

WHARTON ANNE
HOLLINGSWORTH

ITALIAN DAYS AND WAYS

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Anne Hollingsworth Wharton

Italian Days and Ways

I

LA SUPERBA IN THE CLOUDS

Genoa, February 19th.

Your most interesting letter, Sir Philosopher, reached me at Gibraltar, and served to give me a homelike feeling in that alien land of Spain. Any one who can write letters as interesting as yours, from your library, with the mercury at zero outside, and nothing more refreshing to look upon from the window than snow and sleet, does not need to wander in sunny lands and among ancient ruins for an inspiration. No, travel would be absolutely wasted upon you, who require only a cigar and a wood fire to encourage your "reveries of a bachelor."

You wish to know what are my first impressions of Italy, and how we three women get on together? To be perfectly candid with you, we ourselves are not wandering in sunny lands at present, and the cheerful blaze of your library fire would prove most welcome to benumbed fingers and pinched noses.

Our welcome to Genoa was not particularly cheerful. It had been raining for days; the sky was heavy with clouds, and the air chilly and damp. We can well understand why the prudent and all-informing Baedeker advises invalids visiting Genoa at this time to guard against raw winds and abrupt changes of temperature.

We enjoyed coming into the fine harbor, around which Genoa is built upon its hills and terraces in the form of a half-circle, the city widening out toward the ends of the arc. On the hills, we know, are many beautiful villas, seen to-day but dimly through veils of mist, and beyond are the mountains, which in clear weather must add much to the charm of this old fortress as seen from the sea.

Zelphine says that it would be very ungrateful of us if we were to complain of cloudy weather, as the skies might be pouring down upon us instead of only threatening, and, after all, we are having the same good luck that we had in Madeira, Granada, and Algiers in coming after the rain instead of before it.

And how do we get on together? Really, monsieur, you display courage when you ask that question, as I might here and now unburden my mind of a long list of grievances. As it is, however, I have so far no woes to relate, although I know that a sojourn on the Continent has wrecked many a friendship. We three must appear to those who meet us an ill-assorted trio; but because of our individualities we may be the better fitted to stand the crucial test of a tour of indefinite length, whose only object is pleasure.

Zelphine is the encyclopædia of the party, and, as Angela says, her information is always on tap, besides which she is amiable and refreshingly romantic. It is inspiring to travel with a woman, no longer young, to whom the world and its inhabitants still wear "the glory and the dream." On the other hand, when one is suffering from the discomforts of travel to such an extent that it would be a luxury to moan and groan a bit and find fault with the general condition of things, it is a trifle irritating to see Zelphine sailing serenely upon the seas of high content, apparently above such trifling accidents as material comfort. You, being a man and consequently a philosopher of greater or less degree, may not be able to understand this; it is just here that Zelphine and I might quarrel, but we "generally most always" do not.

Angela you have scarcely known since she was a little girl, when she was a prime favorite of yours. In the half-hour in which you saw her, just before we sailed, you must have realized that in

appearance she had fulfilled the promise of her beautiful childhood. She is a spirited creature, but with a fine balance of common sense, and with her delicate, spirituelle beauty is astonishingly practical—an up-to-date girl, in fine. Have you ever wondered, among your many ponderings, why the girls of to-day, with the beauty of their great-grandmothers, should be utterly devoid of the sentiment that enhanced the loveliness of those dear ladies as perfume adds to the charm of a flower? This question I leave with you for future solution.

Here in Genoa we meet the narrow, precipitous passages, streets by courtesy, which interested us in the Moorish quarter of Algiers, dating back in both cases to remote antiquity. They are to be found, we are told, in every old Italian town. Many of them answer to Hawthorne's description of the streets of Perugia, which, he says, are "like caverns, being arched all over and plunging down abruptly towards an unknown darkness, which, when you have fathomed its depths, admits you to a daylight that you scarcely hoped to behold again."

Old palaces overshadow these narrow, crooked streets, built many stories high and close together for protection against enemies without and factional feuds at home; such as those between the powerful houses of Doria, Spinola, Fieschi, and the like. The majority of these buildings have fallen from their ancient glory, and look, as Angela says, like tenement houses. This plebeian association is carried out by the squalid appearance of the inhabitants, and by the clothes-lines stretched across the streets from window to window, on which are hung garments of every size, degree, color, and ingenuity of patch, the predominant red and white lending a certain picturesqueness to the motley array.

Turning a corner, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a quarrel, or a violent altercation at the best, between a pretty signora at a fourth-floor window and a vendor of fruits and vegetables on the sidewalk below. The language which the lady used, as she leaned far out of the window, was so vigorous that no interpreter was needed to make her meaning plain: the merchant was a charlatan and a villain; the saints were all called upon as witnesses to his depravity. He, the so-called vendor of over-ripe fruit, pointed to his wares, beating his breast and spreading out his hands in token of his spotless innocence. He sell over-ripe oranges? All his neighbors would testify to his poverty and that of his family because he, honest one, daily sacrificed hundreds of oranges to satisfy his unreasonable customers!

The signora's dark eyes flashed, the Spanish mantilla upon her head shook in sympathy with the violence of her emotions, as she repeated her vocabulary of epithets. We were thankful that four stories separated the combatants, and retiring under the shadow of a doorway we anxiously awaited results. Something happened, we know not what; the fruit may have been reduced the fraction of a penny; whatever it was, a truce was declared, during which the signora's basket, filled with fruit and artichokes, was drawn up to the window by a rope. After the lady had carefully inspected each individual fruit and vegetable, she smiled blandly, lowered some money in her basket, and the pair parted with bows and compliments. Juliet on her balcony could not have been more graceful, nor Romeo on the pavement below more gallant than this shabby *venditore*, as he swept the ground with his cap, one hand upon his heart!

Feeling that we owed something to somebody for the pleasure that this little drama had afforded us, we crossed the street and bought from the chief actor some fresh dates such as we had first tasted in Algiers. As we paid the asking price without protest, we felt quite sure that the valiant little merchant was making off us anything that he may have lost in his previous transaction; but the dates, of a delicate amber color, as sweet as honey and almost as transparent, were worth whatever price we paid for them.

After much turning and retracing of steps, and laughing over being lost and not having the power to make inquiries with any certainty of being understood, we finally gained wider and more open streets, and on the Piazza Banchi found an exchange, where we were able to get some money on our letters of credit.

After attending to this practical detail we turned into the little old Via Orefici, Jewellers' Street, with its many goldsmiths' shops. Over one of the doors is a Virgin and Child, so beautiful that it cost the artist his life. Pellegrino Piola's master, insanely jealous of this work of his pupil, rose up in wrath and killed him. Even the patron, St. Eloy, was unable to save poor Piola's life, but the guild of smiths, who revere St. Eloy as their patron saint, invoked his aid to preserve this lovely fresco from the ruthless hands of Napoleon when he would have carried it off to France.

As we passed window after window, some with their display of exquisite gold and silver filigree and others containing lofty pyramids of the most delicious-looking candied fruit, Angela said that after a few hours' stay in Genoa she was quite sure of two characteristics of the Genoese: a passion for jewelry, especially of the filigree sort, and an inordinate appetite for sweets. The pretty, delicate ornaments, I am inclined to think, are only spread forth to tempt the unwary tourist; but the Italian taste for sweets is proverbial, whetted, doubtless, by the high price of sugar and the exquisiteness of the native confections.

Strolling along the fine, wide Via Vittorio Emanuele, eating our dates like true Bohemians and gazing about us upon the sights of the strange city, we turned, almost involuntarily, into the busy thoroughfare of the Via San Lorenzo, where we were confronted by the great façade of the cathedral of the same name, with huge stone lions standing guard at the door. Above the entrance—growsome and realistic spectacle—is poor St. Lawrence broiling away on his stone gridiron! We shall doubtless behold many such spectacles during our travels, and may, like Mark Twain, become quite hardened to the sight of St. Sebastian stuck full of arrows, and of lovely young St. Anastasia and of many others, of whom the world was not worthy, smiling amid the flames; but this realistic thrusting of St. Lawrence and his gridiron into the life of to-day, as an ornament to a church, impressed us as unworthy of a people credited with a sense of beauty and fitness.

We were thankful to turn from the cathedral, whose interior we may explore to-morrow, and, like good Americans, wend our way along the Via Balbi, with its many palaces and handsome university buildings, to a lovely little square called Acquaverde, where there is a handsome modern statue of Columbus. Beside the really fine figure of the Genoese navigator is a woman who represents either Columbia or an Italianized American Indian, we were not sure which, to whom Columbus is offering the Catholic religion and other blessings of civilization. From the benevolent expression of the donor it is evident that he is making the presentation in good faith, although the lady appears singularly indifferent to the gifts offered her.

Some children with large, dark eyes and round, rosy cheeks, beautiful enough to serve as models for the Holy Child and St. John, were playing in the little green square some rhymed game in which their high, clear voices rang out joyously. It was probably an Italian equivalent for "ring-around-the-rosy" or "hot butter-beans." We longed to know just what the words meant. Zephine bribed the singers with soldi to an encore; but, alas! the song fell upon ears dull of understanding. This was the merriest scene that we have found in Genoa, which does not impress us as a gay city at all; but what mature and sane community could be merry under skies as leaden as these?

