

# DEMOREST'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI.

AUGUST, 1880.

NO. 8.

## Naples.

BY LIZZIE F. LEWIS.



SEARCH the wide world over, and there can hardly be found a lovelier site than that of Naples, as she sits serenely enthroned a little on one side of the center of the deep and graceful sweep of her strikingly beautiful bay. All her surroundings add to the exquisite beauty of her position.

To the extreme right, as we steam in from the sea, lies Sorrento, Capri, with its weird grottoes and rocky cliffs, glistening like a half dissolved opal, just off the shore; to the left is Pozzuoli or Puteoli, both classic and scriptural ground; a trifle farther away is Cape Misenum, where, says Virgil, the trumpeter of Æneas was buried; a little more than a stone's throw from the Mergellina road rises the tower-like island of "Shining Nisita," her purple shores reflecting the gold and crimson lights of evening, while above all Vesuvius rears its silvery crown of vapor, and far off in the rear as the eye can reach, the blue bay and sea beyond sparkles and shimmers one glitter of smiles and dimples.

Naples, once called Parthenope, from the siren whose grave is said to be not far away, has an antiquity surpassing that of Rome, which city, as all the world knows, was founded by Romulus in 753 B. C.

When the Romans were little more than rude barbarians, though of great courage



FRUIT SELLER.

and well inured to war, the Greek colonies in the southern part of the peninsula were enjoying the arts and refinements native—so it seems to us now—to Hellas. Cumæ, among the most ancient of them all, was founded 1050 B. C.,

and exercised a wide influence for civilization over the others. It was from this city that the Sybil came to Rome with her nine mysterious books, six of which she burned before the Conscript Fathers were induced to buy the remaining three.

Neapolis, on the site of which modern Naples is built, was founded by a colony from Cumæ, and has been in all ages not only the abode of pleasure and luxurious repose, but illustrious as the birth-place of many eminent men, and as the residence of others. Cicero and Seneca characterize it as the mother of studies. Virgil and Seneca, Boccaccio and Colonna, Tontana and Rossini lived there. Majus, the philologist, Paterculus, the historian, Borilli, the historian, Bernini, the sculptor and architect, Salvator Rosa, the painter, and Pergolese, the musician, who wrote music when other boys are learning to read, and died at the early age of twenty-two, just as he finished the closing bars of his masterpiece, the *Stabat Mater*,—were natives of this charming city.

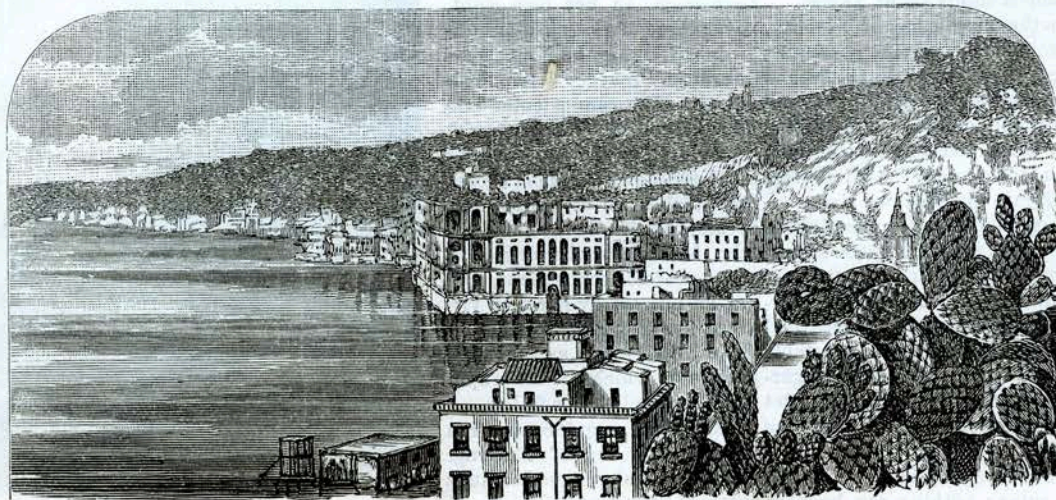
Virgil wrote a part of the Æneid at Naples, and if at the "School of Virgil," he had mapped out before his eyes the whole of the finest view of the entire bay, where Æneas and his shattered fleet could well enter,

"The weary ships may on that tranquil tide,  
Without their anchors or their hawsers ride."

