained. We learned afterwards that it was a regular every-day performance, and as everybody was satisfied it will probably go on without cessation from year

to year. As the man swam around in the water his body seemed to be covered with a coating of burnished silver; before he plunged in and after he came out there was none of this light about him, and it only appeared when he entered the water, and continued as long as he remained there. The effect was very curious.

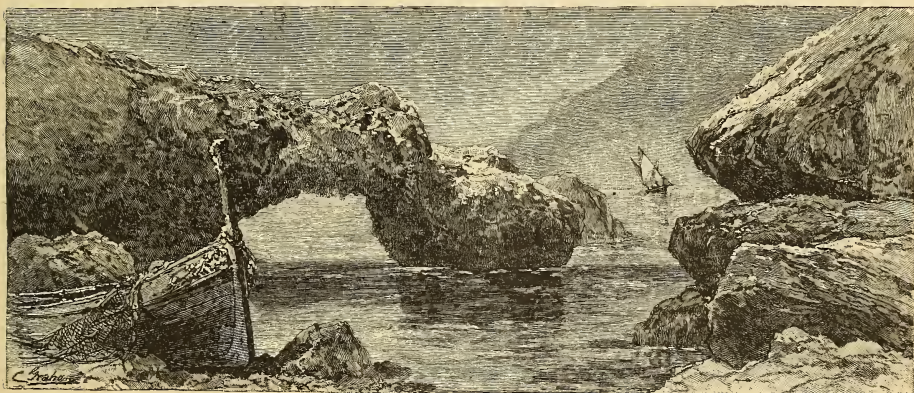
“On the south side of Capri is a similar cavity in the rock, which is called the Green Grotto. Its waters are of the purest emerald green; the entrance is so lofty that boats may pass in and out without the least difficulty, and as plenty of light can pass into the cave the effect is not as remarkable as that of the Blue Grotto. Then there is the White Grotto, where the water has the appearance of milk, and the Red Grotto, whose roof is dotted with red crystals visible in the limestone rock. There is a Grotto of Ferns, a Grotto of Stalactites, and I don't know how many other grottos altogether. The Grotto of the Stalactites is not entered from the sea, but by the land in the centre of the island, and in order to reach it you must go down hundreds of feet by a path that is difficult, and by no means the safest in the world. In one place at the water-side there is a natural arch in the rock, high enough for a boat to pass beneath, and the shape of the arch is so symmetrical that it almost appears to be artificial rather than natural.

“The women of Capri struck me as better looking on the average than the women we saw at Naples. They perform most of the work which in other places is done by men; I presume the reason for it is that the men are away a great part of their time, engaged in their occupation of fishermen. We saw women working in the fields and gardens; we saw them building houses, working on the roads, piling stones to form walls, and we passed a shoemaker's shop where several women were at work making shoes, and superintended by a woman, not a man being visible about the place.

“The women carry heavy burdens on their heads, and go up and down the steep paths of the island with apparent ease, which comes, no doubt, from their long experience. Where a group of them were at work on a new house some women were bringing stones and plaster, while others were piling the stones into place. Most of the houses of Capri were built in this way; the walls are laid up roughly, very much as a stone fence would be constructed in one of the New England States, and then the crevices between the rocks are filled in with cement. Plaster is placed over the whole, and this completes the work; the walls are two or three feet thick, and as the cement is durable a house built in this way is good for several hundred years.

“Many of the men of Capri are occupied with coral fishing. They go in the spring to different parts of the Mediterranean to fish for coral, and at the end of the season bring back the result of their summer’s work. Naples is a great market for coral, and the industry of its manufacture is a very important one. Some of the manufactories are in the city itself, but the majority of them are in the suburbs, principally at Torre del Greco, which is on the road from Naples to Pompeii.

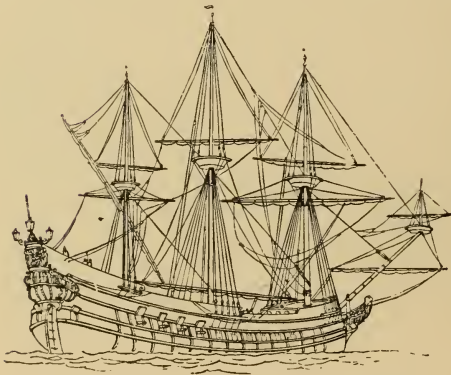
“We heard some of the songs and witnessed some of the dances of the people. They appear to be contented and happy, though their life is one of considerable poverty and hardship. They seemed to be industrious, and during our stay here we rarely saw an idle person; even the beggars pursue their occupation with great earnestness, and no doubt consider themselves fully deserving of all they are able to extract from the pockets of visitors.”



NATURAL ARCH.

CHAPTER XXI.

ISCHIA.—THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1883.—SIGHTS OF ISCHIA.—ASCENDING THE EPOMEO.—A PROSPEROUS HERMIT.—SORRENTO.—THE ITALIAN NAVY.—MODERN IRON-CLADS.—THE *ITALIA* AND HER GREAT GUNS.—SHIPS AND MEN IN THE NAVY.—THE ITALIAN ARMY; ITS COMPOSITION AND CHARACTER.—BER-SAGLIERI.—ALPINE TROOPS AND AFRICAN CORPS.—ENORMOUS STRENGTH OF MILITARY FORCES.—SYSTEM OF RECRUITING.—ARMS AND EQUIPMENT OF THE SOLDIER; HIS BURDEN WHEN ON THE MARCH.—SHOPPING INVENTORY IN NAPLES.—DEPARTURE FOR MALTA.—STROMBOLI AND ITS PECULIARITIES.—MESSINA AND ITS GREAT EARTHQUAKE.—CATANIA.—THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ÆTNA.—SYRACUSE.—FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA AND TRADITION CONCERNING IT.—THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS AND ITS ACOUSTIC PROPERTIES.



ITALIAN SHIP OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

OUR friends visited Ischia, which is considerably larger than Capri, being about nineteen miles in circumference. It is less generally known than Capri, for the reason that the last-named island contains the Blue Grotto, which everybody wishes to see, and also from its position nearer to Naples and Sorrento. Ischia has a delightful climate and a productive soil. It has about twenty thou-

sand inhabitants, whose principal occupation is the culture of grapes and other fruit, and there is a considerable percentage of the number engaged in fishing. Many of the women are occupied with straw-plaiting, and there is quite an industry in the manufacture of tiles; but a very large part of the revenue of the island is derived, in one way and another, from visitors, who go there in great numbers.

The Island of Ischia is of volcanic origin. Monte Epomeo, its highest mountain, was an active volcano at a much earlier date than Vesuvius, and in consequence of its eruptions the Greeks who had settled



THE "AMERIGO VESPUCCI."—[From "Modern Ships of War."]

there deserted the island entirely in the fifth century before the Christian era. Many other eruptions are on record; the last one occurred in 1302, and traces of it are clearly visible in several places.

On the way to the island Mrs. Bassett asked if Ischia had not suffered severely from earthquakes in modern days.

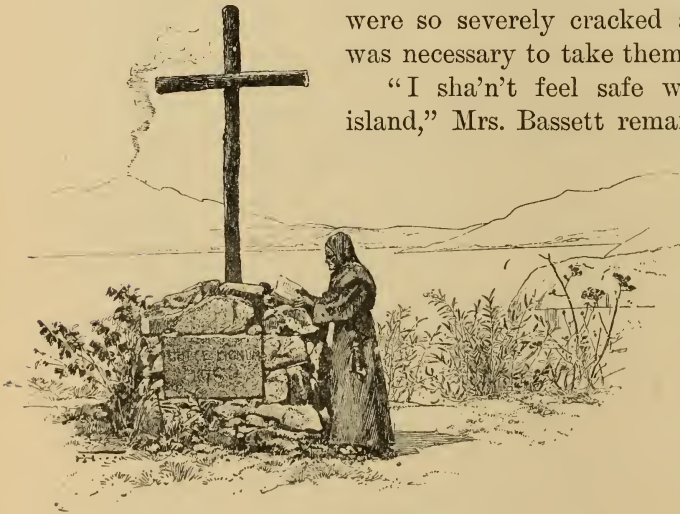
"Yes," replied Frank; "it has suffered very severely, and one of the worst earthquakes in its history took place in 1883. In 1881 there were several shocks, in which about three hundred houses were destroyed and one hundred and fourteen lives lost; and there were earthquakes at that time in all parts of southern Italy, which continued for some weeks and then subsided. Two years later (1883), on July 28th, came the most terrible shock, or rather series of shocks, which the island has ever experienced. The town of Casamicciola and several villages were almost entirely destroyed; two thousand lives were lost and several thousand people were rendered destitute. Among those killed by the earthquakes were many foreigners, several of them from our own country. Very few buildings in the town remained standing; the church, bath-

houses, the hospital, were all thrown into confused heaps of ruins, and the few houses that withstood the convulsion were so severely cracked and twisted that it was necessary to take them down."

"I sha'n't feel safe while I am on that island," Mrs. Bassett remarked, "and shall be satisfied with a very brief stay."

"Naturally; that is the feeling of the majority of people who visit the place," said Frank. "Before the earthquake Ischia was a favorite health resort, but it was entirely abandoned

by strangers for several years afterwards. Then the foreigners began to find their way back to the mineral springs, which retain their old powers of healing, and the earthquake is being gradually forgotten as time rolls on. The natives of the place did not long remain away,



A WAYSIDE MONUMENT.

and appeared as indifferent to the possibilities of another earthquake as the people around Vesuvius do regarding the prospect of another eruption of the volcano."

Our friends landed at the little harbor of Ischia, and proceeded at once to visit the scene of the calamity of 1883. The ruins were scattered everywhere, and the sight was a melancholy one, relieved somewhat by the active work in process for rebuilding the town. By order of the Government the new houses are all built of light timber and plaster-work. It has been found by experience that houses of this construction en-

dure the shock of earthquakes much better than those with solid walls. Frank explained to his mother that in countries where earthquakes are very frequent, the people, provided the climate is tropical, live in houses of the lightest materials, largely for the reason that it is next to impossible to throw their dwellings down upon their heads.

For the sake of the view the party ascended the Epomeo, whose summit is about twenty-six hundred feet above the sea-level. The mountain is a picturesque one, as the northern side of it is almost perpendicular; the other sides slope considerably, and wherever there is a bit of earth among the rocks it is assiduously cultivated. On the top is a hermitage and a chapel hewn in the volcanic rock, and the hermit who lives there drives a profitable business in selling wine and bread to visitors. His prices are so exorbitant that he ought, in a decade or so, to lay aside enough money to enable him to spend the declining years



SORRENTO.

of his life in a luxurious apartment in one of the great cities of the world. There is a magnificent view from Epomeo, embracing a wide area of land and water in three directions, and in the fourth the blue surface of the Mediterranean, dotted with many sails.

Out of deference to Mrs. Bassett's prejudices the party returned to Naples the same day, and on the following morning made a visit to Sorrento, going by rail to Castellamare, and thence ascending to Sorrento by carriage. Sorrento is a favorite spot of residence for Italians, as well as for those who are not natives of the country. It is beautifully situated amid luxuriant orange and lemon gardens, and its front towards the sea is precipitous and exceedingly picturesque. Inland from Sorrento there are deep ravines, which the imagination and superstition of the inhabitants have peopled with dwarfs, hobgoblins, and other things more or less supernatural and terrible.

"There was a city here in the time of the Romans," said Mary in her journal, "and it was called Surrentum; during the Middle Ages it had a considerable trade, and was a place of so much importance that several attempts were made to capture it. We asked if we could see the walls and towers of the Roman city, and were told that there were few traces of them remaining at present. In ancient times there were many temples and villas here, but nowadays there are only a few fragments of buildings, and some subterranean cisterns which contain excellent drinking-water. If they had water as good as this during the time of the Romans, I do not wonder that Surrentum was a popular resort.

"Sorrento is a great place for doing nothing. If I wanted to be idle all the time I would like to stay here, as the spot is delightful; but really I don't enjoy it as much as some of the people seem to—perhaps because I haven't been long enough away from home. The ordinary routine of life here seems to be to bathe in the morning, loiter around or sleep during the middle of the day, make a short excursion in the neighborhood in the latter part of the afternoon, and after sunset lounge in what they call the Piazza, which is simply a strolling or loitering place. There are dances occasionally in some of the hotels and music by a band, and when the music is all over it is time to go to bed. The next day and the next and the next the same routine is followed, varied slightly by the condition of the weather."

Two days were spent at Sorrento, and then the party returned to Naples. On the following day Mrs. Bassett and Mary decided to make a shopping tour, whereupon Frank and Fred arranged to take the train to Castellamare to visit the naval station there. Castellamare, it may

be proper to say, lies at the base of the Peninsula of Sorrento, and occupies the site of the ancient Stabiæ, which was destroyed in the year 79 by the same eruption of Vesuvius that overwhelmed Pompeii. The elder Pliny perished here, as already mentioned, while observing the eruption. Attempts were made about one hundred years ago to excavate the ruins of Stabiæ, but very little was done, and the places that were then laid bare have since been covered again with rubbish. The

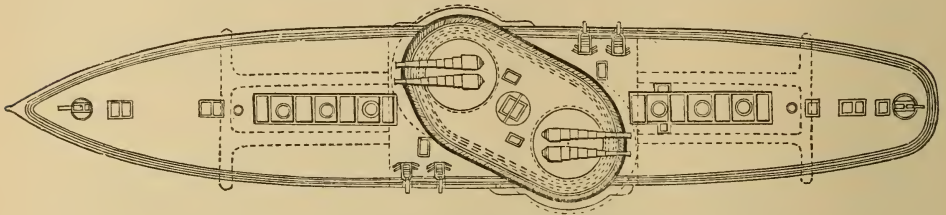


ROAD NEAR SORRENTO.

modern town derives its name from a castle which was built in the thirteenth century for defensive purposes, and is now in ruins.

Frank and Fred desired to see some of the armored ships of war belonging to the Italian Government, and with this object in view they obtained, through the aid of the American consul at Naples, permission to visit the dockyard at Castellamare. They found several

vessels of the Navy lying in the harbor, and work was progressing on some new ships whose completion was expected to require several months. The youths were courteously received, and placed in the care of a young officer, who acted as their guide during their stay in the dockyard. Not



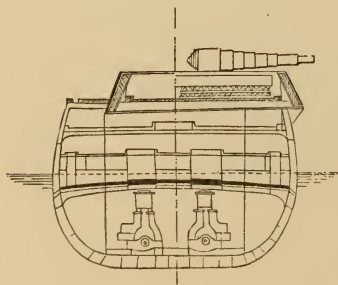
DECK-PLAN OF THE "ITALIA."

only was he their guide, but in all probabilities he had strict orders to see that they made no sketches or took measurements of anything they saw ; he had no occasion whatever to reprove them, as the youths were well aware that, in accordance with the regulations, no sketching would be permitted, and therefore they did not attempt any.

We will listen to Frank as he tells about what they saw during their visit to the dockyard at Castellamare.

"It would take altogether too long and be rather dry reading," he wrote in his journal, "to give you a detailed account of the various classes of ships that make up the Italian Navy. The Italian naval constructors have devoted a great deal of attention to the development of

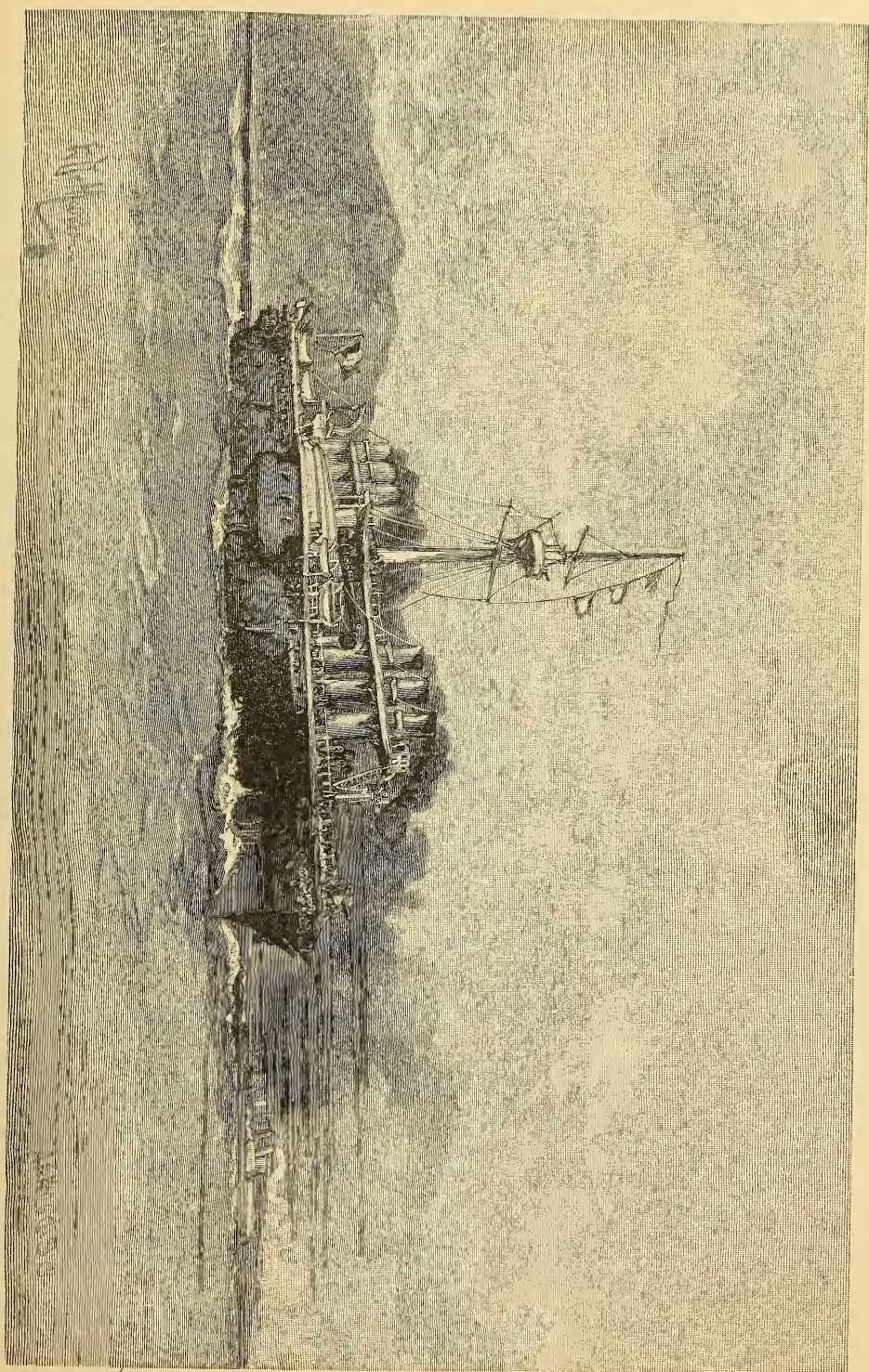
speed and gun power in their large war-ships. Some of the heaviest guns of the world are those carried by the Italian vessels, and these great craft are capable of steaming at a high rate of speed. The *Re Umberto*, *Sicilia*, and *Lepanto* are each capable of steaming eighteen knots an hour, and the *Italia* can steam very nearly as fast. All these are large sea-going steamers of the first class measuring, or having a displacement, of nearly fourteen thousand metric tons, and from twelve to



SECTION OF THE "ITALIA."

eighteen thousand horse-power. The *Duilio*, *Dandolo*, *Lauria*, *Morosini*, and *Doria* have each a displacement of eleven thousand tons with corresponding horse-power, and can steam at the rate of fifteen or sixteen knots. Most of the vessels I have named are armor clad through their

THE "ITALIA,"—[From "Modern Ships of War"]



whole length, while the others are armored only at their vital portions amidships. Ships with iron or steel protection throughout their whole length are generally spoken of as 'armored,' while those only partially protected with plating are called 'citadel' ships.

"We were permitted to go on board the *Italia*, which was lying in the harbor. She is certainly a very powerful vessel; but those who are skilled in naval matters say she would be no match for some of the iron-clads of later build. She was launched in 1880, and of course great improvements have been made since that time. The object of the Italian ministry when they proceeded to build the *Italia* was evidently to be able to cope with the ships which France possessed, and in order to make quick work of the war-vessels of her neighbor in case of war the *Italia* was equipped with guns of the then largest calibre.

"The *Italia* carries only four guns. They are arranged in pairs in a citadel in the centre of the ship, and each pair of guns is in a revolving turret, so that they may be turned in any direction. The arrangement is such that the vessel can bring two guns to bear upon anything, no matter in what direction it may be; whether it is directly forward, directly aft, or at any angle on either side, two guns can always reach it. I can best illustrate this position by making a little drawing which shows the deck-plan of the vessel. (See page 390.)

"The same principle is followed in other ships of the Italian Navy, and it seems to me a very good one. Each of the *Italia's* guns weighs more than 100 tons. The greatest thickness of the armor on the sides of the citadel is 19 inches. The vessel draws 28 feet of water, is 400 feet long by 74 in width, and her displacement exceeds 13,000 tons.

"With 12 or 15 sea-going armor-clad vessels, the Italian Navy is no small affair; but this does not by any means exhaust the list, as there are more than 20 other vessels with a measurement all the way from 2000 up to 4000 tons, and with corresponding horse-power. Some of them are broadside ships, some are cruisers with protected decks, and some are unprotected. Altogether the Italian Navy has a total of 250 vessels of different kinds, carrying nearly 700 guns, and manned by 20,000 sailors.

"The officers of the Navy in active duty are 6 vice-admirals, 18 rear-admirals, 169 captains, and a corresponding proportion of lieutenants, engineers, doctors, and other persons connected with the service. In addition to the 20,000 men of the crews in active duty there are 40,000 men kept in reserve, and in the same way there are fully 500 officers on limited leave or in reserve, who could be called to duty in case of war. Altogether the Italian Navy is not to be despised, and any maritime



KING HUMBERT AS GENERAL OF THE ARMY.—[From "The Armies of To-Day."]

country whose supply of war-ships is not so good would do well to think twice before entering into a war against the Italian nation."

While on the subject of national defence, it may be well to consider the Army of Italy. Fred anticipated our intentions on this point, and we are indebted to him for the following paragraphs on the subject :

"The military organization of Italy," said Fred, "is based upon the universal liability of every able-bodied citizen to serve in the Army. About two-fifths of all the young men twenty years old are drawn annually ; the number reaching this age in each year is said to be about two hundred thousand, and consequently eighty thousand of them are drafted into the standing army and put to active service, while the rest are placed in the second and third categories. The time of duty required for the first category varies for the different arms of the service ; it is five years in the infantry, four years in the cavalry, and three years in the artillery and engineers. When the men have finished their terms of service they are granted unlimited leave, but are enrolled in the permanent army for four or five years longer, when they are both transferred to the territorial militia. Those of the second category are entered in the permanent army for eight years and the mobile militia for four years, and after that time has expired they become part of the territorial militia. The men of the third category are entered at once in the territorial militia, but are placed on unlimited leave. The whole period of service for every man is nineteen years, or from his twentieth to his thirty-ninth year, and it is very difficult to obtain exemption.

"The system of military organization is much the same as that of Germany, and the same rule applies that in time of peace young men of superior education may enlist as one-year volunteers.

"I was well aware," continued Fred, "that the standing army of Italy was a large one before I made any investigation into the subject ; one could not fail to understand this when meeting the officers and soldiers everywhere, especially the former. Military men are quite as numerous in Italy as in Germany or Austria. The soldiers are not as sturdy in their physique as those of Germany, but they are capable of a good deal of fatigue and endurance, and have certainly given a good account of themselves on the battle-field. The officers are a fine-looking body of men, and evidently come from the best families of Italy. Their uniform can be readily distinguished from that of the Austrian or German officers, and to judge by the neatness of all the uniforms I have seen I conclude that their owners take great pride in them, or else are compelled by the regulations to appear to do so.



BERSAGLIERI.—[From "The Armies of To-Day."]

“In case of war Italy could place in the field an army of almost stupendous dimensions, when we consider the size of the country and its population. The permanent army has, in round numbers, 14,000 officers and 250,000 men under arms at all times, and it has 12,000 officers and 575,000 men on unlimited leave. There you have a very good-sized army—850,000 and more; but it is by no means all.

“In the mobile militia there are 3700 officers and 370,000 men, while in the territorial militia there are 6000 officers and 1,600,000 men. The territorial militia in time of peace does not amount to much as a fighting force; it is called out every four years for thirty days’ drill, but you must remember that a great portion of the territorial militia has been, in one form or another, in the permanent army or in the mobile militia, and has learned a good deal of the duty of the soldier. In time of war all these men are liable to be called into the field, so that altogether, by the latest figures which I find in the Statesmen’s Year Book, the military force of Italy comprises 2,852,323 officers and men of all ranks and kinds.

“There are various kinds of troops in the Italian infantry, such as carabinieri, bersaglieri, and Alpine troops; and the cavalry and artillery are divided into several different grades or kinds in the same way as the infantry is divided.

“The most picturesque of the Italian soldiers that we have seen are bersaglieri, who are chosen from the strongest and the best proportioned men that can be found in the country. Before a man is enrolled in one of these regiments he undergoes a medical examination of the most rigid character. The bersaglieri have a very picturesque uniform, which includes a short tunic or single-breasted coat and trousers held at the ankle by over-gaiters. They carry a breech-loading rifle with sword-bayonet, and wear a knapsack strapped to their backs. The most striking part of the outfit is the hat, which is very broad in the brim, and held by a strap so that it rests over one side of the head, and it is ornamented in the crown with a plume of feathers from the black cock, which shines brightly in the sunlight.

“How they manage to obtain feathers enough for decorating all the bersaglieri of Italy I cannot understand, as they consist of 12 regiments, with 67 officers and 1270 men in each regiment; you can figure up for yourself the total number of these troops. They are armed in the same way as the infantry; the rifle is what is called the Wetterly system, which has been improved by combination with the Vitali system. Smokeless powder is now supplied to the army, and experiments with



ALPINE INFANTRY.—[From "The Armies of To-Day."]

new varieties of this article are said to be in progress. There is also talk of a new repeating-rifle for the army, but the decision concerning its adoption is not expected for some time to come.

“I asked an officer one day when talking about their soldiers how much weight each man of the infantry carried, and he answered that the total burden for a soldier on the march was about fifty-five pounds, which included his uniform, knapsack, gun, bayonet, and eighty-eight rounds of ammunition. Some of the brigades of infantry, and also one brigade of grenadiers, date from the sixteenth century, but most of the other brigades of the army are comparatively modern.

“I must not forget to mention the Alpine or mountain infantry, which is recruited entirely from the mountain population of the northern part of the kingdom. The total strength of this force is about five hundred officers and ten thousand men, and it is armed and equipped in the same way as the infantry, though its uniform is quite different. Each company of soldiers is provided with two pieces of mountain artillery carried by eight pack-mules. The Alpine corps is kept nearly all the time in the mountainous regions of the country, where it is expected to operate during time of war. When on the march in the mountains each soldier carries an alpen-stock in addition to his other equipments, this staff being of material aid to him in ascending and descending the steep and rugged pathways for which the Alps are famous. It is not carried in the level country.

“A few years ago (1885) Italy obtained possession of a portion of the coast of Africa on the Red Sea, and a small army was specially organized for service in that region. At first it was composed of men from the standing army who were then on furlough, but afterwards a special corps for the African service was created by law; it was to be considered a special part of the national standing army, with a regular organization and staff, two regiments of infantry, one squadron of cavalry, four artillery companies, and one engineer company. The strength of the African corps is about two hundred and fifty officers and five thousand men, the men being recruited from those in active service who make special application for transfer to the African contingent. This service was made attractive by a premium to each soldier of one thousand francs, in addition to his regular pay, for every two years of service. Recently the natives in the limits of the Italian possession in Africa have been recruited into the service, and it is said that they make very good soldiers and are cheaply maintained.

“The Government has five military academies at Milan, Florence,

Rome, Naples, and Messina, where a college education is given to young men whose families wish them to be fitted for the military profession. There are military schools at Modena and Turin, the first preparing young men for sub-lieutenancies in the infantry, cavalry, or commissary department, while the second gives the same training for the artillery and engineer service. There are staff colleges at Turin and other places, where a course of study is given to officers after they have grad-



STROMBOLI.

uated from the military academy of Turin. There are schools for officers in the sanitary department, and altogether the military schools of Italy may be set down as of the very best character. Certainly they have given to the country admirable officers, and her record in the wars in which she has been engaged is one of which she may be proud."

Mrs. Bassett and Mary finished their shopping, having supplied themselves with a liberal quantity of the articles for which Naples is

famous. They had a fine assortment of coral, lava, and tortoise-shell ornaments, copies of ancient bronzes and Etruscan vases, statuettes of different kinds, and gold ornaments after the Pompeian models. By the time they had finished their purchases their purses were pretty well depleted, and Mary said it would be necessary for them to go away very soon, or they would not be able to go at all. They took advantage of a steamer which was leaving Naples for the United States, and shipped their purchases directly home, where they arrived safely.

Frank and Fred had planned to have the party proceed from Naples to the south of France by steamer, but before completing any arrangements to do so they received a cordial invitation to visit Malta. It was tendered by Mr. Clapp, whom they had met and known in New York, but was then residing at Malta, having married a lady of that island. The letter which invited them to the island was followed by a telegram, which came at the very moment when they were discussing plans for their future movements, and our friends quickly accepted the invitation. A steamer was leaving Naples that very evening on her way to Malta, touching at Messina, Catania, and Syracuse. Frank proceeded immediately to the office of the steamer and engaged passage, and when the boat departed our friends were on her deck watching the great city and its picturesque surroundings as they slowly receded from view. It was late in the afternoon when they started, and all remained on deck until night had fallen, as they felt that the beauty of the scene was something they could not afford to miss in the least degree.

When they came on deck after breakfast the next morning they found themselves in sight of Stromboli, a mountain that was regarded by the ancients as the seat of *Æolus*, the God of the Winds, and there are many superstitions concerning it at the present day. It is an active volcano, and has been in a constant state of eruption from very ancient times. It is not a high mountain, the cone being only a trifle over three thousand feet above the sea-level; the crater is on the north side of the highest of the peaks, and it throws up masses of stones and cinders at very brief intervals, the length of these intervals varying from time to time. The captain of the steamer said that for a long while the explosions had been taking place every eight minutes. Frank regretted that it was daytime instead of night, so that they might see the explosions; but the captain informed him that they were not of sufficient magnitude to equal in any way the explosions at Vesuvius in times of eruption, being little more than the flash of a cannon.

"It is as good as a light-house," Mrs. Bassett remarked. "In the



CATANIA AND MOUNT ÆTNA.

daytime the mountain is visible for a long distance, and at night these explosions must be equal to a light burning and flashing on a high tower."

"That is quite true," Frank replied; "and for centuries Stromboli has been known as 'The Light-house of the Mediterranean.' It is one of the best light-houses imaginable, and it costs nothing for repairs or for the salary of keepers."

Mary asked if anybody lived on the island, and learned that there was a considerable population there, partly engaged in fishing, and partly in the cultivation of grapes and other fruits. Wine is made there of the same character as that which is produced on the slopes of

Vesuvius. The cultivated portions of the island are very fertile, and the constant activity of Stromboli keeps the ground sufficiently warm to accelerate vegetation. It is said that the eruptive force of the volcano is stronger in stormy weather than in periods of calm; but this point is disputed by people who are familiar with the place, their explanation being that the clouds of smoke gather densely and hang about the mountain during periods of storm, but rise directly towards the sky when the air is clear and comparatively calm.

Early in the afternoon the steamer reached Messina, where it was announced that she would not remain long, and consequently the time of our friends on shore was limited. They visited the cathedral, which is a very old building, or, rather, part of it is, the edifice having suffered a great deal during the earthquake of 1783, when the whole of southern Italy was shaken, several towns and cities being partially or entirely destroyed. Great numbers of buildings were thrown down in Messina, and thousands of the inhabitants perished; but to-day the city is prosperous, and many buildings have been erected during the last hundred years. Forty years before the earthquake there was a visitation of the plague, in which forty thousand persons died, and in 1854 the cholera had no fewer than sixteen thousand victims; but in spite of all its vicissitudes, the city is handsome, rich, and thriving. It has a fine commercial position on the Strait of Messina, and its harbor is one of the best on the coast of the Mediterranean.

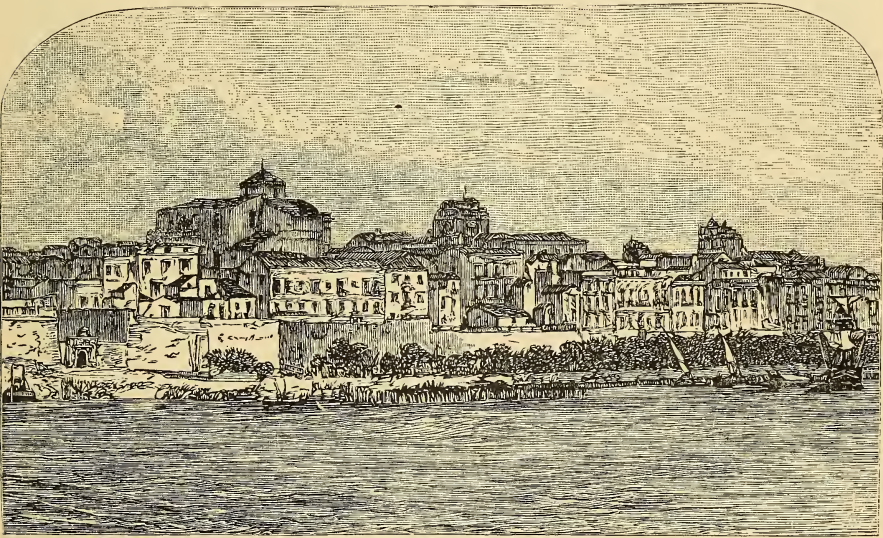
From Messina the steamer continued to Catania, passing along the coast, and having almost constantly in view the smoking cone of Mount *Ætna*. Mary thought she would like to ascend *Ætna*, provided the trip could be accomplished as easily as that of Vesuvius; but Frank informed her that the journey was very much more fatiguing, as there was no wire-rope railway to carry them to the summit. "In ascending Mount *Ætna*," said he, "a party will require guides, porters, and mules. You can go a part of the way in a carriage, from Catania to Nicolosi, and can do it in less than three hours. Then you go on a mule's back from Nicolosi to the observatory, which will take you about eight hours, and quite possibly nine or more."

"That would consume a whole day, would it not?"

"Certainly, it would," said Frank. "The custom is to rest at the observatory until about two o'clock on the second morning, and then start on foot to make the ascent of the cone, which takes nearly, if not quite, two hours. Less time is required for the descent, but you can now understand what the journey up and down *Ætna* would be. You

must remember that Mount Ætna is very much higher than Vesuvius; its top is almost eleven thousand feet above the sea-level, and there are several different zones of vegetation upon the mountain. At the base, and up to a height of fifteen hundred feet, there are groves of oranges and lemons; then to the height of thirty-six hundred feet are vineyards. Above the zone of the vines we are in what we may call the tree zone; the lower half of it abounds in oaks and chestnuts, and the upper portion in pines and other coniferous trees. These extend up to perhaps seven thousand feet of elevation, and above that beeches and other hardy trees grow very scantily, and everything is stunted till you get within a thousand feet of the top, where there is no vegetation whatever—at least, none worth naming.”

“Thank you, very much,” said Mary. “I don’t care to venture up Mount Ætna. Vesuvius is quite enough of a volcano for me to remember, and I don’t think I shall forget it as long as I live.”



SYRACUSE.

In order to gain a little time for sight-seeing at Syracuse, our friends landed at Catania from the steamer, and took the first train for the former city, there being little of consequence to see in Catania. Syracuse is much smaller and far less prosperous than either Catania or Messina; in ancient times it was the most important town in Sicily—

in fact, it was the most important of all the Hellenic cities. It was founded nearly eight hundred years before the Christian era, and has suffered from wars, pestilences, and other calamities, like most of the cities visited by our friends and described on previous pages. Syracuse

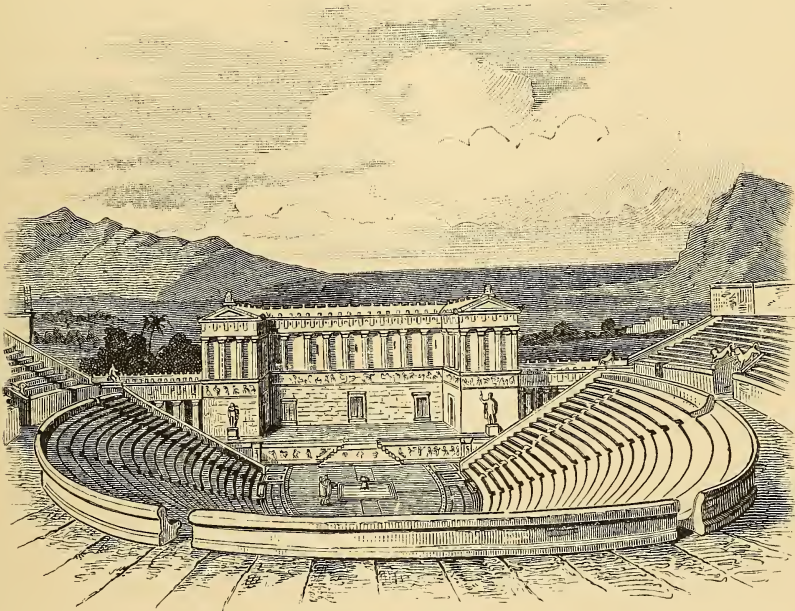


PAPYRUS PLANTS.

had a prominent place in ancient history, and the name of the tyrant Dionysius is connected with it. Many traces of the old city still remain, but our friends paid little attention to the ruins of temples and ancient walls, and devoted themselves chiefly to the Fountain of Arethusa, the Ear of Dionysius, and the Amphitheatre. The Fountain of Arethusa dates its fame to the mythological period; it was formerly a fresh-water fountain, but an earthquake has changed it to salt. The story is that the nymph Arethusa was pursued by the river-god

Alpheus, and took refuge here, where Diana changed her into a fountain. The basin of the fountain contains many papyrus plants, and, according to tradition, it was from papyrus plants growing here that the first paper was made. For a few soldi Mary obtained the stalk of a papyrus plant, and carried it away as a souvenir of her visit. It was her intention to experiment with it, and ascertain if she could manufacture paper from it after the manner of the ancients. She made a few efforts at cutting the pith into thin slices, and then abandoned the effort, declaring that modern paper was good enough.