We are lodged in an old palace, which opens out on those most disappointing arcades of which we have read such fascinating descriptions. We see no pretty young Genoese women in thin muslin veils nor handsome matrons in veils of flowered chintz; probably the rain keeps them and their finery indoors. We remind ourselves, from time to time, that we are dwelling in marble halls for the first time in our lives, and yet some of the appointments of this rather expensive *albergo* are not equal to those of a second or third class hotel in America. My room is spacious, with windows opening to the floor and commanding a fine view of the harbor, where many ships lie at anchor, among them the floating city in which we came hither. It makes us feel at home to-night to see the lights of the Augusta Victoria, and we wave friendly greetings to her and our fellow-voyagers across the bay.

"We were far more comfortable in our little state-rooms on the ship than we shall ever be in this damp palace!" said Angela, shivering. "This room feels like a cellar. Do they never have any fires here?"

"Yes, behold the fireplace!" I replied, drawing aside a screen and revealing a small hole in the wall. "We will bask in the warmth of a cheerful blaze this evening, and toast our toes before the glowing coals."

As luck would have it, the chimney did not draw well, probably not having been used in this century, and so instead of a cheerful blaze we had clouds of smoke, and went to bed to dream of snow-storms and icebergs.

February 20th.

I awoke to hear the rain beating against my window and Angela's merry voice at my side, saying, "Such an experience! Zephine rang our bell, thinking that she would have a fire or smoke or something to take off the deadly chill from our room. In a minute there came a knock at the door, and instead of the chambermaid there stood a grand gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons, with a breakfast-tray—the proprietor or head waiter, I should say. We hadn't the courage to say a word about fire to this dignified person. Indeed, he gave us no time to say anything, as he set the tray on a table beside the bed, and vanished with 'Madame est servie.' Of course Z. is the madame; I don't count, being *jeune fille*. Such manners Z. says she has seldom seen in a ballroom at home. So now, Margaret, the breakfast is there and must be eaten. Do order yours, and let us breakfast together."

"A kimono *déjeuner à trois*," I said, laughing over Angela's ignorance of Continental ways, to which I had become quite accustomed during my art winter in Paris with Katharine Clarke.

"A second ring may fetch the maid and fire," said Angela, pressing the button.

This, however, only served to bring the blue-coated waiter, with another tray of coffee and rolls. It was some time before we were able to get the maid, who, in turn, sent for the *facchino* who attends to the fires, and he, assisted by another *facchino*, finally succeeded in fanning into a blaze the infinitesimal quantity of wood used here for a fire. This "house that Jack built" distribution of labor is rather puzzling to the uninitiated. We are wondering how we shall ever compass the problem of fees, so many people are serving us.

"I don't wonder that Eugene Field sang with longing of the 'land of stoves and sunshine,'" said Zephine, as she held her hands over the feeble flame, "if he ever stayed in Genoa in February."

This is the nearest approach to a complaint that Zephine has uttered since we left New York. She accepts everything that comes to us, good, bad, or indifferent, as a part of the game. We breakfasted heartily, calling for more rolls and boiled eggs, to the evident but entirely well-bred astonishment of the presiding genius, who was not accustomed to such early morning appetites.

The rain continued to pour in torrents; and here let me confess, with more or less contrition, that we were all three most desperately homesick. Whether it was that we missed our pleasant fellow-travellers who were steaming off for Nice to-day, or because of the persistent rain, we, one after another, fell a prey to the depressing malady. Angela, first of all, with eyes full of tears, wondered many times, in language more or less strenuous, why she had ever left her happy home for these inhospitable shores; and I—well, it matters little what I said. Zephine surprised me weeping over my travelling-hat, which, although it did present a rather dilapidated appearance after yesterday's rain, failed to afford sufficient cause for my tears. She, the heroic one, who had never told her woe, in attempting to console me broke down herself, and we wept in each other's arms, which had the good result of bringing Angela to our side and making her laugh heartily. Finally, in desperation, I proposed that we should order a cab and drive over to the Hôtel de Londres and try to find some of our steamer friends who expected to stay here a few days *en route* for Florence.

We were cordially welcomed by Bertha Linn and Mrs. Robins, who received us in their rooms, one of which was comfortably heated by a porcelain stove. Despite their more favorable surroundings,

we soon discovered that our two countrywomen were as down-hearted as ourselves. Bertha, seated upon a trunk, looking about as cheerful as Miss Betsey Trotwood when she came up to London in pursuit of her scattered fortune, expressed herself to the effect that foreign travel might be of advantage educationally and enlarging to the mind, but for her part she preferred her own country, and would gladly take the next steamer back to New York. Angela heartily agreed with Bertha, while Zephine begged her to remember the enchanting days we had spent in Madeira and Granada, and that even more delightful experiences lay before us, assuring them that Italy is not a proverbially rainy country, et cetera; in the midst of which profitable conversation Mrs. Robins suggested that we should take cabs and drive to the Campo Santo, by way of a diversion.

"We certainly are in a proper frame of mind for a visit to a cemetery," said Angela, laughing a cheerless laugh, with a minor chord in it suggestive of tears near the surface.

No place could be more admirably adapted for a rainy day excursion than the Campo Santo of Genoa, as that vast cemetery is nearly all under cover. Our first impression of the long galleries with their monuments and low reliefs, many of them decorated with photographs of the dead and overhung with the tasteless wreaths of tin flowers dear to the Continental mourner, was of something hopelessly inartistic and artificial. Among the many shockingly realistic and inappropriate monuments we found a few simple and beautiful statues and low reliefs. You remember how many of the monuments in Westminster Abbey are in bad taste and overweighted with carved ornaments; the majority of these are not less artistic, but one has a right to expect more beauty and grace in Italy than in England, and then the grand old abbey lends a certain dignity to everything within its walls. The Campo Santo looks more like a picture-gallery than a necropolis; but *chacun à son goût*. This is evidently the *goût* of the Genoese, and the name of their cemetery is so beautiful that I, for one, am inclined to overlook lack of taste in other matters.

The tomb of the patriot Giuseppe Mazzini is in this Campo Santo, above the rotunda and over against the steep hillside. It did not impress us particularly; but we found ourselves turning again and again to the figure of an old woman in a fine brocade gown, with a ring of bread, which here they call *pain de la couronne*, over her arm, and what seemed to be strings of large pearls depending from her waist.

"It is evidently the statue of some great lady who sold her pearls to raise money to feed the poor," said Zephine. "Here are the pearls, and she carries the bread on her arm just as the peasants do in Spain and in all these southern countries. I wish we could find the story somewhere and the lady's name. This statue may have been erected by a grateful people in recognition of her generous aid."

"She certainly has the face and bearing of a peasant, rather than of a grand lady," said Bertha.

Just then we heard a low, infectious laugh behind us, and turned to find General W., one of our ship's company, who was evidently much amused by our discussion, and made haste to tear Zephine's romance into shreds by explaining that her Lady Bountiful was a peasant woman who made quite a sum of money by selling bread and nuts on the streets of Genoa. Having an ambition to rest with the rich and great in the Campo Santo, under a fine monument, she bought the right to be buried here for three thousand francs, and had the pleasure of ordering her own monument, for which she paid six thousand francs. Nine thousand francs, in all, for glory—quite a fortune for a peasant!

"The pearls are only nuts, after all!" exclaimed Zephine, "and—"

"The cake is dough," said Bertha, laughing; "but it is all very interesting as a study in human nature. I don't doubt the poor woman found great satisfaction in looking at this fine figure of herself."

"She did not have even that satisfaction," replied General W., "for she died soon after she had ordered it, in a street brawl or something of the sort. *Sic transit gloria mundi*."

"How you do break down our images and bowl over our idols!" exclaimed Angela.

We had dismissed our cabs on entering the Campo Santo, and, as the rain had ceased for the time, we returned by the electric tram of the Via di Circonvallazione a Mare, which runs close to the sea, and which, as Angela says, besides circumambulating the city, is a clever way of circumventing

the cabman. Our homesickness had disappeared amid the shades of the departed, and, a merry party, we made our way to the Concordia, that most delightful garden-café. Here we lunched upon *risotto* (rice made yellow with saffron), spaghetti, and other Italian dishes, with an accompaniment of bread in small sticks, crisp and brown.

February 21st.

A note has just come from your cousin, Genevra Fuller, urging us to make her a visit at her home in San Remo. This invitation, which is most cordial, is a temptation to us all, but Zelfine and Angela have promised to spend their time with friends in Nice, stopping for a day at Monte Carlo, if their sporting tastes lead them so far afield, while I yield to Genevra's blandishments. You know of old that she is not a person to be lightly refused when she has set her heart upon any given thing—a family trait, I believe.

II ALONG THE RIVIERA

February 22d.

Of course the sun was shining when we left Genoa. We were glad to see how fair La Superba could be, with her terraced gardens, many villas, and noble background of blue mountains. Indeed, I confess to some qualms of conscience, feeling that I may have given you a too gloomy picture of the fine old city; but how can one give a cheerful view of the attractions of a place where one's gayest hours were spent in a cemetery?

