

must take care of themselves as best they may. The egg is covered with a membrane, so transparent that we can see through it, and in a few days after the eggs are left, we can see the outline of the little bear all coiled up, with its tiny paws close to its mouth. It soon bursts the membrane,

and goes slowly plodding about, sometimes within the nursery walls for a day or so, until at last it makes its exit through a slit or opening in the back, and is fairly launched into the great world of water and plants, where it at once becomes as much at home as the oldest inhabitant.

A GLIMPSE AT NAPLES.

BY PROF. ISAAC E. HASBROUCK.

"*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*," say the Neapolitans; and all strangers say so too; only the American and the Englishman say it in English: "See Naples and die." A very foolish thing to say, you think. Well, you know people often say more than they mean. This saying simply means that Naples is so beautiful that a man cannot find a more lovely place; and that having seen this city, he might die contented. We, sober-minded boys and girls, who see so much that is beautiful and lovely in life; who find so many reasons why we wish to live,—*we* should not be ready to die just because we had seen Naples or any other beautiful city.

But let me tell you a little of this old city. Look on your maps, on the front of what we used to call the "boot" of Italy,—just above the "instep." You see how the sea goes a little way into the land and forms a bay, and on that bay is our city—"Napoli;" or, as we call it, "Naples."

Imagine, then, that we are on a steamer going into this Bay of Naples. First, a narrow place where the shores come out into the sea, as if they intended to meet each other, with three beautiful islands resting like stepping-stones between. And here we look over a broad surface of water, spreading in front of us and at the sides like a very large, nearly round, basin, and about twenty miles across. But the air is very clear, and we can see the shores and the houses on them quite as easily as we could see half that distance in New York Bay or Long Island Sound. The scene is so beautiful that an old poet of Naples called it "a piece of heaven fallen upon the earth." The shores generally slope up and back from the water with level country in some places.

On our right we see Vesuvius, the wonderful and

dreadful volcano, rising like a black sugar-loaf a few miles away, but seeming very near. About half-way up from the level of the sea, its sides become very steep and precipitous, covered everywhere with the hard, black *lava*, and the *scorie* which have been thrown from the inside of the mountain through the large *crater* or hole in the top. There is nothing very beautiful about Vesuvius; yet it is to be seen from every place near Naples, always black, and sometimes with smoke or steam coming out of its sides, or forming a cloud and floating away from the top. At the bottom of the mountain, and in the valley toward Naples, the eye sees with relief the bright and rich green of trees and fields. Then we see houses scattered along the curved line of the shore,—Resina built over where Herculaneum once stood, and then *the* city, with its numerous white houses, looking, as some one has said, like a crowd of pilgrims going up the hill, while further on, around this circular shore, we see the celebrated San Elmo, the great fort, on a higher part of the hill-side.

The steamer soon touches the dock. Now look out! Beggars without number are there; they know exactly when the steamers will come. How they pester us! If we have taken a hotel omnibus, we shall get through easily; but if we attempt to walk, we must prepare for a siege. Every man there looks darker and uglier than his neighbor; you feel almost sure that they are not to be trusted, and yet they all want to carry your satchel or show you where you do not wish to go. So much for being a foreigner and a stranger.

We reach the hotel in time and soon set out to see the city. The hotel is not very different from those in New York—only almost nobody speaks English.

But the city does not remind us of New York. At first we pass along a wide street with the bay at our right, but when we turn off to "see the city," we can easily believe that Naples is more than two

a home may be, there is generally some one there who coaxes a plant or two into bloom.

I said there were a few exceptions to the narrow streets. Around on the west side of the bay, near the shore, is the *Chiaja* (chee-ä-yah), a fine wide drive, with a garden, bright with flowers, nearly a mile long. Here, just before sunset, nearly all Naples comes to drive or promenade. A stream of carriages as far as you can see, and four abreast, with the walks full of pedestrians, and the riding-paths of people on horseback,—all this, with music and the soft air of an Italian evening, makes the *Chiaja* a delightful change from the ugly faces and whining voices of the beggars who beset you in the streets. There is another wide street called the *Toledo*, and one end of it, near the Royal Palace, seems always full of people. That "country cousin," who thought all the people on Broadway must be just coming from church, would think that *two* churches must have "let out" at once on the *Toledo*.