The Amphitheatre is a Roman structure of the period of Augustus,

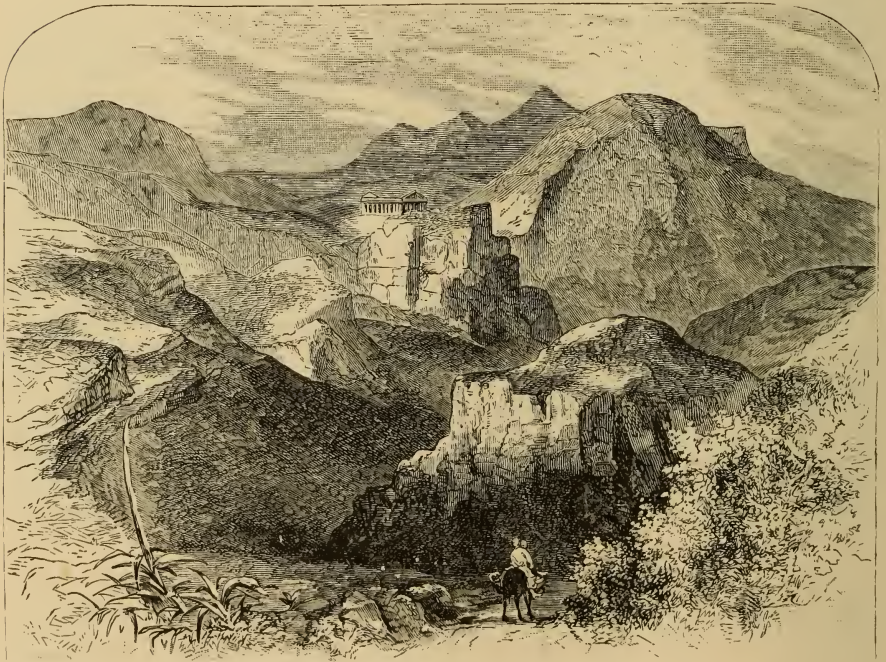


RESTORED VIEW OF GREEK THEATRE AT SYRACUSE.

and is about two hundred and fifty feet in length by perhaps two-thirds that width. The blocks of marble from the Amphitheatre are scattered in the arena, and some of them are inscribed with the names of the original proprietors of the seats. Near the Amphitheatre is an ancient quarry, from which the stone used in building the city was taken, and at one side of the quarry is the famous Ear of Dionysius.

It is a grotto hewn in the rock in the form of the letter "S," about two hundred and fifty feet deep by seventy-four in height, and varying

from fifteen to thirty-five feet in width. It contracts towards the summit, and possesses a very remarkable acoustic peculiarity. The slightest sound in the lower part of the grotto is heard by persons at the upper end, and the tradition is that Dionysius constructed this prison so that he could sit or stand at the top of it and hear every word which was spoken below, even though it might be uttered in a whisper. The guide who took our friends thither stationed them at the upper point, and then went to the interior, where he not only showed the acoustic properties of the place, but wakened the echoes by causing the custodian to fire a pistol. It was only a very ordinary pistol, but it made noise enough, and roused echoes enough, so Mary said, for a whole military company.



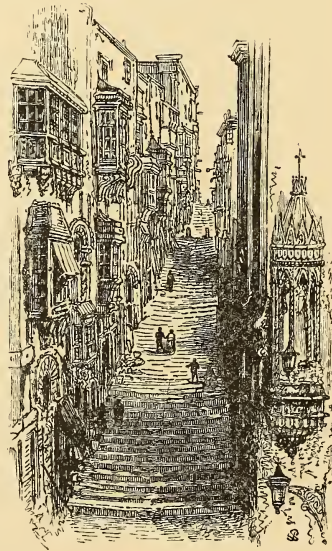
MOUNTAINS OF SICILY, WITH RUINED TEMPLE.

CHAPTER XXII.

ARRIVAL AT MALTA; FIRST VIEW OF THE ISLAND.—THE GRAND HARBOR.—DIVING FOR COINS.—NO SUCH CITY AS MALTA.—ON SHORE.—VALLETTA AND ITS HISTORY.—MEETING A FRIEND.—EARLY INHABITANTS OF MALTA.—THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN; WHAT THEY DID AND HOW THEY LIVED; HISTORY OF THE ORDER.—THE FRENCH IN POSSESSION.—HOUSES BUILT BY THE KNIGHTS.—THE “LANGUAGES” AND THEIR PALACES.—CHURCH OF ST. JOHN; ITS PAVEMENT AND MEMORIALS.—MATTHIAS PRETI.—THE GRAND MASTER'S PALACE.—COMMERCE OF MALTA.—STREETS OF STAIRS.—STRADA REALE, AND THE SIGHTS IT PRESENTS.—GOVERNMENT OF MALTA; NO TAXES UPON THE INHABITANTS.—A FREE PORT WITH IMPORT DUTIES.—MALTESE PEDDLERS.—DRIVING SHARP BARGAINS.—FORT ST. ELMO.—HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.—THE CHAPEL OF THE KNIGHTS; HOW THEY TOOK THEIR LAST SACRAMENT.—A DENSE POPULATION.

THE steamer arrived from Catania in the afternoon, and about sunset she left for Malta with our friends on board. They were up in good season the next morning to get their first view of the famous island, but were somewhat disappointed at finding a dense fog hanging over the water in every direction. The speed of the steamer was reduced, and a careful watch was kept forward and aloft to avoid accidents. As the morning advanced the fog-bank grew thinner; in a little while the rocky cliffs of the island were discovered not more than a mile ahead, and it was found that the steamer was headed directly for one of the steepest points of the island. The captain immediately ordered the course changed, and the vessel was steered in the direction of the port. He remarked as he did so, “We came pretty near running the island down and sinking it.”

Very soon the vessel was at anchor in the harbor, having passed the



A STREET OF STAIRS.

frowning fortresses which guard the entrance. Malta has a magnificent harbor, quite landlocked and of good anchoring depth everywhere. The water is clear, and hardly was the steamer anchored before she was surrounded by boats in which were men and boys who wanted to dive

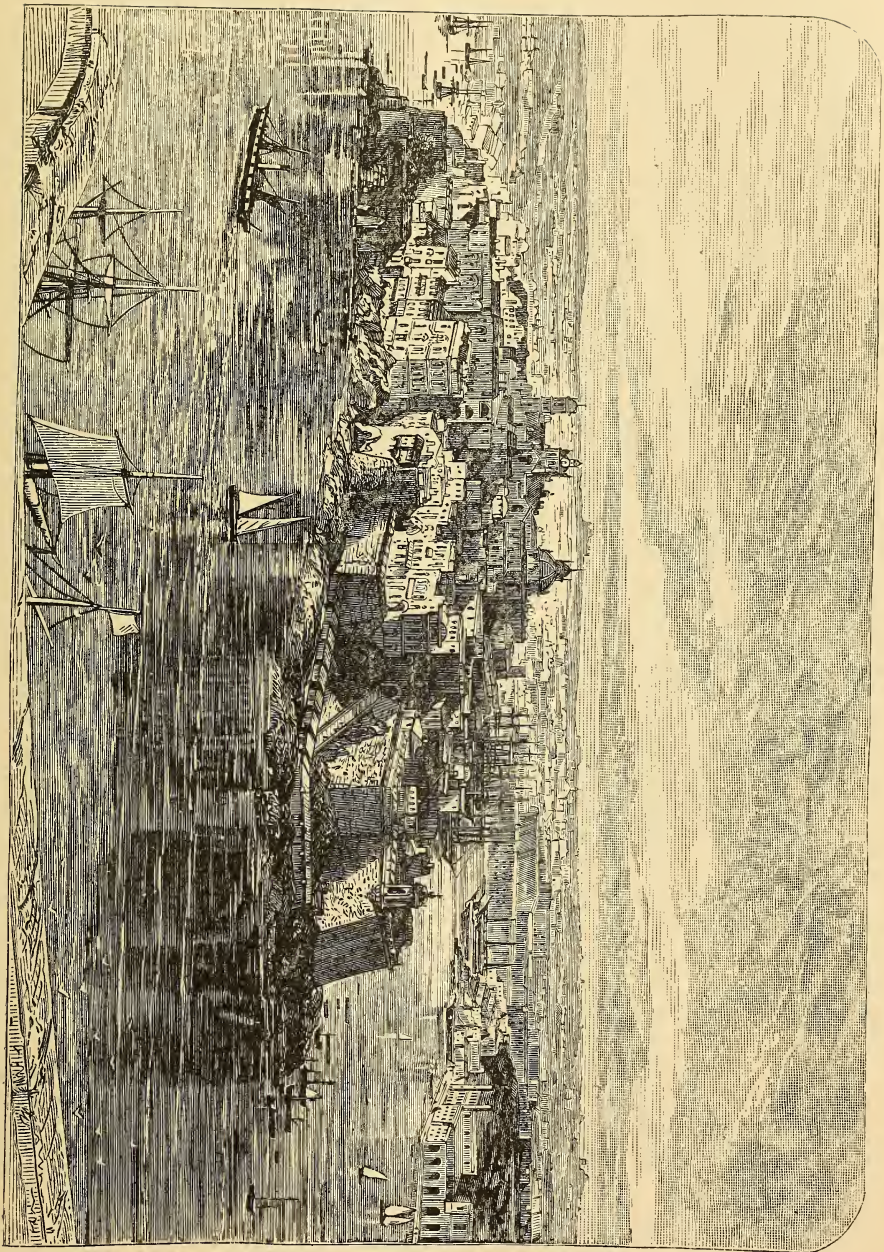
for coins. Our travellers were too much interested in looking at the picturesque shore encircling the harbor to pay much attention to the divers, and the latter did not succeed in reaping a bountiful harvest of coins. They do much better just before the departure of a steamer, when passengers have nothing to do and are willing to be amused. The divers have a trick of refusing to go down for anything but silver, under the pretence that they cannot see copper. Should any coins of the latter metal be thrown they refuse to dive for them at the time, but they do so as soon as the steamer has departed.



DIVING FOR COINS.

A boat was engaged to take the party to the landing-place, which was but a short distance away. Malta is a free port, and therefore the travellers had no perplexity with their baggage at the custom-house, but were speedily on their way to their hotel on the Strada Reale, the principal

street of the city. At the farther end of this street is a gate and a guard-house, where there is a passageway through the wall of the fort that guards the City of Valletta on the landward side. The other end of the Strada Reale terminates at the Fort of St. Elmo, which guards the entrance from the blue Mediterranean.



VALETTEA, CAPITAL OF MALTA.

"This is the City of Malta," said Mrs. Bassett, as she looked from the carriage when they were passing along the principal street. "I am very glad to be here, in a place so well built and clean."

"Yes," remarked Frank, in reply. "After the cities of Italy its cleanliness and neatness are sure to impress a stranger. But you are wrong about one thing, mamma; excuse me for saying so," continued Frank, "but there is no such city at all as Malta."

"No such city!" said Mrs. Bassett, in a tone of astonishment. "What is it, then, please? There's a conundrum somewhere."

"The city where we are now," was the reply, "is Valletta; "it is on the Island of Malta, and the place where the governor lives; in ordinary conversation the city bears the name of the island, which is not really the case. There is a peninsula lying between the Grand Harbor on one side and the Quarantine Harbor on the other; the half of this peninsula towards the sea is occupied by Valletta, and the land half of it is called Floriana; both are strongly fortified towards the land as well as towards the water. Valletta was laid out by John de la Vallette, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta in 1566, and the whole city which bears his name was built in less than twenty years."

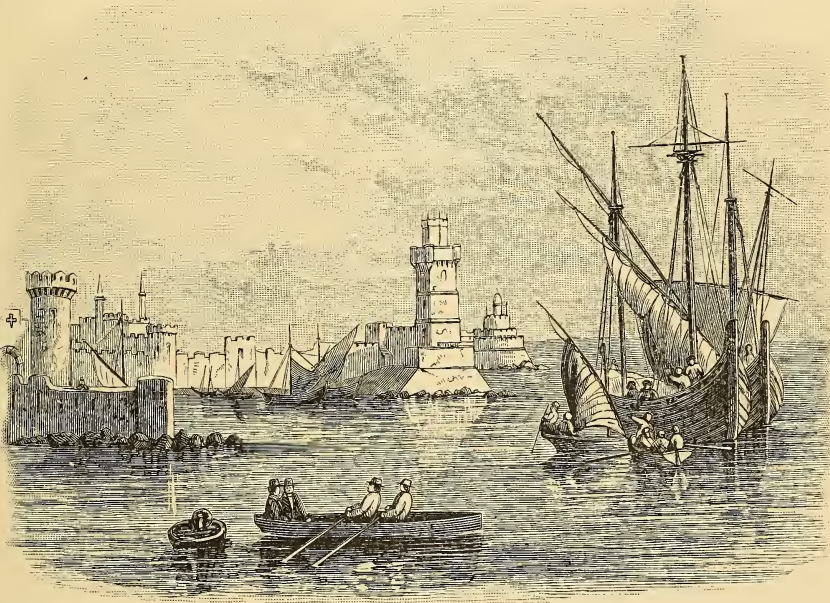
"Were all these buildings put up at that time?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Oh, not all," was the reply; "but a goodly proportion of them. The streets were laid out in regular order, and the forts were begun and pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. The fortifications have been strengthened from time to time, and the capture of the place would be a matter of very great difficulty. But here we are at the hotel; I'll tell you more about the island and Valletta and the men that built it when I have an opportunity."

The party took rooms at the hotel, and had just done so when Mr. Clapp arrived. He had been to the landing-place of the steamer to meet the party, chancing to get there shortly after their departure, and thus it happened that they reached the hotel before he did. He wished to take them at once to his house in the Strada Mercanti, and at first refused to listen to any proposal that they should remain at the hotel. After a little talk it was finally agreed that they would remain for that day and the next at the hotel, and then become his guests. He left them to themselves for a few hours, arranging to come in the afternoon for a drive, after which they would dine at his house, and in the evening accompany him to a reception at the Governor's Palace.

We will not attempt to follow our friends in their wanderings during their stay in Malta, under the guidance of their very genial and

energetic host, as it would require a portly volume to tell the whole story. Mr. Clapp allowed them to miss nothing of consequence during their stay, and his acquaintance with the officials was of great advantage to the strangers. They had the privilege, which is not often accorded to visitors, of seeing whatever they wished of the fortifications that protect Malta against possible foes, and received invitations to various receptions, dinners, and other festivities that took place during



THE HARBOR AT RHODES.

their stay. They drove all about the island, visited the spot where St. Paul was wrecked, and were taken on an excursion to Gozo and Comino, which, with Malta, form the group of the Maltese islands.

Frank remembered his promise to his mother relative to the history of Valletta and Malta. Not only did he tell her the story, but he wrote it out very carefully in his journal, from which we are permitted to make the following extract :

“If you look at the map of the Mediterranean you will see that Malta occupies a very important geographical position ; this position, added to her magnificent harbors, has made Malta a place of the great-

est importance from the earliest times of civilization. There is a tradition that the first settlement of the island was connected with the expulsion of the Phœnicians from the land of Canaan by Joshua. On what this tradition is based I do not know, but it is certain that a colony of Greeks settled here twenty-six centuries ago, and lived on friendly terms with the older inhabitants. Malta was conquered by Carthage five hundred years B.C.; the Carthaginians held the place for three hundred years, when it was occupied by the Romans. Malta was at one time a part of the Empire of the East, and remained so for nearly five centuries, and then it was conquered by the Moors, who in their turn were driven out by the Christians, who had become powerful.

“But the most interesting part of the history of Malta is connected with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who came here when they were driven from Rhodes by the Turks. The knights had held Rhodes for more than two hundred years under nineteen grand masters. This famous order of chivalry was formed in the eleventh century, and at one time possessed great wealth and power. They fought many battles in the Holy Land with varying success, and their defence of Rhodes down to the day they surrendered it was so gallant that the Turks allowed them to retire with all the honors of war, and even to this day the Street of the Knights, at Rhodes, remains comparatively uninjured.

“In the year 1530 Charles V., Emperor of Germany, gave Malta and its dependencies to the Order of the Knights; the deed of gift is preserved in the armory of the palace, and we looked at it with great interest during our visit. When they came to Malta the knights realized that they were not likely to be allowed to dwell in peace. There was only one fort here at that time, and they immediately strengthened it and began the building of other fortifications. The Turks came in 1546 and again in 1551, but each time they were driven away, and the fleet of the knights captured many Turkish vessels at sea. Then the Turkish Sultan determined to make a grand effort for the capture of this stronghold of Christianity, and swore ‘by his own head’ that he would reduce it, no matter at what cost.

“He sent a fleet of 138 vessels with 40,000 soldiers, and the siege lasted for nearly four months, both sides displaying the greatest bravery. Whatever the Turks may be to-day, history tells us they were among the best warriors of their time three centuries ago.

“They captured the Castle of St. Elmo, but were unable to get possession of the other forts. They suffered from disease and privations quite as much as did the besieged, and when they finally retired on

September 8th they were able to re-embark only 10,000 of the 40,000 men whom they brought for the siege and capture of Malta.

“John de la Vallette was grand master at the time of this great siege. When it began he had 9000 men under him for the defence; when the siege ended there were only 600 capable of bearing arms. Only the day before the siege was raised these 600 warriors had partaken of the viaticum, embraced each other, and gone out upon the walls of their forts expecting never to see another sunrise.

“They tell some interesting stories about the Knights of Malta and their ways of life. Though belonging to a religious order they were quite worldly in their ways, as one can see from the houses which they built and occupied. Evidently they were fond of comforts; they lived well during times of peace, and were only subject to privations when besieged. By the rules of their order duelling was forbidden, but a narrow street, the Strada Stretta, was pointed out to us as the place where the knights used to go to settle their quarrels at the point of the sword, the theory being that they met in the narrow street and brushed against each other. The knights were wealthy, as many rich men joined the order and contributed to the common fund; and in addition to the private contributions there were public ones, which came from various commanderies throughout Europe, and from kings, emperors, and many private individuals, who felt it their duty as well as their privilege to aid the organization ‘that had done and was doing so much in defending the cause of Christianity against the infidel.’

“Immediately after the retirement of the Turks from this great and final attempt at the capture of Malta, the City of Valletta was founded. Previous to this the knights dwelt principally at Citta Vecchia, in the middle of the island; but La Vallette decided that a better position was on this promontory, which could be more easily fortified than Citta Vecchia, and secured against attack. During his lifetime the fortifications were made very strong; the various grand masters who succeeded La Vallette strengthened the old fortifications and built new ones, and all



EFFIGY OF A KNIGHT.

combined in a comprehensive plan so as to make the place impregnable. Many distinguished men served as grand masters of the Knights of Malta, and for more than two centuries the order was a power throughout Europe. The first blow at its existence was struck during the French Revolution at the end of the last century, when the possessions of the order in France, which comprised more than two-thirds of the whole revenue, were cut off by order of the Government.

“In the year 1798 the French obtained possession of Malta through treachery, the gates being opened for their troops to march in. So strong were the fortifications that the general who took possession remarked, ‘It is well that some one was inside to open the gates to us. We should otherwise have had some difficulty in entering, even if the place had been altogether empty.’ The French plundered the church and charitable institutions, and behaved so badly that a popular insurrection took place against them. The English came to the aid of the citizens, and the French were shut in a fort, where they were starved into an unconditional surrender on September 5, 1800.

“From that time England has remained in full possession of Malta and what it contained. The Order of the Knights was virtually broken up; since 1800 it has retained a shadowy existence only, and is recognized in a formal way by but one of the powers of Europe. Over the forts which were built by the knights the British flag now waves, and Great Britain holds the island as one of its most important military and naval stations in the circle it has drawn around the globe.

“At almost every step we have taken on the island we see traces of the knights. Portraits of their grand masters look down upon us from the walls of the hotels and many other places. The Maltese cross greets us everywhere in silver filigree, in gold, and in other materials of less value. We have seen many houses that were built by the knights, and have looked through several of them. In the Strada Mercanti we were shown the site of their cemetery, and farther up the street the military hospital which was founded by one of the grand masters very soon after the knights came here.

“An old writer tells us that this hospital was ‘the very glory of Malta.’ Every patient had two beds and a wardrobe with lock and key to himself. No more than two people were put in one ward, and these were waited on by the ‘Serving Brothers,’ who brought the food of the patients on silver dishes, and supplied them with the finest wines that they could order or the doctors permitted them to have. You can realize the size of the hospital when I tell you that one of its rooms is

480 feet long. It is still kept as a hospital, but the patients are not served upon silver dishes or freely supplied with wines, and the nurses do not belong to the Order of the Knights of Malta.

“Another relic of the knights is the Castellania, or prison, and there are evidences that imprisonment there was not the most comfortable



OFF TO PALESTINE.

thing in the world. There is a pillory in which culprits did penance, and they showed us a place where prisoners were suspended by the hands by way of punishment. They also showed us, in the rear of the dockyard terrace, several dungeons hewn out of the solid rock, and the extent of these dungeons led us to suppose that the knights must have numbered a good many refractory individuals in their order. I made

a remark to that effect to the custodian, who replied that these were not prisons like the Castellania, but the places where the knights kept their galley-slaves, sometimes two or three thousand of them, who were required to work on the fortifications. They were Turks and Moors captured by the war-ships of the knights, and brought here and put to work, according to the custom of the times. It happened that one of the Turkish commanders in the great siege was captured a year or two later, and brought to Malta to work as a galley-slave. When Malta was surrendered to the French nearly five thousand Turkish prisoners were liberated, besides many others.

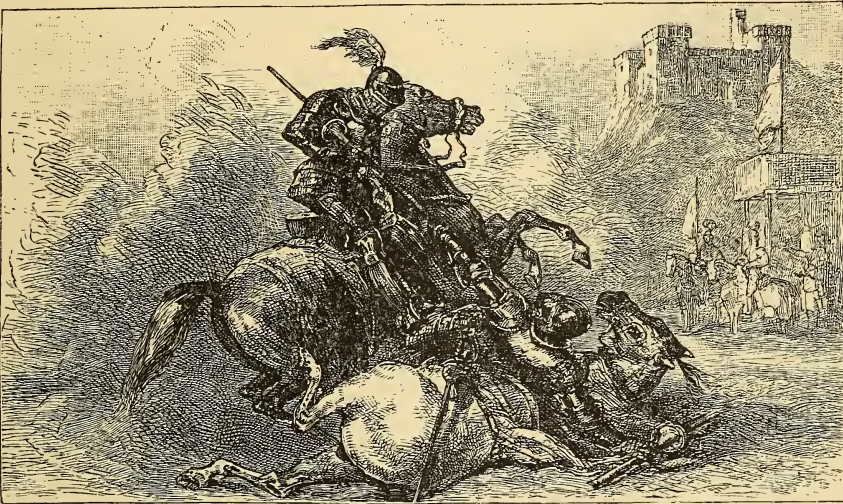
“When they lived at Rhodes, and afterwards at Malta, the knights were divided into nationalities or ‘Languages,’ and each language had its ‘Auberge,’ which was really a palace on the principle of a clubhouse. The auberge of the language of Italy is now occupied by the Royal Engineers, and the auberge of France is devoted to the head of the commissary department. All the knightly hotels have been appropriated to Government uses in one form or another, except the auberge of Germany, on whose site a church has been built, and the auberge of England, which has given way for a new theatre.”

While Frank was busy with the history of Malta and its famous warriors, Fred and Mary turned their attention to the Church of St. John, which was built by the knights, and served as a tomb for many of them. Concerning this church we will listen to Fred, who wrote a description of it as follows:

“The exterior of the church,” said Fred, “is not at all remarkable. One writer has said of it that it represents in its external appearance the dignity and solidity of the knights by whom it was erected. The first stone of its foundation was laid in 1573 by a Maltese architect, under the direction of La Cossiere, who was grand master at that time, and the building was sufficiently advanced towards completion to be consecrated five years later. La Cossiere gave liberally towards the embellishment of the church, and the grand masters who succeeded him followed his example. A rule was established that every knight was required on his promotion to make a present to the church, and as the presents were liberal the building became very rich in its interior.

“The pavement is the first thing that attracts the visitor’s attention after he passes the doorway and is inside the building. It is unlike the pavement of any church we have ever seen, and contains about four hundred sepulchral slabs or tombstones. These slabs are of marble, and of every color in which that stone has been found; they have been

placed here in memory of the knights, and adorned with their coats of arms, heraldic emblems, and other things. On them we found representations of military and naval trophies, weapons of war, instruments of music, figures of angels, palms and crowns of martyrs, together with grotesque representations of skeletons and other symbols peculiar to the time in which those whose memory is preserved here lived and walked the earth. It should be borne in mind that the Knights of Malta came from the best families of Europe, more particularly from those of France. There were a few English knights among them, but not many, and the



IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

order was suppressed in England, afterwards renewed, and again suppressed. As we looked at the tombstones we found family names that have been illustrious in history, together with others that have long been extinct and are never heard nowadays.

“There are some admirable paintings in the chapels of the church, and they show that the knights had a love for art equal to their fondness for war. The chapels are adorned with monuments, grouped according to the nationalities of those whose deeds they commemorate. One chapel was dedicated to the Portuguese, and contains monuments of the grand masters who came from Portugal. The Spanish chapel has monuments of four grand masters, and another chapel contains keys of towns which were captured from the Turks.

“The custodian of the building took us beneath the church, where we saw the tombs of La Vallette and others of the grand masters. We saw also a collection of sacred relics, which were highly prized by the knights and are still preserved with the greatest care. Among these relics is a thorn from the crown placed on the head of the Saviour before the crucifixion, and a fragment of the cradle in which He lay at Bethlehem. Over the altar is a crucifix which is said to have been made from the basin used by the Saviour when He washed the feet of the Apostles. A considerable quantity of gold and silver vessels of great value is said to have been stolen by the French revolutionists when they took possession of the city, but happily there was among the marauders sufficient respect for the church to save it from destruction. In spite of the robbery there are many antique crosses, jewels, and other precious things, which are carefully guarded against the possibilities of theft.

“The roof of the church is beautifully decorated in oil-paintings that were laid directly on the stones, instead of being painted on canvas in the usual way. These paintings are the work of Matthias Preti, who came to Malta in 1661, and died there eight years later; he devoted the time of his residence in Valletta to the ornamentation of the church, and especially of the roof. The paintings of the roof are divided into seven compartments; the subjects are scriptural, and the portraits of many of the knights appear in the pictures. A peculiar effect of the painting is that the figures seem to stand out in bold relief, and present a most life-like appearance. At the time of the occupation of Malta by the French the pictures were somewhat damaged and portions of the pavement were injured; the paintings and pavement have been carefully restored since the English occupation, the restorations being so perfect that it is impossible to distinguish them from the original work. Some of them appear to have been made quite recently.

“The grand master of the knights had a magnificent residence, which is now the Governor’s Palace. It forms one side of the palace square, and is divided into two courts, planted with orange and lemon trees, together with other arboreal products suited to the climate of the island. The Government offices occupy the ground-floor, and there are wide corridors paved with marble, and with their walls ornamented with portraits of the knights from the time of the Crusades down to the present. All the grand masters and governors who ever ruled over Malta are here represented, and there are also pictures that represent the exploits of the war-galleys and other ships belonging to the knights, and they were evidently quite numerous.



THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

“In the Council-chamber we saw tapestries which were made at Brussels and Paris, and brought here from time to time. The Hall of Saints Michael and George is a magnificent ball-room; formerly it was a throne-room, and it receives its name from the fact that it was the

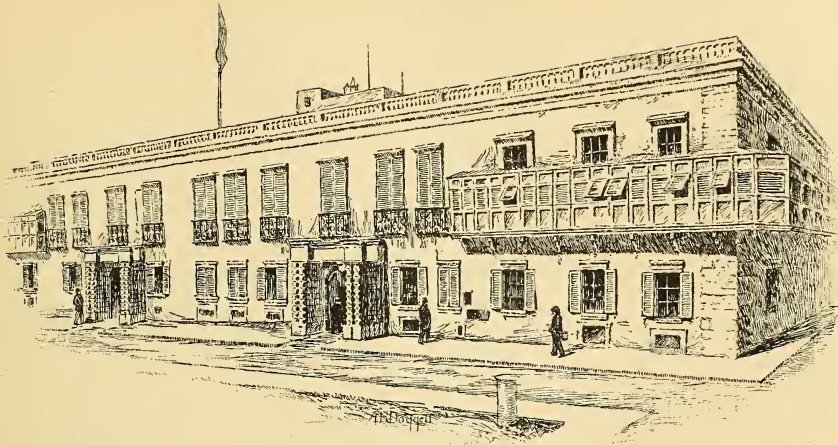


GOING TO MASS.

scene of the investiture of the Knights of the Order of Saints Michael and George. This order was created in 1818, and was originally confined to residents in Malta and the Ionian Isles, but is now extended to all the colonies of Great Britain.

“The most interesting room that we visited in the palace was the Armory, which is filled with trophies and specimens of arms and armor of many ages. In the centre of the room are five large cases, containing the batons of La Vallette and other grand masters, the sword and axe of Dragut, the officer who was second in command in the great siege of Malta by the Turks, and afterwards worked as a galley-slave on the fortifications of Valletta. One thing which specially attracted the attention of us all was the silver trumpet which sounded the retreat of the knights from Rhodes. It is worn and battered, and has been broken and mended; but there is no single article in the collection that is more highly

prized than this. As we stood before it I imagined that I could see the tears rolling down the cheeks of the grand master as he ordered the retreat to be sounded, and the bowed heads and sad faces of the knights as they obeyed the command which was given by the trumpeter's notes. If I were allowed to choose anything in Malta as a souvenir, my choice would certainly fall on this trumpet, but there is little likelihood that any visitor will ever be permitted to remove it. In another case is the original bull creating the order of the knights, and near it is the original grant of Malta given by Charles V.



GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

“ There is a tower on the top of the palace which is now used as a station for signalling the arrival and departure of ships ; it was erected by one of the grand masters for that very purpose, and also as an observatory. We ascended to the tower and had a splendid view of the city and its harbors, together with the interior of the island. It is an excellent point of observation, and in the troubled times in which they lived I am sure that the knights maintained a sharp watch at this point at all hours of the day and night.

“ Speaking of the departure and arrival of ships reminds me of some figures which Mr. Clapp has given me on this subject. Last year the arrivals of steamers at Malta were three thousand two hundred and eighty-one, and of sailing-vessels one thousand three hundred and ninety-six. From those figures you can readily understand that Malta is a place of great commercial importance. Steamers call here on their way through the Mediterranean, and there are several lines running from the southern part of Europe that visit Malta with great regularity and afford easy communication.

“ Yesterday one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers arrived in port and remained several hours. The arrival of one of these vessels is a matter of great importance to the dealers in coral, silver filigree work, lace, sponges, birds, and other products of the island. As the steamer came in we happened to be where we could observe the boats crowding around her, and the peddlers climbing to her decks as soon as they were permitted to do so. Many of the passengers came on shore ; those that remained on board were the special prey of the dealers from

the boats, while those who landed were enticed into the shops to make purchases wherever enticement was possible.

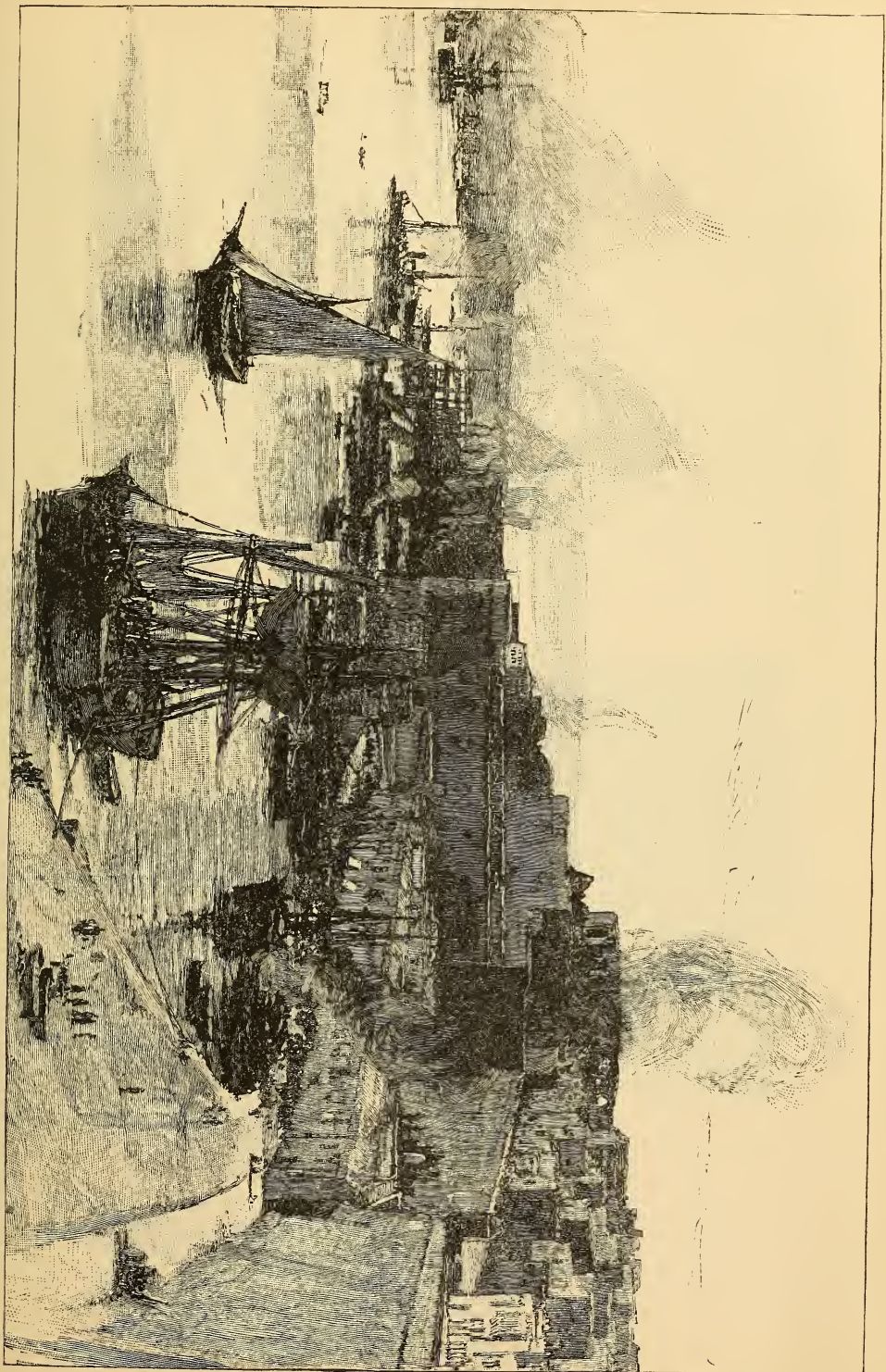
“We are told that whenever the steamers to or from India arrive later in the day than usual, the shops are kept open much beyond the regular hour for closing; in fact, as long as any passengers are on shore they have every opportunity to purchase the curiosities for which the island is famous. The Maltese are very sharp at driving a bargain; most of them have the Oriental habit of asking much more for their wares than they expect to receive, and it is not unusual for a stranger to pay twice or even three times as much for an article as would be demanded from a resident.

“Mr. Clapp took us to the Fort of St. Elmo, and accompanied us through this very interesting fortress. He showed us the little chapel where the knights partook of the viaticum, and then embraced one another before going out to what they supposed would be their death. Its locality was long unknown, and it was discovered only a few years ago by one of the officers who was superintending the removal of some rubbish. We remained several minutes in this little chapel, and were silent as we thought of the mournful scene which took place there three centuries ago when the warriors went forth to die.