Our way lay along the sea by the Western Riviera, one of the garden spots of the world. The railroad winds in and out among the rocks, or into tunnels pierced through them, often running parallel with the famous Cornice Drive, which was for many years the only road from Genoa to Nice. The beauty of this drive, which lies sometimes between the railroad and the sea and again ascends the rocky heights beyond, made us wish that railroads had never been invented. A coach and four, a Cinderella coach, would be the only suitable equipage in which to make this journey into fairyland.

"Why did we not drive?" I hear you ask, and you may well ask. Because the railroad, dashing in and out of tunnels, often crosses the drive most unexpectedly and on the grade. Even Zelfine, much as she wished to drive over the self-same road taken by her dear Lucy in "Doctor Antonio," hesitated about imperilling her neck, and I was quite resolute upon this point. And if Zelfine and I were so reckless as to be willing to risk our own lives, have we not under our care the only and well-beloved daughter of the ancient and honorable house of Haldane?

Did I say that the train dashed? Really, that was a slip of the pen—nothing dashes in Italy except a mountain torrent; but where there are so many grade crossings, even a slow train may be dangerous. We proceeded moderately and sedately upon our shining way, skirting the sapphire sea, dotted here and there with green islands. Reaching far out into the blue, one may see small towns which seem bent upon washing their white houses to a more dazzling whiteness in the clear water, painted towns against a painted sea and sky. Other hamlets and villas, with their green jalousies and their luxuriant gardens full of flowers and orange-trees, are on the heights above, and not seldom a solitary sanctuary is seen, perched upon some sea-washed cliff, the cherished guardian of the shore.

Now indeed, looking up at the terraced olive-groves, we feel that we are in Italy. For many miles the road lies beside these gardens, which are monuments to Italian thrift and industry, as every square inch of the scanty earth on the hillsides is held in place by stone walls, one above another, until some are almost mountain high, olive-trees growing to the very top. On the sunny plains between the hills are acres of carnations, violets, stock-gillies, and mignonette, which fill the air with their delicious fragrance. From these immense gardens the large cities are supplied with flowers, and also the manufactories of perfumes. Hundreds of the beautiful blossoms, they tell us, are sacrificed to make a single drop of essence.

We passed by Albenga and Alassio, over the suspension bridge at Porto Maurizio, and so on to Taggia, which is near San Remo, where we three were to part company for a few days. Off to the right we could see the picturesque ruins of Bussana Vecchia, destroyed by an earthquake as late as 1887, never rebuilt, and now standing silent and desolate on the hill-top above its namesake, the little modern town of Bussana Nuova.

Our view of Poggio and Bussana Vecchia was suddenly cut off by an inopportune tunnel, from which we emerged into the brilliant sunshine, to see before us the pretty villas, the waving palms, and the general air of cultivation and *bien-être* that belong to this favorite and highly favored town. When Zelfine and Angela caught this glimpse of San Remo from the train, and saw Genevra's children waiting for me at the station, I am quite sure they repented them of their decision.

I had not seen Roger and Phœbe since they were babies, but I knew them at once, and we are already fast friends. Geneva's welcome, as you may believe, was of the warmest. It is delightful to be in a home again, after tossing about in a state-room and knocking around in strange hotels, and in a home as charming as this!

February 25th.

Everything is delightfully foreign in this *ménage*; Geneva lives in an apartment, as most people do here; hers is on the second floor, with a huge salon on one side of the hall, a *salle à manger* on the other, and the usual complement of bedrooms, kitchens, and the like. This is quite different from anything we have in America, where the apartments are on a scale of princely magnificence, with prices to match, or of a simplicity so extreme that "flat" seems to designate appropriately both them and the condition of those who inhabit them. This apartment is really a house on one floor; the entrance and stone stairway are quite palatial, and yet it is *à bon marché*. The drawing-room is spacious, with windows to the floor, opening out on balconies on which we step out to see the *bersaglieri* drill in the evenings, as the children are on the *qui vive* from the moment the spirited music reaches their ears.

Geneva's large salon is heated by an open fire of olive-wood, which she says makes it warm enough except when the winters are unusually cold. The English ladies who come to tea in the afternoon throw aside their wraps, exclaiming, "Ah, Mrs. Fuller's drawing-room is always so very hot!"

Hot is not exactly the word that I should apply to dear Geneva's pretty drawing-room, although I know that Lucie and Marthe are piling on extra wood all the time in compliment to Mademoiselle, the shivering American.

Everything in this house moves with a delightful smoothness and ease, and the whole atmosphere of the place is indescribably restful. When I awake in the morning I touch a bell, which soon brings to my bedside the trim, neat-handed Lucie with rolls and coffee. This morning my breakfast-tray was glorified with great bunches of dark purple and light Neapolitan violets.

"What is the meaning of this reckless extravagance?" I call out to Geneva, whose room is next to mine.

"Extravagance, *ma belle!*" replies Geneva. "Flowers are one of the economies of San Remo. If I were to carpet your path with violets it would be a cheap pleasure for me at the rate of two soldi a bunch!" Wasn't that like Geneva?—like the old Geneva, yet with a certain grace learned from these charming Italians! Only half believing her, and yet comforted by her assurances, I enjoy the delicious fragrance of the violets while I luxuriously sip my coffee and read the opening pages of Ruffini's "Doctor Antonio."

Yesterday we drove to Bordighera, and Geneva and I tried to find the place near Ospedaletti where Sir John Davenne's coach came to grief by the roadside. It was disappointing to find no trace of Rosa's little inn, only great hotels, a casino, and all manner of extravagant and unromantic modern innovations. The sea and the picturesque coast are fortunately the same, and Geneva pointed out to me the great rock near which Battista rowed Lucy's boat while Antonio told Sir John how cleverly the valiant citizens of Bordighera had here outwitted the British in their brig-of-war. And on this road the Doctor walked home by moonlight, after an evening with Sir John and Lucy, singing "O bell' alma innamorata!" Poor, dear, brave Antonio—love, dear love, treated him shabbily enough! Your mother will remember reading this story to me on one of my early visits to Woodford. Although I was but a child then, my wrath rose hot against Lucy's treatment of Antonio. After her marriage with Lord Cleverton I refused to listen to another word about the faithless Lucy, until curiosity and a real fondness for the pretty blonde heroine sent me back to this saddest of stories, over which I wept as girls of an earlier time wept over "The Sorrows of Werther."

This digression is all apropos of Bordighera, which is most interesting aside from its associations with Lucy and her lover, with its enchanting Coast Promenade ending at the Spianata del Capo. From this promontory there is a noble view of Ventimiglia, Mentone, Monaco, Villafranca and its lighthouse; beyond is the long, low line of the French shore, and still beyond, the Maritime Alps, with flecks of snow upon their sides, while near us, at our feet, lies the bay of Ospedaletti, sparkling in the sun. Bordighera is literally framed in by palm-trees—palms to right, to left, everywhere. No wonder that this little town long had the exclusive honor of supplying the palms to St. Peter's in Rome for Palm Sunday; but thereby hangs a tale which I may not relate to-day, as Genevra bids me drop my pen and join her and her friends over a cup of tea.

February 26th.

The days pass all too quickly in this charming place. My mornings are generally spent in walking—sometimes on the Promenade du Midi, which lies near the sea, a beautiful, palm-bordered terrace above the beach—or in wandering through the old quarter of San Remo, with Roger and Phœbe by my side. Here are narrow, precipitous streets like those of Genoa, in strong contrast with the gay walk by the sea, which has all the characteristics of a foreign watering-place. The *vive la bagatelle* existence of the Promenade du Midi is not without its charm once in a while, but in the winding streets of the old town is the typical life of San Remo.

We watch the vendors of fruit, vegetables, nuts, and herbs displaying their simple wares upon the sidewalk, or stroll down by the bank where the washing is done, picturesquely, if somewhat laboriously, in the open. The *lavandaie* are, most of them, vigorous young creatures, and as they beat the clothes against the stones or rinse them in the clear, running water, their merry chatter and laughter suggest social joys even beyond those of our voluble Bridgets at home.

Your mother's favorite saw about the back being fitted to the burden often recurs to me here. If these peasants are poor, their wants are few, they live in a divine climate, the whole of the out-of-doors is theirs, and, above all, they have dispositions and digestions that may well cause them to be envied of princes. Dr. A., Genevra's physician, tells me that the peasants here are usually healthy and the children as robust as they are handsome. This Italian gentleman is one of the interesting characters of San Remo. I always feel like calling him Doctor Antonio, for although Dr. A. has travelled extensively, and speaks English perfectly, he is quite Italian in appearance and manner, and so loyally devoted to his Italy that I am quite sure he would have sacrificed life and fortune to her cause had he lived in the stirring times that developed Ruffini's heroic Doctor Antonio.

