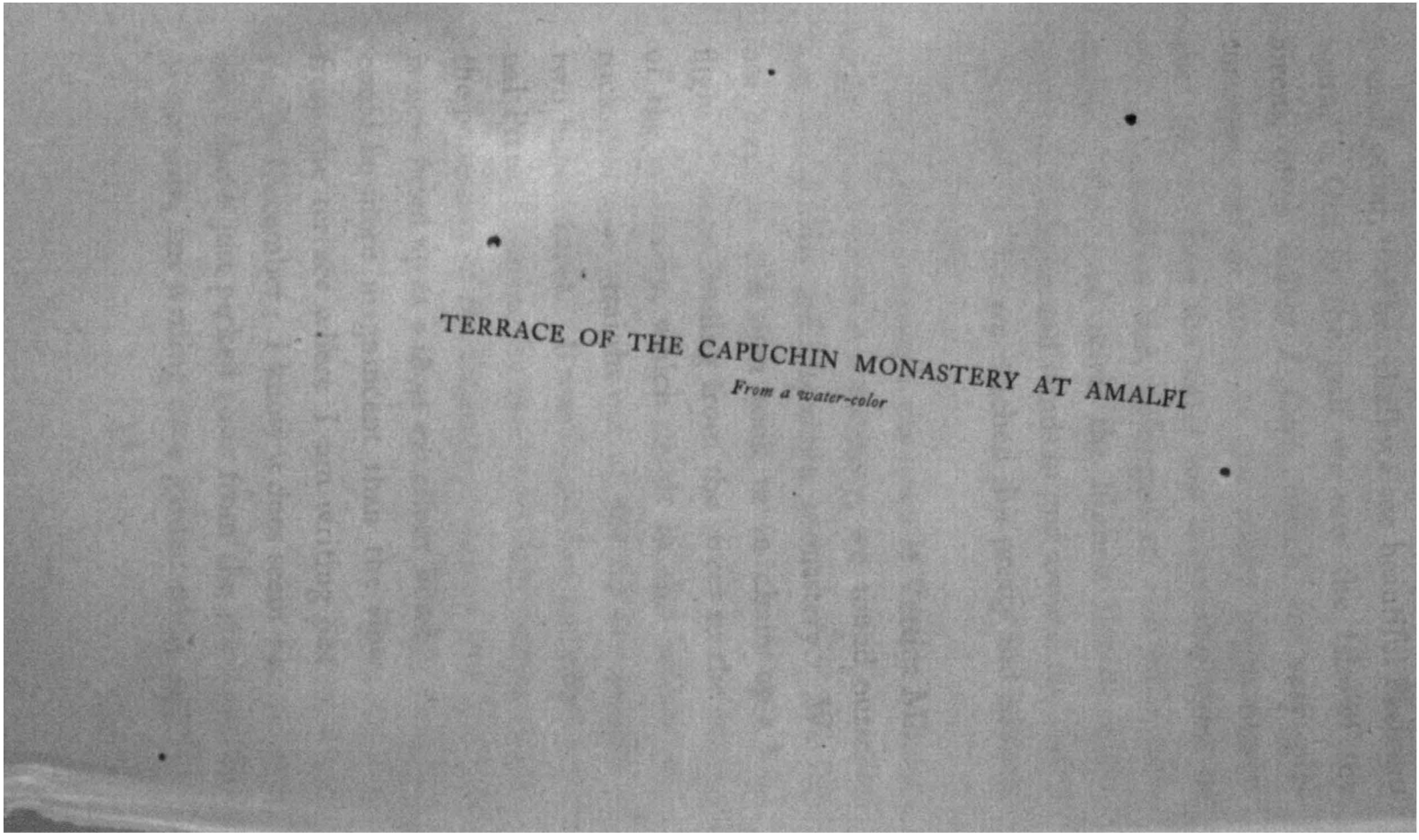
jaunt is over. Once in Italy he could not make up his mind to go directly away, and so proposed that we four make a few days' excursion together over ground we all enjoy so much.

This morning we made an early start from the hotel in order that we might get the full benefit of the beautiful early morning light effects. As we drove out of Sorrento, we passed the Villa of Mrs. Howe's nephew, Marion Crawford, who spends most of his time here now. I always like to read his books when I am in Italy, they have so much local color. How can I tell you of our drive of this morning or describe to you this beautiful place where I am writing! The poets have sung its praises in all the languages, and yet no pen has ever quite done justice to the reality. You remember, we thought the drive from Sorrento to Castellammare very beautiful, but it is not to be compared with the one we have taken this morning. The road follows along the coast all the way, and we had constantly changing views of the lovely gulf of Salerno. We passed through numerous little towns built high up on the side of the cliffs, and were particularly enchanted with the view of Positano, as the carriage wound around curve after curve, giving us varied glimpses of this strange little town. We kept saying

to each other, "When shall we see beautiful Positano again." Out in the gulf we saw the Isles of the Sirens, often called *I Galli*, which are very picturesque, and on many of the rocky promontories that jut out into the water are interesting ruins of the watchtowers that belonged to the early centuries. The road skirts the highest houses of the town of Positano and winds in and around the rocky cliffs, until at last we reached this pretty and historic town of Amalfi.

After passing through the town of Vettica Minore, high above which is a nunnery, we found ourselves just below this old Capuchin monastery. We left our carriage, and men took us in chairs up a long flight of steps leading from the street to the terrace of the monastery, which stands in the hollow of a rock that rises straight out of the sea at a height of two hundred feet. It was founded in 1212 by Cardinal Pietro Capuano for the Cistercians, but came into the possession of the Capuchins later on in 1500, and is now fitted up as a most excellent hotel. Nothing could be more magnificent than the views we have from the terrace where I am writing out of doors, yes, in December; I know it does seem inconsistent, but I have just picked roses from the vines growing at my side, am writing on a garden table, and yet I



TERRACE OF THE CAPUCHIN MONASTERY AT AMALFI

From a water-color

am quite comfortable in a fur-lined coat. It is all very inconsistent apparently, but, in any case, most delightful. After an excellent lunch here, which we had in the old refectory formerly used by the monks, we made a tour of the really fine cloisters of the monastery, and saw where, only two years ago, a little chapel, with the rock into which it was built, broke off and slid down into the blue waters below. Every now and then a great piece of this cliff goes crashing down to the sea, taking with it everything in its path, but now they have arranged special protection for the rest of the cloisters, and I surely hope that they may be spared, for they are very lovely, and from them one has such splendid views.