“I must not forget to mention that the visitor in Malta must climb a good many stairs. The peninsula on which Valletta is built is a high one, and the Strada Reale may be said to lie along its backbone. There are other streets parallel to the principal one, and then there are cross streets leading either way down to the water. The Strada Reale and its parallels are by no means level, and some of them are so steep in places as to require steps here and there, while the vertebral streets which run from the backbone to the harbors are at a steep angle, and some of them almost continuous stairways. An American visitor once remarked of Valletta that it ought to be one of the healthiest cities in the world, as it certainly had a splendid opportunity for drainage.

“It is very fatiguing work in a hot day to ascend these flights of stairs, and occasionally strangers are afflicted with sunstroke in consequence. The natives have a saying that only Englishmen and mad dogs venture to walk up these Maltese stairs in the sun.”

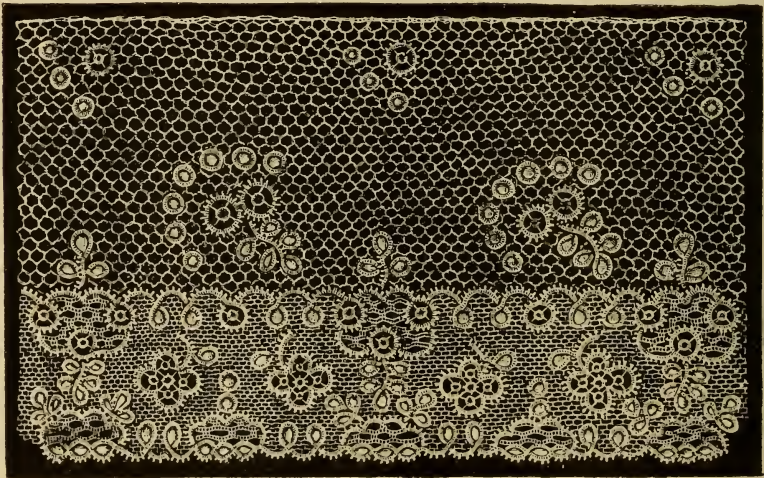
Our young friends made various inquiries relative to the population of Malta and its mode of government. They ascertained that the island has about 140,000 inhabitants, and Gozo about 20,000. The small island of Comino is practically uninhabited. Frank made note of the fact that Malta was the most densely peopled country in the



GRAND HARBOR, MALTA.

world, its area being about ninety-five square miles, so that there are 1450 inhabitants to each square mile. Excluding the portion of the island which is unsuited to cultivation, the population reaches the enormous figure of 2000 per square mile. Notwithstanding this large population there is comparatively little actual want and destitution among the Maltese, although there is a good deal of poverty.

The financial position of Malta is a very fortunate one. There is no public debt, but, on the contrary, the Maltese have a considerable amount of surplus revenue invested in the English funds. They have absolutely no direct taxes to pay; all the expenditures for public works, roads, streets, hospitals, and administration generally are paid by the Government out of the revenue derived from the rentals of Government property and from the customs. Malta is nominally a free port, but there are duties upon various articles of import, so that the revenue from customs is about \$700,000 annually, while the rental of Government property is about \$200,000.



A SPECIMEN OF LACE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW THE MALTESE LIVE.—HIGH WALLS AROUND FIELDS AND GARDENS.—FERTILITY OF THE SOIL, AND ITS PRODUCTS.—THE WATER SUPPLY.—MANNER OF HOLDING REAL ESTATE.—PERPETUAL AND LONG-TERM LEASES.—MODES OF AGRICULTURE.—MALTESE ANIMALS.—EXPORT OF CATS.—INDUSTRIES OF MALTA.—FILIGREE WORK IN GOLD AND SILVER.—MALTESE COTTON GOODS.—IN A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.—MARY'S ACCOUNT OF THE MALTA RAILWAY.—AN ACCOMPLISHED CONDUCTOR.—HOW THE TRAINS ARE RUN.—THE PEOPLE AND THEIR LANGUAGE.—AN INLAND EXCURSION.—CITTA VECCHIA AND CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL.—HOUSE WHERE THE APOSTLE LIVED.—CATACOMBS.—PLACE WHERE ST. PAUL WAS WRECKED.—ISLAND OF GOZO.—ROMAN RUINS.—GAY LIFE OF FASHIONABLE MALTA.—FRANK AND FRED IN THE UNION CLUB.—DEPARTURE FROM MALTA.—THE RIVIERA AND THE CORNICIE ROAD.—SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE.

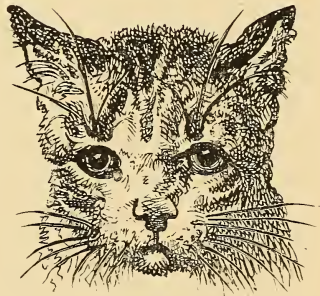
WHEN our friends learned of the density of the population of Malta they wondered how the people managed to live, and questioned their well-informed host, Mr. Clapp, on the subject.

“As you approached Malta,” said Mr. Clapp, replying to the inquiries of Frank and Fred, “you observed that the island appeared to be very little else than a mass of rock, did you not?”

“Yes,” answered Frank; “it seemed to be a place of almost complete sterility.

We could see very little vegetation, but a great deal of barren rock.”

“What you supposed to be barren rock,” was the response, “was not so by any means. The gardens and fields of Malta are very small, and surrounded by high walls, which are very often seven or eight feet in height. The object of these walls is to prevent the destruction of trees and garden crops by violent winds which sometimes blow here, and the result of this arrangement is that from a distance nothing green is visible, and the whole island looks like a great stone quarry.



A YOUNG NATIVE.

There are many oranges and lemons grown in these gardens. Great crops of wheat are raised and very fine potatoes are produced, together with other garden vegetables, and the soil, wherever there is any, is very fertile. You can ride from one end of the island to the other, and see nothing but high walls, and though there may be gardens everywhere, you would hardly be aware of their existence. We have figs, peaches, melons, grapes, pomegranates, strawberries, apples, pears, and other fruits in abundance in their season, and with some quickly growing vegetables, two or even three crops are obtained from the soil in a single year. You have seen in the court-yards of the Governor's Palace and other places in and around the city how luxuriant the vegetation is, and before you leave us I shall show you something of the products of the interior of the island."

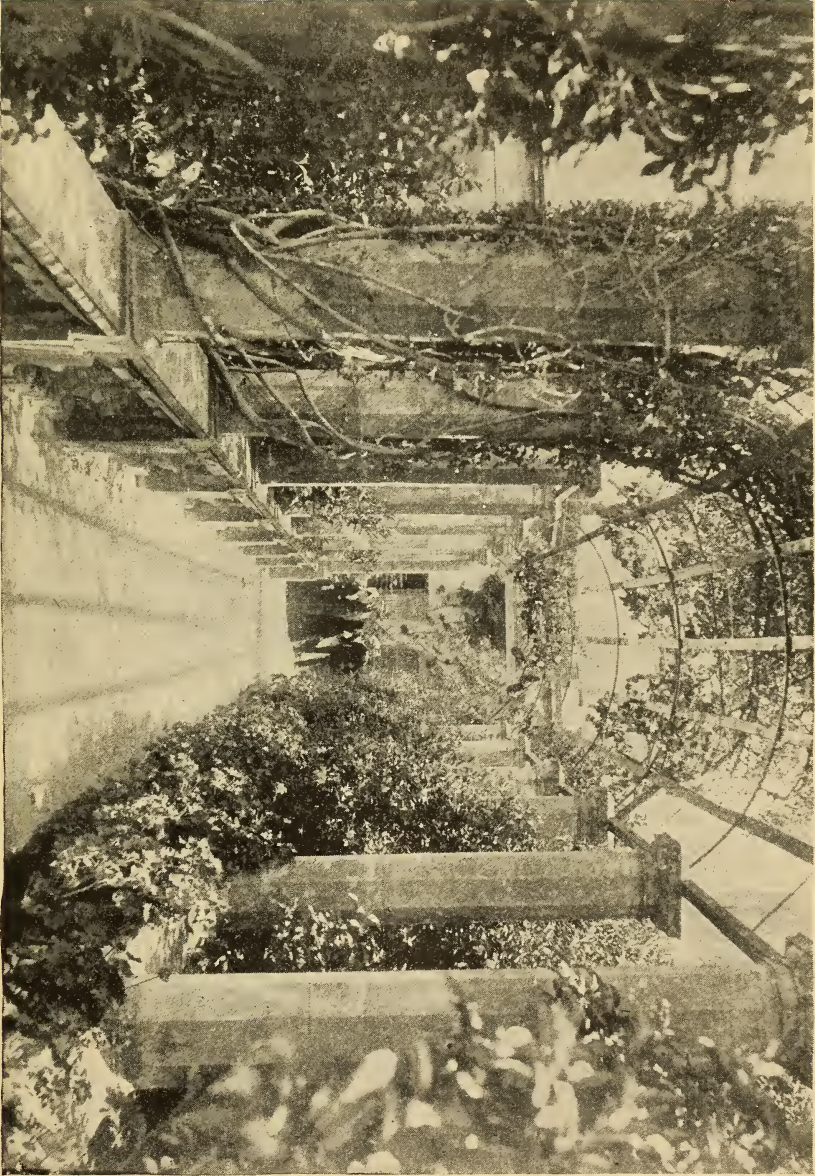
Frank asked if the island was well supplied with water at all times.

"That is a difficult question to answer by yes or no," was the reply. "There is a goodly quantity of water on the island; the annual rainfall averages about eighteen inches a year, and in many houses the water is collected in cisterns as it falls from the clouds. In certain parts of the island there is excellent water on the surface, coming from springs along the hills. There is a vast quantity of water lower down, which is pumped up through iron pipes and carried to the aqueducts, so that a good supply can be obtained at all times in this way. We have no forests in Malta, though we have a few groups of trees that we sometimes jocularly denominate forests. There are plantations of trees, as I have told you, which are surrounded by walls, and thus hidden from the sight of one who travels along the roads."

"How is the rural property of Malta owned and held?" Fred inquired, as his host came to a pause.

"It may be said to be shared between the Government, the Church, and private individuals. Its cultivation is left in the hands of the peasants, to whom the proprietor leases his land for a period of from four to eight years. Some of the lands are rented on longer terms and some on perpetual lease. This system of long or perpetual leases was adopted at one time by the Government, which is the principal proprietor of the lands. In this way agriculture is encouraged, as the Government sometimes puts up for sale for a merely nominal value portions of public grounds which are of no practical use or profit. The peasants obtaining these lands manage by the most persistent industry to transform them into fertile fields, and in this way the humbler citizens become landed proprietors and persons of dignity."

VIEW IN VILLA ZAMMIT.



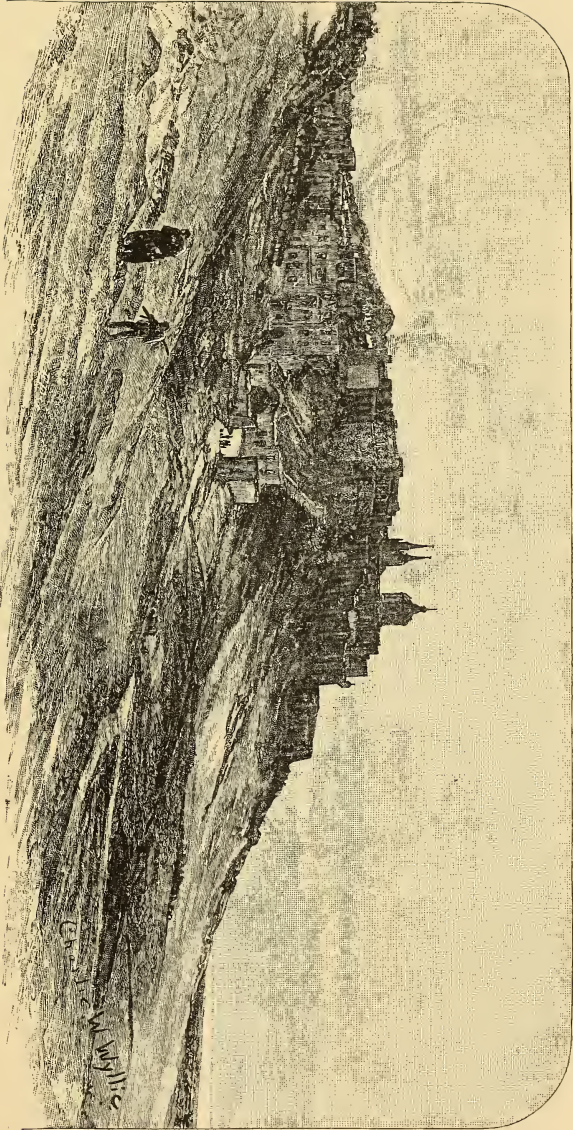
“I suppose you don't use the latest patents in agricultural implements, such as mowers and reapers, do you?” queried Frank.

“Not by any means,” replied Mr. Clapp, with a smile. “Our fields would not warrant anything of the kind; McCormick's mower and reaper, and other famous implements of farming on a large scale, would have no ground on which to move about in Malta. Our ploughs, spades, harrows, and other tools are very antiquated in character. The Maltese peasant is entirely satisfied with them, and he can accomplish a great deal with these rude implements. He is content to use the tools that were used by his father and grandfather, and it is very difficult to get him to depart from the ordinary custom.

“The most common products of the country are wheat, cotton, fruit, and garden vegetables. The cotton industry is less flourishing than formerly, owing to the low price obtained for the article. During the Civil War in America it rose to such a high price that it was very generally grown all through the island, but at present it is simply planted to furnish material for our cotton goods, in which there is a small export trade. Two crops of potatoes can be grown in a year, and the same is the case with some other garden vegetables. The grape-vine is cultivated in some parts of Malta and Gozo, but the product is not very extensive. We raise cattle, sheep, goats, horses, mules, pigs, and other domestic animals, and we also raise dogs and cats, the latter being real genuine Maltese cats, but they are of no very great commercial value. Occasionally a cat is exported, but she is not subject to duty and does not figure in the returns of the Board of Trade.”

In regard to the industries of Malta, our friends learned that there was considerable work in precious metals, the most valuable production being in gold and silver filigree. The cost of the precious metals thus converted into ornaments is about two hundred thousand dollars annually, and the industry gives employment to about five hundred laborers. The cotton industry is one of the most common as well as one of the most ancient industries of the island. The cotton is spun by hand or machinery and woven into coarse or thick cloth, which is partly used for sails and partly exported to the northern coast of Africa and Turkey, where it is used for clothing. Formerly the Maltese cottons were exported to Italy and some countries of Western Europe, but the trade in that direction has fallen off, owing to the heavy duties levied by Italy and France for the protection of their home industries.

There is a considerable industry in Malta in the preservation of fruits, and for this purpose alcohol, sugar, and vinegar are imported



CITTA' YECCHIA, OR NOTABILE.

from England and other countries. Lace-making is an occupation for five thousand women and girls of Malta, and the Maltese lace has acquired a world-wide reputation. There are several kinds of it, some of cotton, some of linen, and some of silk thread. The black-and-white silk lace is the most famous of the different kinds made in the Maltese islands. The style is half Moorish and half Chinese, and its beauty consists in the skill with which it is wrought.

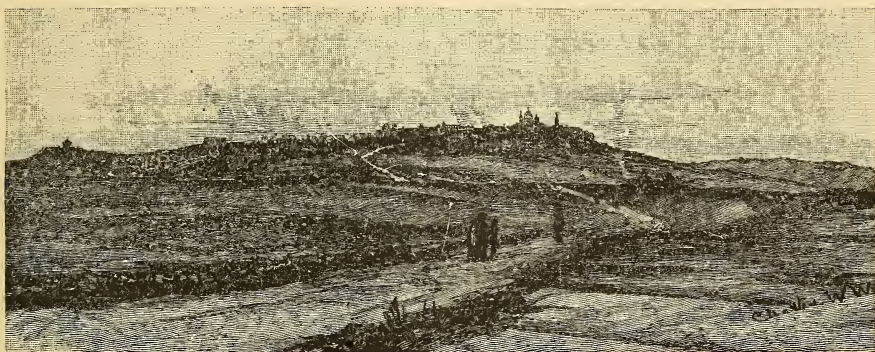
According to promise, our friends were transferred from the hotel to Mr. Clapp's house on the Strada Mercanti, and they privately inform us that they were made very comfortable during the whole of their stay.

"We were told," said Mary, "that the house and all it contained were ours. This is a formal politeness borrowed from the Spanish, but it was more nearly true in a literal sense than is often the case in strange houses. Our host and hostess were untiring in their efforts to amuse and interest us, and at the same time we were at liberty to come and go as we liked. The house is delightfully situated, and from the upper part of it there is an admirable view of the harbor and the shore beyond. As we went about the building I half-expected every moment to meet one of the Knights of Malta dressed in his armor and ready to go out to battle against the Turks. The knights are gone, but the knightly spirit remains in Malta, as we have good reason to know."

On the morning after the settlement of our friends in their new quarters their host proposed to take them on a railway journey to the interior of the island. They promptly accepted the invitation, and proceeded to the station at the time he indicated. We will let Mary tell the story of the journey that they made.

"It's a funny little railway," said the girl, "and has a funny history, at least to us, though not to those who built it. Years ago some English capitalists thought it would be a profitable investment to build a railway from Valletta to the other end of the island opposite Gozo. They constructed seven miles of the road as far as Notabile at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars, and after running it a while, and finding they could not make it pay expenses, they abandoned it. By the terms of their concession the whole of the property was to fall into the hands of the Government if at any time the railway should not be run for a year. When a year without any trains had passed, the Government came into possession of the road, and by an investment of forty thousand dollars the line was put into good order, equipped with rolling stock, and set in operation. Thus the Government has a railway all complete at a cost of less than six thousand dollars a mile.

“There are eight stations in the seven miles of distance, and the express or ‘fast’ trains run through from Valletta to Notabile in forty minutes, or at the rate of about eleven miles an hour. The way-trains are a good deal slower. The road is run in the Hungarian or ‘zone’ system, and is divided into two zones of three and a half miles each. In the first zone the first-class fare is twopence (four cents) to any station, and it is twopence more to any station in the second zone. They have cheap trains, with the low fare of one penny, from Valletta to Notabile or any intermediate point. That is certainly cheap enough—two cents for seven miles. It beats our elevated railway in New York.



ROAD TO CITTA VECCHIA.

“They run ten regular trains daily each way. A few weeks ago, on the occasion of a great festival at Notabile, trains were run every twenty minutes, and the day’s receipts came to the enormous sum of \$200! They have three locomotives, but only two are in daily use, the third being kept as an extra. They have two engineers, three firemen, three conductors, and other employés in proportion, their whole salary list, including the manager, book-keeper, and everybody else, amounting to less than \$8000 a year. The conductor of the train on which we went to Notabile spoke English, Maltese, and Italian fluently, and for all these accomplishments, in addition to acting as conductor, he receives \$1-a day, boards himself, and pays for his uniform.

“There! that will do for a girl’s account of a railway. Don’t you think it is a fairly good one? You see, I made my first attempt on a small road; perhaps by-and-by I will undertake to describe a great one.

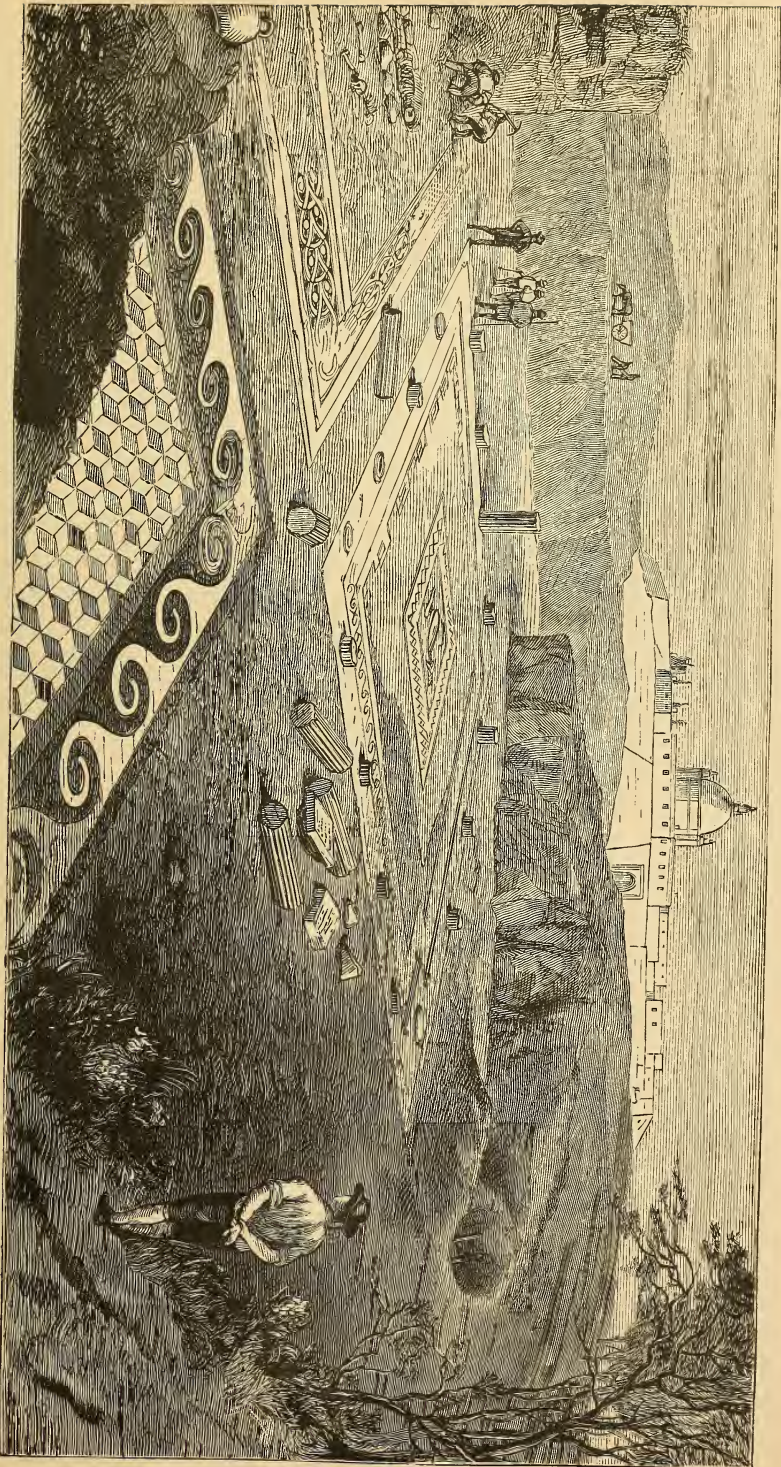
“The fluency of our conductor in three languages reminds me that the Maltese are almost equal to the Russians in their facility for acquiring foreign tongues. Their own language is a curious one, as it is a mixture of Arabic and Italian with the ancient Phœnician; the Arabic is the principal ingredient in it, and it is said that the Maltese can converse fairly well with the Arabs from the Barbary coast. The official language of the island is Italian; this seems a little strange when the Government has been British for nearly a century, and the enlightened part of the Maltese population are in favor of the establishment of English as the official tongue—or, at all events, of its being placed on an equal footing with Italian. Perhaps it will be some day.

“The laws of Malta are based upon the laws of the island that were in force before the Knights of St. John came here. The story is that the inhabitants refused to receive the knights until they agreed to allow the retention of the old laws and customs. Gradually the laws were modified by the knights, and afterwards by the British governors and the local legislature. Trial by jury was introduced in 1829, and was at first applied to a very few cases; but it is now applied to all crimes, and has become popular with the inhabitants.

“But I am forgetting our excursion to Notabile, which is also called Citta Vecchia. It is very prettily situated in the middle of the island, and it deserves its name (Citta Vecchia, Old City), as it is certainly very ancient. It was celebrated in the time of Cicero for its cotton manufacture, and in the first century of the Christian era it was the residence of St. Paul the Apostle, during a part of his stay on the island. It was a flourishing city until Valletta was founded, and to-day it contains a good many palaces, most of them being occupied as convents or schools, or for other purposes than those for which palaces are usually built. Most of them are very well preserved.

“We visited the Cathedral of St. Paul, which is said to stand on the spot where the apostle lived in the house of Publius. The Norman knights built a cathedral here in the twelfth century, but it was entirely destroyed by an earthquake five hundred years later; the present cathedral was built in the early part of the eighteenth century, and is a very handsome building, yet there is nothing specially remarkable about it. There are some paintings in it referring to incidents in the life of St. Paul and also of St. Publius, who is said to have been converted by Paul, and suffered martyrdom in consequence of his conversion to the new religion which Paul introduced.

“From the church we went to the Catacombs, which are not far



ROMAN PAVEMENT RECENTLY UNCOVERED IN GOZO,

away. They reminded us of the Catacombs of Rome; the walls have no decorations upon them, but otherwise the place is of the same general character as that of the Catacombs we have seen elsewhere. Close to the Catacombs is a grotto over which has been built a small church; this grotto is supposed to have been the residence of St. Paul for a short time, and is consequently greatly venerated. There is a marble statue of the saint in the middle of the grotto, and we found several of the people kneeling before it and saying their prayers.

“This is a good place to remark that the native inhabitants of Malta are almost entirely Catholics. To judge from what we have seen I would say that the women are more devoted to their religion than the men. We strolled into the church one morning during the service, and in the congregation of two hundred people I don't think there were more than twenty men. On behalf of the latter it may be said that many of them are away in their occupations as fishermen and boatmen, and consequently they were unable to be present at the services. It is the policy of the Government to make no interference with the religion of the people; on the contrary, every facility is given to the Catholic clergy for the exercise of their offices, and the least interference with any religious denomination whatever is severely punished.

“There is an English church at Valletta and another in the Sliema suburb, and there are several chapels in the forts and elsewhere, where service after the British form is held on Sundays. The Scotch Presbyterians have a church, and there is an orthodox Greek Church in the Strada Mercanti, so that members of any Christian denomination can find opportunities for worship. The conversion of the inhabitants to Christianity is said to have taken place during the stay of St. Paul; at all events, it had its commencement at that time, and it was not long after the death of the apostle before the whole island had been converted and was practically Christian.

“Hearing so much about St. Paul, we naturally wished to visit the bay where he was wrecked; we went there on the day following our visit to Notabile, and had a delightful excursion. It is a very pretty bay, with an entrance two miles wide running inland for nearly three miles, and we were told that there was good anchorage all over it. On the shore is a tower which was erected in 1610 by the grand master of the knights at that time, who laid the foundation-stone on February 10th, the supposed anniversary of the shipwreck. There was a great ceremonial on that occasion, the grand master coming on horseback from Valletta, attended by a body of the knights dressed in their re-

galia. The clergy was also there in full force, and the stone was laid amid great ceremonies, the cost of the tower being paid for out of the personal funds of the grand master. There is a small church here, which was also built in 1610 on the spot where a much older one had stood ;



A MEDITERRANEAN BOAT.

it contains several frescos and paintings representing the shipwreck, and the tradition is that the church stands on the exact spot where the inhabitants of the island lighted the fire and showed kindness to the shipwrecked people. There was then a fishing-village here, and there is one now, and the probabilities are that the appearance of the place has changed very little in eighteen hundred years.”

While the party was standing near the church, Frank took from his pocket a copy of the New Testament and read from it the account of the shipwreck of Paul. Our readers who are curious concerning it are referred to the Acts of the Apostles, chapters xxvii. and xxviii.

From St. Paul's Bay the party proceeded to Marfa, at the end of Malta, whence they crossed in a small boat to the Island of Gozo. The

channel is some four or five miles in width, and as the wind was favorable the passage was made in little more than half an hour. There is not much to be seen on the island except some ruins, which are more interesting to the archæologist than to the ordinary traveller, including a Roman villa recently excavated. It was not considered judicious to spend the night there, and so our friends remained but an hour or so on the island, and then returned by steamboat direct from Gozo to Valletta. It was well they did not stop until the following day, as the wind rose, and by sunrise it blew a gale, so that passage across the channel by small boats was impossible or certainly dangerous.

Before their departure from Malta our friends concluded that it was a gay place. There were dinners, receptions, picnic-parties, and similar entertainments almost daily, and sometimes in the winter season those who move in the social circles are obliged to attend several of these affairs in the same day. A picnic in the afternoon is followed by a dinner, the dinner by an opera, and the opera by a ball or reception. There is hardly a day without a polo match, a game at football, cricket,



ST. PAUL'S BAY, ISLAND OF MALTA.

or lawn-tennis, a horse-race, or something else of the kind. They have polo matches in Malta three times a week, parades, regimental inspections, sham-fights, naval manœuvres, military and naval athletic sports, private and public theatricals, dinners, receptions, garden-parties, lawn-tennis games, and balls without stint.

MALTA AND COMINO, FROM GOZO.



At the reception which our friends attended in the Governor's Palace there was a gay assemblage, all the society of Malta, official and unofficial, being present. Many attentions were shown to the visitors, and they came away with the impression that they had met some of the most delightful people in the world. Their host made a "pop-corn party" in their honor, inviting the American consul and every other American then in Malta, together with many of his personal friends of British nationality. The consul invited them to a picnic at a favorite resort a short distance in the country, and they found the assemblage as delightful as the weather, and it was universally remarked that the weather that day was of the very best kind ever known in Malta. This was followed the next day by a garden-party at Villa Zammit, the country residence of Mr. Clapp, and one of the finest villas on the island.

Frank and Fred received cards of admission to the Union Club, and were made thoroughly at home there. The club is composed of officers of the Army and Navy, and of gentlemen residing in Malta. The club-house is a spacious one, and in some of their features the clubs of Malta seem to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors, the "Languages" of the knights. The Union Club building is luxuriantly furnished, and the members live on the best that the market affords. Unlike the knights, they give dances and receptions during the fashionable season, and these affairs are keen but friendly rivals of the entertainments of the Governor and other high officials. One of the club dances took place while our friends were in Malta, and Frank said they all enjoyed it so much that it was nearly sunrise before they got home.

All good things must come to an end; and one afternoon our friends said farewell to their genial host and hostess, and farewell to the City of the Knights. The steamer which was to carry them away was ready in the harbor, and as they went on board each one of the quartet expressed an emphatic wish to visit the island again.

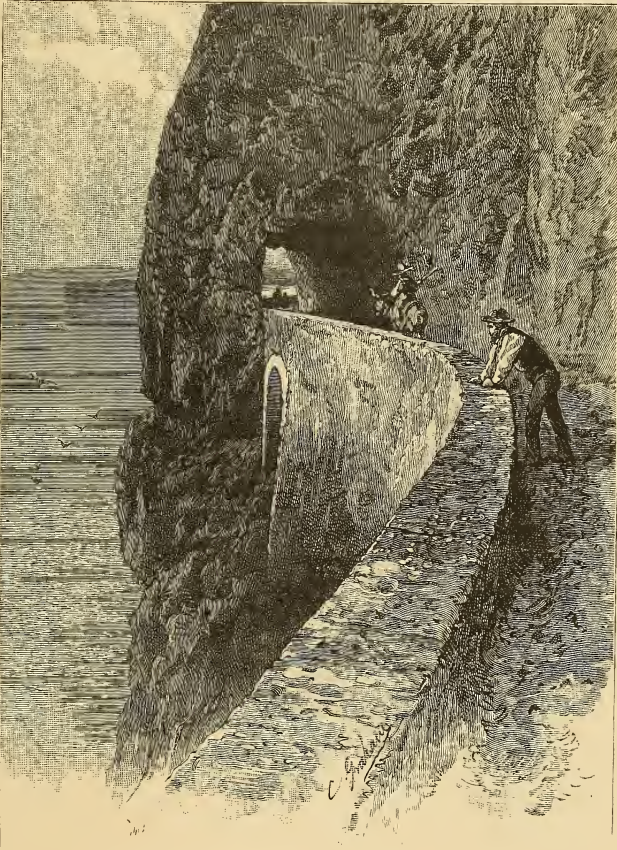
As they steamed out of the harbor and headed to the northward our friends watched the rocky island as it faded in the distance, growing less and less in size as the ship receded from it. While they thus sat and studied the scene Mrs. Bassett remarked:

"I have been so busy with what we have seen and done during our stay at Malta, and our hosts were so kind to us, that I forgot to ask where we were going next. I would like to know now, if you will tell me, what our destination is; I presume you have arranged it."

"Certainly, mamma," replied Frank; "our destination will be where you wished it to be, or as nearly so as we could make it."

“How is that?” queried Mrs. Bassett, in a tone of surprise.

“Why, you have several times said you wanted to see the Riviera, as they call the shore of the Mediterranean between Genoa and Nice. To comply with your desire, we have arranged to go there.”



VIEW ON THE CORNICE ROAD.

“Oh, thank you ever so much,” was the reply; “and where are we going—I mean, where do we leave the steamer?”

“It was our intention to go to Marseilles, and visit the Riviera from that point,” Frank replied; “but we should have been obliged to wait several days for a French steamer. So Fred and I changed our plan a little and took this steamer, an Italian one, which is bound for Genoa.”

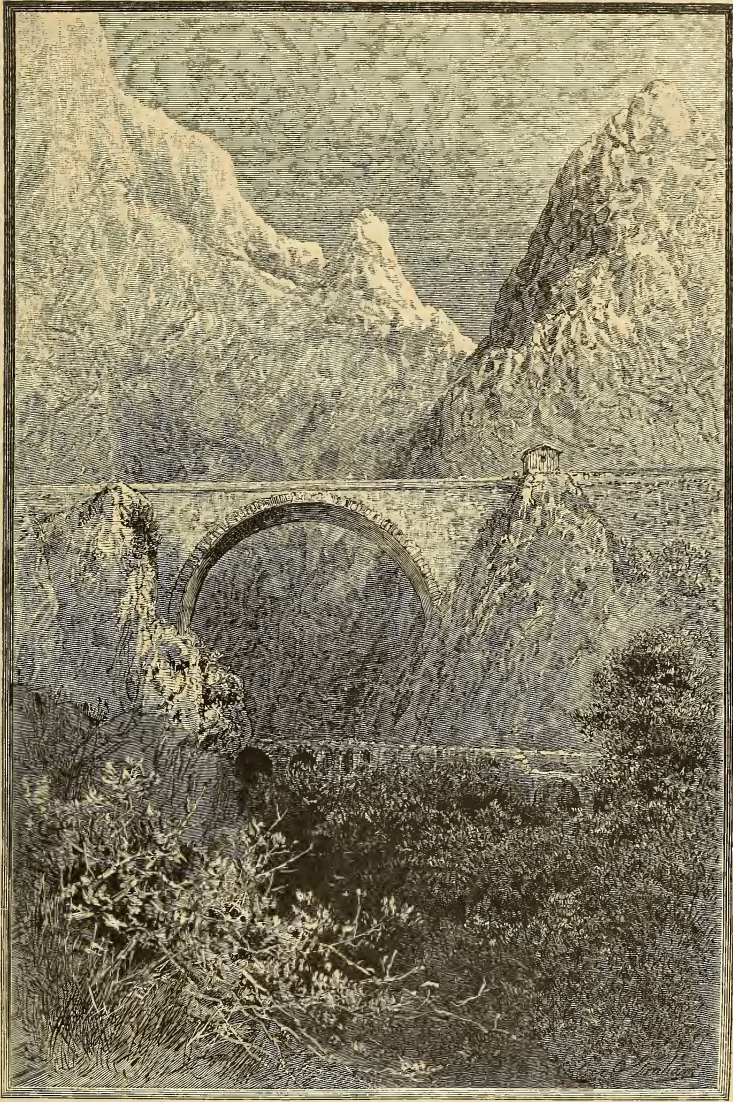
"Oh, I understand," said Mrs. Bassett. "We will land at Genoa and take the train westward for the Riviera. Am I right?"

"Yes, that is it exactly," Frank explained. "As we have seen Genoa, we will not stop there at all. If the time suits on our arrival, we will go directly from the steamer to the railway station, and at furthest our stay in Genoa la Superb will only be for a few hours."

The steamer held her course to the northward between Sicily and Sardinia, stopping for two or three hours at Cagliari, and reaching Genoa without any incident of consequence. Fortune favored our friends on their arrival at Genoa, as they had just sufficient time to go to the station and catch an express train westward. Fred suggested that they try the Cornice (Cornichy) Road instead of the railway, but Frank overruled him on this point for a variety of reasons. He knew that his mother would not like the fatigue of the journey by carriage along the road, and, besides, the hire of carriages since the opening of the railway is so infrequent that a good service is not maintained. Carriages are dear, and many tricks are played upon travellers to extort the highest figures possible from those who make the journey by them. When the subject was mentioned to Mrs. Bassett she said she was quite content with the railway, but, as a matter of curiosity, would like to know what was to be seen along this famous way.

"I will endeavor to describe it briefly," replied Fred. "The Cornice Road, or Route de la Corniche, is a very old road, and was built long before the railway was thought of. It follows the coast all the way from Genoa to Nice; I don't mean that it is exactly on the shore of the Mediterranean for every mile of its distance, or even for a half of it; but to all intents and purposes it may be called a coast road. It winds up and down the mountain-sides, sometimes coming literally to the sea where the configuration of the land facilitates its doing so, and then where high promontories jut out the road rises to a height of perhaps a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the level of the water. The Romans had a road there long and long ago, but the present one was made by Napoleon I. after his conquest of Italy.