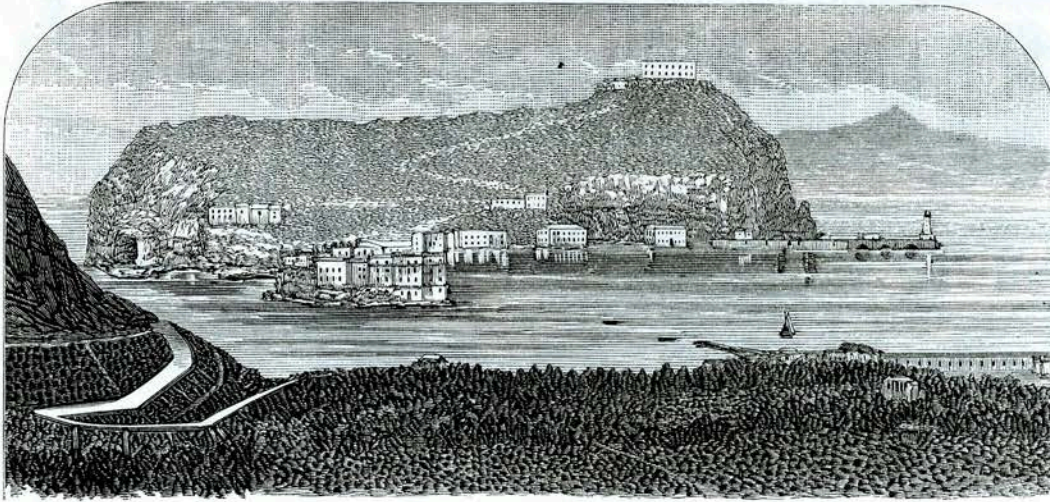
—Æ., Book I.

Here, too, on the hill-side, over the Grotto of Posilippo, the noble poet lies buried.

Naples has a famous history. After her capture by the Romans and the subsequent extinction of the Western empire, the Ostrogoths from Spain, the Lombards from the North the forces of



POSILIPPO, QUEEN JOANNA'S PALACE.



NISITA.

the Eastern Empire, and the Arabians occupied the city in turn.

In the eleventh century, a Norman adventurer, d'Hauteville, established the Hohenstaufen dynasty, which lasted for sixty years, ending with the execution of the youthful and unfortunate Conradin, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," in whose honor a splendid monument was erected by Maximilian II., of Bavaria, in the Church of Santa Maria della Carmine. Conradin's executioner was the duke of Anjou, who usurped the throne and set up the Angevine dynasty.

Modern Spain has had a hand in the game of ruling the city, while in 1806 Napoleon created his brother Joseph King of Naples, who was succeeded by Murat, afterward shot in a political disturbance. The last great change of scene was in 1860, when Garibaldi, having given up the honest but humble vocation of candle manufacturer on Staten Island, in order to attempt to obtain the freedom of his native land, entered Naples and proclaimed Victor Emanuel king of Italy.

From this hasty sketch it will be seen that the history of Naples, like her volcanic soil, is checkered by long series of internal struggles. Of her many sovereigns, none was more distinguished than Joanna I., the ruins of whose palace, unfinished, is one of the most picturesque and yet saddest sights about Naples.

It stands upon the very edge of the bay, whose blue waters lazily lap its ponderous foundation stones. The gray walls are flecked with brown and orange lichen, while here and there, in the crumbling niches and broken crevices, tufts of grass and bunches of gay-colored blossoms and fragrant wall flowers look hardily forth into the shadowy air.

Funereal cypresses and huge clumps of aloes, with long flower-stalks standing erect among their dusky leaves, keep watch and ward over the history-haunted spot. Above the Mergellina, the steep hillsides are terraced and cultivated with some species of vegetable wealth, the wild untenable rocks being garlanded over with golden brown and scarlet gillyflowers and hundreds of others of the bright sisterhood.

Nothing can be more splendid than the situation of these ruins; nothing can be more

touching than the associations they awaken! A third-rate *trattoria* by their side offers refreshments to boating parties, who sit on the benches of an evening, and gaze upon the lovely bay, a flood of molten silver in the moonlight.

This Joanna, queen regnant, was of the French house of Anjou, and lost her father, the Duke of Calabria, before she was a year old. Her grandfather, King Robert the Wise, one of the most admirable and enlightened monarchs of his time, A.D., 1309, declared her the heiress of his crown when she was four years of age, while the King of Hungary, a branch of the family, was putting forth a claim to the same honor.

To arrange this difference in views, she was married at five years of age to the crown prince of Hungary, then a boy of seven, but it proved a most unhappy and ill-assorted union. From it sprang a series of domestic divisions, crimes, usurpations and murderous wars, which long devastated the loveliest province of Italy.