On Sunday afternoon Roger and Phœbe drove me up to the little sanctuary of the Madonna della Guardia. Our road crossed that leading to Bussana Vecchia, which picturesque ruin attracts me by its mystery and its remoteness from the life of to-day. If you were here you would certainly explore the remains of this old town, and perhaps you would take me with you through its silent streets. Just now fate seems to be against my seeing it. On Saturday, when we were all ready to set forth, the rain fell in torrents, and on Sunday there was no time to stop on our way to Capo Verde, so Bussana Vecchia seems destined to be my "Carcassonne."

The little sanctuary of the Madonna della Guardia is built, like the home of the wise man of the Scriptures, upon a rock, crowning the promontory of Capo Verde. From the heights there is a fine panorama, as they say here, of sea and shore; Taggia and Poggio were at our feet as we stood on the shelving rock, which overhangs a sheer declivity of many feet. In the church there is a collection of curious pictures, votive offerings, representing men and women in the midst of deadly peril by field and flood: fishermen in boats tossing upon stormy seas, and carriage-loads of pleasure-seekers pitching down precipices or dashing along the road at the mercy of steeds as wild as that of Mazeppa. All of these good people, as appears from the expressions of gratitude recorded in the several paintings, were saved from sudden and horrible death by the powerful intervention of the gentle Mother of Sorrows and Mercies.

I am finishing this letter while Genevra sings to the children their good-night songs and tucks them into their beds. To-morrow will be a full day, with some commissions to be attended to at the shops, which are tempting here, two or three visits, and an afternoon tea with some charming Scotch ladies at the Hôtel de Londres. The day following I leave here for Nice, having decided to meet Zephine and Angela there instead of at Genoa as I had intended. This change of plan is made in order that we may take the famous drive from Nice to Genoa, which Dr. A. assures me is not as dangerous as it appears, and in beauty more nearly approaches the description of Paradise than anything else to be seen upon earthly shores. If we make the trip in an automobile, which we shall probably do, we shall have a couple of hours to spend here with Genevra *en route* for Genoa, which anticipation helps to console her for her disappointment in losing two days of my visit. She will then be able to judge for herself whether Angela is as pretty as I have described her and whether Zephine is as charming with white hair as with brown, questions that may seem of little moment to the masculine mind, but are deeply interesting to Genevra. She will be calling me soon to join her at what Macaulay calls "the curling hour," which we count the best in the twenty-four. Lucie heaps up the olive-wood on the hearth until it blazes brightly, and places a tray with chocolate before us. Thus cheered and sustained we gossip into "the wee, sma' hours." Genevra asks so many questions about her old friends that we should have to talk until the cocks crow if I were to answer them all. By the way, do your ears ever burn these nights about twelve o' the clock? She often talks of you, asks if you have grown more sedate with added years and dignities, whether you have lost your habit of jesting, and speaks of a certain merry twinkle in the corner of your eye which used to betray you when mischief was brewing—on the whole Genevra cherishes a very cousinly affection for your lordship. There! she is calling me, so

"Good-night!—if the longitude please,—
For, maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees."

III

CAPTURED BY A CABMAN

Naples, March 2d.

If Lady Morgan wrote of her beloved Irish capital "dear, dirty Dublin," we may describe Naples less alliteratively in somewhat the same words, except that to American eyes the Neapolitan city is even dirtier and vastly more beautiful. Indeed, no words written nor pictures painted give any adequate conception of the blueness of the sea, the soft purple shades upon the mountains, and the fine transparency and lightness of this air. One breathes in gayety with every breath, a certain elasticity and *joie de vivre* which the filth, the noise, the bad odors, and even the hopeless poverty all around us are powerless to dispel.

From the Strada Vittorio Emanuele, where we are stopping, we look down upon a series of terraced gardens, some of them very poor little gardens with a few vegetables, among them the omnipresent and much beloved artichoke, the fennel, like a coarse celery, and lettuce. Roses are climbing all over the walls of these hillside gardens, and in many of them orange-trees are blooming, spreading around them a delicious perfume. Here on the heights we have none of the disadvantages of Naples, the noise, the unsavory odors, or the uncleanness.

Above this *strada*, which is the name by which the Neapolitans call their streets, the hills tower for many feet, and way up on their crests are the Castle of St. Elmo and the old Carthusian monastery of San Martino. We visited San Martino the day after our arrival, because Zelphine had an irrepressible desire to get to the tip-top of everything and view both the city and bay from the heights above us. The ascent was made in one of the *funicolari*, cable trams, which are used so much over here. They are rather terrifying at first, but are said to be quite safe, and are, I believe, less dangerous than many of our elevators.

The old monastery is now a museum, under the management of the Museo Nazionale, and contains many paintings, porcelains, carvings, and other antiques. We neglected the treasures within for the greater pleasure of wandering at will through the charming, picturesque cloisters, which are richly carved and of a stone warm and creamy in tone, so different from the heavy, dark cloisters one sees in England and elsewhere. Most of our morning was spent basking in the sunshine of the court; we could fancy the old monks enjoying, as we did, the genial warmth that in the Southern Italian winter is only to be found out of doors. The museum itself was damp, as are all the galleries at this season.

In this court are a number of handsome sarcophagi, with inscriptions and coats-of-arms carved in the marble; from hence we passed into the Belvedere, whose balconies command an exquisite view of the city and bay. We gazed long at the noble panorama spread before us, from Posilipo to the hill of Capodimonte. Over across the bay were Ischia and Capri, blue as its own grotto, with Sorrento's long point of land reaching out into the sea, and off in the far distance the snow-line of the Apennines. To our left, Vesuvius, with its three peaks, was smoking away as peacefully as a Hollander on his *hooge stoep*. Seeing them by day it is hard to believe that these fair blue hills could have wrought sudden destruction upon the cities of the plain; but last night, when flames flashed up skyward from the smoking crater, I must confess that we had some misgivings. When we beheld these danger-signals, as they seemed to us, we carried our fears and our queries to the *padrone* and the concierge, who both assured us, to their own satisfaction if not entirely to ours, that Vesuvius has never erupted in the direction of Naples, evidently feeling that Italian volcanoes, like Italian people, are not in the habit of changing their ways.

Standing upon the Belvedere of San Martino, we were able to form some idea of the great width of the bay, where just now "William's yacht," as one of our English friends always calls it, is riding

at anchor. The Kaiser is making one of his rapid, semi-official, quite friendly, and wholly diplomatic visits to Rome, and his yacht awaits him here.

March 4th.

We have spent the morning at the National Museum, where are so many of the world-famous sculptures, the Hercules, a magnificent, strong figure in perfect repose, a giant taking his ease, and the Farnese Bull, both of them from the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, and a huge bronze horse from Herculaneum. Most impressive and interesting to us is the statue of Diana of the Ephesians, against whose worship Paul preached at Ephesus. A curious statue is this, odd enough to have fallen down from Jupiter, according to the tradition, or from any other heathen god! The torso is of fine, variegated marble, and the head, hands, and feet, the latter slender and delicate, are of bronze. This Diana is not a huntress, like the Greek Artemis with the crescent above her brow, but bears about her the symbols of abundance. We lingered long near this statue of the great goddess of the Ephesians, marvelling wherein lay the secret of her power. To Demetrius and the other silversmiths who made her shrines she was valuable, as she brought them great gain; but for beauty or grace there was no reason why this Diana should have been worshipped by "Asia and all the world."

Among the bronzes from Pompeii and Herculaneum we found the originals of many of the exquisitely graceful figures with which we are all familiar. We greeted as old friends the Dancing Faun, the Mercury, the Flying Victory, the Wrestlers, Silenus, the Boy with the Dolphin, and, above all, the lovely Narcissus, which they now call by another name. Zephine and I have decided that we will never acknowledge this to be a Dionysus or anything less poetic than the Narcissus. This charming, youthful figure with the bent head and listening ear is quite small, not nearly life-size, and for that reason, perhaps, its beauty is more delicate and spiritual. If that little figure could speak, what could it not tell of pomp, luxury, love, and delight, all overtaken and overwhelmed by sudden destruction in the buried city where it was found!

Now, indeed, if it were in my power to rhyme four lines and make sense at the same time, which was my school-girl idea of poetry-making, I should certainly be sending you a poem about the Narcissus; but why cudgel my brains when Keats has, with his own sympathetic charm, told the pathetic story of the beautiful youth?—

"Who gazed into the stream's deep recess
And died of his own dear loveliness."

On our way home from the museum our *vetturino* beat his horse so unmercifully, although the poor nag was going as fast as a horse could be expected to go up hill, that Zephine remonstrated with him, very tactfully, as I thought, paying his sorry Rosinante compliments and calling the wretched beast *il buono cavallo*. The idea of any one feeling compassion for a horse evidently touched the driver's sense of humor, and, regarding it as a huge joke, he laughed and whipped the poor animal still more unmercifully, making us understand, in the gibberish of French and Italian peculiar to the cabmen here, that there was no need to be merciful to a creature without a soul. We longed for greater facility in some language that he could understand, to inquire into his own spiritual condition. As, however, words were wanting, we fell to wondering wherein such a being as this differs from the beasts of the field. The cabmen of Naples would certainly afford our friend Dr. C. an additional argument in favor of his pet doctrine of conditional immortality.