I am sorry that we did not arrange to stay here longer, for there are several excursions from here that I should like very much to make, but as our plans are now, we shall go on this afternoon as far as Cava dei Tirreni, where we are planning to pass the night. Next time I come, I hope you may be with me, and we will surely plan to stay in this enchanted spot three or four days at the very least. In a little book that I picked up just now in the reading room, I came across Longfellow's poem on Amalfi, and these lines seem to me especially appropriate :

"This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand:
Further still and furthermost
On the dim discovered coast
Paestum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lovely land of doom."

This little lively town that has now but seven thousand inhabitants was formerly a very prosperous seaport; indeed, it defied the Norman sovereigns of Naples, carried on war with Pisa, and at last became subjected to the kings of the House of Anjou and Arragon. Somewhere about 1340 a terrible inundation destroyed more than half of the city which lies buried in the sea.

"Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls:
Hidden from all mortal eyes,
Deep the sunken city lies:
Even cities have their graves!"

But this small town is still very energetic, and there are manufactures here, we are told, of paper, silk and macaroni; and the various little villages that belong to it are very prosperous with their vineyards, and

send off quantities of wine, oil and fruit each year over the seas.

I had forgotten that the compass was invented here by Flavio Gioia, but Mr. Henry reminded us that the *tavole Amalfitane* were for centuries the accepted maritime law of the Mediterranean.

V

To E. F. D. B.

CAVA

December 30, 1904

My dear M.:

WE reached here safely this evening, after a drive that vied in beauty and grandeur of scenery with the one we took this morning.

On the road we were so enchanted with the views that, to make them last a little longer, we left the carriage and walked. Our carriage was a sort of open landau, drawn by three ponies, two harnessed in the regular way, and another hitched on queerly at one side. As we walked along, we came up with a man dressed in a very good black suit. He looked the Italian peasant in every way but his clothes. He bowed, and Mr. H. asked me to speak to him. So I asked him if he had been in America. He was very ready to respond, and told us he had a son in Nuova Jersa (New Jersey), that he had been in Australia, New Zealand,

South America and several times to New York. He said his farm was near Amalfi and that he often came back to it. He had been very prosperous in his journeys, but thought the "bigga mon" was in America, where he had bought a fine gold watch and chain that he showed us with evident pride.

The people of these southern shores of Italy are and have been of many races, Greeks, Corinthians, even Arabians and Persians have left their traces on these southern coasts, and the inhabitants to-day show many characteristics that differ from all other Italians. Most of the Italians who go over to us in America are from the southern part of Italy, Naples and its vicinity.

As we talked, a pretty little bare-footed girl carrying a bundle of grass on her head, and an empty fish basket in her hands, joined us. "*Giovannina*," she replied when I asked her name. She had been to sell her fish, and had gathered grass for her goat as she returned. She was rather shy, but when she left the road to climb up to her little home, high up on the hill-side, she found her voice, and called loudly to her little dog, "*Pasqualino*" (such a pretty name), to follow.

This is an odd little town, tucked away in the

mountains, and high up on one of the neighboring rocky summits is situated a monastery. The town consists only of a long street of arcades, and it looks like a miniature city. Of course there is a main *piazza* (square) to give proper dignity to the church of the town.

The former landlord of this hotel recently died. Mr. H. remembers him quite well and says he was quite a personage. In the little parlor this evening, while we were waiting for our rooms, I noticed numbers of letters from distinguished people, framed, and on inquiring I found they were addressed to the landlord, who has made this hotel quite famous, and has known and received many of the nobility of Europe. Mr. H. says that he formerly kept the hotel of the Capuchins also, and after dinner we were shown his portrait, painted by some very well known artist, but I cannot recall the name at this moment.

To-morrow morning we start at a very early hour for Paestum. I do not know quite how it happens that I have never been there before, but I am looking forward with great interest to seeing the famous temples. We feel more as if we were in a palace than a hotel, and I think we must have the bridal suite of the house. The walls and furniture are upholstered in

yellow satin, and the beds are most elaborately carved and gilded, while all about our parlor are numerous pieces of really beautiful bric-a-brac.

It is too cold and dark to go out about the town so we are going to play bridge this evening.

VI

To T. C. B.

NAPLES, ITALY, December 31, 1904

My dear P.:

WE are rather tired this evening, for although we have had a very pleasant day, we had quite an exciting time in getting home, and came very near not getting here at all tonight. We left Cava early this morning by train for Paestum, the thoughtful landlord having prepared a nice lunch for us to take with us. We were very grateful to him, for at Paestum there were no satisfactory accommodations. It was not long before we reached the station, called by the Italians, Pesto. On our right we had already caught glimpses of the beautiful temples bathed in the bright noonday sun, and having as a background the clear, deep blue of the gulf of Salerno, while, on our left, we beheld the peaks of the Calabrian mountains rising proudly into the Italian sky, their snow-capped brows reminding us that while we could gather roses and oranges in the plains below, we must cling closely to