"There is a great variety of scenery along the Cornice Road; sometimes you are among rugged mountains where very little vegetation is visible on the rocks, then you are among wooded hills, and then perhaps among cultivated plains near the sea-shore. In some places the cliffs are so bold that you can stand on the edge of the road several hundred feet above the sea-level, and toss a biscuit or coin into the waves as they break below—that is, if you want to do so.



PONT ST. LOUIS, CORNICE ROAD.

“The summits of many of the cliffs are crowned with ancient towers and forts, which were erected for purposes of defence in by-gone ages, when the Mediterranean swarmed with pirate craft, and all exposed places along its shores were subject to depredations. We shall see some of these towers as we pass along the railway. A few of them are still kept in repair, but by far the greater number are in ruins.”

"Are the towns situated on these high hills or nearer the water?" queried Mrs. Bassett. "I presume it was generally necessary to put the towns where the pirates could not reach them without running the risk of capture or the loss of their ships."

"That is the case with some of the towns," replied Frank, "but not by any means with all. Some are perched high up among the rocks and are quite difficult of access; among them I may mention Rocca Bruna and Eza, and some towns that were thus situated have gone to ruin in modern times, owing to their being so far out of the way. Most of the towns along the shore are situated on sloping heights, and with some of them there is so little space between the mountains and the sea that when you look at them they seem to be trying to climb the mountain-side, and in a fair way to succeed.

"As one rides along the Cornice Road he sees at frequent intervals small chapels and churches placed among the rocks, or peering out from the foliage of the trees that cover the hill-sides. In the valleys that are crossed by the road there are plantations of olive-trees, some of them very extensive. The olive has been cultivated here for a very long time, and some of the trees are hundreds of years old. Then there are oranges, aloes, myrtles, oleanders, and kindred trees, and in some places, particularly at San Remo and Bordighera, palm-trees grow in great abundance. Altogether the ride along the Cornice Road is very interesting, and certainly it would be difficult to find a route that is more picturesque. In addition to all that I have mentioned, you have almost constantly a view of the sea filling the southern horizon and presenting many shades of color, owing to the changes which are constantly taking place in the sky and clouds above it."

"If you had told me all this when you were planning the journey," Mrs. Bassett remarked, "I think I should have urged you to come by the Cornice Road instead of by railway. Isn't there a part of it we can see without taking the whole drive?"

"Certainly," said Frank, who was always ready in resources. "We will go from Mentone to Nice, a distance of less than twenty miles, by the Cornice Road, and over one of the most picturesque parts of the whole route; it will be an excellent sample."

"That will suit me exactly," was the reply. And thereupon the subject was dropped for the present as the train swept along.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE RIVIERA.—SAN REMO.—RUINED TOWERS AND THEIR HISTORY.—STORY OF THE PALM-TREES.—BORDIGHERA.—CUSTOM-HOUSE AT VENTIMIGLIA.—HOW THE EXAMINATION WAS CONDUCTED.—MENTONE; ITS HOTELS.—HOW MENTONE WAS “DISCOVERED;” ITS CLIMATE AND ATTRACTIONS; WHAT MARY WROTE ABOUT THE PLACE.—HOTELS WITH ALL ROOMS OUTSIDE.—GARDENS OF MENTONE.—HOW THE RIVIERA OBTAINS ITS CLIMATE.—SCENES IN OLD MENTONE.—RULES ABOUT DRIVING IN THE STREETS.—DOMESTIC INTERIORS.—ANTIQUITY OF MENTONE.—A REVOLUTION, AND WHAT CAUSED IT.—A DESPOTIC PRINCE; HOW HE LEVIED TAXES.—THE BONE CAVERNS AND THEIR FORMER OCCUPANTS.—SCENES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.—LAUNDRESSES AND THEIR WAY OF WORKING.—OLIVE-GROVES AND OIL-MILLS.

THE train carried our friends past the little town of Cogoleto, where, as the reader will remember, they visited the house which was said to have been the birthplace of Columbus. Beyond it they went through several tunnels, which were at times decidedly exasperating in the suddenness with which they cut off the view of the scenery. The country through which the railway carried the party seemed to be a very fertile one when not broken by promontories and rocky cliffs. All the slopes, plains, and valleys were thickly



STREET IN ROCCA BRUNA.

planted with olive, fig, and other productive trees, and at frequent intervals the train passed near smiling gardens and luxuriant fields, containing numerous cattle that were well fed and cared for, if one could judge by the sleekness of their skins and the roundness of their sides.

After passing Porto Maurizio numerous towers were seen that are said to have been erected for the defence of the country against Arab corsairs in the ninth and tenth centuries. They are needed for defence no longer, and those of them that have not been allowed to go to ruin have been fitted up as dwelling-houses.

At San Remo the train halted briefly, and when it moved on Mary asked if San Remo was an attractive health resort. She thought she had seen and heard its name quite often in that connection.

Fred replied that it was not a large place, having about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and did not come into prominence until comparatively recent times. "It was formerly fortified," said Fred, "and the old part of the town is very much crowded, the streets being narrow, the houses very tall, and many of them connected by arches in order to afford better security in case of earthquakes. They have earthquakes here at times, but there is rarely any serious damage done by them; the people, however, are always greatly alarmed.

"You remember the palms that were distributed at Rome on Palm Sunday, and the incident connected with the hoisting of the obelisk in the front of St. Peter's Church, do you not?"

"Oh yes," replied Mary; "that was when the boy violated the order of the police and called out 'Wet the ropes!' was it not?"

"Yes, that's the incident I refer to," said Fred. "Well, the boy who thus called out was named Bresca, and he came from San Remo. I believe the family name has ceased to exist, but for a very long time the Brescas derived a handsome revenue from the monopoly of sending a vessel to Rome annually with palms for distribution in the churches."

Beyond San Remo the train brought our friends to Bordighera, which, like the place just mentioned, is famous for its palms. The palms grown along the Riviera are only useful for ornamental purposes, as the fruit does not ripen sufficiently to be edible. Palm branches and young palms are sent from here in considerable numbers; many efforts have been made to find a variety of palm-tree that would produce fruit, but thus far they have not been successful.

Soon after leaving Bordighera the train reached the frontier at Ventimiglia and rolled into the station, where the baggage of passengers is examined at the French custom-house. The town is an Italian

frontier fortress, and very picturesquely situated. There is an old mediæval tower overlooking the town; it is in a very good state of preservation, but the ascent to it is decidedly difficult. It was no doubt a place of considerable strength in the times when it was built, but the artillery of the present day would make very short work of it.



THE PALMS OF BORDIGHERA.

The custom-house examination was not very rigid, though at first it promised to be so. Before the turn of our friends arrived the *douaniers*, or custom-house officials, busied themselves with several individuals who appeared to be commercial travellers. The trunks of these men were very critically and carefully overhauled, nearly every article

in them being taken out and turned over and over, to make sure it was nothing that would defraud the revenues of the republic. Several articles were seized and either confiscated or held for duty, and as our friends looked on they expected to receive attention similar to those which had been bestowed upon the *commis-voyageurs*.

But when their opportunity came, the party of Americans was treated with decided civility; they hastened to open their trunks and give the officials every opportunity to examine them. The contents of Fred's trunk were disturbed just a little, and so were those of Frank's hand-bag. All the other pieces of luggage were passed quickly, and in less than five minutes from the time the inspection of their baggage began our friends were through with the frontier formalities of the French custom-house. Of course the officials realized that they were dealing with tourists who were not likely to engage in smuggling, but they were suspicious of the commercial travellers of their own nationality, and treated them accordingly.

Mentone was the destination of our friends, and in due time they arrived there. Mrs. Bassett and Mary were disappointed at the size of the place; they had expected to find a city of some consequence, and were hardly prepared for a town of five or six thousand inhabitants, although, as Mary remarked, "It was pretty enough and picturesque enough for half a million people." Mary was in some doubt as to what constituted the greater part of the town, the hotels or the private houses. Mentone abounds in hotels, and also in villas for private residences, together with numerous *pensions* or boarding-houses, where those whose purses cannot stand the expense of hotels or villas can be accommodated. Those who must live very cheaply can do so.

From the station the party drove to one of the large hotels, but found it so crowded that they were unable to obtain suitable quarters, and they visited another and a third before they were suited. Their difficulty in securing accommodations was not in consequence of their being over-fastidious, but because Frank specially desired that his mother and sister should have rooms overlooking the sea. There seemed to have been many visitors whose thoughts ran in the same direction, as plenty of inside rooms were to be had, but outside ones fronting the Mediterranean were exceedingly scarce.

"If I ever build a hotel," said Frank, "I'll have all the rooms outside, and fronting in the most picturesque direction."

"That would be a very good plan," remarked Fred; "but if your hotel is very high in the air it will have a slight resemblance to a board

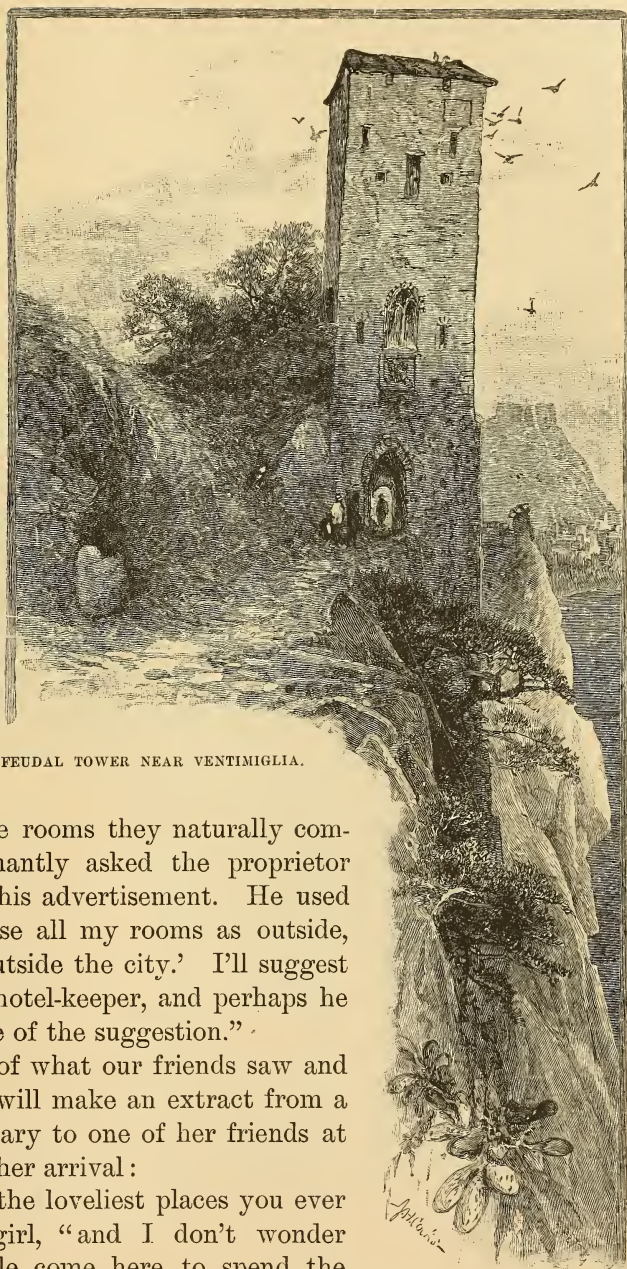
fence; perhaps board and lodging fence would be more to the point. A four or six story building with just a single thickness of rooms would offer a splendid inducement to the winds to blow it down."

"I heard," said Frank, "of an American hotel-keeper at a sea-side resort who advertised that all his rooms were outside ones. When patrons went there and were assign-

ed to rear or inside rooms they naturally complained, and indignantly asked the proprietor what he meant by his advertisement. He used to reply, 'I advertise all my rooms as outside, and so they are—outside the city.' I'll suggest that to a Mentone hotel-keeper, and perhaps he may take advantage of the suggestion."

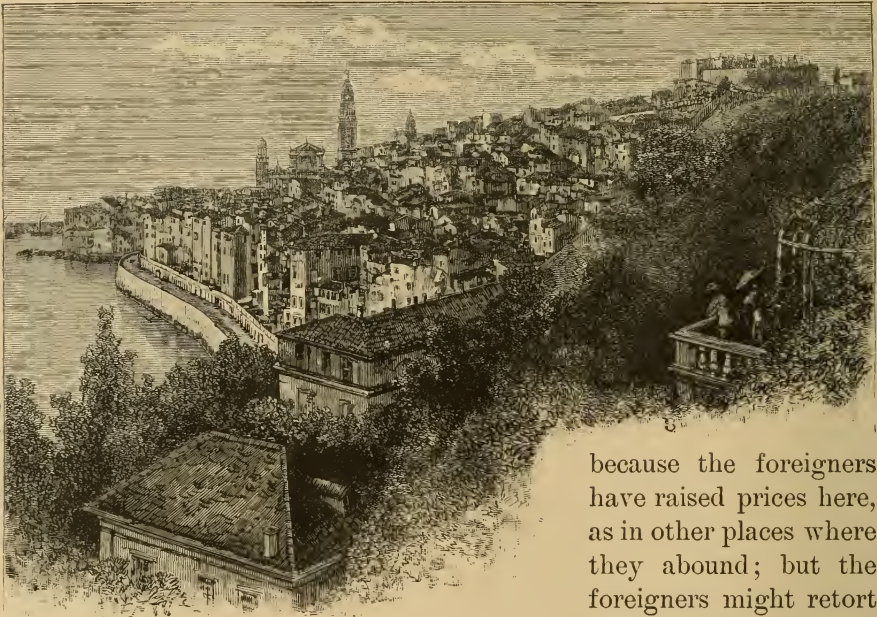
For an account of what our friends saw and did at Mentone we will make an extract from a letter written by Mary to one of her friends at home shortly after her arrival:

"This is one of the loveliest places you ever saw," wrote the girl, "and I don't wonder that so many people come here to spend the winter. The climate is delightful. The town lies in the Bay of Mentone, which opens to the southward on the blue Mediterranean.



FEUDAL TOWER NEAR VENTIMIGLIA.

You know it is said that there are 'wheels within wheels,' and here there are bays within bays. The Bay of Mentone is divided into the Baie de l'Est and the Baie de l'Ouest, or East Bay and West Bay; the division is made by a rocky promontory, which is as picturesque as it is rough. They say that the mean temperature here is three degrees higher than that of Nice, although Mentone is slightly farther to the north. I don't know how many foreigners—English, Germans, Russians, Americans, and others—come here to spend the winter, not to speak of the French, with whom it is a favorite place. The French complain



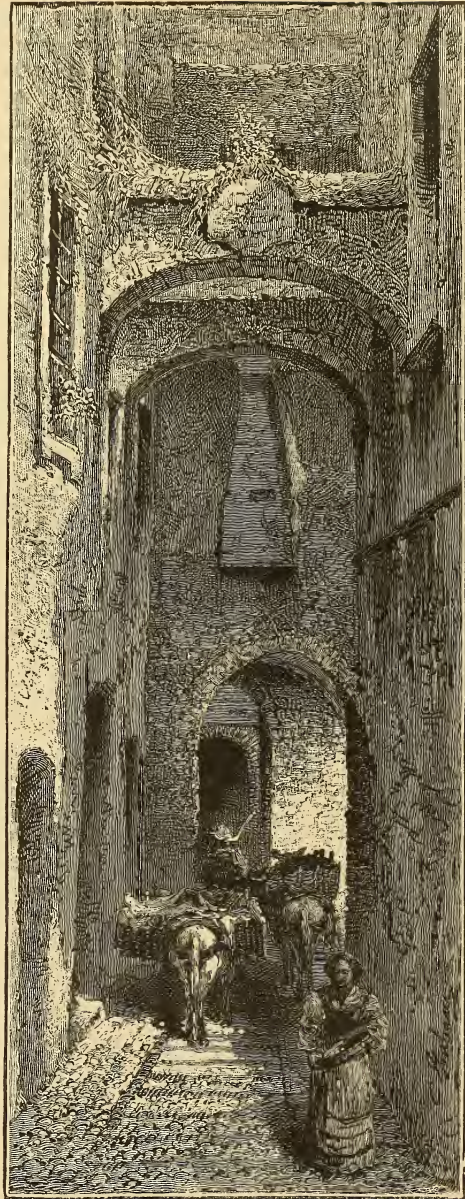
THE OLD TOWN, MENTONE.

because the foreigners have raised prices here, as in other places where they abound; but the foreigners might retort that it is the French landlords who raised prices on everybody.

“The vegetation here is very luxuriant, and the gardens of Mentone are as pretty as any I have seen for a long time. There are lemon and olive groves all about here, and there are hundreds of caroub-trees, which remind me of Malta; then there are figs and several varieties of small fruits, together with all the usual products of the vegetable garden. The resources of the town seem to be almost wholly derived from visitors, and the authorities evidently try hard to bring visitors here. They have laid out beautiful walks and drives, and built a fine Casino, and the hotels, *pensions*, and villas, and private apartments gen-

erally are numerous and good; at any rate the prices are, though the accommodations may not always be. The hotels are suited to all classes of visitors, and their prices graduate accordingly; the same may be said of the villas and apartments, and I am told that if a visitor comes here to spend the season, and will take the trouble and time necessary for driving a bargain, he can get a very good one.

“They have two beautiful walks which are great favorites in the afternoon. One is called the Promenade du Midi, and the other is the Jardin Public. We have strolled in them pretty nearly every afternoon, and found a good many others doing the same thing. There is a ruined castle on the promontory between the two little bays, and it overlooks a cemetery which has been established here. The manager of our hotel said that the cemetery was peopled entirely by strangers who came here so ill that their recovery was impossible. He declared that no native ever died in Mentone, the climate was so delightful and health giving; neither did any foreigner who came in a fairly good condition of health ever die here.



A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN.

“By good-fortune we went to a hotel on the East Bay. Since we

arrived we have learned that the East Bay is warmer than the West Bay, because it is more closely encircled by the mountains back of it, there being some valleys that come down and open into the West Bay, giving currents of cool air which the East Bay escapes. For my own part, I cannot say that I have observed any difference.

“The old town lies between the two bays, and a very curious old town it is. When we drove to it from the railway station the omnibus went at a walk through the town, and they told us this was in compliance with a rule established by the authorities, on account of accidents that had occurred from driving at a fast rate. The street was probably laid out before vehicles were much in fashion, or certainly any vehicles like the big concerns they use here for omnibuses.

“The people of Mentone boast that their climate is the best along the whole coast, but probably San Remo, Nice, Cannes, and other resorts make the same claim. We have seen some figures to support the claim of the Mentonese, to the effect that the sun shines all day for two hundred and fifty-nine days every year, or about nine months out of the whole twelve. They say they have no fogs here, and certainly we have not seen one since we came. The mountains which come down to the coast here are the Maritime Alps, and the same chain, after it passes Genoa, becomes the Apennines.

“The region about here is known as the Department of the Maritime Alps, or, to put it in French, since we are on French territory, Département des Alpes Maritimes. The fine winter climate of Mentone, and of all the places along this coast, is due to the nearness of the mountain chain, which cuts it off from the cold winds, and keeps it in a bath of sunlight. They tell me that when the cold wind comes down from the north and blows over the mountain chain it strikes the water several miles out, and does not fall upon the town at all. They have a wind in southern France called the mistral, which is cold and dry, and not a pleasant thing when one has been accustomed to a good deal of warmth. The mistral blows in the vicinity of Marseilles and farther to the west, but is not known to Mentone at all.

“I asked Frank if the sirocco from Africa did not come across the Mediterranean and reach this region. He told me that it did, but that it was no longer the dry, scorching wind it was when it left the African coast, having been tempered in crossing the wide stretch of water. All things considered, they are certainly greatly favored here, and the wonder is that the advantages of the place were not known before. Down to 1857 Mentone was a very quiet, dull, and commonplace town.

An English doctor happened here that year and discovered its advantages, which he soon made known to his countrymen. The result is that to-day there are forty or fifty hotels, and four or five times that number of villas; if the winter population that comes here should all take it into their heads to go somewhere else, there would be a vast deal of gloom among the native residents, and as for the hotel-keepers, they would come to financial grief at once.

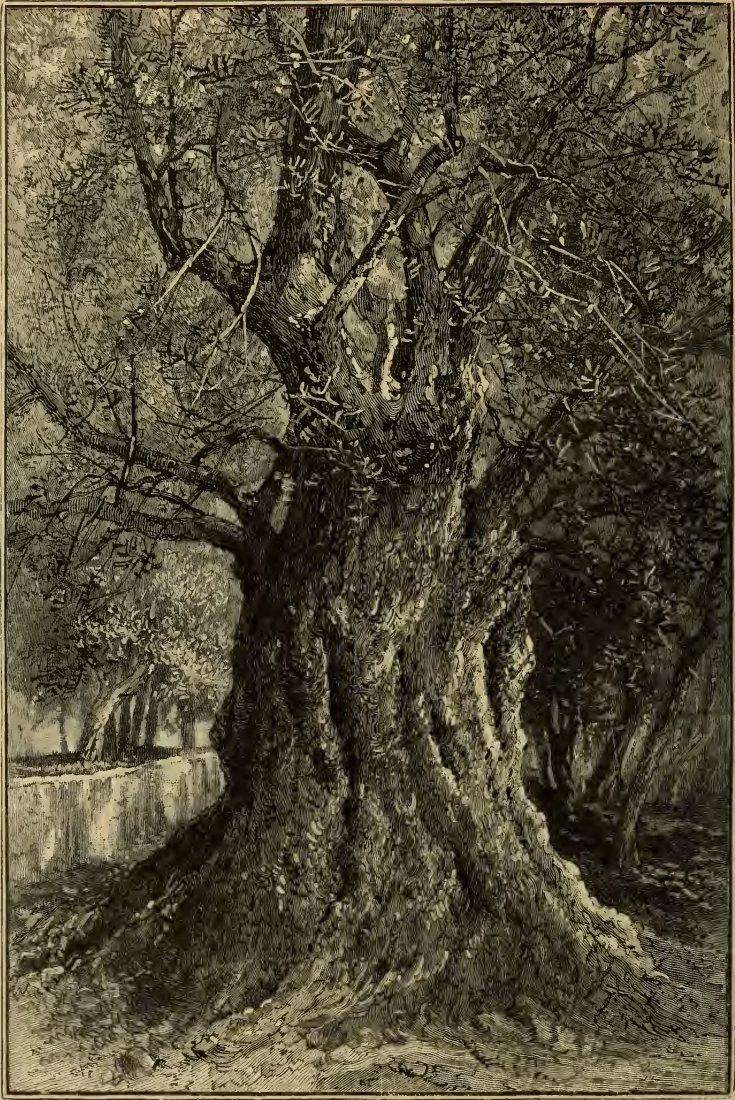
“We have seen a villa on which there is an inscription which says it was the first one built here (in 1855) to attract the strangers. Certainly it has been the leader of a very successful line, and the people



SCENE ON THE RIVIERA.

ought to have it nicely set in gold or some other metal, and keep it as a memento of the good-fortune that has come to them.

“The streets of the old town of Mentone remind me very much of

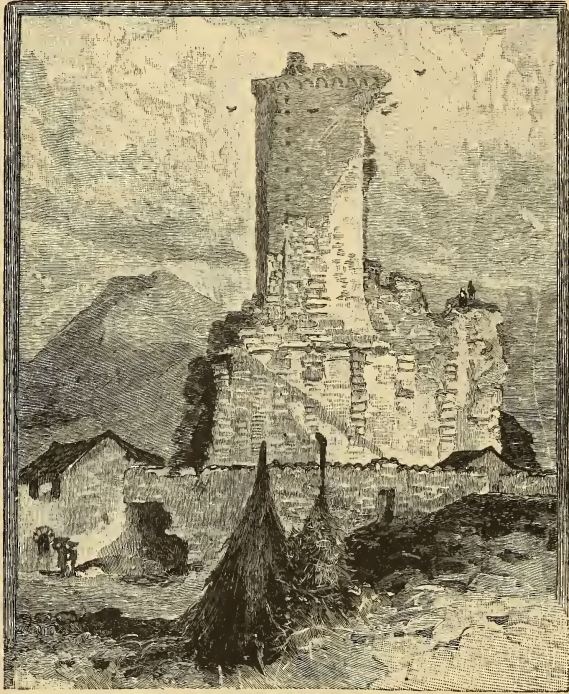


OLD OLIVE-TREE NEAR MENTONE.

some of those in the old towns of Italy. They are very narrow, and many of them are mere lanes or pathways, which would be entirely filled by an ordinary vehicle. Even a donkey with panniers at his side compels pedestrians to hug very close to the walls. While we were walking through one of the streets this afternoon three or four donkeys came leisurely along, and acting as if the whole roadway belonged

to them. I was looking in the other direction when they came, and Frank pulled me into a doorway just in time to save me from being tumbled over by the foremost of the train. Fred says that if I want to take up a philosophical question, he would advise me to investigate and ascertain whether the donkey was made for the streets of Mentone or the streets for the donkey. My hasty conclusion is that the latter is the case, the animal is so thoroughly self-possessed, and acts as though he had the entire right of way.

“Many of the houses in the old town are five or six stories in height, and very often they are joined by arches that look solid enough to resist the tooth of time, about which we read so much, for at least a thousand years. The doorways of the houses opening on the streets often reveal stone steps rising towards rooms with very low ceilings. Many of the rooms are lighted only from the street, and this forces the occu-



REMAINS OF ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

pants to sit in the doorways to obtain light enough for their work. The women with their sewing or lace-making, and the men engaged at shoemaking or similar employments, are in full view of every one who passes along the street. Occasionally we see women spinning with the old-fashioned distaff and spindle, and in front of nearly all the houses are groups of children playing in the streets, and looking as if a bath would do them lots of good and probably astonish them.

“The houses certainly give token that they belong to mediæval times, and, as if that were not enough, we encountered a herald with a

trumpet announcing something, just as he might have announced it in the days of the Crusades. I couldn't catch his words, but supposed he was making some kind of an official proclamation. It turned out that he was nothing more or less than a walking advertisement, his declaration being that a certain shop had received a fresh supply of goods direct from Paris that would be sold at very low prices.

"I asked Frank if he knew how old the town was, and he said I must give him an easier conundrum than that. There is a tradition, so Frank says, that the place was settled by the Phoenicians or Greeks long before the Christian era, and afterwards fell into the hands of the Romans. It was in the possession of various petty princes for several centuries, and in the eighth century a settlement was founded here by pirates. Naturally, pirates were not allowed to dwell here in peace, and after their retirement the rulers of the region round about had a good many quarrels about the possession of the place. The princes of Monaco had it for a considerable period, and about forty years ago it fell into the hands of the King of Sardinia. In 1860 it became French property, and has remained so ever since.

"Frank told me an interesting story about the way the princes of Monaco obtained their revenue during the time they had possession of Mentone—that is, from the fourteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. They compelled the people to pay heavy taxes, and every few years they managed in one way or another to make an increase of the taxation. For some time previous to 1848 the Prince of Monaco lived in Paris, and spent eighty thousand dollars a year. This money came from the people in his principality, and his ingenuity was taxed for ways to raise it, and what do you suppose he did?

"The products of his principality were oranges, lemons, and olives. He taxed oranges and lemons so heavily that the peasants could not make the least profit upon them, and, in fact, were barely able to support themselves. He required the olives to be ground at the prince's mill, and you may be sure he charged a very high rate for the grinding. This was not enough, and he next required that all his subjects should buy the 'prince's bread,' which was made at the Government bakery, and from the cheapest and poorest grain. It was very often so bad as to be totally unfit for food, and they say that a dog of fair intelligence would even go hungry rather than eat it.

"I suggested to Frank, when he told me this, that I wondered the people didn't smuggle good bread in, or if that could not be done they could cross the border of the territory every day or two, as the country

isn't a large one, and there eat enough to keep them alive until they could cross it again for another meal.

“Frank said they would have done so, only it was necessary for them to buy passports at a high price every time they crossed the dividing line. Travellers coming into the principality were obliged to throw away all the bread that they had with them, and when a vessel arrived in port if a single loaf of bread was found on board the captain was punished with a heavy fine, and was considered a very fortunate man if he escaped imprisonment for a period of several weeks.

“This sort of thing went on for twenty-five years, and then the peo-

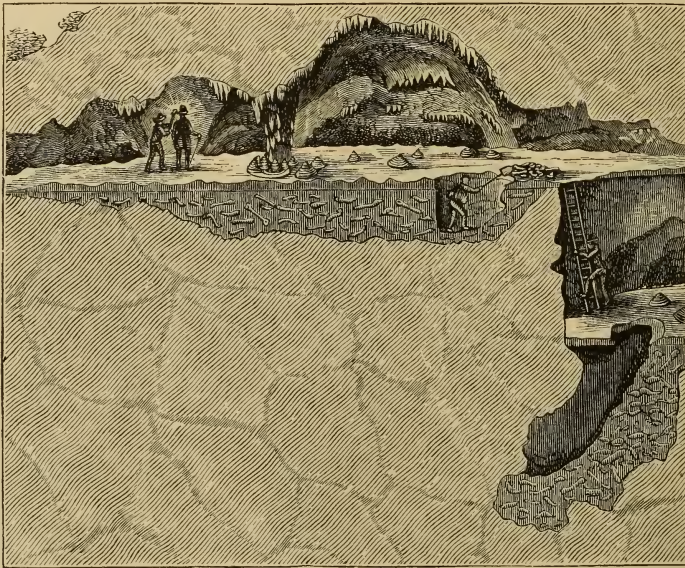


THE BONE CAVERNS.

ple determined to endure it no longer. They joined the inhabitants of Rocca Bruna in a rebellion, and the result of the rebellion was that they achieved their independence, so far as the principality of Monaco was concerned, and set up for themselves.”

The last lines of Mary's letter were written rather hurriedly, as the time had arrived for starting on an excursion in the neighborhood, the special object of the excursion being to visit the Bone Caverns, as they are called. These caverns are of more interest to the scientific student than to the ordinary tourist. The every-day traveller does not trouble

himself greatly concerning primitive and prehistoric man, being fairly satisfied with the man of to-day; but this is not the case with the student who is ever in search of fresh knowledge. Mrs. Bassett thought she would not go to the Bone Caverns, as they are at a little distance from the road and not particularly easy of access; but when Frank said



SECTION OF A CAVE-DWELLING IN THE STONE AGE.

that these caverns had been the abode of the Troglodytes, or cave-dwellers, her curiosity was roused, and she changed her mind.

"I confess to my ignorance on the subject of cave-dwellers," she remarked. "I have read and heard something about them, and all that I can make out on the subject is that they were the people who lived in caves before houses were invented. Why couldn't the same name be applied to savage people in different parts of the world who live in the same way at the present time?"

"There are not many savage people nowadays who live in caves," Frank replied, "the very lowest and most barbarous of the human race being able to construct huts to shelter themselves. The Troglodytes are interesting because they are so ancient. They are the earliest known members of the human race; therefore we can set them down as our ancestors. We will treat them with respect on account of our pos-

sible descent from them, but will not attempt to imitate their ways of life, which must have been very uncomfortable."

"How did they live, and what language did they speak?" was the very natural query which followed Frank's statement.

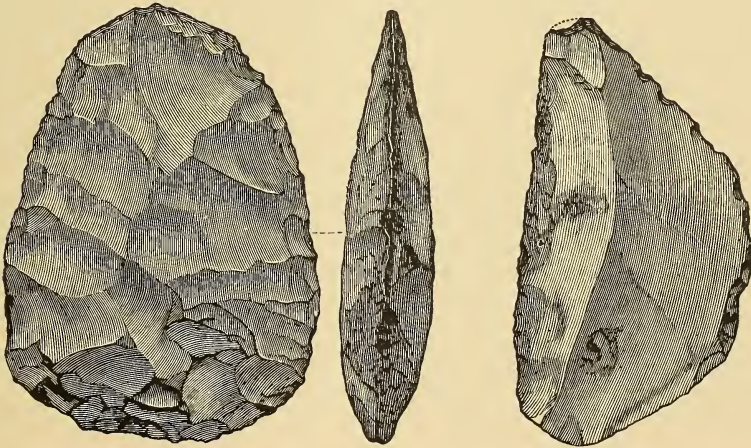
"They lived in natural caves or caverns, or in holes which they dug for themselves in the earth. They are mentioned by Strabo and other ancient historians, who say that they could not speak articulately, but shrieked or screamed like the lower animals; their vocal sounds had different tones and modulations, just as those of the lower animals of to-day, in expressing fear or other emotions."

"Do you really think there was ever a race of people who could not talk, and had no words with which to indicate their thoughts?" Mary asked as Frank paused.

"Certainly I do; there are people of that kind on earth to-day, and you and I have seen them many times," Frank replied.

"We've seen them! Where?" asked Mary, very much surprised.

"Why, I saw one of them not ten minutes ago," Frank replied, "in the arms of a woman we met as we were walking along the pathway."



FLINT IMPLEMENTS FOUND IN A CAVE-DWELLING.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mary, somewhat irritated; "that was a baby."

"Yes, so it was; babes must learn to talk, and if they were not taught to do so they would never be able to utter articulate words. An experiment was once tried in one of the hospitals in Paris, by putting an infant only a few days old in the care of a nurse who was deaf and

dumb, and isolating her from everybody except deaf and dumb persons. There was never a word spoken in the infant's presence, and he grew to be three or four years of age before he heard the sound of the human voice. He uttered cries or screams to indicate his wants or feelings, but there was nothing which could be called a spoken word; not until he was taken from his deaf and dumb nurse, or governess, and efforts were made to instruct him was he able to talk at all.

"Now it is not hard," continued Frank, "to imagine a race of people low in intellect, like babies, having very few wants, and, consequently, very few occasions for words, being absolutely without spoken language. All languages come from the desire or necessity of expressing thought, and the higher the civilization and accomplishments of a people the more extended is its language. There are tribes of people in certain parts of the world whose language does not contain a hundred words altogether. It is adapted to their wants and to the circumstances in which they live, and as they do not trouble themselves about philosophy, science, politics, or anything else of the sort, they have no occasion for a greater number of words in their language. But here we are at the Bone Caverns, where the Troglodytes lived ages and ages ago."

"I wonder how these people lived," Mrs. Bassett remarked, as the party stood in front of the cavern.

"According to history and tradition," replied Frank, "they were hunters and robbers, and some tribes of them had herds of cattle. They lived in a very rude way, dressing in the skins of animals, and in hot weather wearing little besides the tattooing on their skins. They are said to have eaten not only the flesh but the bones and hides of their cattle, and, according to some authorities, many of the tribes of Troglodytes were cannibals. A good many stories are told about them which may or may not be true, but we may fairly come to the conclusion that a race of cave-dwellers preceded in most countries the races that lived in huts or houses, and there is no doubt that cave-dwelling was the primitive state of all mankind, or certainly of the greater part of it.

"The Bone Caverns near Mentone are five in number, and the débris which has accumulated on their floors has been carefully examined and studied by men interested in the subject, though the caverns were neglected until the time that Mentone became a resort for tourists.

"Some scientific men who had come here for their health occupied their time in exploring the caverns, and made some very rich discoveries. They found that the débris contained bones of animals mixed with flint instruments, such as knives and arrow-heads, imbedded in the

sand. The bones were doubtless the remains of the animals on which the cave-dwellers fed, and the flints were their implements and weapons. In 1872 a skeleton was discovered in one of their caverns, and every bone attainable was carefully brought to light. The skeleton was that of a tall man, and the animal bones and other débris surrounding it showed that it was of great antiquity, probably belonging to the Paleolithic epoch, certainly not to a later period."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Bassett, "I'd like to know what Paleolithic means. I never heard the word before."

"It means," said Frank, "the epoch or era marked by early stone implements. According to Sir John Lubbock, the Paleolithic epoch in-



MENTONE LAUNDRESSES.

cludes the earlier half of the Stone Age, before metals had been discovered, and consequently when all implements and weapons were made of wood, stone, bone, amber, horn, and the like.

"Most modern archæologists divide the primitive or prehistoric period of a country into three successive ages: the first being the Stone

Age ; the second, the Bronze or Copper Age; and the third and last, the Iron Age. The lake-dwellers of Switzerland, about whom we talked at the Castle of Chillon, belonged to the same era as the people who dwelt in the caves here—at least, such is the belief.

“One point of great importance to science,” continued Frank, “is that many of the bones surrounding the human skeleton found here were from animals now extinct, and of a period heretofore supposed to have been before that of man. Their presence here shows that they were contemporaneous with him ; consequently it has been proven by the discovery at this very spot that man existed at a much earlier period of the world’s history than had previously been supposed.”

The information which Frank had given them concerning the Troglodytes and the time in which they lived added materially to the interest with which our friends explored the place. Mary remarked that she was very glad she did not live in that time. She greatly preferred the present, when the world is much more civilized, and there are good houses to live in, good things to eat, good music to hear, good books to read, and lots and lots of other good things, including express trains on railways, about which the Troglodytes could have known nothing. “They must have been a very stupid lot,” she said, “as they were not likely to have balls and parties and bands of music, and couldn’t go to the opera from one year’s end to the other.”