Our driver's attitude toward the animal creation is, we are told, that of most Neapolitans. Even persons of more intelligence question the advisability of caring for the comfort of dumb creatures, yet these apparently cruel people have a most kindly custom. If parents lose a child, and children are generally so numerous that it seems as if one could scarcely be missed, they adopt an orphan, call it God's child, and treat it as their own.

March 6th.

We have been wondering, ever since we came here, where the beauty and fashion of Naples are to be found, having seen on the streets only tradespeople and beggars. We put the question to our friend the concierge at the Hotel B. At five o'clock in the afternoon, he told us, the *beau monde* could be seen taking an airing on the Chiaia, never earlier. It seems that Neapolitans of quality do not drive while the sun is shining. You remember that old Italian proverb about only dogs and Englishmen liking the sun? To this I would add the wise peasants, with whom its genial warmth takes the place of food, fire, and proper clothing.

Five o'clock on a March afternoon is a rather chilly and uncomfortable hour for a drive; but we should have to go then or give up all idea of a fashionable *promenade en voiture* with the élite of Naples. This afternoon was the time arranged for our drive. A *carrozza*, a two-horse carriage, was to meet us at a favorite coral shop on the Chiaia, whose exquisite wares draw Angela daily with a glittering eye. Having arranged with Zephine about this rendezvous, I left her hanging over some Pompeian statuettes in a shop on the Toledo, copies, of course, but very good ones, quite too tempting to be safely dallied with, and made my way to Thomas Cook's office and to several glove shops. When my commissions were finished, I had more than an hour on my hands, so I lingered for some time before the tall monument in the Square of the Martyrs, a memorial to the patriots who perished during several Neapolitan revolutions. This monument has much of the simplicity and strength of the Nelson memorial on Trafalgar Square, having like it four colossal bronze lions at the base. The noble shaft is surmounted by one of Caggiani's graceful figures, a Victory delicately poised as if on tiptoe for a flight.

After gazing long at the beautiful monument, I strolled down the Strada Chiaia to the esplanade with the statues and fountains, a charming place to walk on a cool afternoon. You know my fancy for wandering alone through strange streets and byways. On and on I sauntered, thinking that I might have time to walk as far as the Aquarium before keeping my tryst at the coral shop, and not fully realizing how deserted the place was until I heard a penetrating voice quite close to me speaking rapid and almost unintelligible French, accompanied by the cracking of a whip. "A cabman—I'll pay no attention to him," I said to myself; "he'll be discouraged after a while and leave me." I soon found that I had reckoned without my host: that vociferous, whip-cracking Jehu followed me, dogged my steps, offered me his cab at absurdly low rates, and finally cornered me in a recess of one of the large public buildings. I looked around; there was not a person in sight to help me, only a few beggars on the steps, who would naturally make common cause with the cabman. You will laugh at me, I am sure, but so terrified was I by the creature's language and gestures and whip-cracking that I abjectly stepped into his cab, telling him to drive me for an hour and set me down at the well-known coral shop on the Chiaia at five o'clock, showing him the time on my watch-face. Was I not just a bit like the woman who married a persistent suitor in order to get rid of him? Her troubles probably began then and there; mine certainly did. My *cocher*, with an irritating expression of triumph on his face, set forth upon a tour of sight-seeing which threatened to be of long duration. We passed from street to street, from building to building, until to my dismay I found that he was driving toward the upper town. I protested, knowing that there would not be time to get back to the Chiaia by five o'clock. Would I like to see San Martino? No, I answered, with decision, I had already been to San Martino; I wished to go back to the Chiaia. Then—for astuteness commend me to a Neapolitan *vetturino*—that irritating creature became suddenly deaf, dumb, and blind, while his horse went on and on up the heights toward San Martino. Fortunately, the road winds around the hill, and as we reached one of its windings I saw, by a sign, that we were on the Strada Vittorio Emanuele. Hope revived when I began to recognize familiar buildings; we would soon reach our hotel. "Hotel B.! Albergo B.!" I cried, with so much insistence and with gestures so like his own that the creature finally listened to me, the horse slackened its pace slightly, and then, oh joy! the Hotel B. appeared, the concierge at

the door. I called to him, he made a peremptory sign to the driver to stop, and I was once again a free woman, standing on my two feet, with solid ground beneath them.

My Jehu now regained the use of his tongue, and unblushingly insisted upon a two hours' fee for the drive of a trifle over an hour which I had been coerced into taking. The sum was not extortionate, according to American ideas, but no one wishes to be cheated, especially with one's eyes wide open. I protested, explained the state of affairs to the concierge, when, to my surprise, he, my ally and champion as I had thought him, deserted me at this critical moment and joined the enemy, saying, "The signorina would do well to pay the *vetturino* what he asks, as according to the signorina's own watch she has had the cab over an hour."

My humiliation was great when I handed the triumphant cabman his ill-gotten gains, but greater still was my disappointment over the defection of the concierge, whom we have all trusted. It seems, indeed, as if every man's hand is against us in this beautiful city, from the salesman who tries to sell us imperfect coral to the crafty vendor of fruit who slips bad oranges into a paper bag for us, while he tries to distract our attention by sentimental remarks on the weather and the "bella vista."

Rather than trust myself to the mercy of another cabman, I ignominiously made my way down the many steps of the terrace to the street below, where I took a tram to the Chiaia. Angela was seated in the carriage, looking around anxiously, while Zelfhine was walking up and down the pavement, both evidently much disturbed, wondering what had detained me.

"There is still time to take the drive," I said, in reply to their eager questions. "I saw a number of carriages coming down by the Square of the Martyrs. Get in, Zelfhine, and I will explain my delay as we drive along."

All Naples seemed to be *en voiture*, this afternoon, and it was pleasant to be making a *course* with the languid, dark-eyed ladies and their attendant cavaliers, even if we were not intimately associated with them.

March 7th.

This whole morning we spent in the Aquarium, which is down near the sea, a part of the Villa Nazionale. Here we saw all manner of beautiful and hideous creatures of the deep, some exquisitely colored fish from the Mediterranean, living coral, medusæ, crested blubbers, airy and transparent as soap-bubbles, and the wonderful octopus. Angela insisted on seeing these horrible creatures fed, and by the time that important ceremony was over and we had walked through the shaded park enjoying the flowers, which are blooming in profusion everywhere, it was time to go home for our second breakfast.

We went to Posilipo in the steam tram, this afternoon, and were shown the old Roman columbarium on the hillside, popularly known as the Tomb of Virgil. Whether or not the poet was buried there is now disputed by scholars; however, Zelfhine says that Virgil certainly wrote his "Georgics" and "Æneid" in his villa near by, and that Petrarch considered this tomb sufficiently important to plant a laurel here. She and I have no patience with the iconoclasts who take so much pleasure in destroying our illusions, and we see no reason why the traveller should not be allowed to weep over this tomb of Virgil, unless, indeed, a more authentic one can be furnished him.

Later we climbed up to the terraced garden that belongs to the Ristorante Promessi Sposi— fancy an inn at home named The Betrothed! Here we had afternoon tea, while our eyes were feasted with the beauties of a gorgeous sunset. Vesuvius, Capri, Ischia, and all the smaller islands of the bay were bathed in heliotrope light, a royal array of purple velvet. Buchanan Read's lines on the Bay of Naples must have been inspired by just such a sea and sky as this. Zelfhine evidently had the same thought, for she quoted softly:

"My soul to-day
Is far away,

Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote."

We should have been in a boat on the purple bay instead of in a tram!

I am finishing this letter rather hurriedly for to-night's mail, as we shall be off to-morrow bright and early for a tour of several days, to Pompeii, La Cava, and Pæstum, returning by the coast drive and stopping at Amalfi and Sorrento. It is the sort of excursion that you would enjoy so much—would you like to be of the party?

IV AN EXCITING DRIVE

Cava dei Tirreni, March 8th.

We have spent the day in the streets and houses of Pompeii, living over again in the buried city the thrilling scenes of Lord Lytton's novel. His descriptions are still marvellously accurate, although so much has been unearthed since he wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii" that the ruins as they stand to-day are much more extensive than those pictured by the novelist. The house of Glaucus is called by the guides the House of the Tragic Poet, but the mosaic of the dog, with its inscription, "Cave canem," apparently as perfect as in the days when Glaucus thus whimsically greeted his friends and enemies, serves to identify it.

Lord Lytton was in Naples during the winter of the most important excavations at Pompeii, and his romance doubtless took form and shape as he walked through these deserted streets, where the ruts made by the chariot-wheels of the two rivals, Glaucus and Arbaces, are still to be seen. The houses, as he tells us, still undespoiled of their exquisite decorations and rich furniture, were much as their unfortunate owners left them. Even now, despite the fact that many of the beautiful frescoes, statues, busts, and other ornaments have been taken to the Naples Museum, much is still left of the interior of the houses, enough to give one a very good idea of how these luxurious Pompeians lived. The lower floors of some of these houses, as that of the Vettii and the Faun, are complete, with their vestibule, dining-room, parlor, bedrooms, and kitchen. These rooms are all rather small, according to our ideas, as the wise Pompeians lived out of doors, spending their days in the large central court of their houses or in the gardens. Of the gardens we saw the most perfect examples in the house of the Vettii. The restoration seems to have been made most carefully here as elsewhere; even the graceful bronze statuettes are not wanting, as excellent replicas have been put in the places of the originals, which are in the Naples Museum.