When Joanna was fifteen, her father died, and she became sovereign, in her own right, over three of the most beautiful countries of Europe—Naples, Provence and Piedmont. We cannot enter into the details of her sorrowful story, but it was her singular fate through the whole of her eventful reign of thirty-nine years, to suffer by the mistakes, the follies and the crimes of her nearest connections, and to be injured by her own virtues, for the virtues of a woman often serve as the weak points by which the unscrupulous accomplish her fall.

She was a magnificent patron of the arts and of learning. Churches, palaces and hospitals were built by her, and endowed

from her private purse. She was cruelly murdered by a man whom she had adopted as her son, but even now, after the lapse of centuries, her memory is revered by the populace and the name of "good queen Joanna" is often on their lips.

A short distance from this ruin, rises the small, rocky island of Nisita, which has an extinct volcano upon its southern side. Here Lucullus had a splendid summer palace, to which Brutus retired after the murder of Cæsar, and where he bade Portia good-bye, before he departed for Greece previous to the battle of Philippi, from which he never returned.

On the north side of the island is an isolated rock in the

sea, connected with the mainland by a breakwater, and where a lazzaretto is erected. The tiny harbor serves as a quarantine, while the building on the height, which ought to be a noble castle, is a bagnio for criminals, as if in mockery of the place and surroundings.

On the mainland, nearly opposite the island, are the ruins of a villa of Lucullus, extending far out under the water. The shores here seem to have slowly settled away for centuries, and to have risen again as slowly, though not to any very great extent, for it is always the ruined foundations that we see under the water. Indeed, the entire promon-



GROTTO DI POSILIPPO.

tory outside the city is an arid desert of spent eruptions.

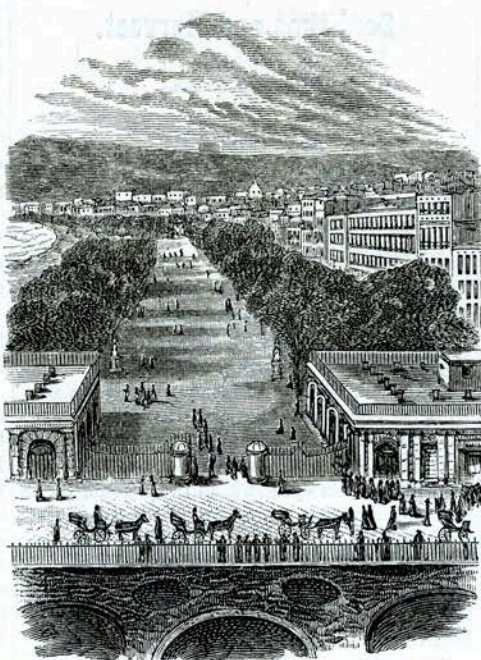
Once prosperous cities and splendid villas dotted the whole line of coast. At Pozzuoli St. Paul landed one May-day, and rested before journeying to Rome with the friends, who, even in that corrupt and voluptuous town with its magnificent temples to heathen gods, had embraced the religion everywhere spoken against. But Pozzuoli received its death-blow in the eruption which reared Monte Nuovo, when the sea shrunk six hundred feet from the shore to rush back again with destructive violence; though long before that its temples and statues had been destroyed and its glory departed.

We returned to the city through the Grotto di Posillippo, a tunnel constructed in the reign of the great Caesar Augustus. It is a half mile long, from eighty to ninety feet high, wide enough for two carriages to drive comfortably abreast and is well lighted with gas. Small chapels are here and there cut in the sides, and they rarely lacked some kneeling figure in front of the tawdry altars. On a few days in March and November, the sun is in such a position as to shine directly through the Grotto, producing a weird and striking effect.

Emerging from the Grotto, we came upon the Chiaia, a broad street sufficiently wide for six carriages to drive abreast, without crowding or inconvenience. On a pleasant afternoon it is usually thronged with the wealth and fashion of the city, driving back and forth, in an endless circuit at a moderate and dignified rate, with an uninterrupted movement not unlike that of a gigantic merry-go-round.

The northern side of the Chiaia is built up with hotels and palaces, but between it and the bay on the southern side, lies the Villa Nazionale, a public garden with grottoes, and groves of oak and palm trees, with walks and seats, and fountains and shrubs and flowers, and poor copies of celebrated statues.