On their return from the Bone Caverns they passed a small brook, where some laundresses were at work at their trade. They knelt beside the stream, some in baskets, and some on the earth or stones, and each with a stone in front of her or by her side on which to beat with a mallet or club the articles she had soaked and washed in the brook. The heads of some of the laundresses were covered with gayly-colored handkerchiefs, and others with broad-brimmed hats. In coming from or going to the brook they placed their burdens on their heads and walked with a stately dignity that was interesting to behold.

Mary wondered why they did not find a larger stream for their work, whereupon Frank explained that there was a great scarcity of water all around Mentone. “I was talking to-day,” said he, “with a resident of the place, and he told me that water is almost as precious as wine in this region. Expensive lawsuits have been fought in the courts many and many a time for the possession of springs ; and a piece of land with a spring upon it, or the tiniest little rivulet running through it, is of far greater value than if it had nothing of the sort.

“These little streams serve a variety of purposes before they are

allowed to reach the sea, and sometimes the water that flows down from the mountains is all taken up and utilized before the sea is reached. In Mentone the water comes in pipes, and you have seen the water-carriers with buckets on their heads, or with small barrels slung at the sides of donkeys, going from house to house to deliver the precious fluid.

“If you will observe this brook above the point where the laundresses are at work you will find that it is turbid, and quite possibly



DOLCE ACQUA, NEAR MENTONE.

has already been used by other groups of laundresses higher up. A portion of this stream has very likely been diverted by means of a ditch or pipe to supply farms or gardens, and farther down the little that

is left may be used for irrigating the fig and olive trees. These Mentone laundresses are content with a very scanty supply of water, and they would probably go into ecstasies of delight could they see the laundry establishments at Geneva."



OIL-MILL.

"Oh yes," said Mary; "I would like to have them see where the laundresses stand in boxes at the edge of the beautiful blue Rhone, washing and rinsing clothes in the clear water as it goes rapidly by them—no, I wouldn't have them do so, as it would make them discontented with what they have here; in their case, 'ignorance is bliss.'"

During their stay in Mentone, Mary busied herself in filling a botanical album with ferns and flowers, and before their departure she had a very good collection. Ferns and violets are so abundant in that neighborhood that they are often said to be as common as weeds. Mary's album contained leaves and blossoms of oleanders, hyacinths, tulips, orchids, primroses, and daisies, together with many other things growing in that favored region. She made some sketches in the olive and lemon groves, and also among the orange-trees. On a mountain-side not far from the hotel were some very old olive-trees—how old

they were nobody could say; but the lowest estimate gave them an existence of three or four centuries. It is said there are some trees at Cape Martin, near Mentone, which were growing in the days of the Roman Empire. Mary made a sketch of one of the oldest olive-trees, which will be found on page 452.

One day the party made a visit to the olive groves, and watched the process of gathering the fruit and extracting the oil. Here is Mary's description of what they saw:

“There were half a dozen men beating the trees with long poles to knock off the fruit, as they claim it is better to gather the olives before they are ripe enough to fall of themselves. Women and children gathered the olives from the ground and placed them in sacks, and these sacks were piled on the backs of donkeys that carried them to the mill. Whether the donkeys enjoyed their work or not I am unable to say, but they were certainly very patient about it, and walked off with the utmost unconcern. The oil-mill that we visited was in a little valley where there was a stream of water, and I believe most of the olive-mills in this region are situated in similar localities. The building was of stone, which is the cheapest material here, and just large enough to contain the grinding-mill and the press, together with jars and casks to hold the oil. The sacks were emptied into a circular trough hewn out from a stone, and a stone roller went around this trough, propelled by machinery set in operation by a water-wheel at the side of the mill. The olives are ground to a pulp, and this pulp, moistened with warm water, is placed in a press in baskets made of netted rope. The baskets are placed one above another until they reach the top of the press, and then the oil is forced out by the strength of one or two men pulling at levers. The clear oil and water flow out from the sides of the baskets into a tub standing below, the oil floating on the top of the water, whence it can be dipped off and placed in the receptacles that are ready for it.”

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LEGEND OF THE LEMON; HOW EVE BROUGHT IT FROM PARADISE.—LEMON INDUSTRY AT MENTONE.—VISIT TO CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF THE ANNUNZIATA.—CAPUCHIN MONKS.—ST. FRANCIS, AND THE ORDER HE FOUNDED.—ALGERINE SLAVERY.—MENTONE SAILORS CAPTURED BY CORSAIRS.—VOTIVE OFFERINGS IN CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA.—VILLAGE OF SANT'AGNESE.—A FÊTE DAY.—PROCESSION OF VILLAGERS.—CHURCH AND CHAPEL.—HOW THE FESTIVITIES WERE CONDUCTED.—A SARACEN FORT.—THE ACCOMMODATING GUIDE.—VIEW FROM SANT'AGNESE.—MONTE CARLO AND MONACO.—THE SMALLEST MONARCHY IN EUROPE.—HOW THE PRINCE OF MONACO LIVES.—OLD TOWN OF MONACO AND ITS CASTLE.—THE GRIMALDI FAMILY.—THE ASSASSINATION RECORD.—A FAMOUS FIREPLACE.—TOWER OF TURBIA.



ROMAN REMAINS.

ONE day while they were visiting a lemon garden, Mary said she had heard a tradition or legend regarding the origin of the lemons at Mentone.

Of course all wanted to hear the legend, whereupon Mary said that when Adam and Eve were leaving Paradise they passed under a lemon-tree just inside the gate. Eve raised her hand, plucked a lemon, and brought it away as a souvenir of the spot. Then they wandered about the world from place to place, until they reached the shores of the Mediterranean and arrived at Mentone. The spot was so beautiful, the sun shone so clear, and

the sea was so blue that Eve said it reminded her of the Paradise from which they had been expelled. So she planted the lemon here, right here at Mentone, and enjoined upon it that it should make an Eden of

the enchanting spot, so that those who came after her could know something of the perfumes and tastes and joys of Paradise.

“That is a very pretty story,” Fred remarked; “and what a splendid advertisement it is for Mentone! But if you should mention it in a let-



BRINGING LEMONS FROM THE GARDENS.

ter to an American newspaper, the editor would cut it out and say it belonged in the department of the business manager, and must be paid for at regular rates as a ‘reading-matter advertisement.’”

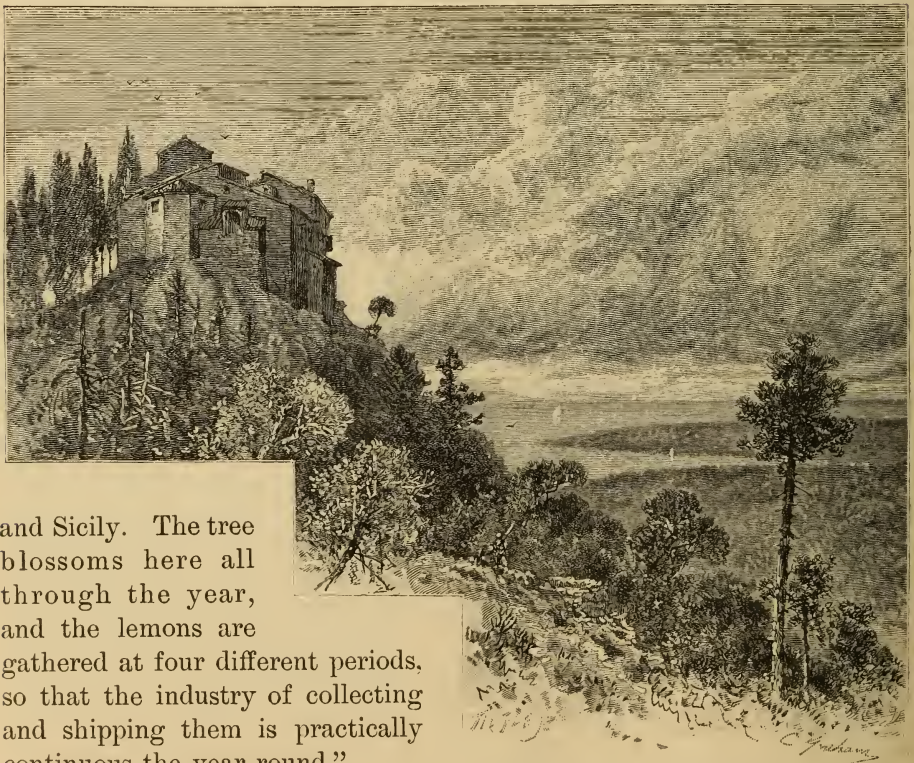
“Well, I’m not going to put it in a letter to any American editor,” Mary answered. “The legend is pretty enough, and could apply to hundreds of places besides Mentone. No doubt it has been appropri-

ated over and over again, but this is the first time I ever heard of it. I wonder how many lemons are grown here from that one seed which was planted so many centuries ago."

"I don't know if all the lemons came from that one seed, or how they originated," Fred replied; "but the annual production of lemons at Mentone is thirty million—at least, so I'm told."

"Thirty million of lemons," Mrs. Bassett remarked, "would convert a good-sized lake into lemonade, provided there was a mountain of sugar at one side of it. I wonder if the lemons here are better than those in other places farther to the south."

"They command a good price," said Fred, "and resemble the lemons of Lake Garda, as they keep better than the lemons of southern Italy



and Sicily. The tree blossoms here all through the year, and the lemons are gathered at four different periods, so that the industry of collecting and shipping them is practically continuous the year round."

Many of the lemon gardens are on terraces on the side of the mountain, and as the fruit is gathered it is placed in baskets and brought down to the town. The gathering is principally done by girls

THE MONASTERY OF THE ANNUNZIATA.

or women, and they carry the fruit in baskets or sacks on their heads; they walk barefooted, and each carries a weight of 120 pounds. Needless to say, they are strong and healthy in appearance, and Mary wondered what wages they received for their hard work. Had she not been accustomed to the low prices of labor in most of the European countries she would have been somewhat surprised at learning that these lemon girls work from twelve to fourteen hours daily, and receive in return the equivalent of about thirty cents.

One day a party was made up to visit the Capuchin Monastery of the Annunziata. The church and convent bearing this name are on a hill between two valleys in the rear of Mentone; the hill is covered almost to the very summit with vineyards and orange and lemon gardens, and is a picturesque spot. The road to the place winds considerably, and ascends quite as much as it winds. Frank and Fred concluded to go on foot, as they wanted the exercise; Mrs. Bassett and Mary were mounted on donkeys, though Mary's mount was more theoretical than actual, as she walked for the greater part of the distance going up and the whole of it coming down. Occasionally the party stopped to gather flowers by the way-side, and to look at the panorama which presented itself from the roadway, and changed at almost every step.

Mary called attention to the frequency of small chapels by the way-side, and said she supposed the church whither they were bound was, or had been, a place of pilgrimage, and that the chapels were erected for the benefit of pious visitors.

"That is quite true," replied Frank, "though the church is less a place of pilgrimage in these times than it has been in days gone by. A good many pilgrims go there every year, especially at this season, as we shall find when we reach the church."

As they neared the top of the hill Mrs. Bassett remarked that the place looked very much like a fortress.

"Yes," replied Frank; "it not only looks like one, but to a certain extent it is fortified, and was capable of considerable resistance in ancient times. You already know about the pirates who used to infest these shores and carry the inhabitants into captivity. For their own safety the churches and convents were made capable of resisting any ordinary attack, and some of them could have withstood a siege of considerable length. The conditions of former times in this locality are repeated to-day in the monasteries of Syria and Palestine. The Convent of St. Catherine near Mount Sinai, and the convent of the monks near Bethlehem maintain a state of defence against the Arabs around them



CAPUCHIN MONKS.

now, just as this convent guarded against assaults by Algerine corsairs and other marauders a century or two centuries ago."

"And it isn't so very long ago, either," Fred remarked, as Frank paused, "that the Algerines made raids on these shores or on the shipping that went out from French ports. I am told there are people now living in Mentone, or were living there only a few years ago, who were liberated from slavery when the French conquered Algiers in 1830.

Algerine pirates had captured the ships on which they were sailing on the Mediterranean and sold the crews into slavery.”

Mrs. Bassett expressed her astonishment at this bit of information, and said that if there was in Mentone any one who had thus been a slave to the Arabs it would gratify her curiosity to see him.

Fred turned to the youth who was in charge of the donkeys and had a short conversation with him in French. When it was ended he turned to Mrs. Bassett, and informed her that the boy's grandfather was for several years in the hands of the Algerines and compelled to toil as a slave. The family ransomed him not very long before the conquest of Algeria. The youth said that his grandfather always lamented the waste of money in buying his freedom, as he would have obtained it a year or so later if they had only let him alone until the conquest. He was broken in health at the time of his liberation, but speedily recovered, and lived until only a few years ago. The youth did not think there were any survivors of Algerine slavery in Mentone, though there might be some at Nice. “You must remember,” said he, “that we are a long while from 1830, and there has been no slavery in Algiers since then, when the French captured the country.”

“It is a very picturesque spot,” wrote Mary in her note-book, “where the church and convent of Annunziata are situated. There is a little plaza or square enclosed by a stone-wall, and on this plaza is a tall cross made of iron and conspicuously planted, so that it can be seen for a long distance. The church is on one side of the plaza and the monastery on another side. There is nothing remarkable about the church either in its interior or its exterior; the principal objects of interest in it are the votive offerings, which have been placed there by sailors in acknowledgment of escape from shipwrecks or other perils of the deep, and their number is not small.

“There are pictures, most of them rather rude, but some fairly well painted, representing storms at sea; and there are pieces of chains and ropes and sails, together with other things belonging to the equipment of ships. We saw several models of ships that had been saved from disaster, the models having been placed here as souvenirs. Some of them are so well made that they must have been the work of men experienced in model-making, and some looked as though they were the first efforts of a sailor's son to represent the craft to which his father was attached. Then there were pictures of escapes from land accidents, such as runaways of horses attached to carriages, and escapes from robberies, earthquakes, and other calamities. Most of these pictures had

in some part of them figures of angels who were supposed to have exerted their preservative power at the critical moment, when the peril was greatest, whether on sea or on land.

“At one place there was a small collection of crutches and canes belonging to persons who had been miraculously cured, and there were several pictures relating to incidents of this sort. These evidences of



THE VOW OF POVERTY.—[Painting in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi.]

the simple and trusting faith of the people are certainly very touching. While we were in the church a woman entered, leading a child whose eyes were completely closed by an inflammation of the eyelids. Slowly she walked up the aisle to the altar, and then knelt to pray that the loved one at her side might be restored to health. We looked on in silence, and I know that every one of us sympathized with the anxious mother, and hoped that her prayer would be answered.

“The monks occupying the Monastery of the Annunziata live very comfortably, or, at any rate, I would judge so by their appearance. Some of them are young and vigorous men, while others are old and bent with age. While we were standing in front of the church one of

the older men, with a sack on his shoulder, came slowly up the hill on the path by which we had ascended. On reaching the plaza he paused and laid down his burden, as if to rest a little before entering the monastery. One of the younger brethren stepped forward, picked up the sack, and carried it inside, not a word being exchanged between the men. Whether it was a part of the discipline of the establishment, or was simply an act of kindness by the younger monk towards the elder, without expectation of return, I am unable to say."

Mrs. Bassett asked who and what the Capuchin monks were.

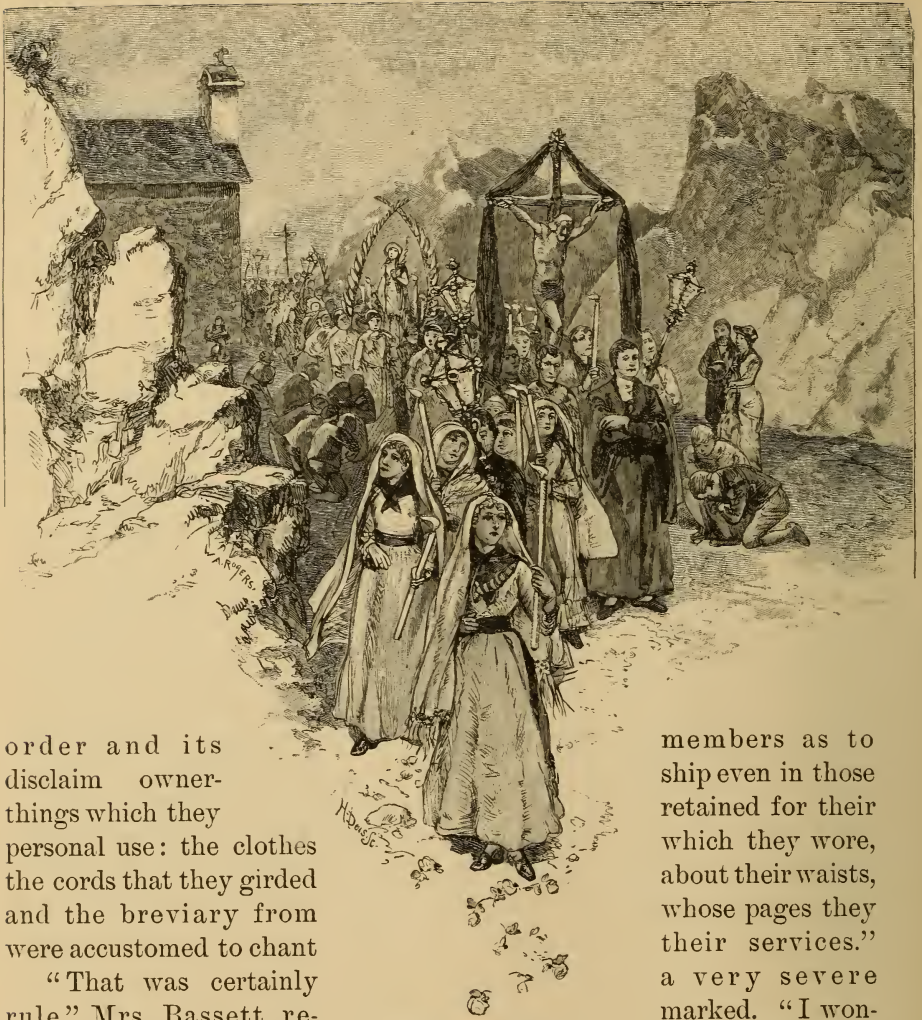
Frank replied that they were a branch of the Order of Franciscans, being so called on account of the *capuche*, or head-dress, by which they were distinguished. "The Franciscans are also called Minorites, or Lesser Brethren," Frank continued, "and the order was founded by St. Francis of Assisi. Hence its name 'Franciscan.'"

"I have read about him," said Mrs. Bassett, "and believe he was remarkable for his great learning and piety."

"He was," said Frank, "one of the most extraordinary men of his age. He was born in 1183 at Assisi, and was the son of a merchant of that place. His baptismal name was John, but on account of his familiarity with the 'Romance,' or language of the Troubadors, he received the name of Il Francesco, or 'The Little Frenchman.' In his youth he was very prodigal of money, but his prodigality consisted chiefly in bounty to the poor. He became a soldier, and was taken prisoner in one of the petty wars of the time. During his imprisonment he was quite ill, and his illness turned his thoughts from earthly matters to spiritual ones. After his release from captivity he again became a soldier, but a second illness caused him to take a vow never to refuse alms to a beggar. He made a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Peter at Rome, gave away all his property, exchanged his clothes with a poor beggar, sold his horses and gave the proceeds towards rebuilding a ruined church, and took refuge for a time in a cave."

"How old was he when he founded the Order of Franciscans?"

"He was twenty-six years old at the time, and the order at first consisted of himself and two of his fellow-townsmen. Others joined them from time to time, and when the number had reached eleven they established rules for the conduct of their association. Their rules were those of most monastic orders, with the exception that the vow of poverty was regarded by them as of the first importance, while in other orders the practice of poverty consisted in the mere negation of riches. St. Francis went so far in his repudiation of all ideas of property for his



FÊTE AT SANT'AGNESE.

order and its disclaim ownerships which they personal use: the clothes the cords that they girded and the breviary from were accustomed to chant

“That was certainly rule,” Mrs. Bassett remember that the order pros-circumstances.”

members as to ship even in those retained for their which they wore, about their waists, whose pages they their services.” a very severe marked. “I wondered under the

“On the contrary,” said Frank, “the very severity of the vows seemed to form an attraction, as great numbers of men joined the order, and were sent out in groups or singly to different parts of the world. Seven years after its establishment it had more than five thousand members, and for some time afterwards the increase in numbers was very rapid. At present the order is not a numerous one; the branch called the Capuchins was established about 1525, and its monasteries are found here and there in most Catholic countries.”

Another day our friends made an excursion to Sant’Agnese, and on



GOING TO SANT'AGNESE.

this occasion all the excursionists were mounted on donkeys, as the elevation of the place is much higher than that of the Annunziata, and the road to it much more difficult. Sant'Agnese is a little village in the mountains, and the pavement of the principal street through it is twenty-two hundred feet above the level of the sea. We said principal street, though really there is but one street, and it is cut in the side of the mountain, against which some of the houses cling very closely. There is a church at one end of the street and a little chapel at the other, and the houses straggle along where they please.

Just as the party reached the village a procession was coming out of the church door, the day being one of festival. The people were in their best garments, the girls dressed in white and carrying on a little platform an image of St. Agnese, and followed by all the rest of the villagers, those that were not carrying candles or things used in the procession having their hands filled with bunches of flowers.

The procession marched along the little street, the priests chanting and the rest singing as they proceeded. On reaching the end of the street where the chapel stood the procession halted; the figure of St. Agnese was carried into the building, where prayers were offered, the villagers mostly kneeling on the ground outside, as the chapel was not large enough to hold them all. A little later the procession returned to the church, singing as before, and there it broke up.

Then followed a feast, which was made a very joyous occasion by the villagers, and Mary learned on inquiry of one of the girls that the rest of the day would be devoted to a dance. She said that this particular festival occurred every year on the fête of St. Agnese. "But," she added, "we have other festivals, and we enjoy our life here."

Mary said all that she could think of in commendation of the little mountain village, confining herself principally to a praise of its picturesque and the magnificent view of the surrounding country and the sea. But she remarked in a whisper to Frank that while she greatly enjoyed the visit to Sant'Agnese, she did not think she would care to remain there more than a day or two.

"As soon as the festival was over," wrote Fred, "we took lunch at the little tavern, the only one that the village contains, and afterwards climbed up a steep path to an old castle which occupies the summit of the mountain. We tried to ascertain its history, but could not. All we could learn was that it was a Saracen fortress, but when or under what circumstances the Saracens occupied it no one was able to tell. One of the village boys accompanied us in the expectation of pecuniary reward

for his services, and we turned to him for information about the fort and the people who once lived there.

“He was anxious to oblige us, and very sorry he didn’t know what we wanted to learn, so we adopted a form of questioning that enabled him to answer with an approach to satisfaction.

“‘Did the Saracens live here in the twelfth century?’ Frank asked.

“‘Yes, sir; perhaps.’

“‘They may have been here in the fifteenth century?’

“‘Yes, sir; perhaps.’

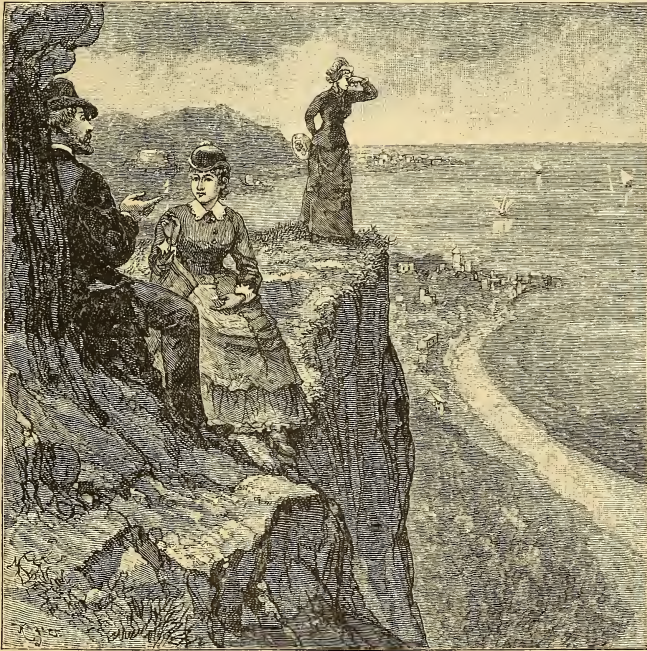
“‘Or in the eighteenth or nineteenth?’

“‘Yes, sir; perhaps.’

“‘They moved out last week, did they not?’

“‘Yes, sir; perhaps.’

“‘And will come back next month?’



VIEW FROM SANT'AGNESE.

“‘Yes, sir; perhaps.’

“I do not think our information,” added Fred, “is of much historical value, but I give it just as we obtained it.

“There is a delightful view from Sant’Agnese which takes in the shore of the Mediterranean for a considerable distance. We could look down upon the orange and lemon gardens, the orchards of olive-trees,



PIFFERARI.

and the vine-clad hills and terraces, as well as upon the villages and towns that were included in the smiling landscape.

“We remained some time on the promontory until the declining sun told us it was time to be thinking of our return. . . When we went back through the village we found the people having a merry time with their dance, in which some visitors who had come up from Mentone were taking part, much to the satisfaction of the villagers, or certainly not to

their discomfort. The journey down the mountain did not take as long as the ascent, and we reached Mentone and dismounted from our long-eared steeds just in time for dinner at the hotel."

Mentone is only a short distance from Monaco, and after exhausting the sights of the former place, Frank suggested that they would spend a day at the latter. "We won't go there to stay and settle down," said he, "for the reason that there isn't much to see, and I don't think any of us would care to remain long in the place."

"Why not?" queried Mrs. Bassett.

"Why, don't you remember, mamma, that Monaco is the great gambling place? I am sure you won't care to be there long."

"Certainly not," she replied; "but I was thinking that Monte Carlo is the place where they gamble. I didn't associate Monaco with gambling when Frank made his suggestion."

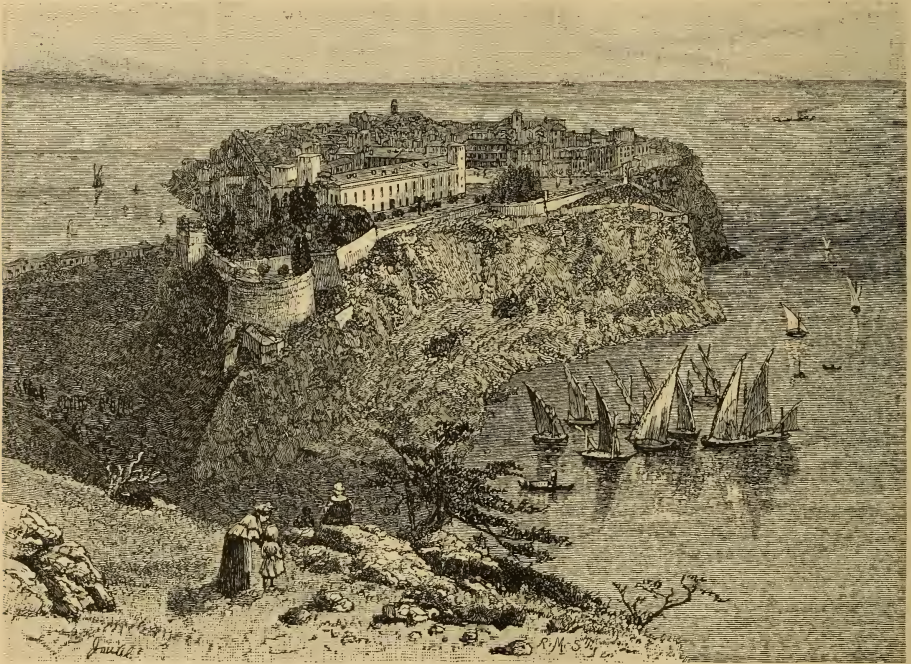
"You are quite right in your understanding of the matter," Frank replied; "Monaco and Monte Carlo, so far as the gaming is concerned, are one and the same thing. The Principality of Monaco is the smallest monarchy in Europe. Its ruler derives his revenues from the gaming-tables which are established at Monte Carlo, a part of his principality. Monte Carlo is the name of the railway station, and is nearest to the Casino and the principal hotels.

"The whole territory of the Prince of Monaco," continued Frank, "contains less than three square miles. There is a promontory jutting out into the Mediterranean which is about half a mile long and a hundred and fifty feet high, and contains the old town of Monaco with its castle. About a mile from where the promontory joins the land is Monte Carlo, which is, as its name implies, an elevation, and between Monaco and Monte Carlo on a stretch of comparatively level ground is Condamine, which contains the railway station, baths, hotels, lodging-houses, and shops. Monte Carlo was leased by the proprietors of the gambling establishments at Baden, Hombourg, and Wiesbaden at the time gambling was suspended by the German Government, and the prince derives a handsome revenue from the tables."

"The place will certainly be interesting enough for one visit," Mrs. Bassett remarked, "and whenever you choose we will go there."

The party took the train in the forenoon from Mentone to Monte Carlo, visited the gambling establishment, walked through the gardens, heard the music, made the tour of the old town, went through the castle, and did all the usual sight-seeing of the place. We will listen to Fred as he tells the story of the excursion.

“You already know,” said Fred, “that this monarchy is the smallest in Europe; but in spite of its diminutive character, it is a very ancient one. Some authorities attribute the occupation of the promontory to the Greeks, and there is a tradition that Hercules visited the place and



MONACO.

took possession of it. Allusions are made to it by the ancient Latin writers, and the indications are that it has been almost uninterruptedly a place of residence from very early times.

“The Principality of Monaco was granted in the twelfth century to the Republic of Genoa, in return for the services that the Genoese had rendered in expelling the Saracens from this part of the coast. The Genoese built a fort on the rock, and it became a place of refuge alternately for famous families of Genoa—the Spinolas, Grimaldis, Guelfs, and Ghibellines; sometimes one and sometimes another of these families was in possession of Monaco, but it may be safely assumed that no two of them occupied it at the same time, as they were almost perpetually at war with each other, and as little likely to dwell in peace in one

castle as a boxful of dogs and cats. In the fourteenth century Monaco passed into the hands of the Grimaldi family, and it became for a time the haunt of pirates, and made the navigation of this part of the Mediterranean very dangerous for peaceful people.

“One of the Grimaldis was prominent in the Italian wars of his period, and afterwards fought in the service of France at the head of a considerable force of Genoese warriors. After returning from the wars and settling down at Monaco, he devoted his energies to piracy, in which he realized a goodly fortune. By his money and the strength of his following he added Mentone and Rocca Bruna to his possessions, and they remained a part of the principality until the revolution of 1848, about which you know. There was the usual average of assassinations in the Grimaldi family, one of them murdering his brother, and the murderer being killed by his nephew, and there was still another assassination, making three in all. The Grimaldi family became extinct in the male line early in the eighteenth century; the daughter of the last prince of the name married into a French family, and from her the present Prince of Monaco is descended.

“The rulers of Monaco were at one time very wealthy; it is said that in the reign of Louis XIV. the Prince of Monaco was sent as ambassador to Rome, and entered that city with all his horses shod with silver shoes; each shoe held but by a single nail, so that it would not be long in dropping off for the populace to pick up. We are also told that one Prince of Monaco went to the wars with the Turks, defeating them with great slaughter. There are a good many other legends connected with the little principality, and if it were larger than it is I suppose there might be a good many more.

“We hired a carriage to drive us about Monaco, so that we could see the principal sights, and the driver sought to make the excursion as long as possible. Our movements were very leisurely, and in this way we enabled him to prolong the journey to nearly two hours. Ordinarily the tourist who looks at the place but does not investigate it particularly finishes his journey within an hour, and the carriage drivers are obliged to resort to various subterfuges in order to make their engagements last more than sixty minutes.

“The little town on the rock has a population of about two thousand, including the garrison and attendants at the castle and the entire standing army of the principality. It was fortunate for us that there was a grand review of the military forces of Monaco at the time of our arrival. The army consists of twenty soldiers and some twelve or

fifteen officers; all the officers were not on duty that day, but all the soldiers were. I very much doubt whether the army of Monaco could make much of a fight against the army of France or that of Germany; certainly the fort would be obliged to surrender at the first round of artillery against it, as its cannon are all old, and most of them dismounted and much injured by rust.

“The castle is in the centre of the little rocky promontory which occupies the site of a much older edifice; Mary said it was a good pocket edition of a castle, and ought to be chained down for fear somebody would come along in the night and carry it away. It is a very good specimen of the military architecture of the time when it was built; it has a handsome marble staircase, some excellent frescos, and a stately hall called ‘The Court of Honor.’ They showed us into several galleries, and into the room where the Duke of York, brother of George III., died; they also showed us a room where one of the Grimaldis was murdered, but I cannot say we were particularly interested in it, or in the man who was killed there.

“The ceilings of most of the rooms are lofty, and nearly all the apartments contain valuable paintings and bric-à-brac. In one of the halls, the one known as Salle Grimaldi, there is a chimney-piece which is said to have been hewn from a single block of marble; it is a very elaborate piece of work, and I have no doubt is highly prized as a curiosity. The prince lives here a portion of the year only, the greater part of his time being spent in Paris. I asked our guide if the prince was expected soon; he said he did not know, and that if I wished to ascertain very particularly I had better ask the general in command of the army, who was a well-informed man.

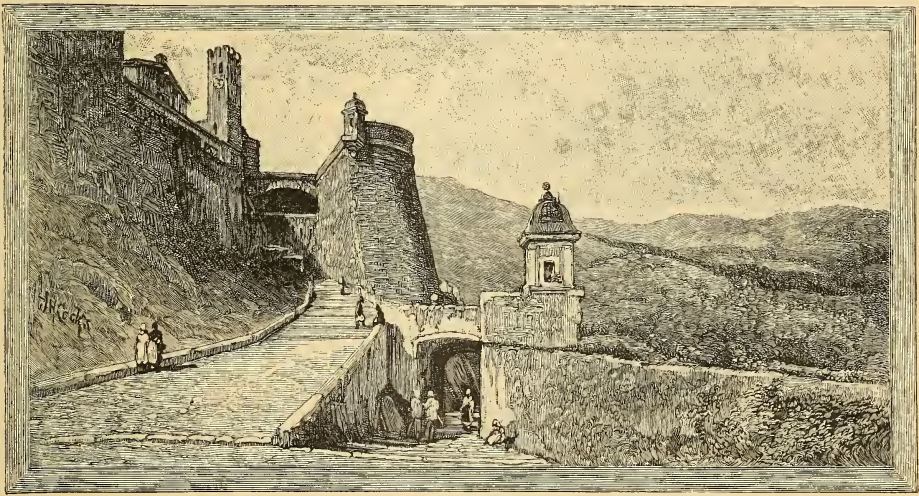
“At one side of the promontory where the old town stands is the harbor of Monaco—not a very extensive harbor, to be sure, but quite in keeping with the rest of the place. We asked for the navy of the principality, but were told there was none, unless the yacht belonging to the prince and carrying two very small guns, might be rated as a ship of war and treated accordingly.

“The driver of the carriage called our attention to the great cliff which rises behind Monaco, with a ruined tower upon its top forming an outline against the sky. He suggested that we could make an interesting visit to this tower, which is called Turbia; but as we had the memory of Sant’Agnese fresh in mind we concluded that Turbia might be safely omitted from our programme.

“On consulting the guide-book I find that the tower is 1900 feet

above the level of the sea, and owes its existence to the Romans, who built it on the boundary between Gaul and Liguria to commemorate a victory which was gained by Augustus Cæsar over the Ligurians. Its original name was *Tropæum Augusti*, or 'The Trophy of Augustus,' and from this name its present one of Turbia is derived. There was an inscription upon it originally, and fragments of stone bearing this inscription have been found in the walls of the houses in a village near the tower; the inscription would be unknown to-day had it not been fully preserved in history by Pliny. The tower was in a very good state of preservation down to the end of the last century, when it was partially destroyed by the French; it was occupied as a fortress during the Middle Ages, and was then a place of considerable importance.

"But we came here not so much to study ancient history as to look at modern gambling. Here we are at the door of the Casino; suppose we go in."



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE, MONACO.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ENTERING THE CASINO.—RULES REGARDING ADMISSION.—READING-ROOM.—THE GAMING-TABLES.—ROULETTE, AND THE MODE OF PLAYING IT.—THE CROUPIER AND HIS DUTIES.—HOW THE CROUPIERS ARE WATCHED.—THE CROWD AT THE TABLES.—HOW THE SPECTATORS AND PLAYERS BEHAVE.—THE MYSTERIOUS "DIRECTION."—WHY THE PROFITS ARE ENORMOUS.—FASCINATION OF GAMBLING AT MONACO.—HOW VICTIMS ARE SENT AWAY.—SUICIDES.—PLAYERS WITH "SYSTEMS."—THE FAILURE OF "CERTAINTIES."—HOW A CROUPIER ROBBED THE BANK.—SNUFFBOX AND WAX.—FROM MENTONE TO NICE.—MESSAGE FROM DOCTOR BRONSON.—SUDDEN DEPARTURE FOR SPAIN.—BARCELONA.—A PROSPEROUS CITY.—VALENCIA AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.—MARY'S STORY OF THE CID.—A GREAT FRUIT-GARDEN.—SYSTEM OF IRRIGATION.



"MAKE YOUR GAME, GENTLEMEN."