Nothing brings the reality of that old life before us more forcibly than to walk along the streets, where the bakeries and the wine and oil shops are still to be found. In the latter are many great jars, which are, as Zelfine says, not unlike those in which Morgiana entrapped her Forty Thieves.

Turning a corner, we were startled by seeing a roughly drawn sketch upon a wall, such as any street gamin of to-day might draw upon a tempting blank surface. Further along the same street we beheld a still stronger evidence that the life of Pompeii was not altogether different from that of our own time. Something corresponding to a modern poster announced in red letters the name of a favorite candidate for the next municipal election. We lingered long in the vast amphitheatre, in which the Pompeians were wont to take their pleasure, protected in sunny weather by an awning, whose usefulness we could appreciate to-day, as the sun of March is intensely hot in this region. The barracks for the gladiators, near the theatre, are not unlike the casemates for soldiers in a fort, and are quite complete. Zelfine, who is sitting near me, poring over Bulwer's novel, has just read me Pansa's lament over what he considered an infamous law, that forbade a man to send his own slaves to the wild beasts in the arena. Having seen the houses of Glaucus and Pansa, one can more readily understand the point of view of these luxurious, pleasure-loving ancients, who were probably not more cruel than many of their contemporaries.

We left Pompeii late this afternoon and came to La Cava, a pretty town in the mountains, where we are stopping on our way to Pæstum. Zelfine has just been talking to the *padrone*, who speaks excellent English, about the excursion to-morrow. Our tickets, which we bought of the concierge at the Hotel B., entitle us to a drive or a railway journey. The *padrone* strongly advises the former. He says the trains are so slow and the waits so long that we make almost as good time by driving, and then it is much more interesting. The drive is between forty and fifty miles, but by starting at eight

o'clock in the morning, and changing horses at Battipaglia, we shall have two hours at Pæstum and get back to this hotel in time for dinner. Another party of American travellers, of the inconvenient number of five, go by coach to-morrow. The *padrone* asks us, in case we decide to drive, whether we will give a seat in our carriage to the odd number. Having concluded to drive, we are hoping that the fifth wheel of the other coaching-party may prove to be Mrs. Coxe, a charming old lady who talks most picturesquely of a drive to Pæstum forty years ago, when the roads were so infested by brigands that it was necessary to travel with a mounted escort.

"Could anything be more delightfully romantic?" exclaims Zelfine, on hearing this.

"Or more horridly uncomfortable?" adds Angela.

These exclamations drew from Mrs. Coxe a detailed and spirited recital of her adventures, which Zelfine heard with the great wide-open eyes of a child listening to a fairy-tale. Women of Mrs. Coxe's age delight in a sympathetic listener. The members of her own party have doubtless heard all of her *contes de voyage*. She will certainly elect to go with us, and have the advantage of a new and appreciative audience.

March 9th.

I opened my windows this morning and stepped out on the marble terrace to enjoy a view of the mountains, which had looked so enchanting by moonlight and were no less beautiful by day. In the garden below a blue gown flitting about among the orange-trees attracted my attention. Angela had evidently brought her charms to bear upon the heart of the *padrone*, as I heard him say, "Here are scissors for the signorina to cut all the oranges she wishes. In the signorina's own country the oranges do not grow up to the doorstep as with us. Is it not so?"

"No, indeed," said Angela, deftly snipping off a golden ball. "This is a great pleasure. I never cut an orange from a tree but once in my life, and that was in Granada."

Being possessed of an inquiring turn of mind, the *padrone* asked many questions concerning Granada, and so talking and working industriously Angela soon collected a fine dish of oranges for our breakfast—an unwonted luxury, as in this land of abundance they never give us fruit for our early *déjeuner*. The carriages were at the door before we had finished our breakfast, and in ours, as though in answer to our desires, sat Mrs. Coxe, provided with a guide-book, lorgnette, lunch, and all the equipment of a good traveller for a long day's drive.

The proprietor announced that he would accompany us as far as Salerno, occupying the seat on the box beside the driver and his little brother. Mrs. Coxe evidently considered this her opportunity for informing herself with regard to the country, its inhabitants, and its productions. She had added not a little to her already large store of information, gained in many lands, when the *padrone*, to our great regret, left us, with many bows, smiles, and wishes for a "bel giro."

We had the very tip-top of the morning for the beginning of our drive, as we set forth at eight o'clock. The air is soft and clear like that of a May day at home. We can scarcely believe that it is March, and that our friends across the water are still in the grasp of winter, as we left all that behind us when we sailed from New York six weeks ago.

Our way lay between green meadows dotted with purple cyclamen and a small yellow flower much like the English primrose, and in some places through groves of orange-trees covered with golden fruit.

Fortunately for those who take this long drive, the roads are excellent. We drove slowly through the old town of Cava, with its narrow, precipitous streets, and through Salerno, which is upon a bluff overlooking the bay, and commands a noble panorama of sea and shore. When, however, we reached the plain, our horses set forth at a brisk pace. There was not much to be seen here except acres of fennel, artichoke, and a bean, now covered with white blossoms, which I believe is used chiefly for feeding the cattle. Even this road through a flat country is not without a touch of picturesqueness, as it is in many places bordered by gnarled sycamores twisted into the most weird and grotesque

shapes. Between these trees a peasant woman was walking, bearing upon her head an immense brush-heap, which was probably her winter firewood. Zelfine and Angela had their kodaks with them, of course, and begged the driver to stop and allow them to get a snap-shot, which he did, crying out, "Ecco, ecco, signora!" The woman stopped obediently, and stood like a statue, in a natural pose full of grace and strength. She was evidently pleased to have her picture taken, as these peasants always are, especially if a few soldi are thrown in to seal the contract. If the picture is good you shall have one, as it will give you a characteristic bit of this Southern Italian life.

Here women young and old are to be seen working in the fields with the men, driving ox-carts, walking beside them, and bearing burdens that seem far too heavy for any woman's shoulders. Although the land seems fertile, the people are evidently very poor, the villages small, and the houses comfortless.

We should have liked to ask the driver some questions about the products of the soil, the peasants, and their lives, but neither he nor his little brother, who was on the box beside him, adapted themselves gracefully to the restrictions of our vocabulary—there is, we find, a great difference in drivers in this respect. At Battipaglia, a railroad station and the most considerable town on the route, we changed horses and drivers also. This latter substitution we found was to our advantage, as the second *vetturino* proved to be a better linguist than his predecessor, which enabled us to continue our interrupted studies in agriculture and political economy. The new driver was serviceable also in other respects. When we came upon a field of narcissus, he stopped the carriage in order to allow us the pleasure of gathering the fragrant blossoms, besides bringing us handfuls of flowers, the largest bunch of course being laid at Angela's feet. We are quite sure that he considers her the living image of the pictures of the Blessed Virgin, although he is too discreet to say so.

Angela was charming to-day, in a blue suit and a white shirt-waist, but the March sun was so hot that by the time we reached Pæstum it had taken all the color out of the crown of her pretty blue hat.

As there is no inn at Pæstum we ate our luncheon by the roadside, stopping under the shade of a tree where a peasant was enjoying his siesta, his oxen being tethered near by. Zelfine is enthusiastic over the beauty of these gentle creatures, with their soft, kindly brown eyes, and says that she is sure that Homer, when he wrote of his ox-eyed maidens, had just such a one in mind as she was feeding from her hand. She made so pretty a picture as she stood beside the great white ox, feeding him daintily with bean-blossoms, that Angela tried to get a snap-shot of her, but that provoking ox—the slowest of all animals—took it into his head to move at the critical moment.

The country seemed more level and marshy as we drew near Pæstum, although on the left there rose the spur of a mountain range, on one of whose heights are the ruins of the hillside fortress of Capaccio Vecchio. This town was founded by the inhabitants of Pæstum when they were driven from their city by the Saracens in the ninth century.

To our surprise, we saw herds of buffalo grazing in the fields, much smaller and different in other respects from the American bison. Our driver told us that this small black buffalo is to be found near the coast in many parts of Italy, and is often seen on the Campagna near Rome. From the number of calves in some of the fields we are inclined to think that the young buffaloes are used for food. I noticed several of the well-grown animals drawing carts, sometimes harnessed with the white oxen.

We caught a glimpse of the old wall and gate with the sea beyond, and then in a moment the temples were in full view. Nothing could be more impressive than those magnificent ruins on that lonely plain, sharply outlined against the blue sky. The Temple of Neptune, with its thirty-six fluted Doric columns, its double columns inside, and its noble, almost perfect façade, is a superb example of Greek architecture of the fifth century B.C. The stone of which the temple is built is a kind of travertine, to which the passing years have imparted a creamy, mellow tone. The Temple of Ceres is less complete than that dedicated to Neptune, although it belongs to the same period. The gate of the town opening out toward the sea and the old wall adjoining it are wonderfully preserved. These with the temples of Neptune and Ceres and the so-called Basilica are all that remain of this settlement

made by Greeks from Sybaris about 600 B.C. Two days we have passed with the ancients, yesterday in a city where "the earth, with faithful watch, has hoarded all," and to-day in a town not much older than Pompeii, where the conquering Saracens and Normans and the devastating elements have left nothing to tell the tale of the daily life and habits of the Greeks who made their home upon these shores.