Here comes a fruit and vegetable dealer with his donkey, here are dark-eyed toddlers offering flowers for almost nothing,

and here stand boys who try to sell you canes. If you are willing to buy one, all the boys rush up at once and make such a clatter that you feel like running away. Two francs is the price asked; but do not pay it. These urchins intend to sell you one for half that price before they let you go. It is just so in the stores; the price is twice or three times as much as they expect to get. A "shopper" would find a capital opportunity to "beat down" the prices if she should go to Naples; but even if she bought anything for half-price, she would pay more than some one else had given for a much better article of the same kind.

But here comes a procession. Stand at one side. A man with a bell, followed by priests in long black gowns, and carrying candles; also boys with lights. They are going to the house of a man who is dying; many of the crowd go along; all are quiet. Perhaps it is a funeral procession with the bier; then the people remove their hats—a beautiful custom—and make a sign of the cross on their



BRINGING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES INTO NAPLES.

thousand years old. There is a story—not in the histories—that it was founded by a Siren called Parthenope, and at first called by her name. The story is true as to the name, but we must disbelieve the first part, for a Siren—who tries to attract people—would certainly have planned and built a different city. The houses are high and dingy, the streets, with a few exceptions, very narrow, so that they seem more like cracks than like thoroughfares.

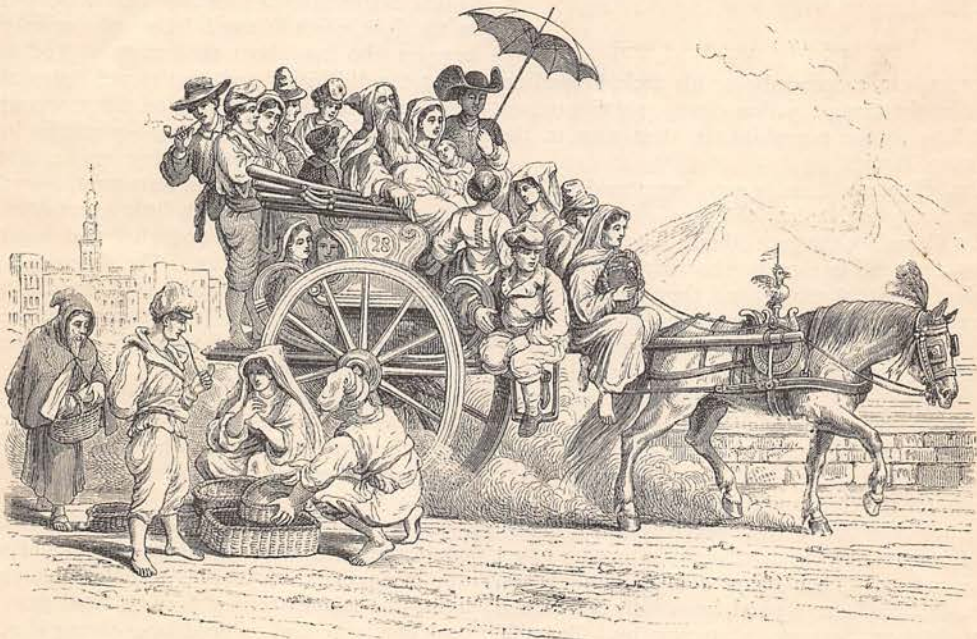
But every picture has a bright spot somewhere. These streets are paved all over as nicely as a New York sidewalk with large blocks of lava that, when it poured out of the crater of Vesuvius, was soft as mud and hotter than the red iron from a blacksmith's forge. Then this pavement is generally quite clean, and, since the high buildings keep the street shady, and the sidewalks are not much wider than a plank, the people walk in the middle of the streets, which gives it a lively appearance. The balconies and roofs of the houses are often turned into little flower gardens; for however poor and wretched

breasts. Now let us go to the "*Duomo*," or Cathedral, to see the worship. The Cathedral of Naples was begun in the year 1272, or six hundred years ago. At the sides, as we enter, there are little rooms, something like large, dark bay-windows, without any window. These are called "chapels." In one we may see a marriage ceremony; in another, a baptism; in another, a funeral service. The Roman Catholic churches are always open for any service or worship.

One of these chapels is called the "Chapel of St. Januarius." It ought to be elegant if not grand, for it cost 2,000,000 dollars. In this chapel are kept two vials, which are said to contain the blood of St. Januarius. Three times each year, in May, September, and December, the blood is said to become liquid. Of course this is a great event, since the saint was beheaded more than 1500 years ago, and his blood ought to be pretty hard by this time. Nevertheless, many of the people believe that the blood does become liquid, and they have these three days as festivals, or gala days. They go to the Cathedral, and if they think they see the "miracle" accomplished, they are satisfied that St. Januarius can still hear them and protect their city from pestilence and the eruptions of

ago, notwithstanding that the saint's blood had become liquid a few months before.)