At one end of the garden a terrace extends into the bay, affording a cool and delightful resting-place and commanding an exquisite



VILLA NAZIONALE.

view. A large aquarium has been opened in the grounds, which, owing to the remarkable wealth of the fauna of the Mediterranean, will be one of the most interesting establishments of the kind in the world. Concerts given by the royal military bands take place every evening in the garden, to the delight of strangers and Neapolitans.

Let every visitor to Naples have his rooms, if possible, fronting the Villa Nazionale, and the higher up the better. No matter what time of day you take your station at your window, or on your balcony, whether in the early morning or in the cool and hush of evening, in the dark and starry night, or when land and water, trees and islands are white with moonlight, you will never weary of the scene.

The rooms of the writer were ninety-six steps above the street, a long and wearisome climb, after hours of sight-seeing, yet the prospect from their balconies richly repaid the

toil and fatigue dependent upon reaching them. Just beneath us was the animated concourse of people, overflowing into the green bosquets of the park. Beyond the verdure were the rippling waves which broke in faint lines of white foam on the shingle beach; beyond that again, the broad expanse of bay, sparkling in sunlight, dotted here and there with the Mediterranean water-craft, picturesque in build and rig, as easy-going and indolent in appearance as the waters in which they float, and the lazy Italians who lounge about their decks, while yet more distant were the fairy-like islands of Ischia and Procida and Capri, seeming under certain atmospheric changes like exhalations from the sea.

But to know Naples, one must know her people, who in manners and habits are entirely different from any others in Europe. They are a gay, light-hearted folk, who sing when they work, and delight in vivid colors, and love to bask in the sun, having no care for what is past, and no sense of responsibility for the future. To weave their nets, to fish in the bay, to sell enough of what they catch to keep body and soul together, and provide a scanty supply of charcoal for their *scaldinos*, to go to church on Sundays and *festas*, to love and be loved in return, and to revenge themselves on their enemies, is all they hope for in this world, trusting to the intercession of their patron saints for entrance into the bliss of the world to come.

It is about Santa Lucia that Neapolitan *folk-life* may be witnessed in its perfection. The northern side of the street is flanked by tall, white-yellow houses, built of tufa, six, seven, and eight stories high, which swarm with inhabitants as bee-hives do with bees; dirty clothes hang from long poles thrust out of the windows, and in warm weather on the street in front of the houses women spin, mend their husband's fishing nets, wash their rags, cook and eat their macaroni and *frutti di mare*, perform the mysteries of their toilets and attend to the necessities of their children, who are generally in a state of more than semi-nudity, totally regardless of public observation.



SANTA LUCIA.



A STREET SCENE IN NAPLES.

Naples is a noisy city, and the noise never ceases. There is an interminable clatter of wheels at all hours of the day and night, with a cracking of whips, not unlike shots from pistols, shouting of drivers, shrill screaming of venders of pretzels, vegetables and fruits, proclaiming the excellence of their wares, intermingled with the unearthly braying of that "donkey who wouldn't go," only in Naples his number is legion.

Most remarkable of all the museums in the world, all things considered, is the Bourbon Museum of Naples. It has not only works of high art, bronzes, paintings, ancient glass and pottery, cameos and medals, but all the objects found in the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. There you see spread out before you the daily life of the people, in their implements and utensils, from homely vessels for kitchen use to the musical instruments of the orchestra, from the tools of the artisan to the ingenious surgical contrivance of modern times.

The room of the papyri—the charcoal library, is exceedingly interesting, the books being rolls of papyrus charred through, looking not unlike sticks of charcoal. When first discovered the workmen destroyed many of the rolls, supposing them to be pieces of charcoal, but observing they were arranged in presses around the apartment, the curiosity of the men was aroused, and they found some words on the sticks, and so concluded it was a library, which in fact it was. It is curious that such manuscripts which had been buried for eighteen hundred years should have been unrolled, deciphered and translated. No work of any importance has, however, been discovered among them. Their being written in columns, without stops or marks of any kind to indicate the division of words and sentences, added greatly to the difficulty of deciphering.

In bidding adieu to Naples and her thousand charms, the words of the poet fitted through our mind.

"There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night.  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanted shores,  
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air."

## At Last.

BY MARY M. BOWEN.

**W**HAT matter though our blinding tears  
Seem but to water parched dust?  
The seed that sleeps a thousand years  
At last may blossom there, in trust.

**W**HAT matter though the winds may take  
In ruthless hold the seeds we cast?  
Their heedless course a joy may wake  
Within some desert place, at last!

## Seed-time and Harvest.

BY SHERRILL KIRK.