We climbed over the ruins of the old temples and sat upon the town wall overlooking the sea, while Angela made a fairly good sketch of the temples. Zephine and I bought coins and pottery from children who, being without visible habitation, seemed to have literally sprung from the soil. Finally our *vetturino* warned us that we had better set forth at once if we wished to reach Cava before nightfall.

At Battipaglia we resumed our former horses and driver. Zephine whispered something to me about his face being rather red. I quite agreed with her, but as the mention of the fact could not be of any especial advantage, the other carriage being already far in advance and no person at hand to take the reins, there was nothing to do but to set forth on our homeward journey, despite some misgivings upon Zephine's part and mine.

We had not left Battipaglia before I realized that our gravest fears were fulfilled. Our driver was what you men picturesquely call "gloriously drunk"—we practical women would use a less dignified adverb. He was as happy as a lord, cracking his whip and dashing through the streets of Battipaglia in fine style. We soon passed the other coach, containing Mrs. Coxe's friends. They called after us, but must have seen that we had no time for conversation *en route*; indeed, like Cowper's citizen "of credit and renown," we passed everything on the road. Zephine and I were on the front seat, facing Mrs. Coxe and Angela. They, happily, did not grasp the situation at once, but when they did the terror written on that dear old lady's face was something never to be forgotten. Angela, with resolute cheerfulness, chatted away about anything and everything, especially about Mrs. Coxe's experiences in Honolulu, her favorite subject of conversation. I shall never hear of that island kingdom of the Pacific without seeing before me Mrs. Coxe's agonized face.

Remembering that there lay before us a long stretch of road overhanging a sharp declivity, Zephine and I made a desperate attempt to stop our hilarious *vetturino* in his mad career. Finding that our remonstrances excited him to more strenuous exertions, Zephine tried the effect of her few available words and many eloquent gestures upon the small boy, urging him to make his brother drive more carefully, telling him that the old lady of the party was very much alarmed, and advising him to get the whip into his own hands. This, however, proved to be impossible; the boy, well frightened himself by this time, only succeeded in getting hard words and a shaking. Give up his whip! Not he. As well ask a soldier to lay down his arms. The whip was his pride and joy, his *pièce de résistance*, so to speak, with which he awoke the echoes of these slumbering old Italian towns, bringing the inhabitants, men, women, children, cats, dogs, and chickens, to the sidewalk to witness our rapid transit. Even those among our own countrymen who pride themselves most upon their skill in annihilating space could not have made better time than we did as we rattled over that Calabrian highway. Fortunately, the horses were well-trained and steady enough to balance the driver's eccentricities. Perhaps they were accustomed to them by long experience. Be this as it may, we proceeded on our way without any accident, passing the dangerous part of the road before darkness overtook us.

We clattered through Salerno at a tearing gallop, and as we neared La Cava the whip-cracking was resumed with renewed vigor, bringing the citizens to their doors and windows. Some of them, indeed, followed the carriage, crying out, "Prima donna! Prima donna!"

"What can they mean?" asked Mrs. Coxe, looking as though she expected to be attacked by a furious mob. Zephine reminded her that as we drove by the theatre in the morning we had noticed a poster announcing that a grand opera was to be given in Cava that evening. In our gay morning spirits we had even thought that it might be pleasant to assist at the function. Now the most that we dared to hope was that we might reach the hotel in safety. Troops of children ran after us, repeating the shout of "Prima donna! Prima donna!"

"We are honored by being mistaken for a part of the opera troupe," said Zelfine, laughing, "and Angela is evidently the leading lady, as they are all looking at her."

Angela, sitting erect on the back seat, her costume as crisp and immaculate as if she were on her way to a horse-show, her jaunty hat at the most stylish angle even if the crown was off color, looked indeed like a leading lady, albeit a trifle pale and in need of the aid of the rouge-pot of the greenroom.

When we reached our hotel we were all exhausted by the fatigue of the day and the long strain of the afternoon; but Mrs. Coxe showed herself the thorough-going traveller that she is by stopping not for rest or refreshment until she had laid a detailed account of our experiences before the proprietor.

He came to us later, after a visit to the driver's home, and reported him as covered with confusion and filled with remorse. "*Ecco, ecco*, he is the penitent one now!" exclaimed the *padrone*. "His parents have scolded him soundly, and have threatened to beat him with a stick. He is in tears, the sorrowful one! It is the first time, and it will never happen again!"

"All of which would not mend our bones if they had been broken!" said Mrs. Coxe, stoutly. "It is your duty to give your patrons good, safe drivers."

The *padrone* then called upon the saints to witness to the fact that he had never known an accident to befall any of his patrons, repeating that this was Antonio's first offence, and that he must have been drinking some bad stuff at the tavern, as good wine would never so set the brain on fire. The proprietor has a frank manner that gives one the impression that he is speaking the truth; we are inclined to believe him, although we have been warned not to allow ourselves to be deceived by appearances in this land of ready eloquence. Our valiant countrywoman having made her protest for the party, and this disagreeable duty having been taken off our shoulders, we went into dinner with high spirits and famous appetites.

Zelfine and I are so wide awake after our exciting drive that we are devoting the evening to letter-writing, both of us being sadly in arrears. The other guests of the Hotel S. have betaken themselves to their slumbers, and we enjoy undisturbed possession of the only warm room in the house. A wood fire blazes on the hearth, and as we bask in its genial warmth we shiver at the thought of our rooms upstairs, which, with their stone floors, are of about the temperature of refrigerators.

Sorrento, March 11th.

We left Cava on Wednesday, and made the tour from there to Amalfi in the brilliant morning sunshine. This is another "Cornice Drive," and far finer, I think, than that along the Riviera. The road winds above, beneath, and beside rugged cliffs of great height, always with the sea in full view. Often from airy summits we looked down upon fishing villages and towns built around bays and inlets, as Cetara and Atrani, while upon projecting headlands are many watch-towers, now used chiefly as dwellings.

We needed not to be told that the making of macaroni is one of the chief industries of Amalfi. As we drew near the town many yards of it were to be seen hanging upon lines like a wash or spread upon the grass to dry.

Amalfi is charmingly situated at the entrance to a deep ravine, surrounded by mountains and rocks of the most picturesque forms. We climbed up the sixty steps of the Cathedral of St. Andrew. Mrs. Coxe and some of her party were carried up in chairs by two stout Calabrians, but we preferred to walk, turning every now and then to gaze upon the enchanting view spread before us. At the top of the slope is a spacious garden terrace full of flowers, with roses climbing all over its walls.

We stopped overnight at the old Capuchin monastery, which is now fitted up as a hotel, and yesterday drove here, the greater part of the way beside terraces of lemon-trees covered with ripening fruit—enough lemons to make lemonade for the whole world, one would think. As we drew near Sorrento orange-trees took the place of lemon-trees, groves and groves of them, with their dark, shining leaves and brilliantly colored fruit. Peasants brought oranges to the carriage for sale, clusters of them, with fruit and blossoms growing together, which they were glad to give us for a few soldi.

This morning we spent in the shops buying wood-carvings and silk, which is made here, and is consequently astonishingly cheap. We found Mr. Crawford's charming villa, and, to Zephine's great delight, the house of Tasso's sister on the Strada San Nicola. Tasso's birthplace and the rock upon which the house stood have both been swallowed up by the sea; but the house of his sister Cornelia, to which the great Tasso came in 1592 disguised as a shepherd, is still standing, and there is a statue of Torquato Tasso in the chief square of Sorrento.

I am writing on a fine terrace overlooking the sea, where stone benches and tables are conveniently arranged for our use. The sun is like that of June, and roses such as belong to that month are blooming all over the wall beside me. The concierge has just brought me a handful of them, charming pink and white ones. We are equipped for a drive to the Deserto, which Mrs. Coxe, who visited the place forty years ago, tells us is most interesting. Within a few years the monastery has been suppressed, and the building is now used as a home for destitute children.

We should like to spend a week in Sorrento, which is so beautiful itself and from which so many excursions are to be made; but Capri beckons to us from across the bay and our time is limited, as Zephine has promised to meet some cousins in Naples.

Capri, March 13th.

Our reception on the island of the Blue Grotto was sufficiently novel to please the most blasé traveller. As our boat drew near the rocky shore dozens of women, most of them young and handsome, hurried down to the wharf and seized our luggage, which they bore on their heads easily and lightly up the steep path to the hotel. It seemed strange enough to have women carry our dress-suit-cases and bags, but on our way to the hotel we saw a much more unusual sight—three women carrying two trunks and a valise, while a man, evidently the owner of the trunks, was walking quite at his ease beside them. He was, we were told later, a Caprian peasant on his way to America, and this delicate attention was a final act of devotion on the part of his Amazonian countrywomen.