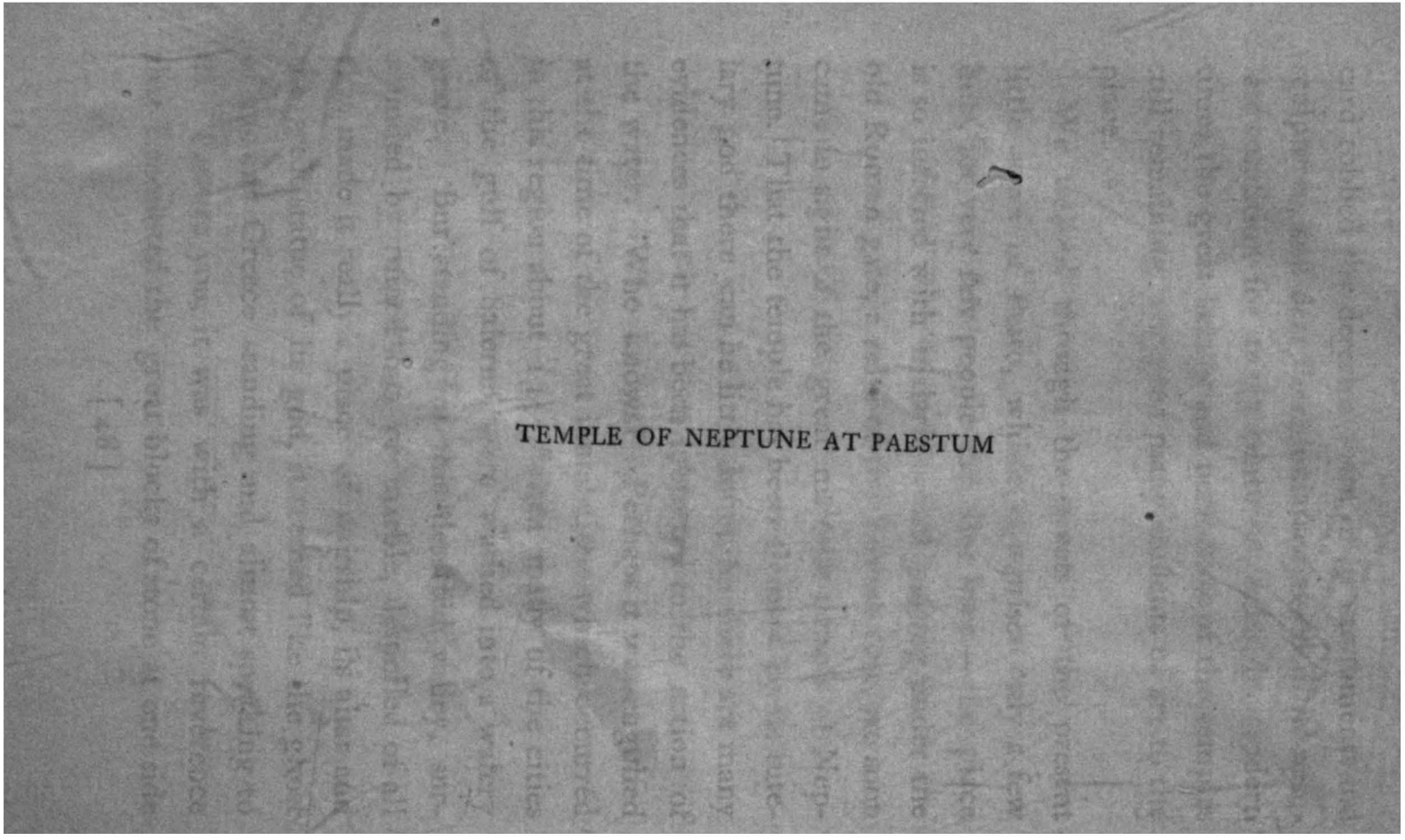
our furs to ward off the cold *Tramontana* winds, which brought cold messages from their high summits, telling us that it was indeed winter.

We had hardly alighted from the train before we were literally surrounded by small boys and girls tugging at our bundles, and seeing that there were no regular *facchini* (porters) about, we realized that we were really off the beaten path of travel. We carried our lunch with us to the temples, which are situated within easy walking distance of the station; along the road we stopped at a gateway to see all that remains of an old forum. A fountain, surmounted by a broken statuette, had been converted into a washing tub for a family, whose back door looked out upon these ancient relics. Women were washing their linens, quite unmindful that here was the site of one of the most famous Greek cities of southern Italy—or Magna Græcia, as it was then called.

The town was founded by the Greeks from Sybaris in the year B. C. 600, and called Poseidonia (City of Neptune). After the defeat of Pyrrhus, Poseidonia fell into the hands of the Romans, who founded the colony of Paestum, but it gradually declined, and from the time of Augustus has been known for its malarious air. Robert Guis-

card robbed the deserted town of its monuments and sculptures, and dear Poseidonia remained in its desolate condition for many centuries, until, in modern times, the great beauty and perfection of the temples still remaining, attracted many students of art to the place.

We walked through the streets of the present little town of Pesto, which comprises only a few huts, for very few people can live here—the place is so infected with malaria—and passing under the old Roman gate, a relic of the Roman rule, we soon came in sight of the great majestic temple of Neptune. That the temple has been claimed by its tutelary god there can be little doubt, for there are many evidences that it has been subjected to the action of the water. Who knows? Perhaps it was engulfed at the time of the great inundations which occurred in this region about 1343, when many of the cities of the gulf of Salerno were washed into a watery grave. But standing in this deserted valley, surrounded by ruined bits of marble, despoiled of all that made it really a place of worship, its altar and the great statue of its god, it seemed like the ghost of ancient Greece standing and almost speaking to us. I assure you, it was with a certain reverence that I mounted the great blocks of stone at one side



TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PAESTUM

of the front of the temple, and entered what was once the "Holy of Holies." The temple is most impressive in its simple grandeur, and extremely picturesque with its many massive columns of yellow travertine, that, though worn and injured, are still gigantic in their strength.

This is, as you know, the most perfect model of the Greek temple extant, and as we walked among the rows of the great columns, we discovered that in the water-worn stone innumerable tiny snails had made their home. I am afraid I was cruel enough to take out one or two to convince the incredulous of our party. It seemed to me such a pity that all the beautiful metopes, the statues of the impedimenta, paintings, etc., found here, have been taken either to the museum at Palermo or Naples. I suppose that was the only way to preserve them, though they will never seem as real in a museum.

We decided to have our lunch in the less perfect and probably older temple near by, that has been erroneously called a basilica, and young Mr. Henry, who has been making a study of Greek architecture, pointed out to me the row of columns in the centre of the temple, explaining that it was probably dedicated to two gods. We spread our lunch on one of the altar stones that has doubtless received many of-

ferings to appease or implore favors from some ancient Greek god or goddess. I suppose we ought to have been properly impressed, but we were all having such a merry time, that I fear our spirits got the better of our sentiment., The children of the government keeper of the temples gathered about us, and begged for bits of our lunch. I wish you could have seen the way those little urchins grabbed at the meat which we gave them; they were actually like little wild beasts, and I dare say, they had never tasted meat before; when we told them they might have the empty apollinaris bottle, their joy knew no bounds.