"WE entered the building by a spacious doorway," said Fred, "where a polite attendant asked for our cards, which we promptly gave; our names were entered in a book, and we received tickets of admission for an indefinite period. Near the doorway we saw a notice posted saying that the inhabitants of Monaco, and also those of the Département des Alpes Maritimes, were forbidden to enter the establishment. It is quite probable that this rule is not rigidly enforced; in fact, I was told that some of the permanent residents of Nice are in the habit of coming here whenever they like, and representing that they live in Paris.

"The French Government is decidedly opposed to the gambling that is carried on here, and on more than one occasion it has proposed to put an end to it by absorbing the principality and making French territory of it. As the French army

on a peace footing consists of five hundred and seventy-three thousand officers and soldiers, it would have no serious difficulty in conquering the army of Monaco, with its twenty soldiers and twelve or fifteen officers. It has been intimated that the principal reason why this is not done is that the prince spends in France the greater part of the revenue derived from the gaming-tables, and thus keeps the money in the country where it will do the most good.

“The Casino is a spacious establishment with large halls and corridors, the whole beautifully decorated and adorned with works of art.

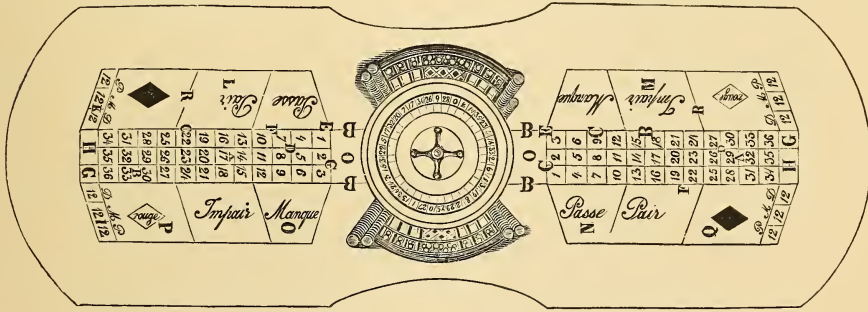


DIAGRAM OF ROULETTE-TABLE.

It is a very orderly place, all conversation being carried on in low tones. At the slightest sign of any disturbance the numerous attendants interfere; and unless quiet is secured at once, the offending parties are expelled from the building and not again allowed to enter it.

“We strolled through the Casino, to take a general view of it before we approached the gambling-tables. There is a large reading-room, where the principal newspapers of France and England, together with some from America and other countries, are kept; and if one does not wish to play or look at the gaming, he can sit here and read as long as he likes. There is not the slightest effort of any kind to induce a visitor to patronize the tables. Every one may come and go at will, and whether playing or not, no objection is made as long as the strict line of good-behavior is maintained. We spent a short time in the reading-room, as we found there later newspapers from London and New York than any we had seen, and after informing ourselves as to the news of the day we proceeded to the room containing the roulette-table.

“There was a crowd three or four deep around the table. Those in

the front row next to the table were seated in chairs, but the rest of the players were standing. Considering the size of the crowd, it was very still—as still, almost, as the congregation of a church. The only noise to be heard was that of the croupier, as he called out, at the beginning of each game, '*Messieurs, faites votre jeu*' (Gentlemen, make your game). This he said each time before setting the wheel in motion, and starting the ball around the circle at the edge of the wheel.

"Those who were playing acted in accordance with his instructions; they 'made their game.' Some risked but a single five-franc piece, the lowest bet allowed, while others placed gold and bank-notes upon the numbers, some of them staking large amounts. We saw one wager of five thousand francs, and another of three thousand, and several of one or two thousand; the highest wager allowed by any one player is twelve thousand francs. The wheel turned noiselessly, and the ball rolled with equal silence, for I don't know how long—perhaps two or three minutes. Slower and slower moved the wheel, and by-and-by the ball dropped from its place at the outer edge of the circle and rolled into the wheel, and lodged in one of its compartments.

"At that instant the croupier called out, '*Le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus*' (The game is made; nothing further goes). No one offered to make a wager after he spoke; had there been any attempt to make one it would have been rejected. This is the rule of the game.

"Perhaps you would like to know how roulette is played; I will undertake to tell you the best I can, and if I make mistakes you must excuse them. My knowledge comes partly from what I saw at the table, but more particularly from what I have read in a book describing it in a technical sort of way. Here goes:

"Roulette means 'a little wheel,' and is absolutely a game of chance—that is, when honestly played, as it is here and at all other 'respectable' gambling places. It was invented near the end of the last century, and was played in France in preference to all other banking games until 1838, when it was suppressed; and it was played at several German watering-places until 1872, when it was banished from the empire and took up its abode at Monaco.

"Roulette is played on a table of an oblong form covered with green cloth, and having a cavity in its centre a little more than two feet in diameter, in the shape of a punch-bowl. This cavity has several copper bands around its sides at equal distance from each other; the sides are fixed, but the bottom is movable round an upright spindle; and the bottom, or wheel, has a handle something like a capstan,

which rises in the middle of the cavity, and is used to set the wheel in motion when 'the game is ready.'

"Around the circumference of the wheel there are thirty-eight holes painted in black and red alternately, with numbers from one to thirty-



MONACO—THE PALACE AND PORT.

six, a single zero, and a double zero. Those thirty-eight symbols are painted on the cloth at each end of the table, so that players may place their money on whatever number they choose. Along the margin of the table are painted six words—*pair, passe, noir, impair, manque, rouge*. I'll tell you about them later, when we come to their use.

“The man who conducts the game is called *tailleur* or *croupier*. He has an assistant at his side and two assistants in front of and facing him, and there are generally three or four others standing about in the crowd as though they were spectators.

“This is the way they play the game: The chief *croupier* sets the wheel in motion by giving the capstan a vigorous push, and at the same time he sets an ivory ball in motion in the opposite direction around the rim of the cavity. The ball makes several revolutions, and at last falls into one of the thirty-eight holes that I mentioned, and the hole into which it falls determines the result of the game. If a player has staked his money on any one of the thirty-eight numbers, including the zero and double zero, he receives from the hand of one of the *croupiers* thirty-six times the amount of his stake; that is, he gets his stake back again and thirty-five times more. If he selected two numbers by laying his stake on the line between two numbers, and one of them wins, he gets eighteen times his stake, twelve times if he has placed it on three numbers, and so on. The numbers on the table are in three columns, twelve numbers to each, and if a player puts his money on one of the spaces under a column, and any number in that column wins, he receives three times his stake. Now I am coming to the six words I mentioned a few minutes ago.

“The *pair* wins when the ball falls into a hole marked by an even number, and the *impair* if the hole is marked odd. The *manque* wins if the hole is numbered from one to eighteen inclusive; *passé*, if it is numbered from nineteen to thirty-six inclusive; *rouge*, if it is red, and *noir* if it is black. In the case of wagers on any one of these words, the player receives an amount equal to his bet, if he wins.

“After each play there is quite a pause. All the losing bets are gathered in by the *croupiers*, either with their hands or with little wooden rakes, and the bets that have won are paid by counting out the proper amount of money, and placing it by the side of each wager. Disputes sometimes occur, though rarely, and I am told that rather than have a dispute the bank sometimes pays an unjust claim. We were not fortunate enough to witness any dispute during our stay in the roulette room, everything being perfectly quiet.

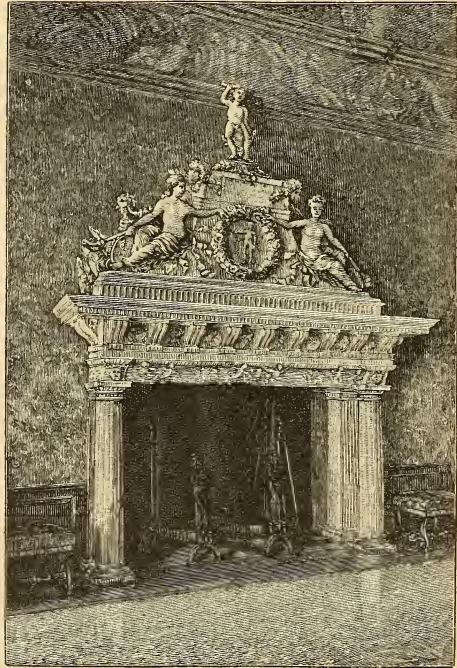
“Thus far, as you see, the chances seem to be even between the bank and the players; now I am coming to the advantage that the bank has over those who risk their money.

“If the ball should fall into either of the holes marked with the single or double zero, the stakes of those players who risk their money

on the six chances in the words *pair, passe*, etc., are either equally divided between the bank and the players, or are 'put in prison,' as they call it; that is, they stay on the table until the next turn of the wheel. If the ball should again fall into one of the zero holes, then half the stakes imprisoned are taken by the bank, and the other half is put in prison again. Thus the bank has an advantage over the players in the proportion of nineteen to eighteen. In the same way the player who bets on the numbers is under a similar disadvantage. There are thirty-seven chances against him, there being thirty-eight holes in all, and, therefore, if the chances were exactly even, he ought to receive thirty-seven times his stake besides his own back again, while really he only receives thirty-five times. Thus the chances of the bank against all who play upon the numbers is in the proportion of thirty-seven to thirty-five. Moral: Don't play at roulette.

"When I explained this to Mrs. Bassett, she said the playing must be enormously large if the bank could afford to maintain all this fine establishment, and spend the amount of money that it does at Monte Carlo with only just this little chance in its favor.

"I explained that the chance I had indicated was a very much smaller one than another chance, which was that the majority of people going into the bank were likely to come out with much less money in their pockets than when they went in. If every player who visits the roulette-table at Monte Carlo should risk a certain amount and no more, and should also quit when he had gained an equal amount, I don't think the profits of the bank would be anywhere near as great as they are now. But the fact is that when a man goes there, even if he has made up his



FIREPLACE IN THE SALLE GRIMALDI.

mind to quit after winning or losing a certain figure, he is very apt to yield to temptation in one of two ways, and possibly in both.

“If he wins, he does not think it right to quit when luck is in his favor; if he loses, he concludes that luck must change after a while, and he will keep on till he has got back what he has lost. Either way his position is a dangerous one, and it is a safe guess that nineteen vis-

itors out of twenty come away with less money than when they entered, and not a small proportion of them leave the house with empty pockets. It is the fascination, the temptation of the play that gives the bank its enormous profits out of its victims.

“Suicides of men and women who have lost everything at the gaming-table are by no means infrequent at Monaco. Occasionally the papers make mention of them, but the ‘Direction,’ as the management is called, endeavors to hush up everything of the kind and keep it from the knowledge of the public. Rather than have a suicide about the place, it will furnish the unfortunate victim of the gaming-table with a ticket to Paris or London on his application at the office of the Casino, accompanied by the statement that he



“PLEASE DON’T DIE HERE.”

has been a player at the game and it has gone against him. It does not put the ticket into his hands, but accompanies him to the railway station, sees that he gets into the train, and hands the ticket to the conductor. Exactly how many suicides take place here every year it is quite impossible to say, but it is generally believed that the number of unfortunates who thus end their lives is not small.

“While we were looking on at the tables we saw several players with large cards in front of them, which they pricked with pins from time to time, or marked with pencils, in order to keep the run of the game. These were players upon ‘system,’ and it is astonishing how many

people there are who think they can break the bank if they only play systematically. Pamphlets and small books are sold at the kiosks and all the news-stands in Monte Carlo, demonstrating various systems by which one can surely win at the tables. Evidently the 'Direction' encourages the sale of these books or they would not be so abundant, and it is a curious circumstance that every player who follows a system and has lost his money, can demonstrate, at least to his own satisfaction, that it was not the system which was at fault, but something else, over which he had no control.

"In the conversation going on around us we heard frequent allusions to 'breaking the bank,' which led Mrs. Bassett to ask if there was really a banking establishment connected with the Casino.

"There is really no bank connected with it, the name being figurative only. Every morning the equivalent of one hundred thousand dollars is placed in the safe at the Casino, and this constitutes 'the bank;' when the run of luck against the establishment is so great that the safe is exhausted, it is said 'the bank is broken.' Play then ceases until a fresh amount of money can be brought there and put in the safe, and then the game is resumed. It is proper to say that this circumstance does not happen more than twice or three times yearly.

"The croupiers are an interesting study. They are mostly broken-down gamblers, who are employed on salary and have no interest whatever in the play. They are expected to attend to their business and do nothing else, and they are carefully watched to see that they do not appropriate to themselves any money belonging to the bank. Every movement of a croupier is noticed, and should it be at all suspicious he is very likely to lose his place. Any one of this gentry who can invent a method of stealing money from the bank must be exceedingly shrewd. I have heard a good story about how one of the croupiers managed to defraud the bank, and to continue his operations for some time before he was discovered. This is the way he did it:

"He was an inveterate snuff-taker, and frequently during the game he brought his snuffbox from his pocket, took a pinch of snuff and conveyed it to his nose, and then placed the box on the table near his hand. Then, a few minutes later, he took up the box again, took another pinch, and returned the box to his pocket.

"This went on for some weeks, until one of the sharp-eyed watchers at the table observed that the intervals between his snuff-takings were every day becoming shorter. Suspicion was aroused, and an investigation revealed the trick that he was playing. The bottom of his snuff-

box was covered with an adhesive wax, and every time he placed the box on the table he pressed it with considerable force on the top of the gold coins that were lying there. One or more of the coins adhered to the wax. The next time he picked up the box he put it in his pocket, deftly detaching whatever had adhered to it, and making it ready for the next operation. Had he been content with one or two pinches hourly he might have gone on for an indefinite period without being discovered, but when he needed a pinch every few minutes he naturally aroused the suspicion of the watchers.

“There! I think I have told you enough about this nefarious business. I might go on and describe *rouge et noir*, which is also played



SPANISH FISHERMEN.

here, sometimes under that name, and sometimes called *trente-un* and *trente et quarante*; but I think you ought to be satisfied with roulette. One game is just as bad as another, and has about the same percentage

in favor of the bank against the players. Nobody knows exactly how much the profits of the bank are; it is a stock company, and the amount of its dividends is not made public. It is able to pay one hundred thousand dollars annually to the Prince of Monaco for its privileges, and it spends more than that amount in beautifying the place. That it makes an immense profit above this is very certain. It is currently reported that the total profits of the business at Monaco are not less than half a million dollars yearly, and from what I have seen and heard I can readily believe the statement."

After satisfying their curiosity regarding the Casino, our friends strolled through the beautiful grounds that surround it, listened to the music, and then went to dine at the Hôtel de Paris, the principal of the hotels at Monte Carlo. It is a palatial establishment, and excellently kept. One peculiarity of it greatly amused Frank and Fred, and that was the necessity of paying at table for the dinner. While the dinner was in progress one of the employés went around and collected from each diner the price of the meal. Frank suggested that he would settle at the office after dinner was over, but was politely informed that it was the rule of the hotel to pay on the spot, whether one was stopping in the house or not. It was the first time in their travels in Europe that they had encountered an arrangement of this sort.

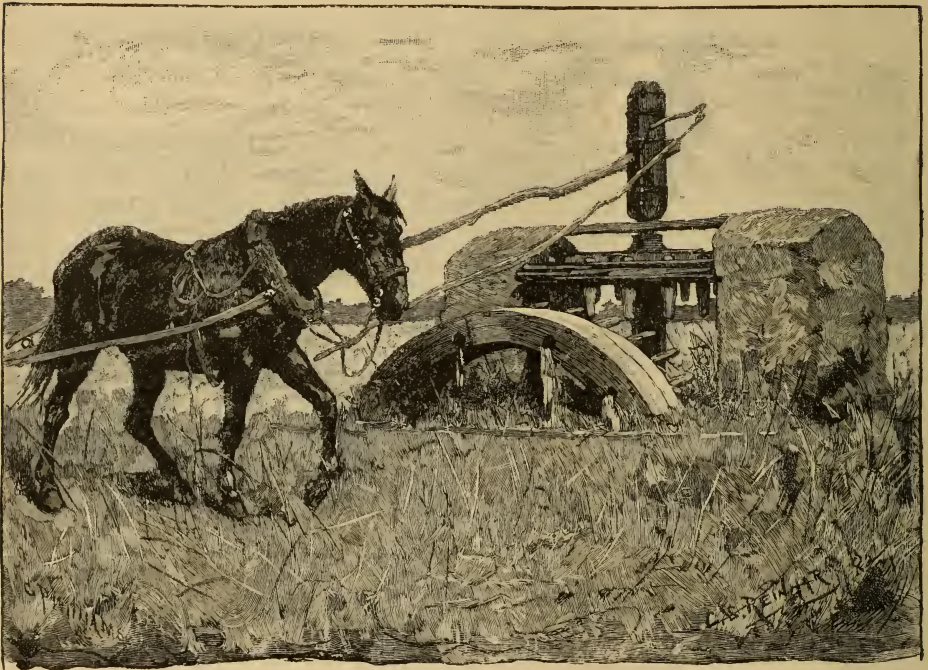
"There is said to be a reason for everything," Fred remarked, "and I suppose the managers of this hotel find it advisable, seeing that the gambling-house is so near, not to allow their customers to get much in their debt. It is a very wise arrangement from the manager's point of view. One might dine here with money in his pocket, then visit the Casino, and have nothing to pay his bill with an hour later."

In the evening the party returned to Mentone, and on the next day made the journey, already mentioned, from Mentone to Nice by carriage, sending their baggage on by train. In the afternoon they took a drive around Nice, and on returning to the hotel for dinner found awaiting them a message which had an important bearing on their future movements in Southern Europe.

It was from Doctor Bronson, who is well known to the readers of previous volumes of "The Boy Travellers." It is proper to explain here that the Doctor had returned to America from Buda-Pesth, where we left our friends at the end of *The Boy Travellers in Central Europe*. He was uncertain how long he might be absent from them, but had no misgivings, as he well knew that Frank and Fred were perfectly competent to manage the party of tourists.

While at Mentone, Frank received a letter from his uncle announcing his arrival in London, and saying that he might telegraph them any day to shape their journeys so that he could meet them. Business called him to Spain, and the telegram they received at Nice requested them to go there at once to meet him.

On receiving the telegram Frank immediately set at work to ascertain the speediest way of going from Nice to Spain. While he was



GARDEN IRRIGATION NEAR VALENCIA.

busy with the railway map, Fred looked through the advertisements in the newspapers, and found that a steamer was to leave that very evening for Barcelona, Valencia, Malaga, and Gibraltar. The agency of the steamer was near the hotel, and the youths proceeded to it at once. They found that the steamer would start from her anchorage about midnight, and immediately secured passage for the quartet.

Returning to the hotel, they found Mrs. Bassett and Mary waiting for them in the parlor, and announced that they had made arrangements to leave Nice that evening for the places just named.

“Very well,” said Mrs. Bassett; “must we go before dinner or afterwards? We are ready for orders.”

“We are not in as great a hurry as that,” replied Frank. “We will dine comfortably, and then go on board the steamer. There is no occasion for any inconvenient hurrying.”

The plan was carried out, and at the appointed time the steamer was ploughing the waters of the Mediterranean in the direction of Barcelona. Her stay at that port was a brief one, as she had but a small quantity of cargo to discharge and very little to receive; there was not sufficient time for our friends to go on shore and look around, and therefore their knowledge of this beautiful city was derived from contemplating it from the deck of the steamer.

Fred made note that Barcelona is one of the most prosperous cities of Spain, having large manufacturing industries, which are made manifest by the tall chimneys visible in every direction. From his inquiries concerning it, Fred learned that its trade is increasing rapidly year by year, and the city is steadily extending, many fine houses having been erected within the last half-century. The land that has been built upon in the last twenty-five years is greater than that of the town itself before the old walls were torn down in 1868. The new quarter of the city is laid out in streets at right angles to each other, many of them lined with shade-trees, and making a striking contrast to the narrow and crooked streets in the old town. Barcelona is the capital of its province, the see of a bishop, and the residence of a captain-general. It has a fine university, commercial academies, and several hospitals, orphanages, and other charitable institutions.

At Valencia the party were more fortunate, and the travellers consoled themselves for their inability to visit Barcelona by the reflection that the latter city is more than half modern, and contains comparatively few objects of special interest. Valencia, like Barcelona, is the capital of its province and the residence of the captain-general; it has a university and the usual hospitals, prisons, and other charitable and correctional institutions peculiar to Spanish cities.

The steamer on which our friends were passengers arrived at Valencia in the morning and did not leave until the evening, so that they had the entire day on shore. They greatly enjoyed the visit, and when they returned to the boat Mrs. Bassett declared that if all her days in Spain were as pleasant as that one had been, she would have no reason to complain of the journey.

Before they went on shore Mary said she was rejoiced at the oppor-



SPANISH FRUIT-SELLERS.

tunity of seeing Valencia because it was the home of the Cid. Thereupon Mrs. Bassett asked what the Cid was, and if they were likely to see it during their visit.

“Not very likely to see *him*,” was the reply, “as he lived long and long ago—nearly a thousand years.”

“Well, then, please tell me who he was; I would like to know.”

“To begin with,” said Mary, “he was called the Cid Campeador, and was the most celebrated of Spain’s national heroes. Many accounts have been given of this character, and there is a great deal of fiction mixed up with fact; in reality, there is so much fiction about him that it is often difficult to find where the fact is. Some writers have even doubted whether any such person ever lived, but I believe that recent investigations have succeeded in separating the historical account of the Cid from the romantic. You must not be surprised at my intimate knowledge of his character, as I found a book by a French writer in the hotel at Mentone which told all about him.

“His real name,” continued Mary, “was Roderigo Ruy Diaz, which means Roderic the son of Diego, and he was descended from one of the old families of Castile. He flourished in the eleventh century. The name by which he is known, Cid Campeador, was given to him in consequence of his successes in war. Cid is an Arab title which means ‘lord,’ and Campeador is a Spanish word which is the equivalent of ‘champion.’ Two languages were required for his name.

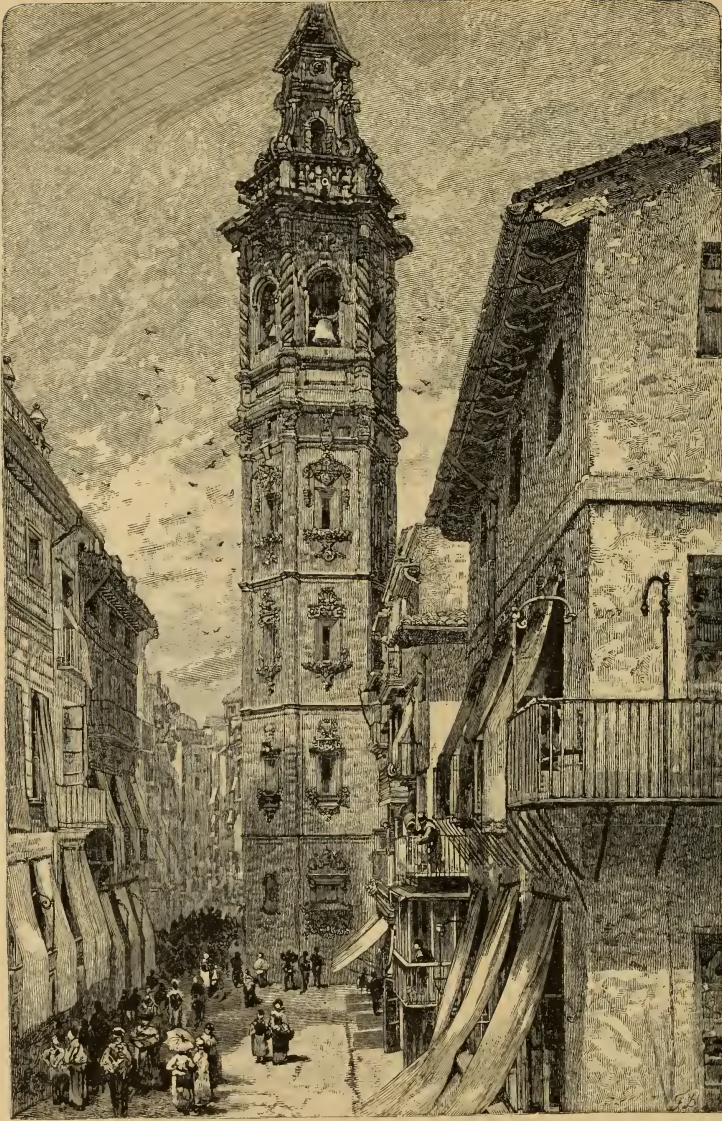
“You wouldn’t care to hear all the details of his career and his troubles with the King, in which he was twice exiled, and was concerned in plots and intrigues of various sorts. He captured Valencia from the Moors in the year 1094, retaining possession of it for five years, and becoming master of a large extent of country surrounding it. He died of grief in 1099, on learning of a disastrous defeat of his army; his widow held possession of Valencia for three years after his death, and then was driven out. And that’s the most I know of the Cid; perhaps I shall know more about him when we have seen Valencia.”

As they went on shore Frank remarked that the first thing the Cid did on capturing Valencia was to take his wife and daughters up to a high point, and show them all its glories.

“Well?” said Fred, in a tone of interrogation.

“Well,” replied Frank, “we will follow his example. We will ascend the tower of the cathedral, which is called El Miguelete, because its bells were first rung on St. Michael’s feast-day. It is a handsome tower one hundred and sixty feet high, and was built near the end of the fifteenth century. The intention was to make it three hundred and fifty feet high, and that accounts for its stunted appearance.”

The party ascended the tower, and had an excellent view of the city and the region surrounding it. Valencia is almost circular in shape. On the north is the sandy bed of the river Turia, with a small stream of water meandering through it. Fred called attention to the river,



CHURCH OF SANTA CATALINA, VALENCIA.

and informed the rest of the party that it was a fair sample of the rivers of Spain, and also of Portugal.

“It is a common saying,” he added, “that the Spanish rivers require a liberal use of sprinkling-pots and watering-carts to keep down the dust. All through the country you find that the rivers are little more

than dry beds for the greater part of the year. There are times when they run in torrents, and therefore it is unsafe to build houses on the sands or even to camp there over night without keeping a careful watch for floods that come without notice."

"I can see," said Mrs. Bassett, "that there are several bridges across the river, and presume they would not be there unless they were needed."

"That is quite true," replied Fred, "and from all that I hear they never know exactly when the necessity will come. The bed of the river may be dry for weeks and months when a sudden cloud-burst among the hills brings a torrent without the least warning. This has happened more than once here as well as elsewhere."

"I read somewhere," said Mary, "that Valencia was a walled city, but I cannot see any walls. They must have been pulled down."

"Yes," said Frank, "they were pulled down in 1871, partly in order to obtain the ground for new streets, and partly to give employment to the poor. It is too bad that they were removed, because they were very picturesque, having battlements through their whole length. There were twelve gates to the city, and you can see that some of them are still standing. We will be thankful for these."

Mary took note of the gates; she also called attention to the narrowness of the streets, and the loftiness and gloom of the houses which almost invariably have flat roofs. She observed and remarked to the rest that on nearly every house there was a cage, and on some houses several cages, containing pigeons. Frank explained that the Valencians are great fanciers of pigeons, and indulge frequently in shooting-matches in which the birds are the victims.

On descending from the tower the party visited the cathedral which stands on the site of the Roman temple of Diana, Valencia having been founded by the Romans in the second century before the Christian era. In the fifth century it was captured by the Goths, and in the eighth century by the Moors; the Moors continued in possession of it for three centuries until quarrels arose among them, and were terminated by the capture of Valencia by the Cid after a siege of twenty months. One of his first acts after taking possession was to burn alive the Arab governor of the city because he had resisted.

One or two churches, in addition to the cathedral, were briefly inspected, but nothing worthy of serious note was found in them. Our friends were much more interested in the life of the streets, in the costumes and manners of the people, and in the quaintness of the houses. Listen to Mary as she describes their stroll through the city.

“The houses,” said Mary, “remind us very much of those of Naples and other cities in the southern part of Italy. Nearly all of them have balconies, where one can sit and enjoy the air; and if a house happens to be on the sunny side of the street, they have curtains by which they can keep off the hot rays of the sun—at least, to some extent. We saw women and children on the balconies, and occasionally men were there, but not very often. The people in the streets were almost as Italian in appearance as the houses, their complexions being generally swarthy and their movements not at all nervous. When talking they gesticulate less than do the Italians, and the most of them manifest a great deal of dignity in their manner.

“We had a guide, whom we hired for the day to show us about, and he certainly had dignity enough in his manner to be a bishop and a captain-general all at once. To hurry him was an absolute impossibility. He spoke French very well, and seemed intelligent enough for all purposes; I am sure we tried him rather severely on two or three occasions when we endeavored to make him move rapidly. In this respect he was like his countrymen, who remind me of something that a traveller once said about the Turks: that the only man in Turkey whom he saw displaying any activity was falling from the roof of a house. I don't think a Valencian could show any activity unless he was falling from somewhere, not even if he were chased by a dog or wolf.

“Our guide informed us that there was to be a bull-fight in the afternoon, and he wished to know if he should get tickets for us. Of course we declined at once, as none of us had any desire to witness that cruel sport which is so popular with the Spanish people. We saw a procession going through the streets leading a very meek bull by way of advertisement of the show. The guide explained that the animal in the procession was not to be slaughtered. He was merely the one that was kept to lead through the streets, the others being too unruly for a quiet promenade.

“At the time of the annual festival at Valencia they have no less than three days of bull-fighting, eight bulls being killed each day, the best swordsmen of Spain taking part in the performance, and everybody who can afford to buy a ticket going to the bull-ring, which is just outside the limits of the city. At other times bull-fights take place only occasionally, and the number of victims is limited to three or four, and these of a very common sort.

“It is proper to say that the greatest popularity of this sport is among the lower classes of the people. Many fashionable folks go,

but not so many as in former times, and the royal court very rarely makes an appearance there. Several times bills have been presented in the Cortes, or National Parliament of Spain, for the abolition of bull-fighting; but however willing the Government might be to enact a law to this effect, it would certainly invite a revolution by doing so.

“I wanted to take a ride in a comical little cab that we saw—a sort of two-wheeled cart with an awn-



GOING TO THE BULL-FIGHT, MADRID.

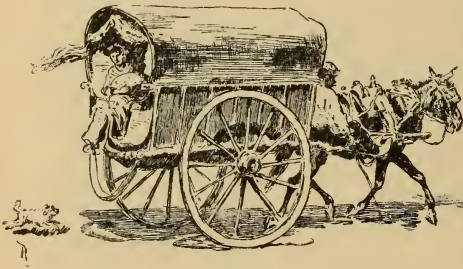
ing above it, the driver sitting on the shaft close to the very shabby-looking mule that propelled the vehicle. The guide said these cabs were not at all comfortable; besides, they were only for the ordinary people, and not for distinguished foreigners like ourselves, and so we stuck to the four-seated carriage that we had engaged. I suppose the

guide was right as to the comfort of the vehicle, but it would have been a bit of a novelty—at least, to me, I'm sure.

“The shops of Valencia are pretty and attractive, but they contain very little for which we cared, as the most of the goods that they displayed were from Paris or London, with the exception of leather goods, ironware, and other things of Spanish manufacture. One street that we passed through, the Mercado, was crowded with little stalls where various kinds of fruit were offered for sale, together with many little trinkets and toys and small articles for household use. The fruit

seemed very cheap, as you could buy two or three oranges for a penny, or a great bunch of white grapes for the same money.

“Valencia, as you probably know, is famous for its export of oranges, great quantities of which are sent to America. There were melons in abundance, and the prices asked for them were decidedly low, just as was the case with oranges and grapes. For



A VALENCIA CAB.

miles and miles around the country near Valencia is a vast orchard or garden-spot. I am told that you can drive or go by railway for nearly forty miles without once being out of sight of an orange-grove or fruit-garden on either side of your route.

“The fertility of the soil near Valencia is due to irrigation, which was planned and put in operation by the Moors, and we were told that the canals through which the water flows to-day were made by the Moors during their possession of the country, and have been carefully kept up ever since by the Spanish owners.

“The water supply is drawn from the rivers, and it is the taking of the water for purposes of cultivation that makes many of the streams of Spain so scanty when they reach the sea. The use of the water is regulated by a water-court, every proprietor being restricted as to the number of days and the number of hours each day when he may make use of the water. The water-court meets once a week in Valencia, and consists of twelve peasant farmers, who are chosen by election. All disputes concerning the use of water are settled by this tribunal, and there is never any appeal from its decision.

“Valencia has a good deal of color in its houses, more so than we

had expected to find. Our guide took us through the street of the Cavaliers, which contains houses belonging to the old nobility of the city. These houses have Gothic windows and open arcades in the upper story, but this style of architecture is not followed in the new houses, which are tinted in cream-color and blue and rose. Tiles are

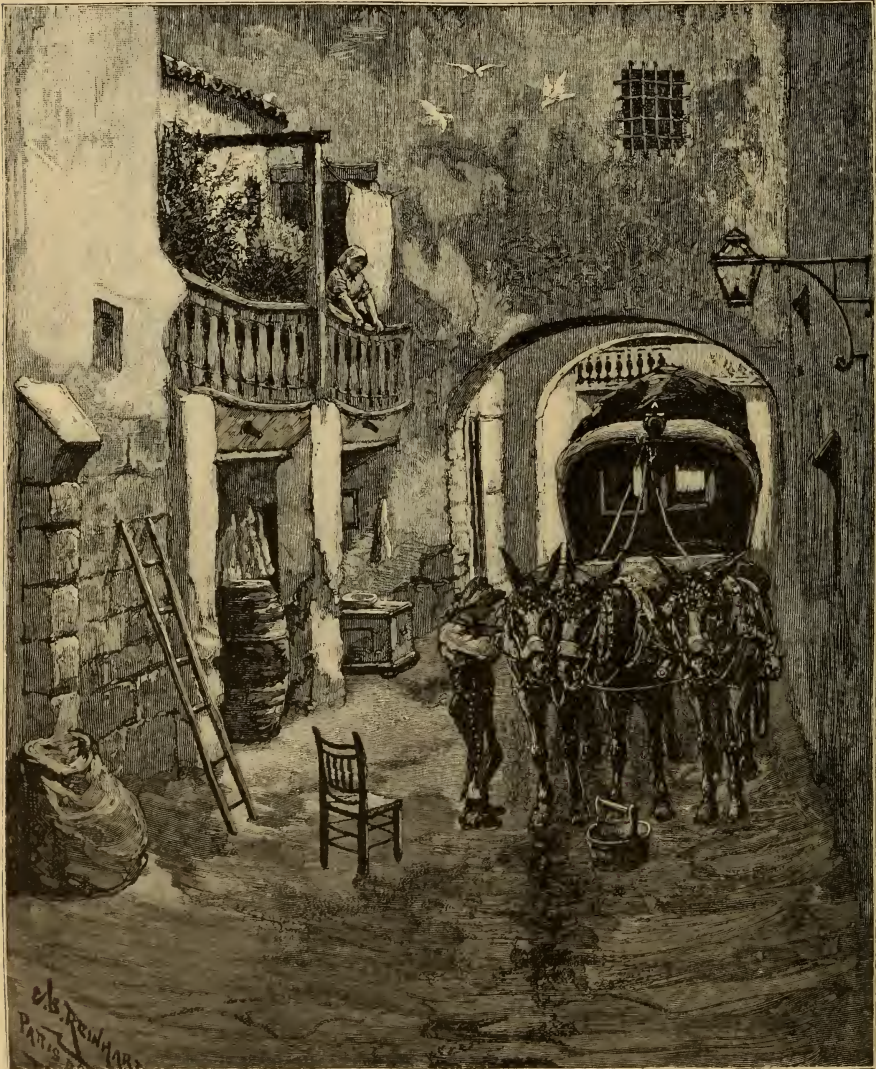


SPANISH STREET SCENE.

freely used for the covering of buildings, some of them blue, some white, some red, and they are generally set in rows so that they form stripes. Most of the effects are very pretty.

“Valencia was formerly celebrated for its manufacture of tiles, and

the neighboring Island of Majorca has given its name to the ware, which became widely known in its time. The tiles of Valencia are less popular now than formerly, when the city had almost a monopoly of the business. Frank and Fred declare that tiles quite equalling anything which Valencia can produce are made at the Trenton Pottery Works, and several other establishments in the United States."



COURT-YARD OF A SPANISH INN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALICANTE AND ALMERIA.—OUT-DOOR BARBERS.—HAIR-CUTTING FOR MAN AND BEAST.—CIGARETTE-SMOKING UNIVERSAL.—DONKEYS AND THEIR RIDERS.—CHEAP FRUITS.—STREET PEDDLERS.—GARLIC MERCHANTS.—MALAGA.—A TELEGRAM FROM DOCTOR BRONSON.—GENERAL VIEW OF MALAGA; ITS COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES.—A LAND OF MODERATION.—BY RAILWAY TO CORDOVA.—THE MEZQUITA; ITS HISTORY AND PECULIARITIES.—BEAUTIES OF THE MOSQUE.—COURT OF ORANGES.—INSCRIPTION MADE BY A PRISONER.—THE MIHRAB.—CORDOVAN WARES.—FROM CORDOVA TO SEVILLE.—MOORISH BUILDINGS.—INTERESTING ARCHITECTURE.—GRATED WINDOWS AND THEIR USES.—THE GIRALDA, AND VIEW FROM ITS TOP.—THE GREAT CATHEDRAL.—BEGGARS AND THEIR WAYS.