Capri has not been as kind to us as other towns of Southern Italy. The mountains have had their heads buried in clouds all the morning, and when the donkeys arrived which we had ordered for a ride up to the Villa of Tiberius, a fine rain was falling, which prevented us from making the excursion. We sent the donkeys and their women drivers home, much to the disappointment of the latter.

"Women seem to do everything here!" said Angela. "Where are the men?"

"Gone to America," replied Mrs. Coxe, quickly. "The women ship them off, bag and baggage, and then have everything their own way."

Fortune favored us later in the day, as the clouds rolled off the mountains before noon, and the *padrone* informed us that the wind was in the right quarter for a visit to the Blue Grotto. We made our expedition satisfactorily, although the sea was high and we literally rode the waves in our small boats. The grotto is quite as blue as any picture of it that I have ever seen, and with an exquisite, luminous transparency that no brush or pencil can portray. When we were in the midst of the silvery blueness, watching with some apprehension a small boy who dives into the water to show off its wonderful color, our boatman suddenly became loquacious, and told us thrilling tales of unfortunate visitors to the grotto who had been walled in by the sea and were obliged to spend days and even weeks in this drear abode, living upon supplies which daring sailors, who contrived to get their boats near to the mouth of the grotto, handed in to them. The smallness of the opening of the grotto gave a semblance of reality to these Münchhausen tales. Mrs. Coxe, who was in the boat with me, became very much alarmed and insisted upon leaving at once, calling to the other members of the party to follow. We were splashed a little by the spray as we emerged from the grotto, and those in the other boats were quite wet; but as we rowed away the mouth of the fairy cave was almost hidden by the waves. It seemed indeed as if there might be a grain of truth in the boatman's tales, which the *padrone* corroborated, adding, "But it does not often happen that travellers are shut up for any time in the Grotta Azzurra; we are very

careful." "Not very often indeed! As if once would not be enough!" exclaimed Mrs. Coxe, who had interrogated the *padrone* after her straightforward fashion of getting at the truth of the matter.

Hotel B., Naples, March 15th.

We are glad to be in Naples again, and in this homelike hotel. Zephine has met her cousins, and has been making some excursions with them, taking the famous drive to the monastery of Camaldoli and to the Solfatara, a half-extinct volcano which, she says, gives one an even more impressive idea of the Inferno than the Doré illustrations of Dante. Angela corroborated Zephine's report, saying that it was quite the most unpleasant place she had ever seen, especially as they dropped a poor dog into the crater to try the effects of the sulphur upon his constitution. They pulled him out before he was quite dead; but who except these cruel Neapolitans would so persecute a helpless animal?

I, with my old habit of clinging to the skirts of the things I already know, declined to take that excursion, for the greater pleasure of spending a morning in the National Museum among the Pompeian treasures and another whole day among the ruins of the buried city. It is really much more interesting to examine the relics from Pompeii after one has been there, as one naturally fits the frescoes, furniture, and ornaments into just such rooms as one has seen. Some of the furniture was strangely modern; I noticed a red and gilt bedstead that looked as if it might have belonged to the First French Empire, rather than to the first century A.D. Among the kitchen furnishings were just such colanders, saucepans, and skillets as we use to-day—is there anything really new under this shining sun? The surgical and dental instruments exhibited in one of the cases caused me a genuine thrill of sympathy for those unhappy Pompeians; to have been smothered with hot ashes might really have been more endurable than to have lived at the mercy of those primitive dentists and surgeons!

We leave Naples to-morrow with regret, as we have grown very fond of this beautiful city. I wrote a week since to Ludovico Baldini, and also to the proprietor of a hotel that he recommended to me; but I have heard from neither. Ludovico may be in Florence on some army business, but it is very stupid of the proprietor of the Hotel L. not to answer my letter. We have telegraphed for rooms in a pension on the Via Sistina, which Mrs. Coxe tells us is delightful, and we are thankful to know that they will accommodate us, as Rome is full to overflowing now, all the world going up thither for Easter. When I told my maid that we were going to Rome to-morrow, she clasped her hands in ecstasy, exclaiming, "Bella Roma! Bella Roma!" These Italians have a natural instinct for beauty and a genuine pride in the wonders of their own country, both of which help them to endure the poverty and hardness of their lives, just as some people of your acquaintance and mine are supported through many trials by the uplifting sense of having been born in the purple.

V BELLA ROMA

Via Sistina, Rome, March 16th.

We felt as if we had accomplished a day's work before we left Naples, this morning, the getting away from these places is so laborious. After our trunks were strapped and ready for the *facchini* and porters, the feeding of the servants had to be attended to. This was Angela's especial task. She had managed the financial part of our six days' trip so admirably that Zephine and I have honored her by electing her bursar for the party. She does not seem fully to appreciate the honor we have conferred upon her, but with her usual amiability she is quite willing to do the work.

When the servants all lined up in the dining-room, they made a formidable array. I did not wonder that Angela looked as if she would rather be somewhere else. She was getting through the ordeal very creditably, however, when the *padrone* appeared upon the scene; very indelicate of him, was it not, to come in just then? This so embarrassed Angela that she was very near giving him the generous tip that she had dedicated to the head waiter. Would he have taken it, think you? Zephine says that he certainly would, as no hotel-keeper in Italy can withstand the glint of silver. Be this as it may, we are glad that Angela did not persist in her indiscriminate generosity, as our purses are already seriously depleted by the demands made upon them by chambermaids, *facchini*, head porter, sub-porter, concierge, head waiter and his troop of underlings, each one with an empty hand and an expectant eye. There is, we have learned, a long step between the *facchini* and the porter, and still another social gradation between the porter and the concierge. The latter is quite an important personage, in a fine uniform, who usually speaks excellent English, French, and often several other languages.

At the station we had to undergo the weighing of our luggage, a weariness to the flesh at all times, but especially trying to-day, as all the world seemed to be *en route* for Rome. We were detained so long that we barely had time to catch our train. I sometimes wonder if any one ever actually lost one of these slow-moving trains. We travelled second class to-day, "for local color," as Zephine says. In point of comfort there seems to us little difference between first and second class; the former have stuffy plush coverings on the seats, instead of leather and reps, and somewhat more select company. Our companions were two well-to-do young matrons, an old peasant woman, and three children. The two younger women were inclined to be sociable as far as our common vocabularies permitted, and plied us with questions, which we answered with more or less accuracy according to our ability—it is sometimes difficult to be entirely truthful in a language one does not understand; but Zephine did most of the talking, having developed considerable facility in speaking French with a fine Italian accent. Confusing as this mongrel dialect might be to an educated Italian, it often stands us in good stead with shopkeepers, maids, cabbies, and *facchini*, and to-day seemed tolerably intelligible to our *compagnons de voyage*. Indeed, we became so intimate that one of the women asked Zephine for her vinaigrette for the "bambino" to smell, the bambino having proved herself to be a poor traveller.

Zephine invariably carries a black satin bag, which we have dubbed "Mrs. Lecks," because, like Frank Stockton's queen of emergencies, it always provides what we need at any given moment, whether it happens to be a shoe-button or a guide-book. The bambino was fascinated by the smelling-bottle, and stretched out her hand for it as soon as Zephine took it from the depths of Mrs. Lecks and applied it to her own patrician nostrils. As this is a country where bambini seem to be denied nothing, the mother's hand was also outstretched, and there was nothing for Zephine to do but to hand over her dainty vinaigrette to that untidy-looking baby. Now was not that a trial of good nature?

Angela was much interested in a half-starved, ill-clad boy of ten or twelve, who was, the old peasant informed us, an *orfano* adopted by her. We wondered how these people came to be travelling

second class, as everything about them indicated extreme poverty. The orphan's eyes gleamed when Angela spread out her luncheon, and she made haste to share her rolls and figs with him, while we offered our refreshments to the other occupants of the carriage, having understood that this is Italian etiquette. They, with many compliments, declined the bounty—which may also be in accordance with good breeding in Italy—all except the orphan, who fell upon Angela's stores with the appetite of youth sharpened by a long fast from dainties. Upon this the old woman, not to be outdone, drew forth from a stuff bag a loaf of brown bread wrapped in a red kerchief such as she wore on her head, and proceeded to cut off a goodly slice. Angela begged her for a small piece, *piccolo* being one of the words that she knows, and I came to the rescue by handing her a bottle of wine and begging her to give the old dame a generous glass of it. This libation proved so acceptable that I really do not think that the woman knew whether or not Angela had eaten that untempting bit of bread. She finally hid it under her napkin, saying, "A bit of local color, Zephine, that I will share with you later."

We found little to interest us in this journey of more than five hours over a level, sparsely wooded country, whose monotony was broken now and again by an abrupt rise in the ground. These hills that have been thrown up from the general flatness of the land by some internal disturbance are generally crowned by a church and monastery, and many of them by towns of some size. As they rise from the plain, gray buildings upon gray rocks, standing out against the blue of the sky, they perfectly fulfil one's idea of a fortress town of the middle ages.

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