After lunch we walked over to the temple of Ceres, which has the same purity of design as the other two temples, but is much smaller, and has of necessity been somewhat restored. All three temples are built exactly in a straight line, but some little distance from one another. Before we knew it, it was time for us to go. We took a last look at these really wonderful ruins and hurried to the little station, but my dear, one should never hurry in Italy—no one ever does but the foreigners. I cannot tell you how long we waited before the little train came slowly puffing into view. When it did stop, all the seats seemed to be full, and we made frantic efforts to find an unoccu-

pied compartment—in vain. Things began to get desperate; it was the only train for many hours, and we now vividly recalled all the stories of the Paestum malaria. The *capo stazione* (station-master) seemed to regard our distress in the light of a good joke, but at last, in despair, I rushed to the baggage car; "*É vietato l'ingresso* (No admittance)," shrieked the conductor, as he called, "*Pronti* (ready)!" and made a motion as if to give the signal to start. Not getting that train meant not getting to Naples until midnight or perhaps not at all until to-morrow. It was awful! I begged F. B. and the Henrys to go with me to the baggage car once more. "You must let us in, oh good Mr. Conductor!" I called; "*pagheremo benissimo* (we will pay you well)." The magic word was spoken. With a pretence of reluctance, the conductor allowed us to bundle hastily one after another into the baggage car, and with a loud "*Partenza* (All aboard)!" we rolled away from Paestum. Bundles and baskets served as seats (we prayed they were not filled with eggs), and we rode thus most uncomfortably, though gratefully, for some time. At last, the conductor condescended to tell us that our train would probably connect at the next station with the one for Naples. He was right; by the narrow margin of

two minutes we caught the Naples train, jumped into the only first-class compartment, and reached here only an hour later than scheduled time, thanking our lucky stars that we had not been obliged to spend the night amid the ghosts and malaria of Paestum. All is well that ends well, and I would not have missed seeing the temples for a great deal.

VII

To C. R.

A BIT OF JAPAN

NAPLES, January 3, 1905

My dear Caira:

TWO years ago, when we were here, we had the rarest sort of good luck in meeting a number of Japanese Naval officers. They had been sent by the Emperor of Japan to England for the Coronation Ceremonies of His Majesty, King Edward VII. It came about in this way: One evening our Italian maid told us about the arrival of the Japanese Ambassador in the hotel. The next morning we looked out of our windows to see the two "crack" ships of the Japanese Navy lying at anchor in the harbor—the Asama and the Takasago. F. B. was perfectly wild to go over them, for as you know, he is tremendously interested in all matters pertaining to naval armament. We asked the Japanese Ambassador if he would give us a note to the Admiral, as we were most anxious to go over the ships. With the usual Jap-

anese courtesy and politeness, an invitation was at once sent to us to come on board the Asama. We lost no time in accepting, and two charming officers met us at the ship's ladder, and showed us all about. I assure you, you could have trailed your best ball-gown over every part of that ship, it was so spotlessly clean.

F. B. says they are Armstrong-built ships and have all the latest improvements. The Asama is an armored cruiser of 9800 tons displacement, and is about the same as our Brooklyn, while the Takasago is of 4200 tons displacement, an unarmored or protected cruiser. I did not realize before that every officer in the Japanese Navy is obliged to speak English, and they do speak it very well indeed. Naturally, we found we must speak slowly, and speak plain English, minus all slang. We nearly disgraced ourselves once, by laughing right out at a remark that one of the young officers made. F. B. was much interested in one of the quick-firing guns, and said to the officer, "Won't you please have that gun opened once more, I am not *very much up on* that gun?" Quite seriously, the officer replied, "But, sir, you do not stand upon the gun." After that we tried to leave out all idioms and slang,

and by speaking slowly and distinctly got along splendidly.

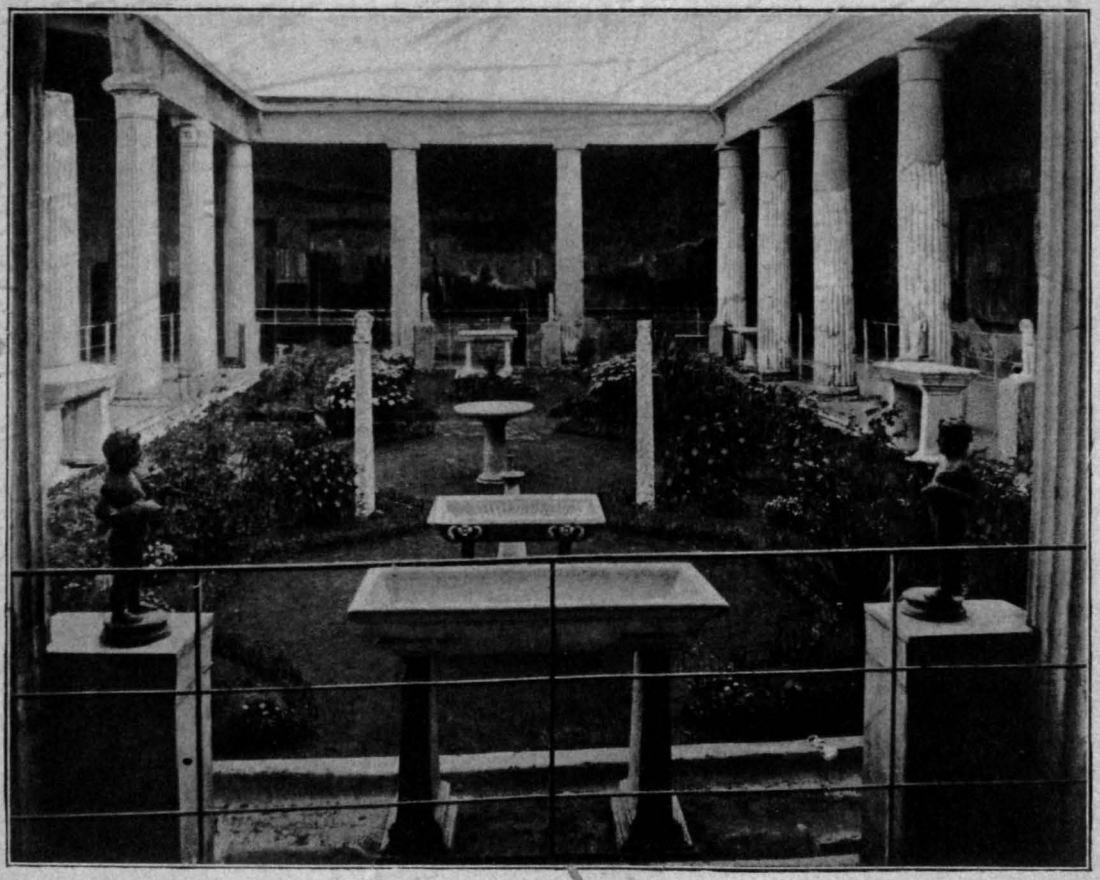
The Admiral's apartments were perfectly stunning. The Emperor's and the Empress's portraits hung on the wall, framed in the most exquisite Japanese lacquer; beautiful Japanese vases were all about, filled with imitation Japanese cherry blossoms; they looked so real that I smelled of one, and when I laughed at my own mistake, the officer said, "Many other people have done the same thing; but," he explained, "the cherry blossom is the emblem of the Japanese Navy, and, as you see, we all have cherry blossoms embroidered on our caps. Here," he said, pointing to some of the decoration on the walls, "is the chrysanthemum, the flower of our Empress." We went into the wireless telegraphy room, and then out through the main part of the ship, where the sailors were being drawn up in line, and given doses of quinine before they were allowed to go on shore. It was too funny to see each one taking his dose as the doctor passed along. They all looked so strong, so well and so clean, and even the sailors seemed to have most dexterous fingers, for I saw two of them copying music manuscript for the band to play,