Festivals, begging, dining, and doing nothing are the favorite occupations of these people. This is one of the countries where even a beggar rides if possible. They cannot understand how any one should walk from choice. A person on foot, unless he shows too plainly that he is a stranger (all foreign pedestrians get the name "*Inglesi*"—English), may go his way without much fear of beggars; he soon has the reputation of being a *pittore*, or beggar himself; not an enviable reputation, perhaps, but one which, about Naples, saves the unending torment of being followed and called after by every second man, woman or child you meet, asking for a few *centessimi*. The picture on this page shows how they ride—or, if you please, how they do not walk—at Naples. It is no jest. On one of the holidays a dozen or twenty people of all kinds—priests, monks, porters, women—get a sort of cart, a *calesso*, or calesh, and piling in, from the patriarch to the infant in arms, away they go for a picnic. The artist has given this party a better-looking horse than they usually have, the *horse* frequently being a little *donkey* no larger than some of the men in the calesso. This party have left the city and



A NEAPOLITAN PICNIC PARTY.

Mount Vesuvius. (I am sorry to have to add in this parenthesis that Vesuvius had an eruption, with great destruction of property, only two years

ago, notwithstanding that the saint's blood had become liquid a few months before.) are going on a delightful excursion through the *Chiaja*, probably to Virgil's tomb or some favorite place in the country.

You have seen on page 276 a picture of a donkey loaded with fruit and vegetables. In this way the country people every morning bring their loads to market. Very often you scarcely notice the donkey, but all you can see is a huge pile of hay or onions, carrots, &c., moving along very deliberately with four little black feet under the pile. Sometimes a pair of long ears stick out in front, or if it is fly-time, a tail appears at the other end, switched in a way which is a warning to the flies. A donkey thus bearing his two *panniers*, or



"YOU SCARCELY NOTICE THE DONKEY."

large baskets, suspended over his back, heaped up with bright turnips, yellow carrots, shining onions and long squash pumpkins, is often seen in the streets of Naples.

But, of course, there is some business done in so large a city as Naples; the people do not all ride and walk and look at each other. The shopkeepers know that the foreigners who visit their city are fond of beautiful things, and they fill their shops accordingly. There are many jewelry stores, and very beautiful ornaments of coral, most delicately tinted with pink, and of lava from Vesuvius, and of tortoise-shell. The girls who read this sketch would be delighted to go into one of the large manufactories where they make these beautiful articles. And there, too, these things are very cheap, for the coral and tortoise-shell, and lava, are obtained close by Naples, and the workmen receive small wages, and the merchants are anxious to get your money. Then there are handsome boxes, fans, &c., made from wood, beautifully carved, and brought from Sorrento, a city near by. Beautiful silk goods are made here; the girls who read ST. NICHOLAS all know of the "Gros de Naples." Violins, too, are among the things which these people can make better than almost any others, and we need not wonder how so many little Italian

boys about our streets, as ragged as they are little, yet play so easily on this instrument; they come from the land of violins. There is another article in the manufacture of which you would be interested, and that is macaroni. As you ride along the west shore toward Vesuvius, you see building after building in which, and before which, the long white macaroni, or vermicelli, is hung up on poles to dry. Inside is the machine which kneads the flour into a paste, and the iron cylinder into which this stiff dough is placed, when a big pounder shoves it down tight until the little stems come through the holes in the bottom of the cylinder, and are pulled off every few minutes and hung up to dry. The Italians can eat macaroni almost as fast as they can make it—in fact, during their meal it seems that there is one unbroken string of it passing from their dishes into their mouths.

One thing a stranger notices in Naples, that the people seem to live in the streets. Indeed there are about forty thousand of them—called *Lazzaroni*, from the Church of St. Lazarus, where many go at night—who have no homes. They are certainly to be pitied and to be feared too, for about twenty-five years ago they took it into their heads that so many of them could do as they pleased and could have what they wanted; and, before they could be taught better, sixteen hundred of them were killed in the fight which followed. But it is not only the beggars who live about the streets. You know about the "Chiaja" and their picnics; also, there are a great many little stands on the streets where you can buy almost any thing—wonderful fruits, and such luscious grapes at five or six cents a pound! The *cafés*, a kind of restaurant, have their half of the street filled with little iron tables and chairs, where people sit and chat and laugh as only contented Italians can. The shoemaker and tinker, and women with their work for the large stores—for there are few large factories where the work-people are collected together—all sit before their doors and hammer or sew.