### CHAPTER VIII.



**T**HE days of spring flew swiftly by. At length the time was come for Mr. Chesney to fulfill his promise of joining the party to Canada. Ethel wrote a very artful little note to remind him of this fact, and had the happiness of receiving in reply the assurance that he was quite ready to carry out whatever plans they had made for him.

When Ethel met her father at the train, the glad look in his eyes, which there could be no misunderstanding, assured her that at least one good thing for which she had striven had been attained, and it gave her strength to pursue more resolutely the rest. After inquiries given and received on many subjects, Ethel asked after Mr. Erle.

"He seems wholly absorbed, and I have seen but little of him," Mr. Chesney said. "His wife you know is a confirmed invalid. Almost every day, when I take my early walk, I meet them driving. She is a dreadfully delicate and weak-looking little creature, always muffled in shawls and veils, and though her face looks wan and weary, she is very pretty—would be extremely so, I should think, if she had health. I have never seen her until this spring, at least I've never seen her with Erle and therefore have not identified her, if I have seen her elsewhere. I presumed, by her driving with him every day now, that she must be getting better, but when I asked Erle he said he could not see that it was so. He is an admirable man, in every relation of life. He now devotes to his wife the hours at which one was always sure to find him at his office, because, as he tells me, Mrs. Erle is never strong enough to drive later in the day—she becomes more languid and weak toward evening."

"And how is the child?" Ethel asked, looking out of the carriage window.

"Much the same, I believe. I see her sometimes walking with her father, in the evening, when the weather is fine enough to tempt me out a second time. Erle still takes his evening walks—he tells me he cannot do without them, and that no amount of driving ever makes up for their loss. The two together take a great deal of time from his office, and his practice is still increasing, but he goes there earlier and stays later. I never saw such a worker—his powers of endurance are remarkable, even to me, who am used to steady application."

"Does he keep well?" Ethel asked.

"He looks a little thin and pale, and his constant exertion makes him look tired and pulled down somewhat. I ventured to remonstrate with him a little, but he only laughed and said he loved work and couldn't do too much. He will have a very important case to argue before the Supreme Bench, in the fall. He has first-rate lawyers against him, and I should

like to hear his speech. It is a case that will call for his finest efforts, and I know he will do well."

For the first time for several moments, Miss Chesney turned her face full upon her father. There was such a bright smile on it, that it was not strange if he did not observe its whiteness.

"I shall be getting jealous, father," she said, "if this eulogy of Mr. Erle goes on. I never saw you seem to care so much for any one before."

Mr. Chesney laughed—a brighter laugh than would have been possible with him, before the time of Ethel's going to Fenly.

"These are the opinions I have always had of Mr. Erle," he said. "Perhaps I have been betrayed into a fuller expression of them than I ever gave before by my having been struck with the discrepancy between Erle and the other men I meet. Two days' travel on a small steamer with a man gives one a pretty fair estimate of his character, and though some of my fellow-travelers were known to me as men of consideration, my acquaintance with them has made me value and appreciate more justly the finest man I have ever known."

They drove a little way in silence. How it pleased Ethel to hear her father, for whose opinion she had such reverence, call Mr. Erle the finest man he had ever known!

In two more days they were all on their way to Canada, and in a few more they were established in a delightful hotel, whence they made charming excursions about the country. In a great many of these, Ethel had her father for her only companion, and she used to enjoy delightfully the times when they would stop to rest, after an hour's scrambling over the rocks, and something that they had seen would bear upon Mr. Chesney's scientific researches and observations, and, seated in a cool, shady spot beside him, she would listen to his explanations and learn of him. He would talk to her now with an unreserve that was new to him—a freedom that would fill Mrs. Stirling with surprise; but Ethel was very earnest in her warnings to her aunt, not to betray this feeling, and as usual Mrs. Stirling was very earnest in her desire to do what her niece suggested. So the summer passed by very happily, and not without some attendant gayeties. There was an English regiment quartered in Montreal, with the officers of which Miss Chesney at once became a favorite. She had a ball or two given in her honor, and Captain Alderstan's yacht was always at her disposal. Captain Alderstan was a very agreeable Englishman, with a very charming voice which went admirably with Miss Chesney's. It was this that at first drew them together—the ladies there got up a concert for some charitable purpose, and their singing made it a success. Miss Chesney on this occasion, sang so deliciously, and behaved in such a sensible, dignified way at the rehearsals, etc., that Captain Alderstan, who hitherto had affected not affecting American girls, became her devoted attendant. It was true he had kept up his high-mightiness so long that he was not sorry when a sufficiently important temptation presented itself to enable him to descend without incurring the taunts which his brother-officers, less