in a way that would have made a French copyist envious.

When we apparently had seen everything there was to see, the officers invited us down to the mess room to have tea, made in the Japanese fashion. The tables were just like those on our men-of-war, and the officers told us that lunch and dinner were served in the "European way," as he put it, and breakfast in the Japanese fashion, on the floor. The tea was served in very small bowls, and looked a bright sage green, while bits of pink and white Japanese sweets were served with it, to replace sugar, I suppose. It looked and tasted exactly like the tea that I had at the Chicago Exposition, that was called "Japanese Ceremony Tea." It was pretty bitter, but I think I could get used to the taste and like it. When we were ready to go, the officers brought me some lovely Japanese silks, and some pretty fans, upon which I asked them to write their autographs in Japanese. "Failing in nothing," they presented F. B. with some lovely lacquer boxes; and just as we were leaving, asked us to go with them the next day to Pompeii. They have some special privilege from the government, which they said they could give us as well.

We did go to Pompeii, the next day, and had a

THE HOUSE OF THE VETTII AT POMPEII



most delightful time with our new Japanese acquaintances. Of course, the Italian officials had been duly notified of the intended visit of the Japanese officers, so that the best of the government guides were waiting to receive us when we arrived.

The train passed through the little towns of Torre del Greco and Torre Annunziata, where the coral is worked almost exclusively. The excavations in Herculaneum, we were told, have to be made in tunnels under these towns; that is one reason why they are so very expensive.

We had luncheon at once at the little hotel near the station, and directly after, started out to see the wonders of the "city of the dead" We have been there several times before, and you have been there too, so I shall write you only about the new discoveries.

The house of the Vettii, which then was opened to no one without special government permission, was especially interesting, and thanks to our Japanese friends, it was shown to us in the most careful and delightful way. The beautiful paintings on the walls, the marble decorations of the peristyle—in fact, every thing found here has been left *in situ*. It is by far the best preserved and most beautiful house in Pompeii. The large room on the right of the peristyle, I thought, the most interesting of all. Here

on the walls are fascinating paintings of cupids, represented as doing all sorts of things: throwing stones at a target, pressing and selling wine, manufacturing and selling oil, having chariot races, etc., and the detail of these paintings is simply marvelous. It seems beyond belief that these colors can have kept eighteen hundred years. They were a very luxurious family, evidently, these Vettii, for everything about the place where they dwelt bespeaks wealth, pleasure and luxury. The Japanese seemed most interested in everything, and showed a keen appreciation for all that was most exquisite artistically. We were glad to revisit with them our favorite spots in Pompeii, the House of Glaucus (I bought a new copy of the "Last Days of Pompeii" yesterday), the Temple of Isis, where all the hypocrisy of the priests is so beautifully shown up in their little secret passages and doors. It seems a pity that they could not have left the beautiful statues found here, in their original places; but of course, after one has been here a number of times, and knows the museum pretty well by heart, one can fit the two things together in one's mind.

The voices of this depopulated city of Pompeii, the favorite resort of the Roman Empire, suffocated, in all the strenuousness of a life of joy and dissipation

by the ashes and lava of Vesuvius, have been studied by all who are desirous of learning the customs and history of this remote past. It always seems to me that from the monuments and houses turned, after so many centuries, to, the light of the sun, one can read with clearer evidence that from all the writings and histories of the poets, what was the real life of this decadent Rome, which, having arrived at the summit of her power, gave herself over totally to ruin and dissolution. Even the walls have their revelation upon them

Roughly traced, you can see designs even on the outer ramparts, sentences, satirical verses, words of love, of hate, bets and threats, exclamations of joy and despair, remote voices that seem those of yesterday, because they are spontaneous. As a distinguished Professor has truly said, "We seem to still hear the beating heart from which they sprang, and the trembling of the lips that pronounced these very words." More fragmentary inscriptions have been found of unusual interest, but many of them are of a dissolute nature, not suitable for translation.

As we wandered about these ruins, I was constantly reminded of Shelley's lines:

"I stood within the city disinterred;
And heard the autumnal leaves like light foot-falls
Of spirits passing through the streets; and heard
The mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls.
The oracular thunder penetrating shook
The listening soul in my suspended blood:
I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—
I felt, but heard not. Through white columns glowed
The isle-sustaining ocean flood,
A plane of light between two heavens of azure."