Another feature of the out-of-door trade of Naples is the basket-seller, with his top-heavy, swaying pyramid of wares. The illustration on the next page describes him better than words can do it.

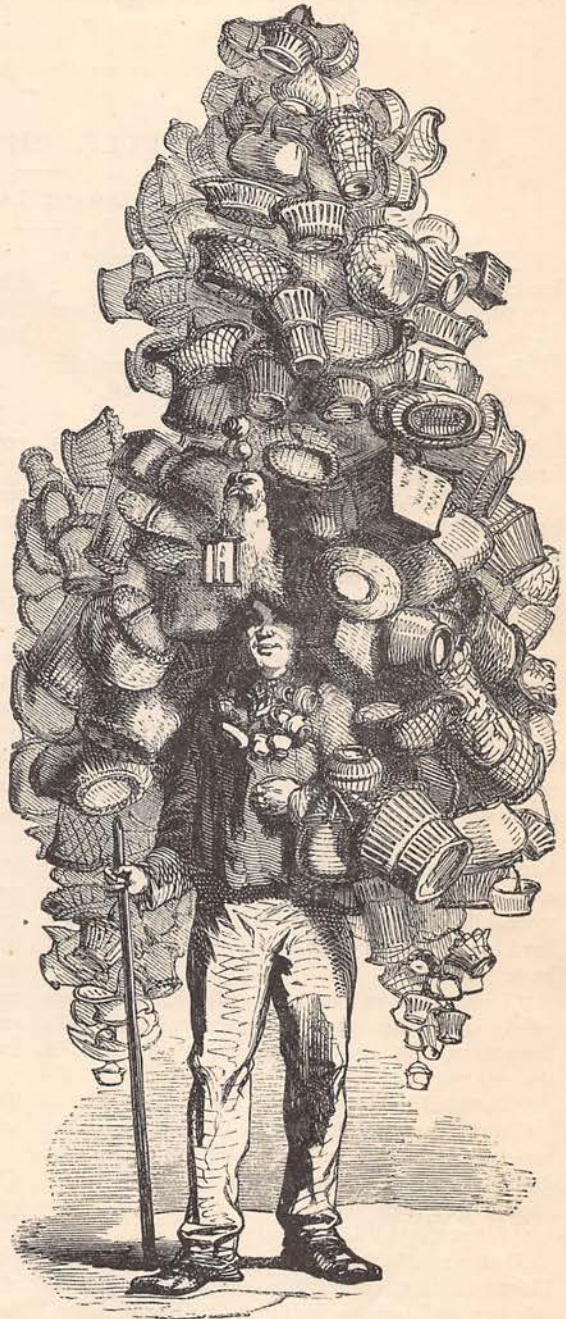
Baskets of all sorts, sizes, shapes and colors, the pile topped out with a bouquet or sprig of some tree of flower. See, too, his plan for obtaining a light—the lantern carried over his head from the beak of a large bird—a good labor-saving idea.

But you wonder what there is in Naples to attract so many travelers. Well, you know there are very many people who travel because they think it is fashionable, or *the thing* to do, or to be able to say: "Oh! yes; I know; I was there in such or such

a year." Genuine travelers do not remain in Naples, but go on to visit the beautiful and wonderful scenery about the city. No one tires of looking at the bay or at Vesuvius. Then there are the two cities long ago buried by Vesuvius—Herculaneum, which is still under the ground, and Pompeii, which has been partly uncovered. And the country, hardly a day's travel from the city, is superb. Artists come here from every land to sketch and paint the beautiful nooks and landscapes which nature has scattered here.

There are, however, a few places of interest in the city. The churches, though dull enough outside, are richly decorated within. The historian and antiquary find some ancient landmarks of interest to themselves. But the only place we shall care to visit is the "Museum." This is a very large building, very full of curious and interesting articles; indeed the collection is, in some respects, the finest in the world. We shall only notice a few things. A large part of the objects preserved here with so much care are from 2,000 to 5,000 years old, or even older, and have been found in the ruins of Pompeii and other cities. They show, then, how people used to live and dress in that old, old time. We often think that those people, who lived so far back, did not know how to make themselves comfortable. But in this Museum are the funniest arrangements for stoves, as well as jewelry of gold, earrings, bracelets, ankle-bands, and other articles. A snake, with his tail in his mouth, was a favorite form of ornament, being to them a symbol of eternity. Their lamps were cunningly shaped in bronze, and there are numerous mantel and table ornaments also in bronze. Their statuettes and groups show that the artists and workmen 2,000 years ago were not less skillful than those who fill the show windows of New York with elegant workmanship. Another curious collection contains pieces of walls taken from the houses of Pompeii when the ground was dug out 1,800 years after the city had been covered up by one of the eruptions of Vesuvius. The Pompeians had the walls of their rooms frescoed, and so well did their painters understand the mixing of paints, that the colors of the frescoes are brighter, better, to-day, after being under ground so long, than anything our fresco-painters can do. These frescoes were not simply colors, but the representation of some person or scene in history or mythology, so that even the walls suggested some subject for conversation or thought. But the most wonderful relics of Pompeii, which