FROM Valencia the steamer proceeded to Malaga, stopping briefly at Alicante and Almeria; and our friends had a short time on shore at both these places, but not sufficient for an extended study. At Alicante their attention was drawn to the Castle of Santa Barbara, which commands the town and the bay; they wanted to ascend it for the sake of the view which it afforded, but were unable to do so. Frank and Fred thought that the harbor of Alicante could boast of more smells than the famous City of Cologne. The reason of its bad odor is that the city stands on a sheltered bay which receives all the drainage of the place; as there is very little tide in this part of the Mediterranean, there is not enough to wash out the harbor daily. The advantages of a good tide are nowhere more apparent than in the harbors that lie along the southern coast of Spain and France.

It was evident to the travellers that the



A SPANISH SINGING-GIRL.

climate of Alicante was a mild one, as many industries usually conducted in-doors in northern countries were practised in the open air. Shoemakers, tailors, and men of similar occupations were working in the doorways or under little awnings, and here and there were barbers engaged at shaving or hair-cutting wherever they could find convenient nooks in the shade. One tonsorial shop that they saw might have put up a sign announcing hair-cutting for man and beast; one barber in it was engaged in cropping the locks of a peasant, and two or three steps away his partner was shearing a donkey. It is observable that the Spanish donkey is generally sheared along the back and half way down the sides, not in order to enhance the beauty of the creature, but to make the surface smoother for the rider, or for any burden placed there, and also to keep the animal cool.

Frank made a sketch of the scene, while Fred commented in a low voice to Mrs. Bassett and Mary concerning the difference between the barber-shops of America and the establishment which they then had in view. There was no reclining-chair such as one finds in nearly every part of the United States, but a very ordinary stiff-backed chair, in which the customer sat while the barber was at his work, the patron being required to hold a cloth to catch the severed hair, or, in case of a shave, to hold under his chin a basin filled with soapsuds and fitted to his neck by a curved indentation at one side.

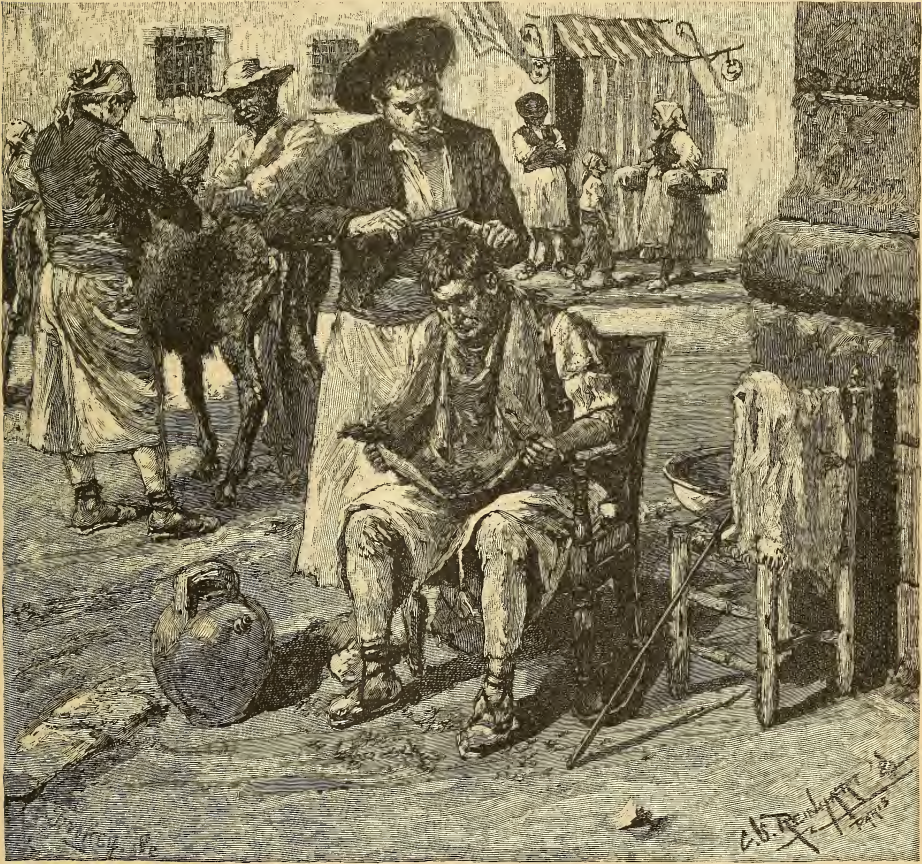
The barber indulged in the luxury of a cigarette while manipulating the shears, but no such solace was allowed to the customer. Fred made note of the fact that smoking seemed to be wellnigh universal, and was practised in ways and places unknown in most other countries. In a café where they rested a short time the waiter who brought them some refreshments calmly smoked a cigarette while serving the party, and it was noticeable that fully one-half the waiters in the place were similarly regaling themselves. In a shop that they entered in the expectation of buying a few souvenirs of the city the salesman behind the counter was leisurely smoking, and so was the cashier, a middle-aged woman who sat at a high desk a little distance from the door. Mary said she thought they would see the Spanish infants in arms smoking cigarettes, but in this she was happily disappointed.

“What a lot of donkeys they have here,” remarked Mrs. Bassett, “and what heavy weights the poor creatures have to carry. I wonder their backs are not altogether broken down.”

She said this just as a large man on a small donkey rode past them at a good pace; the proportions of man and beast were such that the

rider was obliged to keep his lower limbs bent at a considerable angle to prevent his feet touching the ground as they went along.

Sights of this kind were quite numerous during the stay of our friends at Alicante, and were by no means infrequent in other cities of



STREET BARBERS, FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Spain. The donkey is often ridden bare-back, and his saddle, whenever he has any, is usually the merest apology for one.

Few of the saddles have stirrups, and it is astonishing with what skill a rider keeps himself in place when going at a rapid rate. One does not have to watch long to discover that there is a great advantage in riding without stirrups. The donkey is not a surefooted beast; he

stumbles frequently, and if at the time of stumbling he has a heavy load on his back he is pretty certain to go down "all of a heap." If the rider has his feet in stirrups he joins the donkey with a half-somersault and increases the size of the heap, but if his feet are free he lands on them and steps forward with the utmost unconcern.

Almeria proved to be very much like Alicante in general appearance. It is said to have a delightful climate, the thermometer never falling below 64° Fahrenheit; it is hot in summer, the mercury not infrequently rising to 98° and 100°. It is an old place, having been occupied by the

Romans, under whom it was the great port of traffic with Italy and the East. When the Moors occupied this part of Spain, Almeria became a haunt of pirates and a very prosperous place. One Arab writer said of it as follows:

"It is a city where if thou walkest the stones are pearls, the dust gold, and the gardens a paradise."

Almeria has lost much of its ancient importance, but still continues famous for its figs, oranges, lemons, and other fruits, great quantities of which were for sale in the market at surprisingly low prices. Mrs. Bassett remarked that if one would be content to live on fruit alone, and lodgings were at corresponding prices, Almeria would be an exceedingly cheap and economical place to dwell in.

Mary made a sketch of a garlic vender who was walking about the market-place with garlic bulbs strung like onions and

festooned about his neck. Mary suggested that she hoped to make a strong picture of this itinerant merchant, and would certainly succeed if she could only transfer to the paper the flavor of his wares. Garlic



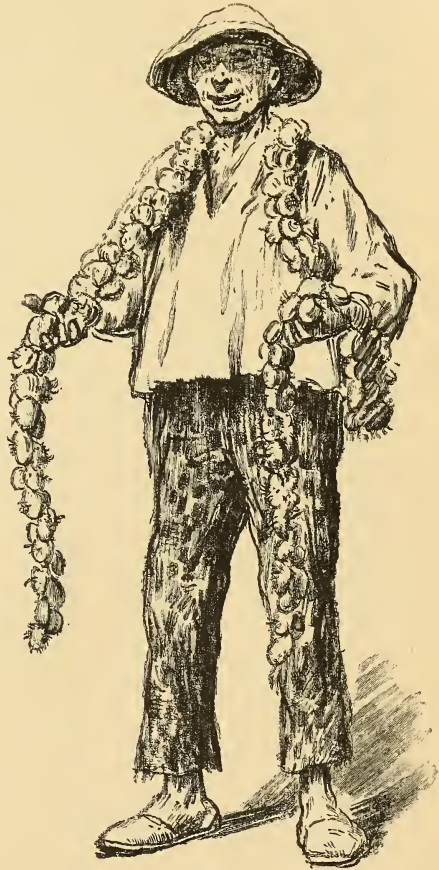
AT FULL SPEED.

is a very important article of diet in all the region bordering the Mediterranean, its importance arising more from its flavoring powers than from its nutritious qualities.

At Malaga the party landed, having received immediately on the steamer's arrival a telegram from Doctor Bronson, saying that he would await them at Seville, for which place they took the first train that was available. The train was late in starting, and when it was under way its speed was not at all swift. Frank said it partook of the Spanish characteristics both in its delay in beginning the journey and its moderation in making it.

Everything is leisurely in this country, and, as before remarked, nobody can be hurried. Fred expressed some doubt as to whether a railway train would accelerate its speed at all if it were let loose on a down grade. An Englishman engaged in business at Malaga happened to be in the same carriage with our friends. He joined in the conversation, and answered Fred that an experiment of the sort which he described was once proposed; but it was prevented by the Spaniards in charge of the railway, who feared that such an example might be injurious to the public.

Malaga is considerably larger than Alicante or Almeria; in fact, it is larger than both of those cities combined. It has a spacious and handsome opera-house, and of course it has a bull-ring, the latter being close to a large hospital. Frank inquired if this arrangement was for the convenience of unfortunate bull-fighters, and was told that it was purely accidental, the hospital having been presented to the city by a gentle-



GARLIC VENDER.

man who had made a large fortune in commerce. Malaga has had its shares of sieges, plagues, revolutions, and other calamities, and there is a very turbulent element in its population which is ready to take any opportunity to make trouble. The city has a large commerce with foreign countries, one of its most important items being in the wines which bear its name, and in raisins and fruit.

One railway route from Malaga to Seville passes through Cordova, and Frank thought it advisable to stop a few hours at the latter place, partly in order to break the journey, and partly to see the famous city. The distance from Malaga to Cordova is one hundred and twenty miles, and as the pace of the train did not exceed twenty miles an hour the train was six hours in accomplishing the journey.

Sending their baggage from the railway station to the hotel our friends drove directly to the cathedral, where they passed the little that remained of the day. Cordova contains nothing of importance besides the cathedral, and therefore Frank and Fred planned to see it on the day of arrival, and be ready to start for Seville at a reasonably early hour in the morning.

“We had read and heard a great deal about the cathedral or mosque of Cordova,” said Fred in his journal, “but were not prepared for the beautiful building that we saw. They call it here La Mezquita, which comes from *mezgad*, an Arabic word which means to worship. It is really a mosque which was built on the spot formerly occupied by a cathedral, and, previous to the cathedral, was occupied by a Roman temple dedicated to Janus. This is its history:

“When the Arabs captured Cordova in the eighth century they converted half of the cathedral into a mosque and used it for their place of worship, leaving the other half for the Christians. Seventy years later the Arab ruler determined to build a fine temple, and so he bought from the Christians the other half of the cathedral, paying for it in gold, and allowing them to build another church in which they could go on with their worship. The new building was begun in the year 786, on the site of the Christian church, but it was not finished during the time of the Caliph who began it. His son continued the work and completed the building, which certainly must have cost a great deal of money even at the low prices then prevailing.

“The mosque was composed originally of eleven alleys running from north to south; later eight more alleys were added, and also an orange garden at one side. The columns that form the alley-ways and support the roof are of the Moorish style of architecture, and are generally made



THE MEZQUITA.

of marbles of different colors. The whole structure is enclosed by walls from thirty to sixty feet high and about six feet thick.

“The general plan of the Mezquita of Cordova is that of the Kairwan in Morocco, and it is said to be the finest type in Europe of the true Mohammedan temple: According to the figures in the guide-book the mosque is three hundred and sixty feet wide by four hundred long.

Stop and think a moment, and you will see that it is a very large building. The pillars or columns are divided into twenty longitudinal avenues and forty transverse ones; the walls are lined with chapels, which reduce the visible rows of columns to seventeen one way and thirteen the other. The great number of columns suggests a forest.

“The roof is about forty feet high, and was originally flat. There was also a beautiful ceiling of wood richly panelled and gilded; but it decayed, and was removed more than two hundred years ago. There are nine hundred and twenty columns now remaining, and many of them were brought from long distances away. Some were quarried in Africa or in Asia Minor, and brought here by the Romans for the original temple; some came from Egypt and some from Italy, but by far the greater number are from quarries within thirty miles of Cordova.

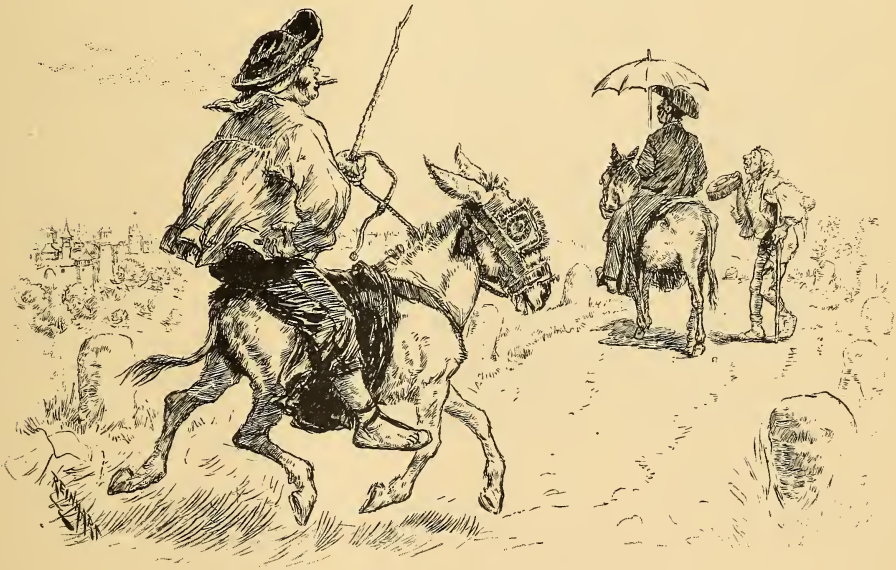
“Since the Moors were driven out of Spain portions of the mosque have been converted into a church. We strolled leisurely through the building admiring its beauty, and were very reluctant to leave it. We passed through the Gate of Pardon, under a lofty bell-tower—a gate which is said to have taken its name from an old custom that allowed criminals to seek shelter beneath it. Any criminal who could succeed in distancing his pursuers enough to pass through the Gate of Pardon and reach the central aisle of the building was safe—at least, for the time.

“On one of the marble pillars there is a faint inscription representing the Saviour on the cross, but it is so faint that we would not have seen it except that our attention was called to it. The tradition is that during the Moorish rule a Christian captive was chained to this pillar for ten years, and that he scratched this inscription by means of his finger-nail. It is a sad subject of contemplation, and we did not linger long at that spot. How much truth there is in the tradition I am unable to say, but we were rendered very sceptical concerning it by finding a similar inscription on another pillar in a distant part of the building. The guide explained that the one which we first saw was the genuine one; he did not add that the second was spurious, but of course that was the natural inference from his remark.

“A very interesting part of the Mezquita is the shrine, or mihrab, of the Moors, which is placed in the part of the building nearest to Mecca. It has a ceiling in the shape of a quarter-globe cut from a single piece of marble, and it must have required a great deal of engineering skill to place the ceiling where it is. The surface of this marble is beautifully enamelled, and when the light of several candles was thrown upon it, it sparkled as though it had been covered with diamonds.

“This was the holiest part of the building when it was a mosque, and in it there was a stand for the Koran which is said to have cost an amount of money equal to five million dollars. The volume of the Koran was incased in gold tissue embroidered with precious stones, and all the decorations were of the most elaborate and costly character. All believers in the religion of Islam were required to approach this place prostrate, and the floor of solid marble is worn perceptibly where the faithful crept to the shrine to offer it their homage.

“At the chapels and shrines in the Mezquita we saw many worshippers scattered here and there, the most of them being women, either singly or in groups; when we left the building we went into the Court of Oranges, and from there into the street. We were accosted by peddlers, who tried to induce us to purchase articles fabricated from Cordovan leather, small cups hammered out of silver coins, and some elab-



ON THE ROAD NEAR CORDOVA.

orate filigree-work in silver and gold. Beggars were numerous and persistent, and there was the same air of languor and deliberation that we had already noticed in the cities of the coast.

“Cordova has a population to-day of about fifty thousand; its most prosperous period was in the days of the Moors, when it had a million

inhabitants, nearly a thousand baths, and hundreds of mosques. Many of the buildings erected by the Moors have been destroyed, and the greater part of what one sees to-day is of Spanish construction."

In the morning Frank telegraphed to Doctor Bronson that the party expected to arrive at Seville in time to take lunch with him at the hotel, provided the train kept to its advertised schedule. It reached Seville only fifteen minutes behind time, and therefore did not materially interfere with the plans of the travellers.

The Doctor was waiting for them at the station, and the meeting was a most agreeable one to all concerned. Mrs. Bassett and Mary did most of the talking, but their eagerness to tell what they had seen did not interfere with the use of their eyes on their way from the station to the hotel. Mary knew that they would pass quite near the Alcazar, and kept a keen watch for it; her



SPANISH GYPSIES.

vigilance was rewarded, though not until she had mistaken the Government tobacco-factory for the Moorish palace, and had had her error corrected by Doctor Bronson who rode with them.

"I am sure we shall find this city full of interest," Mrs. Bassett remarked as they reached the hotel. "The buildings have a very substantial appearance, and a venerable one at the same time."

“They are venerable enough,” replied the Doctor, “as they are mostly those that the Moors left when they were driven out of the city in 1247 by their Spanish conquerors.”

“And these houses have been standing more than six hundred years! You surprise me; they don’t look as old as that.”

“I don’t mean that all of them are of Moorish origin,” the Doctor answered, “since many new buildings have been erected in modern times. But certainly a considerable proportion of the houses of Seville are practically the same as they were when the Moors lived in them; their cool courts and gardens remain, and the only changes in their interiors are such as were required to adapt them to Spanish customs.”

Mary called attention to the windows, which came nearly to the ground and had heavy gratings upon them to keep out intruders. Frank said that though the gratings excluded burglars and other visitors, they did not hinder conversation. He added that it was not at all improper for those going along the street to stop at a window to talk with friends inside, and that gentlemen frequently took this method of conversing with the ladies whom they admired. “If we stroll about in the evening,” said he, “we will be quite likely to see a considerable number of these windows occupied, the ladies of the family being inside and one or more gentlemen standing close to the grating outside.”

Mrs. Bassett remarked upon the narrowness and crookedness of the streets of Seville, but added that she ought to be familiar enough with streets of this sort after the many that she had seen in Europe. Doctor Bronson explained that there was method in the plans of the builders of Seville, as it was desirable to keep out the heat as much as possible, and this result was secured by the narrow streets, the high buildings, and the spacious gardens in the interior courts. “You will see how the Moors built their houses,” said the Doctor, “as the hotel where you are to stop is one of them. Here we are!”

As he spoke the carriage halted, and the party alighted and entered the porch which led to the interior. This porch brought the strangers to the *cancel*, a gateway of open iron-work of such a beautiful design that they stopped to contemplate it before passing inside. Mary asked if all the houses of Seville had gateways of this sort, and was informed that they would be found in the majority of the dwellings in the city.

“Here is the court-yard and a fountain!” Mary exclaimed. “It is cooler here than on the street, and what a delightful little spot of green it is, and so unexpected! I wasn’t looking for it.”

“You will find many such courts and gardens in Seville,” replied

the Doctor, "and I'm sure you'll admire the taste of the Moors when you know more about their work when they were here."

"I admire it already," was the reply, "and am sure I shall have great respect for the Moors before I have done with the sights of Seville."

Rooms had been secured for the travellers by Doctor Bronson, and as soon as the dust of travel had been removed the party sat down to luncheon. When it was over they went out to see the sights of the place and study the people.

"I suppose we shall go first to the Giralda tower and the cathedral," Mary remarked, as they passed through the porch already mentioned and reached the street.

"Yes," replied Frank; "to see Seville without the tower and the cathedral would be like giving 'Hamlet' without Hamlet, to use a comparison which is familiar to all English-speaking people. Do you know when the Giralda was built?"

"Certainly I do," responded the girl. "It was built in 1196 by a Moorish architect; let me see if I can recall his name—yes, it was Abu-Jusuf Yacub, and he was famous for other works besides this tower. He built the great mosque of Seville, repaired the Roman aqueduct which supplied the city with water, built a portion of the city walls, and made a bridge of boats across the Guadalquivir. He must have been a man of extraordinary ability, and I'm glad his name has come down to us. There, that must be the Giralda!" she exclaimed, as she pointed in the direction of the celebrated tower; "I know it by the pictures I've seen of it. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes, that is the Giralda," replied Frank. "Doesn't it remind you of something you have already seen?"

Mary paused a moment, and then said it made her think of the tower of Madison Square Garden in New York; she wondered if the American architect had taken the Giralda as his model, and was not at all surprised to learn that such was the case.

"Then I'll tell my friends at home that if they cannot come to Seville, they can console themselves by standing in Madison Square and contemplating the tower that rises at its north-east corner," she answered.

"Not only is the tower imitated," said Frank, "but the figure on the top—at least, in its uses as a vane. The figure on the Giralda represents 'Faith,' while that of the Garden tower in New York portrays 'Diana the Huntress.' Both are of very graceful design."

"I like the American sculptor's work better than that of the one who made the Giralda figure," replied Mary. "Who was he?"



A WATER-CARRIER.

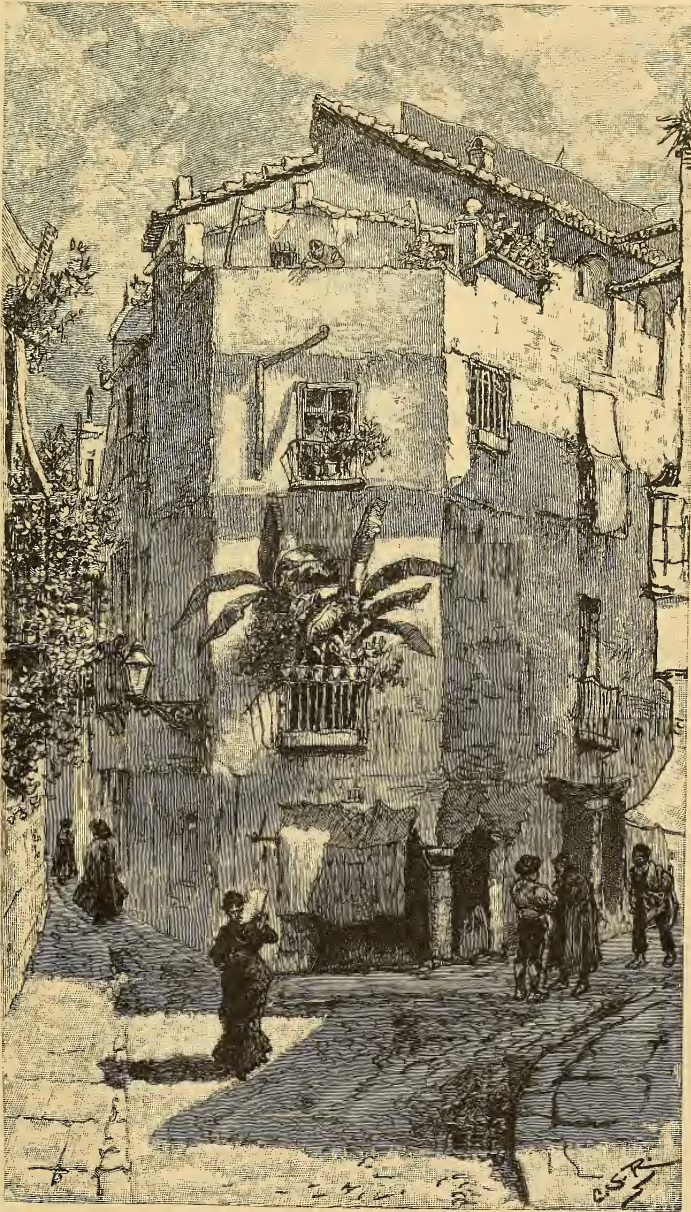
“He was an Italian, Bartolomé Morel,” said Frank, “and the figure was cast in 1568. It weighs twenty-five hundred pounds, and is fourteen feet high, but it is so delicately poised that it turns with the least wind, just as does the ‘Diana’ with which New-Yorkers are familiar.”

Doctor Bronson and Mrs. Bassett went to the cathedral, while the young trio ascended the tower. The ascent is by a series of inclined planes, like those in the Campanile at Venice, and some other towers that our friends had previously visited. When they reached the belfry Frank explained to his sister that the uses of the tower had not changed materially with the change of ownership. “When the Moors were here,” said he, “the voice of the *mueddin* summoned the people to prayer, and the tower was built to give him a commanding position whence he could be heard for a considerable distance. Nowadays the bells perform the same duty for the Christian successors of the moslems, and it is safe to say that they can be heard much farther than the strongest-lunged *mueddin* who ever lived.”

“I can readily believe so,” said Mary, as she looked at the twenty-two bells which occupy the place. Each bell bears the name of a saint; the largest is called Santa Maria, and weighs eighteen tons. Two of the bells are fixed in their places, but the others are upon swinging beams; they are not all rung at once, but several of them are sounded daily to notify the populace of the hours of worship in the cathedral.

Mary had read that there was a colony of pigeons and hawks occupying the belfry, and she looked around for them. There was no difficulty in finding the pigeons, as they were circling about the tower or sitting on the beams which supported the bells, but the hawks appeared to have taken their departure—at least, for a time. The boy who accompanied the party as guide succeeded in pointing out one of the predatory birds flying high in air, far above them, as though with the intention of swooping down upon a pigeon whenever his dinner-time arrived. Pigeons and hawks seem to dwell together in harmony; probably the most harmonious time is when a pigeon has found a lodging-place in the stomach of a hawk.

One of the bell-ringers offered to show the visitors how the bells sounded, and he touched up several of them for the entertainment of the strangers. The noise they made was almost deafening, and caused Mary to put her fingers to her ears, though it did not specially disturb Frank and Fred. Further to amuse them the ringer jumped on the beam of one of the bells while it was swinging violently, and poised himself there as it went to and fro. The bell was quite at the edge



A STREET CORNER, SEVILLE.

of the tower, and as he was swung outward a slip would have sent him to the pavement, three hundred feet below. He wanted to repeat the performance with some of the other bells; but Frank told him they had seen quite enough of it, and did not care to have him risk his life again even if he did it for nothing.

“The view from the belfry is a magnificent one,” said Fred, “as it permitted us to look upon the whole city at our feet, and embraced a wide extent of country when we turned our vision towards the horizon. We could look into the gardens that are scattered among the houses, and the contrast of the deep green of the foliage with the tiled roofs and white walls was especially noticeable. The walls of Seville told of its antiquity, and so did the Alcazar and other edifices which were the work of the Moors. For a long distance we traced the windings of the river which has often been the theme of poets, and is believed by many Spaniards to be the most beautiful stream in the world. It was interesting to try to trace out some of the streets with their many windings, but after attempting several we gave up the effort. The streets are so crooked that it is advisable for a stranger who strolls out of sight of the door of his hotel to take along a boy as a guide, if he wants to be sure of finding his way back again without asking somebody or hailing a cab. One street resembles the letter S.

“Directly below us,” continued Fred, “was the cathedral, which covers a large area of ground, where formerly stood a Moorish mosque. The cathedral is one of the largest churches of Spain and also among the finest, and it is no wonder that the people of Seville are proud of it.

“When we left the Giralda we went to the cathedral, where we found Mrs. Bassett and Doctor Bronson, who had agreed to meet us there. The mosque that stood here was used as a church from the time the Spaniards captured Seville until 1401, when some portions of it were in a dilapidated condition. It was therefore pulled down and the erection of the cathedral begun.

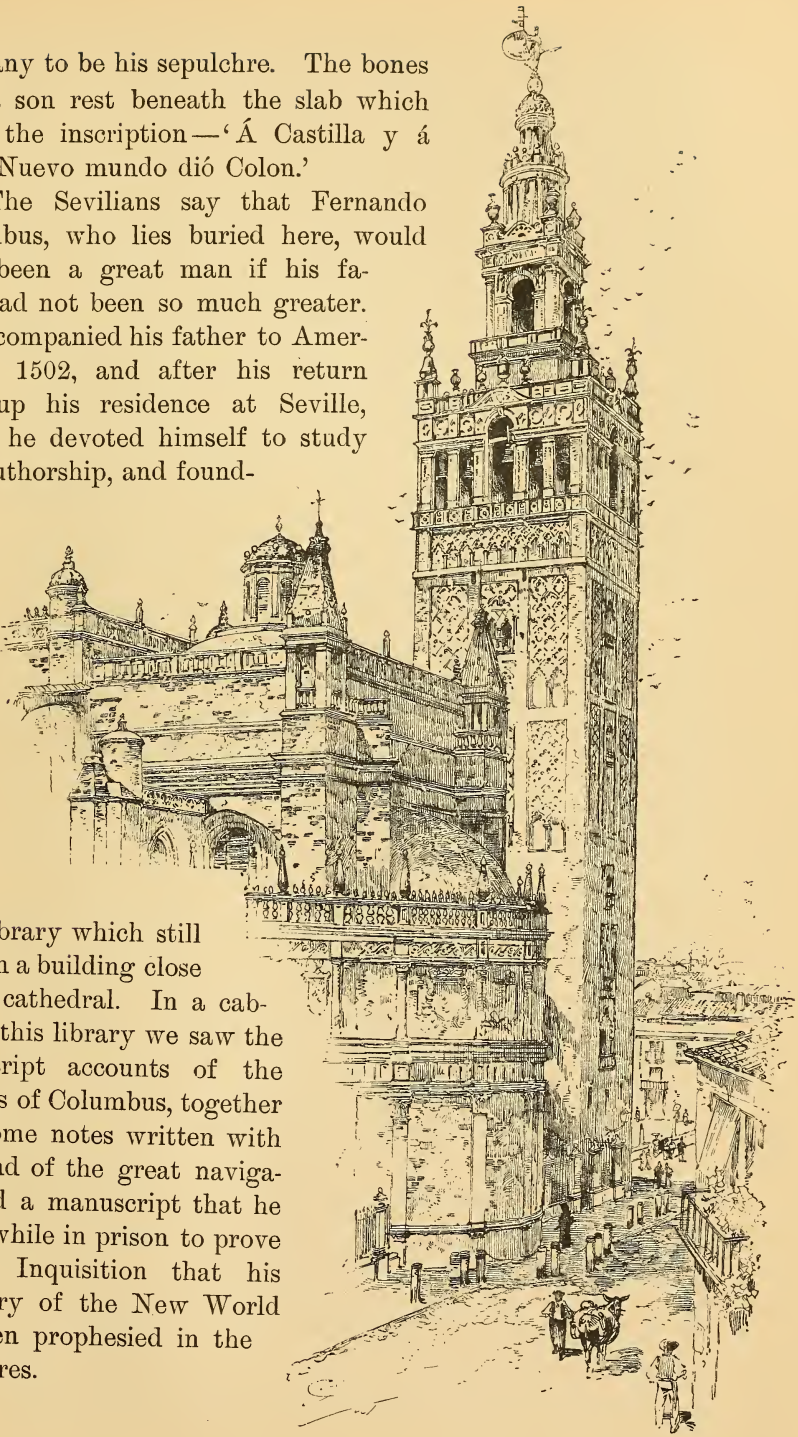
“The original form of the mosque was retained, so that the church is in the form of a parallelogram, 414 by 217 feet, and not in the shape of a cross like nearly all the churches in other European countries. The erection of the church took more than a hundred years, and the plans were changed two or three times, so that the building is not symmetrical throughout. But it is a grand edifice and contains many fine works of art, besides being in itself an art work of no small importance.

“Of course we all wanted to see the slab in the pavement which was intended to mark the resting-place of Columbus, and is supposed

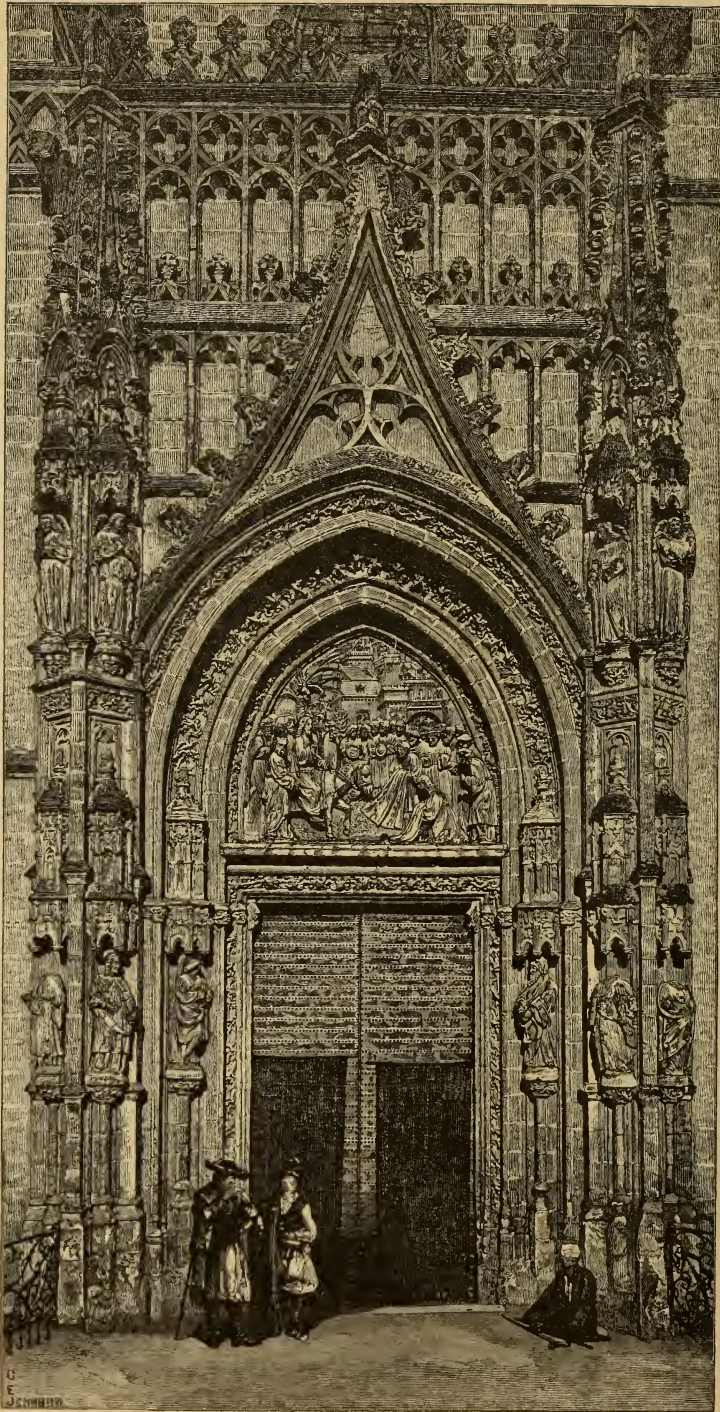
by many to be his sepulchre. The bones of his son rest beneath the slab which bears the inscription—‘Á Castilla y á Leon Nuevo mundo dió Colon.’

“The Sevilians say that Fernando Columbus, who lies buried here, would have been a great man if his father had not been so much greater. He accompanied his father to America in 1502, and after his return took up his residence at Seville, where he devoted himself to study and authorship, and found-

ed a library which still exists in a building close to the cathedral. In a cabinet in this library we saw the manuscript accounts of the voyages of Columbus, together with some notes written with the hand of the great navigator, and a manuscript that he wrote while in prison to prove to the Inquisition that his discovery of the New World had been prophesied in the Scriptures.



THE GIRALDA TOWER.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

“But I am forgetting the cathedral and its treasures. This is the city where the great painter Murillo was born, and where he produced many of his celebrated works. Our attention was drawn to one of them soon after we entered the church; it is called ‘Angel de la Guarda,’ or Guardian Angel, and represents an angel holding by the hand a beautiful child. It is a charming picture, and we lingered before it long enough, let me hope, to impress it indelibly on our memories. There are several other paintings by Murillo in the cathedral, but this is conceded to be the finest of the collection.

“In one of the chapels is a famous painting representing San Antonio, which has been greatly admired. In 1874 it was cut out of the canvas and carried away. News of the theft was telegraphed to all the Spanish ministers and consuls in other countries, and a careful watch was kept for the stolen painting. The thieves took it to New York and offered it to Mr. Schaus, a picture-dealer in that city. He immediately suspected its character and secured the return of the precious fragment, which has been restored so carefully to its place that we could not, though making the closest scrutiny, find any trace of the mutilation that the painting had undergone.