We returned to Naples in the late afternoon, and F. B. gave a dinner for the Japanese officers. I felt very odd at the table, being the only woman. I noticed at the beginning of each course, several of the officers watched me very closely, and I wondered why. Presently one of them said to me, "It is very hard for us Japanese to know just which is the proper knife and fork to take at each course." I laughed and replied, "There are a good many people who know as little as you, since the jewelers change their fashions so often, it is hard for any one to keep pace with their new shapes and styles." I felt quite proud to sit at the head of the table, surrounded by so many brass buttons and stunning uniforms. The officers certainly looked extremely well, and evidently had a good time. During the dinner some Italian musicians came in with their

guitars and mandolins, and sang my pet Neapolitan songs; and after coffee and cigars, we drove over to a little summer theatre at one side of the Castello dell' Ovo. F. B. had a large box for us, and I translated the bright little comic opera for the officers, as best I could. After the first act, the orchestra struck up the Italian National Hymn, and to our great amazement, the audience turned deliberately around, and cheered our box three times. We could not imagine what it meant, until it suddenly occurred to me that it was the twentieth of September, the national holiday that United Italy celebrates in commemoration of the day when the victorious Italian army entered Rome, in 1870. I felt very much embarrassed, as did F. B., but the Japanese officers remained calm and unruffled, and bowed their acknowledgments to the crowd below in a graceful manner. Kipling has said of some of us Americans, "that we have a great deal of manner and very few manners," but he ought to be satisfied with the Japanese, who know exactly what to do and say on all occasions.

After the play was over, we jumped into cabs and drove to the pier, where the launch was waiting to take the officers back to the ships. They sailed away the next day, and we 've had postals quite frequently,

and letters now and again from one or more of them ever since. The first letter I received, was directed to F. B., but began "My dear Mrs. Batcheller," on the inside. Was n't it the extreme limit of oriental politeness to allow F. B. the first reading of a letter to his wife from a stranger? As I replied in a reasonably short time, letters since then have come addressed directly to me. It is about time for us to hear from them again, and now that the war is on, we are, more than usual, anxious to know that they are all right.

F. B. has just come in with the horrid news of the sinking of the Japanese cruiser Takasago on the night of December 12th. How odd that I should just be writing you about it! It was sunk by a floating mine at sea. The Captain Ishibashi stood on the forebridge and addressed the crew, five hundred in number, who assembled on the upper deck. He ordered everybody on board to equip himself with a life-buoy, and added, "No one must leave the ship until she sinks, we will share together the fate of the vessel." The account says the crew then sang a naval song. Fancy their wishing to sing just before the ship plunged to the bottom! Three boats had been lowered with their regulation crews on board. The waves were running high, and the

fate of the boats themselves seemed at times precarious, but the warship Otawa came to their rescue. Only one hundred and thirty-three persons were saved, however, including Captain Ishibashi himself.

We are fearfully upset at this news, but F. B. says very likely our friends have been transferred to other ships, so I am hoping for the best.

We are going out to Pompeii to-morrow, and it will recall most vividly our delightful day spent with Lieutenants Hatano and Arawo, and others of the Japanese party.

VIII

To T. C. B.

THE BRONZES OF THE NAPLES MUSEUM

NAPLES, January 5, 1905

My dear Papa:

THIS morning we went to the museum, and have passed a most delightful day, taking a bit of lunch at the nearest restaurant at noon-time. Of course, many people have seen these bronzes, but many, I think, do not quite realize their exact position in the world of art, nor understand why we find the only large bronzes of the ancients here and nowhere else; and perhaps you will be interested to hear a few of the results of my recent studies on this subject.

These bronzes are generally believed to be of Greek workmanship, and to represent the best of ancient Greek art, but when I say Greek, you must remember that there was no Greek or Hellenic nation in the true sense of the word. The Greek or Hellenic peoples existed not as organized and compact societies, to which might be given the name of

nation, but in separated cities, each independent and by itself, acknowledging no over-lord, and deeming the right to make war upon their nearest neighbors the highest of their privileges. The city had first been the tribe, the tribe had been the family, and over the family ruled the father, who worshipped his father and his father's father as the especial gods of his household, hence, as you know, the expression *Lares et Penates.*

The fabric of all Greek society was then almost exclusively religious. The sacred fire was not to be tended by aliens or foreigners, and must be perpetually maintained in each city. But in spite of this exclusiveness and isolation, a certain feeling of kinship sprang up between the peoples calling themselves Hellenes. In their various customs, and especially in a similarity of language, which distinguished them from other tribes, we find characteristics that, in a way, may be regarded as national. There was, also, a certain religious sympathy and feeling, for those who had left the Hellespont, and settled westward on the south shores of Italy, where they were known by those left behind, as the "grey folk," people of the gloaming, *graioi*, *graeci*, or Greeks. With these tribes the Romans first came into contact, and thus the word "Greeks" became a designa-

tion for the whole Hellenic race. Admitting the social and intellectual differences between the lowest and most advanced of the Greek tribes, the contrast with the great Asiatic empires marks so clear a line as to make it almost a necessity to speak of Greek national character.

"For the Assyrian or the Persian," a noted historian says, "the human body was a thing to be insulted and mutilated at his will, to be disgraced by servile prostrations, or to be offered in sacrifice to wrathful and bloodthirsty deities. For him, woman was a mere chattel, while his children were possessions of which he might make profit by selling them into slavery. Of these abominable usages the Greek practically knew nothing; and as he would have shrunk from the gouging out of eyes, and slitting of ears and noses, so on the other hand the sight of the unclothed body, which carried to the Oriental a sense of unseemliness and shame, filled the Greek with delight; and the exhibition of this form, in games of strength and skill, became, through the great festivals of the separate or collective tribes, bound up intimately with his religion. Yet further, this respect for the person, was accompanied by a moral self-respect, which would submit to no servile or unseemly humiliations."

The festivals of the *polis* or city were very large, but as these gatherings were purely religious, they were no hindrances to the union, and thus from the small family gatherings, sprang the magnificent assemblies, which made the names of Olympia, Delos and Nemea famous, while the guardianship of the great temples erected at these places, made the bond of religious union still firmer and closer. The full influence of these festivals on education can scarcely be imagined, for to these gatherings was attracted all that was noble and high-minded in Greek society, and the young man returning to his clan, or tribe, was haunted by the magic music of the Delian hymns, lyric songs such as no other age or land has ever equalled. Like poetry, so art in the form of wonderful temples began to be developed. These were beautifully decorated with elaborate impedimenta, and sculpture reached almost perfection.