have been preserved in this collection, are those which show just what people were doing when the



A BASKET-SELLER.

storm of ashes from the mountain overwhelmed them. Especially interesting are the articles taken

from the ovens of the bakeries. Among others are loaves of bread, bearing the name of the baker—Q. Cranivs—the *v* being for a *u*. Then there are eggs that were boiled in the kitchen, and then baked in the great oven into which all Pompeii was turned in the year 79—nearly 1,800 years ago.

LITTLE CHRISTIE.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

“WELL, Jackson, I’m sorry you’re going to leave Burnshope.”

“Well, Miss, I wunno say I beant, but it’s best for the lad yon.”

Miss Eldred spoke quickly: “You mean this miserable business about the Rectory fruit?”

“Ay, Miss.”

“I can’t understand it at all. What does my brother say?”

“Well, Miss, I wunno say nought agin Parson; but he thinks more nor he ought o’ what old John says. It’s hard on the lad.”

“Of course it is, poor boy,” with a quick glance out at the little figure lying on the grass, his brown eyes fixed on the arching sky, visible in peeps through the leaves of the apple-tree. “I have but just got home; tell me how it all happened.”

“Well, Miss, the fruit was gone, and old John wanted it for the show; and my lad ’d been there that day, and it was all taken from low down, like my lad could reach, and old John he said it was Christie; and he come down to the school, and the master beat my lad, and I was that angered, Miss, I could ha’ twisted their necks, to call my Christie a thief! And this man in Lunnon, he liked my work, and so we’re to go—Christie and me. It’s hard leavin’ the old place and the forge, an’ my lad he feels it.”

“I will go out to him.” And Miss Eldred passed swiftly down the little walk, bordered with wall-flowers and southernwood, and so over the grass in the orchard.

“Christie!” she said, softly.

Christie sprang to his feet at the familiar voice, his cheeks flushed with pleasure; then his eyes drooped, the color grew deeper, and then faded, and he drew back shyly.

“Why, Christie!”

That was all; but he understood, and as Miss Eldred sat down on the grass, he flung himself beside her, and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed passionately.

“Why, Christie! did you think I don’t know?”

He lifted his head presently. “I thought they would tell you, Miss, and —”

“Well, and if they did, I think I know my little Christie better than they do.”

His face brightened. “Then, Miss, you don’t believe —”

“Don’t be foolish, Christie.”

“Thank you, Miss.”

Miss Eldred smiled. “And now tell me how your back has been since I saw you?”

“Pretty bad, Miss; it hurts me to sit in church now. I can’t mind what Parson says, sometimes, for the ache.”

“My poor Christie.”

They sat quiet a few minutes; then Miss Eldred spoke again:

“Where is your father going to work, Christie?”

“I don’t rightly know, Miss; only it’s some big works. Father’s pleased, and says he’ll have money soon, and ’ll see some great doctor about my back. But I’ll never be well, Miss; only father—he likes to talk about it, Miss; but I know.” And Christie’s eyes wandered off to the sky again—a trick they had.

Miss Eldred looked at him sadly. The white little face, with its pleading brown eyes and look of patient suffering, was one to attract even a stranger’s compassion. A fall having injured his spine, he was forced to use crutches, and could then only walk with difficulty. But here in Burnshope, there were few that did not love the little lame Christie; and, with a thrill of pity, she thought of his loneliness in the great city to which he was going.

Christie himself broke the silence. “I wonder if Master Harry would take my rabbit, Miss; he said once it matched one of his?”

“Has Master Harry been to see you lately, Christie?”

“No, Miss,” he spoke quietly; but a flush crept into his cheek.

Miss Eldred understood, and said nothing more about it till she was going away; then she said, holding the wan little hand: “I will speak about the rabbit, and Christie, remember, if we are patient and trust in God, light *will* be brought out of darkness yet.” And Christie smiled up at her trustfully.