“We spent an hour or more in the cathedral, and then left the building, being obliged to run the gantlet of a crowd of beggars at the door. There is said to be a great deal of wealth in Seville; whether this is true or not I am unable to say, but there is certainly a great deal of poverty, or the pretence of it. At almost every step we were pestered by beggars in all stages of degradation, and with a treasury of sores and stumps of limbs which they held up for our inspection. If the city contains its reputed wealth, I would respectfully suggest that it use a portion of its money to make a home for its beggars and keep them in it for the rest of their lives.

“They seemed to anticipate our movements, as we constantly encountered the same beggars in different parts of the city. Everywhere in our rounds, from the door of the hotel till we returned to it, we encountered them, and it was impossible to shake them off.”

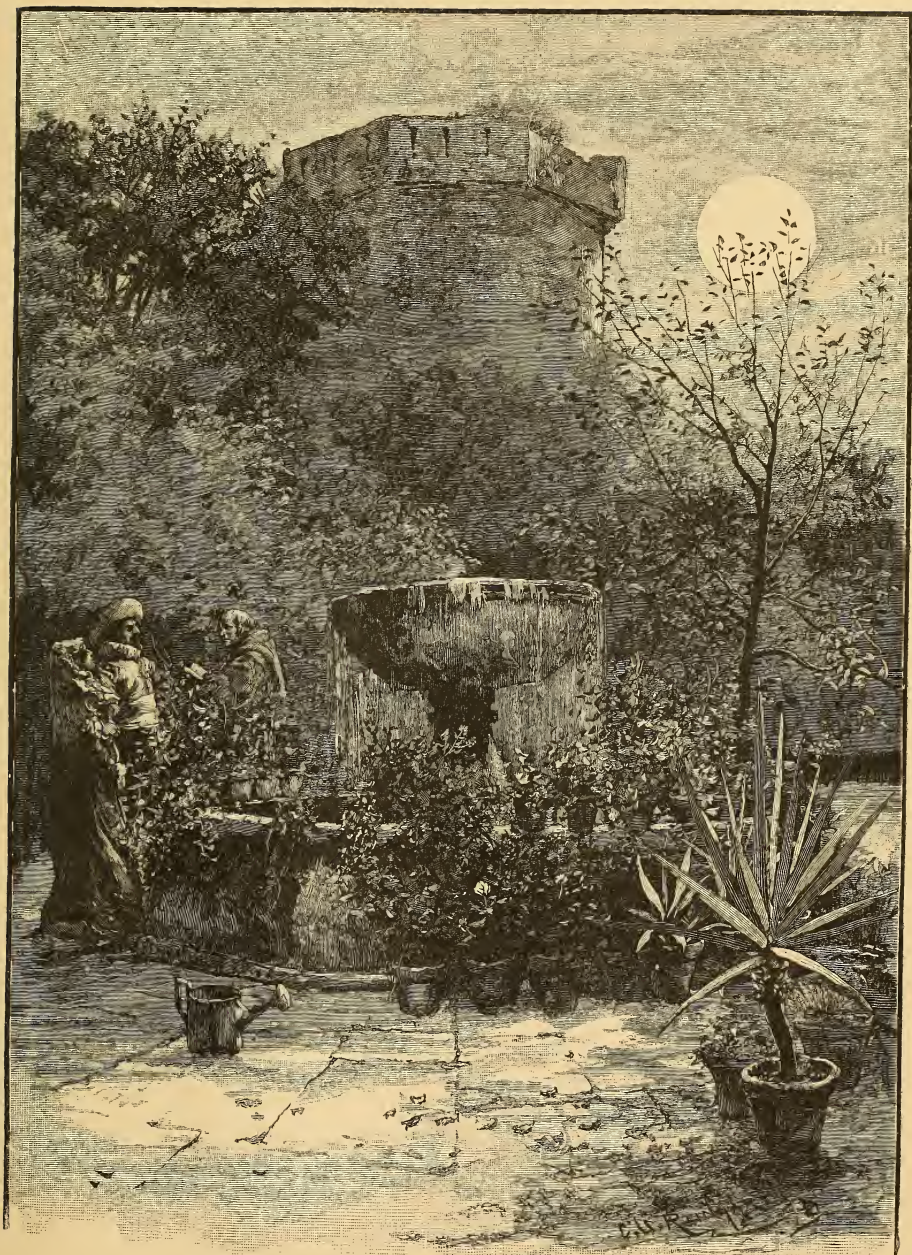
CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ALCAZAR.—PEDRO THE CRUEL, AND HOW HE OBTAINED HIS NAME.—MURDERING HIS GUESTS.—GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR.—CONCEALED FOUNTAINS.—PALACE OF THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER.—FINE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.—PLAZA DE TOROS.—MARKET OF SEVILLE.—STREETS SHADED FROM THE SUN.—SIGHTS AND SCENES IN THE MARKET.—CALENTITOS.—SUBJECTS FOR THE WORK OF ARTISTS.—SPANISH POLITENESS.—SOME RULES OF CASTILIAN ETIQUETTE.—AN OLD SHOPPING CUSTOM.—ITALICA, AND ROMAN REMAINS THERE.—A SURPRISE.—VOYAGE ON A YACHT.—DOWN THE GUADALQUIVIR.—CADIZ.—TRAFALGAR.—LORD NELSON AND THE GREAT BATTLE.—GIBRALTAR.—SIGHTS ON THE ROCK.—THE GALLERIES.—SIGNAL-STATION.—GIBRALTAR APES.—EUROPA POINT.—THE END.



COSTER-MONGERS OF SEVILLE.

OF course the travellers did not fail to visit the Alcazar, the famous palace whose history is closely connected with that of Seville during the long period that the city was the capital of Spain. Its name comes from the Arabic *al-Kasr* (the house of Cæsar), and it stands on



THE GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR.

the site of a Roman palace which was built by one of the Cæsars. It has suffered considerably by the many changes it has undergone, but is still a magnificent building and well deserves a visit.

“It was not altogether easy,” said Frank, “to determine what parts of the building were Moorish, as the Spanish restorers seem to have tried in several instances to imitate the work of their predecessors. The columns in the vestibule where we entered are said to be Roman, and belonged to the original palace, which was smaller than the present one. There is a grand portal or gateway, which was built by Don Pedro the Cruel, and he made sure that his connection with the work would be known by causing an inscription to be placed in a prominent position on the wall to record the fact.

“Perhaps you may wish to know why he was called ‘The Cruel,’ in order to distinguish him from other Don Pedros of his time. I’ll tell you. He invited his brother to a banquet at the palace, and then caused him to be murdered in the very room where the feast was held. If he took a dislike to any one he generally concealed his real feelings until a convenient opportunity, when by professing friendship he brought his victim into his power and then ordered him to be killed. It is related of him that he invited Abu Said, the usurper of the Moorish throne of Granada, to come to Seville under promise of safety, the usurper being so closely pressed by the rightful heir that he could not stay longer in Granada. When Abu Said came he was cordially welcomed by Pedro and a feast was given in his honor. After the feast was over he was put to death, in order that Don Pedro might seize upon the treasure of jewels that the Moor had brought from Granada.

“One of the jewels that was thus secured by Pedro is now in the crown of England in the Tower of London, and no doubt some of the readers of these pages have seen it. I wish I had known its history when I was at the Tower, as it would have added to the interest of looking at the crown. Don Pedro gave it to Edward, the Black Prince, after the battle of Navarrette, and it is the ‘fair ruby, great as a racket-ball,’ which Queen Elizabeth showed to the ambassador of Mary Queen of Scots. The ambassador tried to secure it for his royal mistress by entreating Elizabeth to give it to her, but the latter declined.

“The kings of Spain who lived here at different times must have been a queer lot,” continued Frank. “Charles V. caused fireplaces to be made in a portion of the palace; he is said to have been of a very chilly temperament, and rarely found the weather too warm for him. Philip V. caused an annex to be built, and he lived in it almost entirely

alone for two years and more, occupying his time with religious penances and fishing in an artificial pond. We saw the place where he fished; it is a tank rather than a pond, and the story is that the fish he caught were placed there from day to day, and kept in a state of hunger so that they would bite eagerly at his hook. The garden containing the tank is very pretty, and said to be much in the same condition as when the palace was a royal habitation.

“There is a labyrinth in the garden and we were invited to enter it, but declined, as our time was limited and we did not care to be lost in the mazes. We were sprinkled just a little, not enough to do any harm, by fountains concealed in the walks—the same fountains with which Don Pedro used to amuse himself by sprinkling the visitors and the ladies of the court. The garden contains all kinds of flowering plants that will grow in the

climate of Seville, and the divisions between the compartments are made by orange-trees, whose perfume fills the air. They showed us the hooks where Don Pedro used to hang up the heads of people who had fallen under his royal displeasure, so that he could look at them from the windows of his private apartment by way of entertainment. We asked the guide why it was there were no heads on the hooks at the present time; and

he answered with a very solemn shake of the head, as though the question was a matter which was entirely beyond his comprehension.”

Our friends visited the palace of the Duke of Montpensier, which is not far from the Alcazar, and is chiefly interesting on account of its fine collection of pictures by the Spanish masters. There are excellent



PRIEST AND PURVEYOR.

specimens of the work of Murillo, Velasquez, Morales, Ribera, and others, besides paintings by celebrated artists of other nationalities than Spanish. The palace can only be visited by travellers when the duke is absent, which happened to be the case when our friends were at Seville.

They also went to see the bull-ring, which they could do without compunction, as there was no fight on hand for that day. It is capable of seating ten or twelve thousand spectators, or, at any rate, it will hold the last-mentioned number, though it may not provide all with places to sit down. The fights at Easter are said to be second only to those of Madrid, and the bulls of this part of Spain have long been renowned for their fine qualities. The management of the Plaza de Toros (Bull-ring) of Seville is in the hands of an equestrian society which was formed three centuries ago and still exists. Its original object was to encourage tournaments and the spirit of chivalry, but it has been a long time since any tournaments were held here, except those for the slaughter of innocent quadrupeds.

“On our second morning in Seville,” said Fred, “we got up very early to visit the market, which should be seen by six o’clock at the latest. The market is held at this hour to avoid the great heat of the day, and the narrow streets leading to it are covered with awnings or sails to shade them and the pedestrians who are obliged to wend their way along. It would be easier to say what is not in the market rather than to name everything we saw there. There was an abundance of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, and everything was so cheap that we found it difficult to resist the temptation to purchase, just for the sake of economy, whether we wanted the articles or not.

“We passed several butchers’ stalls, and our guide told us that one of them was devoted to the sale of the flesh of the bulls killed in the fights at the Plaza de Toros. Chickens, geese, and other products of the poultry-yard were in abundance, some of them alive and making themselves heard by their cackling, and others slaughtered and picked ready for the kitchen. We gave little attention to these things, as they are to be found in markets everywhere; what we specially came to see were the wares peculiar to Seville, or, at all events, to Spain.

“One part of the market, or fair, was devoted to second-hand clothing, boots, shoes, hats, etc.; the boots and shoes were spread on the pavement, while the garments were hung against the wall, or on little racks improvised out of poles, which also did duty in supporting awnings for the shelter of the venders. Household utensils in iron or pottery were abundant; the pottery was often made into fantastic shapes,



A WATER-STAND.

and the ornamentation upon it displayed the prevalence of good taste among its makers. There were numerous stands where one could obtain chocolate or coffee, together with cakes fried in oil, and bearing a strong resemblance to the doughnut or cruller of New England and New York. The Spaniards call them *calentitos*, and as they are longer and more twisted than the cruller, it is quite proper that they should have a name of four syllables instead of two.

“Mary was thirsty, and asked for a glass of water. ‘Here is a water-shop,’ said our guide, as he turned aside to a stand, and asked for a glass of the liquid. A woman behind the little counter filled a glass from a decanter, and handed it out with the grace of a duchess waiting upon a queen. At one side was a bench on which two men were seated, each with a glass of water in his hand, and each smoking a cigarette. Drinking-water is a commodity of value in all Spanish cities; it is carried around on the backs of donkeys, or on the heads of servants, and the water-fountain where the kegs and other receptacles are filled is a favorite meeting-place for servants, who exchange gossip concerning their families and acquaintances, and are never in a hurry to go away.

“Of course there were barber-shops in the market-place, and several times we saw the barbers busy with their customers in full view of any one who chose to stop to look at them. Mary said she wanted to see the ‘Barber of Seville,’ the Figaro who was made famous in opera years ago. She selected a handsome young fellow gorgeously attired in sash and knee-breeches, and endeavored to make a sketch of him; evidently he was quite willing to have his picture taken, as he looked around and smiled while she was busy with paper and pencil, his smile changing to a slight frown when she closed her sketch-book and went on without exhibiting the result of her work.

“Speaking of sketches, there is an abundance of material here for the pencil of the artist, either in making figures of men, women, and children, or putting on paper and canvas the quaint and picturesque house-fronts that present themselves at every turn. A goodly number of artists from England and France have found their way here, but comparatively few Americans; we have seen several artists since we came here and heard of others, but not one of them was from our native land, with just a single exception.

“The women of Seville,” continued Fred, “are famous for their beauty, and we have seen some pretty faces during our stay, but the proportion is so small that we think the handsome ones do not often venture where they can be seen by strangers. The prettiest girl I have

seen was selling flowers in the market; she was poorly dressed and barefooted, but she carried herself with a queenly dignity that secured the admiration of all of us. We have seen several handsome women in the cathedral or its neighborhood, but not many; they were of the true type of southern Spain, with black hair and eyes, and wore on their heads the mantillas or veils peculiar to the country and exceedingly becoming to the wearers, especially to the younger ones.

"Mrs. Bassett and Mary have taken a great fancy to these mantillas, which are made of lace; they have asked for and examined them in the shops, but found the prices too high to encourage extensive purchases. Ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars were demanded for lace veils of ordinary quality, and as for the fine ones, they range anywhere from fifty dollars up to one hundred or more. Quite likely a resident of Seville could buy much cheaper than strangers; we are told that the dealers always ask more for their goods than they expect to receive, even when they announce on their signs that all prices are absolutely fixed."

Our friends were much impressed during their stay in Spain with the universal politeness which prevailed everywhere. Here is what Mary wrote on this interesting subject:

"Everybody is polite to everybody else; even the beggars salute each other as 'Señor y Caballero,' which means 'Lord and Knight,' but they don't expect to be called so by those of whom they seek alms. Every gentleman is called 'Don,' which is the equivalent of 'Sir' in English, though it really means 'Dominus' or 'Lord.' It is always prefixed to the first name and not to the surname, thus following the English use of 'Sir.' Frank is called 'Don Frank Bassett,' or perhaps 'Don Francisco Bassetti,' and a Spaniard would no more think of speaking of him as



QUENCHING THIRST.

'Don Bassett' than an Englishman of good education would allude to Sir Randolph Churchill as 'Sir Churchill.'

"I asked Doctor Bronson what was to be done when one didn't know a Spanish gentleman's Christian name, and wished to address him. He said that in such a case it was necessary to insert 'De' after 'Señor,' the equivalent of the French appellation 'De' or of the German 'Von.' If his name happened to be 'Herrara' you must call him 'Señor de Herrara,' the name of a gentleman, and not 'Señor Herrara,' which would make him nobody at all.

"A married lady is called 'Señora,' and an unmarried one 'Señorita,' so the Doctor tells me. In case of doubt it is well to call a lady 'Senorita,' as you thereby imply that she is young; Spanish ladies are just as sensitive about their age and good looks as English or American ones—at least, that's what I'm told, and I've no reason to believe otherwise.

"When a gentleman makes a call to deliver a letter of introduction he is received with a great deal of ceremony. He is led up to the sofa in the best parlor of the house, and seated at the right hand of his host; his hat is placed on a chair, as though it were an individual, or perhaps the owner is asked to put it on his head, which of course he declines to do. When he leaves the house the host accompanies him to the door, and if he wishes to again see the visitor there he says, 'This house is at your disposal whenever you please to favor it.' If he omits to use this politeness it is a delicate hint that he does not care to continue the acquaintance. Frank says he wishes we had something of the kind in our own manners and customs at home.

"When a gentleman has been making a call on a lady and rises to leave, he says, 'Señora, I place myself at your feet,' though he really stands all the while. She replies, 'I kiss your hand, caballero' (which she doesn't); 'may you depart with God and continue well.' Then the gentleman says, 'May you remain with God,' bows, and takes his departure, the lady retaining her seat all the while, as ladies in Spain rarely rise to receive a gentleman visitor, but they welcome feminine ones with kisses both on arrival and departure.

"When two gentlemen meet on the street or in any public place they salute each other by raising their hats, bowing with great dignity, and then, though not always, shaking hands. It is the duty of each to inquire after the health of the other, and also that of his wife and children, and of his parents, if they are known to be living.

"If two gentlemen are walking together and pass the house of either, it is the custom of the owner of the dwelling to ask the other if



“THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.”

he will not stop and rest a little ‘in his own’ house. The house is thus treated as though it belonged to the man who is asked to visit it; in the same stretch of politeness a Spaniard presents a thing that is admired to the one who admires it, but of course he does not expect that it will be taken. The one thus addressed replies with a bow, and with

a set phrase like this: 'Thanks, it is already in most excellent hands, and cannot possibly better itself by any change.'

"In a railway carriage a gentleman never lights a cigar, or partakes of food or drink, without inviting his fellow-passengers to share it with him, and the same is the case if travellers happen to be eating at the roadside when others pass by. It would be the height of rudeness to fail to tender the invitation, and equally rude to accept it unless it should be repeated and pressed two or three times.

"There used to be a custom for gentlemen who went out shopping with ladies to pay for everything they bought, but it is said to be pretty nearly obsolete at the present time. I can imagine that a gentleman with a limited purse would be very chary of accompanying a lady on a shopping excursion under such circumstances, and certainly he would have good reason for being so. It also was the custom, whenever a gentleman saw ladies whom he knew taking luncheon in a restaurant, to call their waiter and privately settle their account without asking their permission or even speaking to them on that occasion. Frank suggested that if such a custom were introduced into New York it would give the opportunity for waiters in fashionable restaurants to add materially to their incomes, as they would forget to tell the ladies that their bills had been paid. This custom has declined somewhat in Spain, and will probably disappear altogether, along with the one I just mentioned about shopping. 'Certainly it ought to do so.

"It is considered very impolite to ask a question of a stranger without prefacing it with some form of civility. There are three phrases which we learned as soon as we came into Spain, and we keep them constantly on hand for instant use. Here they are:

"*Digame usted* (please tell me), *déme usted* (please give me), and *hagame usted el favor* (be so kind).

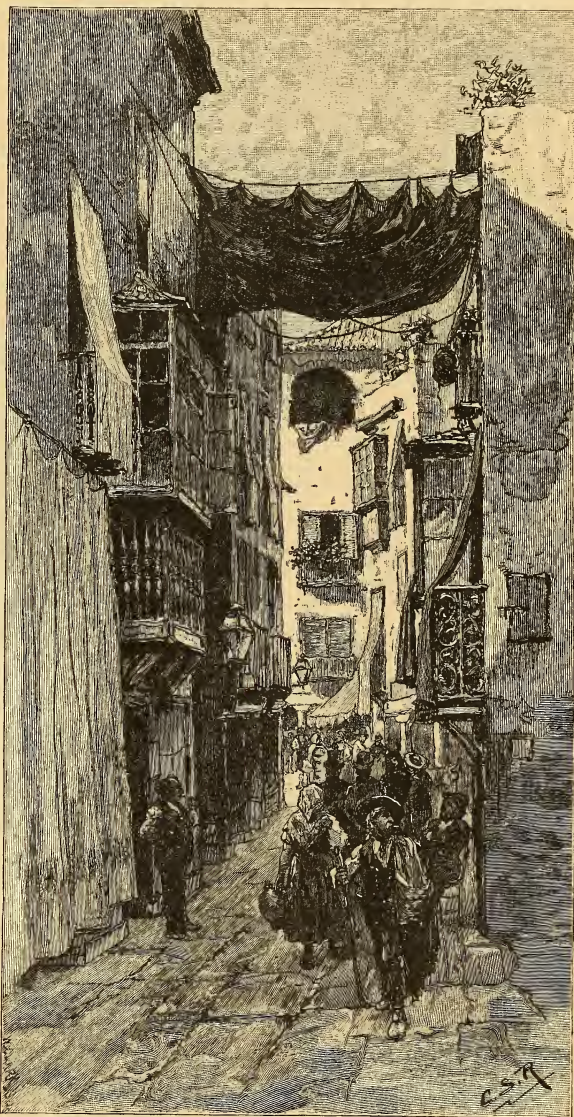
"The same rule applies not only in Spain but all over the Continent, where English and American travellers often give offence by their abrupt way of asking questions. Frank and Fred say that the English-speaking race has good reason to be proud of what it has done for the world in commerce, invention, and industry, but ought to be ashamed of its rude manners and lack of politeness generally. But I don't want to write a homily, and so I'll stop at once."

An excursion was made in the country near Seville; it included a visit to the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre at Italica, which was the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius, and was at one time a place of considerable splendor. Seville and Italica were at

one time rivals; after the Moors obtained possession of Spain they abandoned Italica, considering Seville to have the better site, and from that time onward the material of Italica was carried away by any one who chose to remove it for building purposes elsewhere. There is now only a small village on the site where Italica once stood. Mary said that all the villagers but one were beggars, and importuned the party without cessation during their stay; the one who refrained was ill in bed, and could not turn over without assistance, and they declined an invitation to see him and give him a chance.

On the morning after the visit to Italica Doctor Bronson received a telegram, which came while the party was at breakfast. Immediately on receiving it he told the others that he wished them to be ready to leave the hotel at ten o'clock, as he had a very pleasant surprise in store for them.

"Must we be ready with bag and baggage?" queried Mrs. Bassett, addressing the Doctor.



A STREET IN SEVILLE.

“With bag and baggage,” replied Doctor Bronson; “we’re going to leave Seville for another place of interest.”

“All right,” responded Mrs. Bassett; and Mary nodded assent, as did also Frank and Fred. A few minutes later the party broke up.

Promptly at the hour named all were ready, and waiting for the word to move. The baggage was sent off in advance in charge of a trusty porter, to whom the Doctor had given the necessary instructions, and in a little while the travellers followed in carriages. The drivers took the route in the direction of the steamboat quay, near which were great heaps of oranges waiting to be boxed and shipped, while at other heaps men and women were busy wrapping the fruit in paper and placing it carefully in the cases intended for it.

As the carriages came to a halt Mary whispered to her mother that she thought she knew what the surprise was that the Doctor had planned and was keeping so very secret.

“What do you think it is?” Mrs. Bassett asked.

“We’re going somewhere by water,” replied Mary; “perhaps to Cadiz by steamboat on the river.”

“We’ll know very soon,” was the response. Just as the words were uttered Doctor Bronson, who was in the other and foremost carriage, called out to them that the boat was waiting for them. They looked, but could see no boat other than a steam-yacht at anchor in the river, and a small tow-boat used for moving sailing-craft up and down the stream and bringing them to their anchorage.

While they looked a boat was seen to put off from the yacht and approach the landing-place. The Doctor came to the carriage and assisted its occupants to alight, saying as he did so that they were to go on board the yacht at once, their baggage having already been sent there. Within a quarter of an hour they were standing on the yacht’s deck, and her anchor was lifted preparatory to her departure down the river towards the broad Atlantic.

“We are going to Gibraltar direct,” said Doctor Bronson. “It will take about six hours to descend the river to the ocean, and ten more to reach Gibraltar. We want to get out of the river during daylight, and that’s why we are starting now; morning will bring us to the famous rock, and you are such good sailors that I know you’ll enjoy a night at sea, even if it is a little rough.”

“Of course we shall,” said Mrs. Bassett; “but where in the world did you get this delightful yacht?”

“It belongs to an English gentleman whom I’ve known a long



THE MOORISH GATE, SEVILLE.

time," was the reply. "He was in Seville when I came here, and invited me to take a cruise with him; but I was obliged to decline. He went to Gibraltar by rail the day before you arrived, having been summoned there by telegraph; he was obliged to leave his yacht behind, as she was undergoing some repairs to her engines that were not completed till yesterday. The telegram I received this morning placed

the boat at my disposal to take you to Gibraltar, and the opportunity for the excursion was too good to be missed."

"We'll give your friend a vote of thanks," said Mrs. Bassett.

"Yes, and three cheers," chimed in Mary.

"Three times three," suggested Frank.

"And a tiger," added Fred, "provided we can find the animal at Gibraltar, or anywhere else on our way."

Conversation then turned to the Guadalquivir and the beauty for which it is famed. Mary remarked that instead of being of the cerulean blue about which poets rave, it was as turbid as the Tiber or the Mississippi. "It may be blue at some seasons of the year," she added, "but certainly it isn't blue now."

"It is said to be constantly wearing away its banks in the lower part of its course," remarked the Doctor, "and I doubt if it is at any time different in color from what we find it to-day—at least, below Seville. As you say, it is far from blue."

As the yacht gained headway down the river it passed extensive groves of orange-trees, hills covered with olive plantations, and with open fields in which horses and cattle were grazing. At several places on the banks there were piles of huge jars intended for olive-oil; they were the exact pattern of the amphoræ of the Romans, and reminded Mary of the story of Morgiana and the Forty Thieves. These jars are made in pottery-works which were originally established by the Romans, and have never been entirely given up. The mode of making the jars is almost identical with that of two thousand years ago, the potters being quite contented to follow in the footsteps of their ancestors and do as they did. Spain is not a progressive country.

The yacht passed between two islands, one of them twenty or more miles in length, and came out where the river broadened into an estuary. Mountains were visible in the distance, but the banks of the Guadalquivir were flat and monotonous; few villages were to be seen, and the whole plain seemed given up to the pasturage of cattle and horses, and to the habitation of such birds as chose to make it their home, but they did not appear to be numerous.

Doctor Bronson explained the sparseness of population by saying that though this region is favorable to vegetation and to cattle and horses, it is unsuited to man, being as full of fever-breeding malaria as the Roman Campagna. "Cattle grow fat and sleek," said he; "but the peasants who care for the herds are yellow and sickly in appearance, and almost never reach what is called a ripe old age."

At the little port of Bonanza, at the mouth of the river, the yacht halted long enough to exchange her river-pilot for a marine one. Then she pushed out into the Atlantic, so as to get a good offing before turning in the direction of Gibraltar. The captain did not wish to take any risk of being run upon the rocks along the coast, and told the pilot to give a very wide berth to Cadiz and Cape Trafalgar, and also to Cape Tarifa, around which the yacht would pass as she entered the Mediterranean and left the Atlantic behind her.

A fairly good view was obtained of Cadiz, but it was a general view only, the yacht being too far out to sea for the detail of the picture to be made out with distinctness. Cape Trafalgar was passed in the night, somewhat to the disappointment of Frank and Fred, who wished to



SPANISH JARS.

look upon the scene of Lord Nelson's great victory. Mrs. Bassett asked about the famous battle and when it took place and what it was about, to which Fred replied as follows:

"It was one of the greatest naval battles known in history, and occurred on October 21, 1805, between an English fleet of twenty-

seven ships and a combined French and Spanish fleet of thirty-three ships—eighteen French and fifteen Spanish.”

“The English had the smaller number of ships,” said Mrs. Bassett, “and yet they were victorious. How did it happen?”

“To attempt to explain the results of the battle would lead us into a long account of the affair, and perhaps we would be no wiser at the end than when we began. Suffice it to say the English fleet succeeded in capturing or destroying nineteen of their adversaries, and putting the rest to flight. Lord Nelson, who commanded on the English side, was killed during the battle, and was succeeded by Admiral Collingwood. The signal which Nelson hoisted when going into battle has become historical, and is quoted very frequently.”

“What is that?”

“‘England expects every man to do his duty,’” replied Fred.

“Immediately after the signal was hoisted the battle began; Lord Nelson was killed by a musket-ball fired from the French ship *Redoubtable*, which engaged the *Victory*, the English flag-ship, at close quarters; but his death was not generally known in the fleet until after the day’s work was over. It was in honor of Lord Nelson and in commemoration of the battle that Trafalgar Square in London was built, and the monument to the great naval hero placed in its centre.”

“We shall pass another place whose name has become famous in history,” said Frank; “perhaps I should more properly say it was the origin of a word that is the subject of a vast amount of discussion.”

“I know what you refer to,” exclaimed Mary. “It is Tarifa, where duties on goods are said to have been first collected, and from which our word tariff is derived.”

“That is it exactly,” Frank answered. “Tarifa is a very old city, as it existed long before the Romans came to Spain, but it is now a small one, and one of the most Moorish in appearance of all the cities of the kingdom. At the present time it is interesting chiefly from its position, which is the most southerly in Europe and on a rocky peninsula jutting out into the sea.”

Other conversation followed in which various questions were asked and answered, among them being an inquiry as to the Strait of Gibraltar and its length and width. Frank explained that the strait begins at Cape Trafalgar, which is about twenty-four miles from the nearest point in Africa, and ends at Europa Point, Gibraltar, forty miles from Trafalgar, and distant about twenty miles from the nearest African shore. The narrowest part is at Tarifa Point, where its width does not

exceed ten miles; in certain conditions of the wind sailing-vessels are compelled to go quite close to the fort at Tarifa, and this circumstance rendered the collection of duties comparatively easy in the days before steamships were invented. At present the blockade of the strait could only be made effective by a powerful fleet, as the gantlet of the old forts might be run by steam-vessels with comparatively little risk.

Bright and early in the morning our friends were all on deck, impatient for their first glimpse of Gibraltar, one of the strongest fortresses of the world—or, at least, so reputed. It has often been compared to the figure of a crouching lion with its gaze turned in the direction of Africa, and, as they looked at it, each one of our party of travellers noted the resemblance, which is by no means a flight of fancy. The shape is more readily perceived when the rock is several miles away



LORD NELSON.

from the observer than when it is close at hand, and is said to have been mentioned in the time of the Romans and possibly before their day.

In reply to a question by Mary, Frank said that the Rock of Gibraltar was known to the ancients, but never inhabited; it was one of the Pillars of Hercules, Abyla being the African one, beyond which strangers, in the times of the Phœnicians, were not allowed to navigate.

“Coming down to later times,” said Frank, “we find that the name of the rock is derived from its Moorish conqueror, Gebal-Tarik, who took possession of it in the eighth century; the Moors held it for more than seven centuries, with the exception of a short period of twenty-five

years, and its possession during the time since their expulsion has been about equally divided between Spain and England."

"The English have it now," said Mrs. Bassett, as Frank paused, "and will probably keep it, too, will they not?"

"Most assuredly," was the reply. "It is one of the military and naval stations of the British empire that carries the beat of her morning drum around the world. Great Britain is as likely to abandon its beer and pale ale as to give up Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, or Hong-Kong. It has made Gibraltar capable of resisting attacks by land and sea, and it is currently reported that the place is constantly provisioned and supplied with ammunition sufficient for a siege of thirty years."

"Thirty years! is that really so? How is it possible?"

"As to that I am unable to say, but am only repeating the current report. The public is allowed to know nothing about affairs in Gibralt-



GIBRALTAR.

tar, except what the authorities choose to tell or show them, or what by their nature cannot be concealed. It is very certain that Gibraltar is abundantly supplied with everything that would be needed for resisting a siege longer than anything that is likely to occur in the present day. France and Spain besieged the rock for four years (1779 to 1783) with a great force of troops on land and a powerful fleet on the water, but all to no purpose, and the facilities for defence in those days were much less than they are now, as I will explain.

“The sides of the rock are seamed with batteries, and there are batteries all along the water-front wherever a landing might be effected by hostile troops. In the past ten years many new cannon have been put in position, new forts have been built, and the defences greatly strengthened. But the work is by no means completed, as the improvements in modern artillery constantly call for something additional, and the probabilities are that the strengthening of Gibraltar will not be finished as long as civilization exists, and nations continue to maintain their independence and their dread of each other.”

“A happy time that none of us will ever see,” Fred remarked, as the yacht turned into Gibraltar Bay and gradually slackened her speed as she approached her anchorage, when she stopped.

The party landed immediately and proceeded to the principal hotel, where they met the owner of the yacht, who had been informed by telegraph of their departure from Seville, and notified by signal from the summit of the rock of the boat's arrival in port. He received the thanks of each and all the travellers for his courtesy, but the cheers, with “three times three and a tiger,” were deferred until such time as the host and his guests should be better acquainted.

For an account of what the party saw in Gibraltar we will refer to the extract we are permitted to make from Frank's journal.

“From the point of view of the ordinary tourist,” said Frank, “it doesn't take long to see the sights of Gibraltar. The great object of interest is the rock itself, the galleries cut in its sides for holding cannon, and the signal-station on the summit, 1437 feet above the level of the sea below us. A superior pedestrian may make the journey on foot, but as we are only ordinary walkers we preferred to hire donkeys and horses which are not expensive.

“We engaged a guide and the necessary saddle animals, and had an excursion that occupied four or five hours. The galleries are tunnelled in the rock in tiers along its face, and the openings for the cannon are concealed as much as possible by means of vines and bushes, so that it

is impossible to make out their position, when one looks from the bay with the most powerful telescope. Even if they could be seen they would be very poor targets, and the gunners within the galleries would run hardly any risk whatever while pouring showers of shot on a hostile



THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCK.

fleet below. Most of the galleries are twelve feet wide by as many high; in several places they are enlarged into halls, all cut from the solid rock. The largest is St. George's Hall, forty-five feet long by forty in width, and twenty feet high; it is celebrated for a banquet that was given in it to Lord Nelson just before the famous battle of Trafalgar.

"It made us dizzy to look from the embrasures in St. George's Hall and in other parts of the galleries. It was a sheer descent for hundreds of feet down to the base of the rock, and for other hundreds the solid mass towered above us. It would be absolutely impossible for the most active acrobat to scale the face of the rocky precipice, and

a waste of ammunition for an enemy to attempt to batter it down.

"We were shown through the galleries by an artillery sergeant, who hinted that there were other galleries in the rock which were not shown to strangers, and there is certainly no reason why there may not be ten or twenty times as many as those we saw. I observed, by the way, that the cannon in the galleries are of an antiquated pattern, old-fashioned smooth-bores, loading at the muzzle, and far behind the cannon of

the present day. It is hardly to be supposed that the military authorities are unaware of this circumstance, and it is more than probable that they have a plentiful supply of modern guns ready to be mounted at any short notice in case of trouble.

“From the galleries we ascended to the signal-station, which has been a signal-station or beacon from very ancient times. On the way we caught sight of a dozen or more apes that have long resided, they and their predecessors, on the rock, and are carefully preserved. They are of the same kind as those for which King Solomon sent to Tharshish, as mentioned in I. Kings, chapter x., and the tradition is that they came from Africa by means of a subterranean passage under the strait, as they are averse to swimming.

“We had a splendid view from the signal-tower, embracing parts of two continents as we looked north or south, the Atlantic Ocean to the westward, and the Mediterranean when we turned our faces to the east. The Bay of Gibraltar, the town, and Europa Point seemed so nearly below us that we might almost toss a biscuit or a penny upon them, but we would have found ourselves grievously mistaken had we made the attempt. The length of the rock is about three miles, and it is not far from a mile across at its broadest point.

“St. Michael’s Cave is one of the curiosities of the place, and we visited it after leaving the signal-station. The guide lighted some torches, and we went perhaps three hundred feet into the mountain, following a zigzag path among huge stalactites and fantastically-shaped columns that support the roof, which is very high in places.

“After some of the caves we have seen, this one of St. Michael does not amount to much, and we were glad to get out of it. It is reputed to be the entrance to the subterranean passage by which the apes were said to cross and recross between Europe and Africa, but I have serious doubts as to their having done anything of the kind. They could not make their way through twenty miles of darkness without torches, and no ape or monkey was ever known to light a torch or a fire of any kind, or to keep one going after it was lighted. And, furthermore, I don’t believe there is any underground route between the two continents, nor does any other member of our party believe the story.

“When we had finished with St. Michael’s Cave we returned to the town, and in the afternoon went to Europa Point and the Alameda or Esplanade. The drive is delightful all the way from Commercial Square to the end of the rock, and we greatly enjoyed it.

“I can’t begin to tell you all that we saw in our drive, nor can I

give an adequate picture of the Alameda, which is a delightful garden where formerly there was nothing but a sandy desert. General Don, who commanded here in 1814, converted it into a garden, and subsequent commanders have added to his work and made it one of the most delightful spots we have seen since leaving Italy."

After dinner that evening Doctor Bronson invited Frank and Fred to accompany him to the club, for which he had received cards for himself and the youths, promising to return speedily to the parlor, where they would join Mrs. Bassett and Mary.



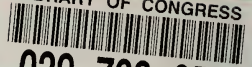
STREET SCENE IN GIBRALTAR.

"Something's in the wind," said Mary, as soon as the trio had departed. "They've gone to talk over plans for our next move, I'm sure."

"That's what I suspect," responded her mother. "Well, we're in good hands, and whatever they agree upon will be satisfactory to both of us."

Mary assented emphatically to Mrs. Bassett's assertion, and then the conversation turned to what they had seen during the day. They were in the midst of their talk when the Doctor and the youths returned and joined them in the parlor, accompanied by the gentleman in whose yacht the party came from Seville.

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