But for the political disunion of the Hellenic races, the growth of Imperial Rome might have been forever checked. The Greeks could progress along all lines of growth, save in the belief that to be independent they must be dependent on each other, that they must sacrifice some individual importance to the importance of the race as a whole. This they refused to see, so in time they became

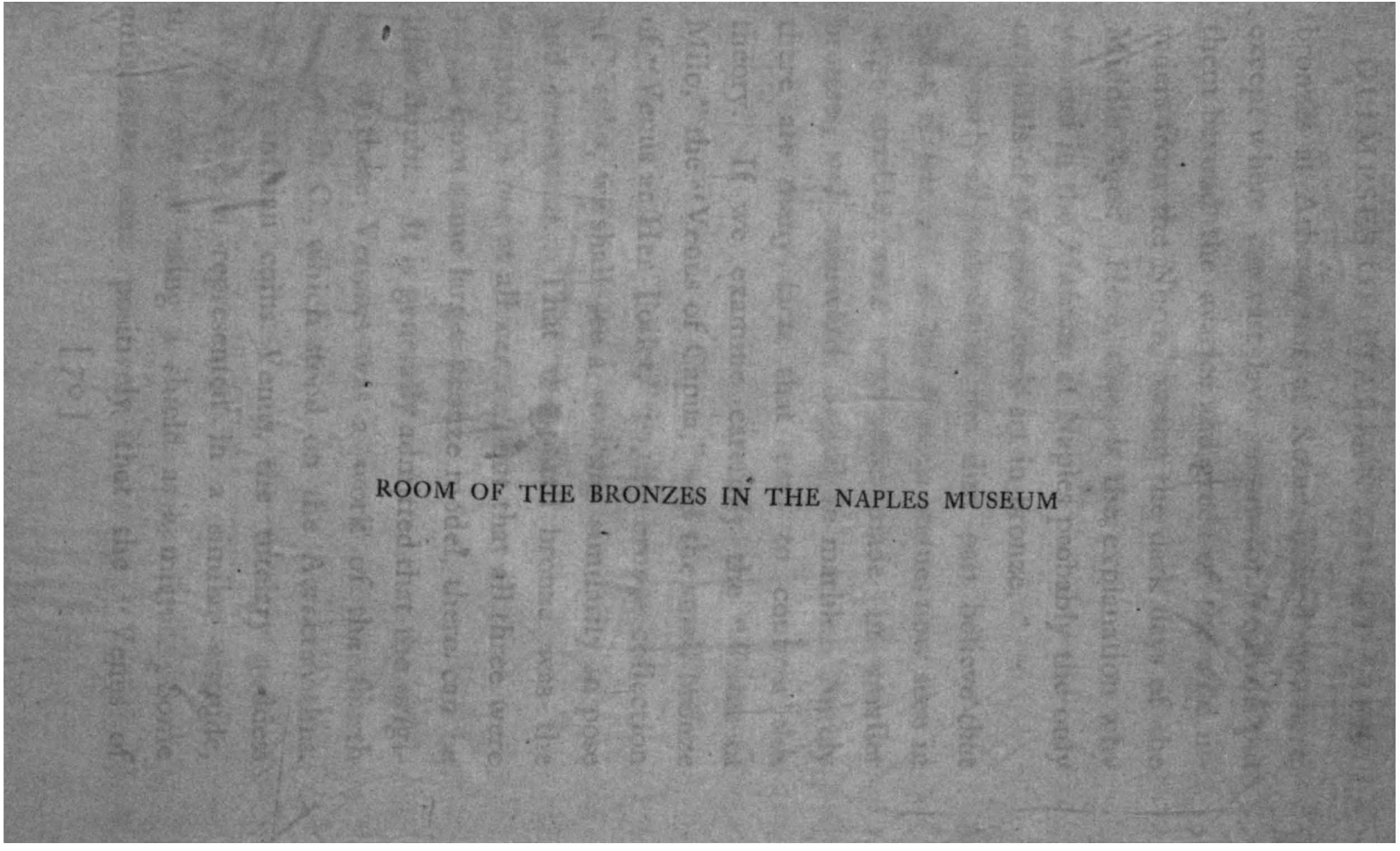
merely the teachers, the artists, really the employees, the skilled laborers, of the Romans. Thus when we go to the Museum in Naples, and are shown countless treasures in bronze, made by the finest Greek artists, bearing Greek inscriptions, and are told that they were taken from the houses of rich Romans in Pompeii and Herculaneum, we remember the saying of Benjamin Franklin, "We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately,"—which was precisely what happened to the Greek cities one after another.

It is an ill wind, however, that blows no one good, and to-day, had the Greeks not been forced to give of their talents and arts to the Romans, it is more than likely that the world would have few, if any, of these priceless treasures. Indeed, wicked old Vesuvius performed a great service to modern art, by covering up these beautiful bronzes so well that the ruthless robbers of the Middle Ages could not get at them, and melt them up for weapons and coins. Of the other great bronzes in which the world of Magna Græcia, the Hellespont and later Rome undoubtedly abounded, these only are left to us. General Francis Walker in his interesting work, "Money," tells how the treasure of the world was gradually dissipated during the Middle Ages. How, at first, in the earliest times, treasure seems to have been

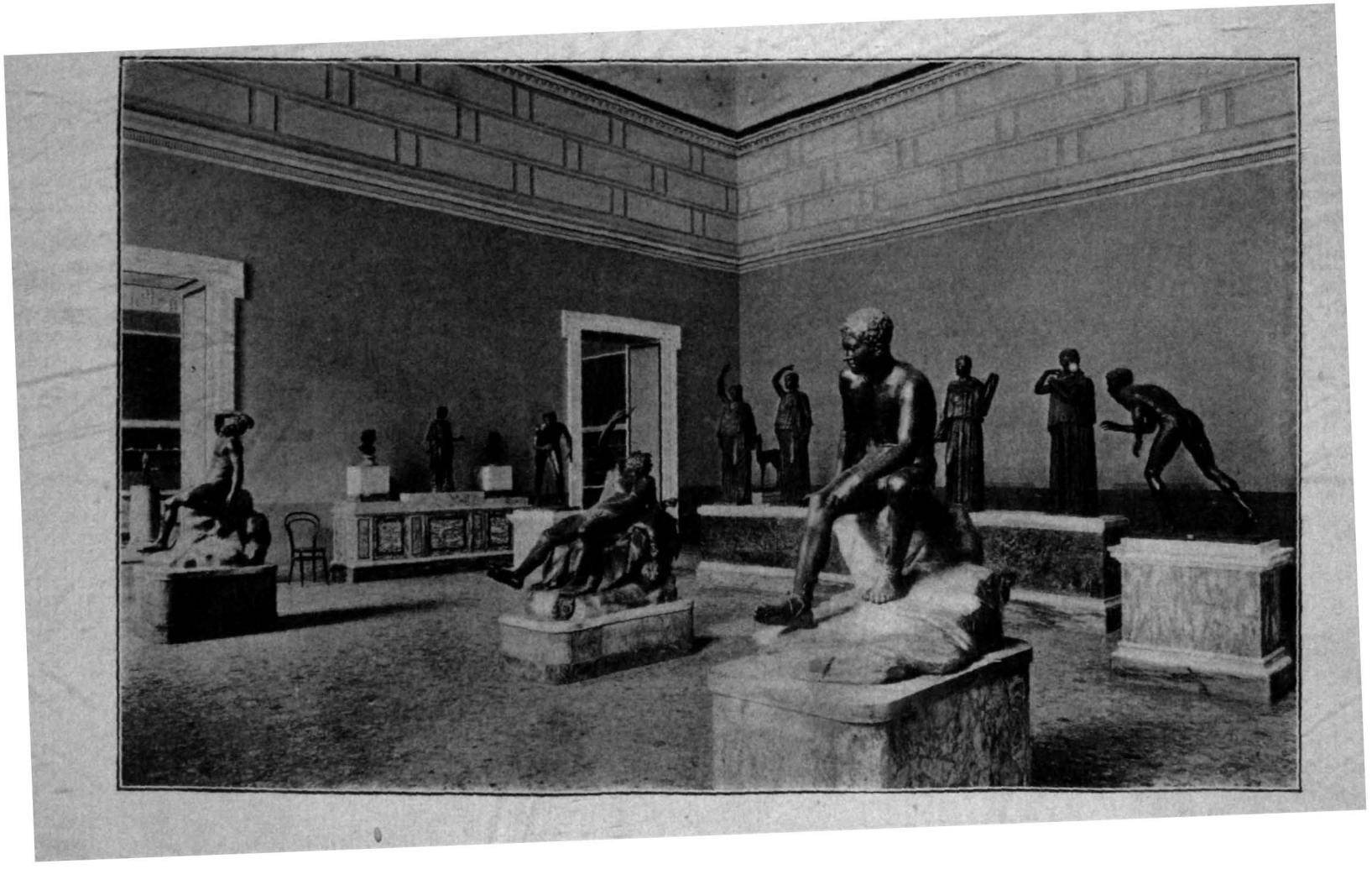
hoarded away by one conqueror after another, from Darius, Crœsus, Alexander, etc., until about six hundred millions of dollars were probably accumulated. After the Greek and Roman conquests of the world, this treasure was made use of in part, as coin. Later, in the time of the Roman Emperors, the mines were leased out to individuals, who, caring nothing for the mine beyond what they could extract from it during their rental of it, took out only the best of the metal, heaping the refuse over the less valuable extracts, till after years of similar treatment, the mine could no longer be worked to advantage. With the adoption of coins as a medium of exchange, the abrasion of metal meant the loss of many thousands each year, while much of the precious metal of the world was probably lost by flood, shipwreck, fire, etc. Gradually with the abuses of the Roman Empire, and the disuse of the mines, the treasures of the world gradually disappeared, until the gold and silver coins were replaced with copper and iron. To supply this need of money, the many bronze figures were melted up and made into coins. Finally the coins became almost exclusively iron, and the bolts of the Colosseum were extracted for the necessary currency of the time. Hence we have no wonderful large

bronzes at Athens, nor at Rome, indeed nowhere, except where the vast lava streams of Vesuvius put them beyond the avarice and greed of the wild invaders from the North, during the dark days of the Middle Ages. Here, then, is the explanation why we find in the Museum at Naples probably the only originals of the old Greek art in bronze.

Nearly all students of the dim past believe that most, if not all, of the famous statues now seen in large marble, were originally made in smaller bronzes, and afterwards copied in marble. Surely there are many facts that seem to confirm this theory. If we examine carefully the "Venus of Milo," the "Venus of Capua," and the small bronze of "Venus at Her Toilet," in the bronze collection at Naples, we shall see a striking similarity in pose and treatment. That this small bronze was the original, is not at all certain, but that all three were taken from some larger bronze model, there can be little doubt. It is generally admitted that the original of these Venuses was a work of the fourth century B. C., which stood on the Acrocorinthus. On Corinthian coins Venus, the tutelary goddess of the city, is represented in a similar attitude, in the act of using a shield as a mirror. Some authorities state positively that the "Venus of



ROOM OF THE BRONZES IN THE NAPLES MUSEUM



Milo," a work of the second century before Christ, was modelled on the same original as the Venus of the Corinthian coin, and by many is considered a "Victory" rather than a "Venus."

Another interesting comparison is seen in the "Venus of Medici," now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, the "Venus Capitolina" in Rome, and the three small statues of Venus in marble in the Museum of Naples. These all probably were modelled from some wonderful bronze lost to us forever. The Roman Empresses were generally anxious to be represented in sculpture as Venus, and these three last mentioned statues are thought to be portraits of the Empresses of Imperial Rome.

Another interesting comparison is found between the famous "Winged Victory" in marble in Rome, and the small "Winged Victory" in bronze at the Naples Museum. Some one has said that the real truth is never known of any event that is past, and this is perhaps true, yet circumstantial evidence has been sufficiently strong, in many cases, to lead the best and most thorough students of ancient art to arrive at certain definite conclusions. An eminent professor, in his work on ancient art, states positively that the beautiful marble head of "Hera," called by some the "Farnese Juno," is merely a replica of a

bronze original, executed by Polycletus, as a standard example of the system of proportion established by him. Here, as in many of the bronzes, the eyes were to have been of some other material, glass, stone, or silver, and joined to the statue.

The same enthusiasm is experienced for the group of tyrant slayers, "Harmodius and Aristogeiton," probably a marble copy of the bronze of Critios and Nesiotes which stood in the market-place at Athens. The Argive School of the latter half of the fifth century B. C. acknowledged as its head Polycletus. He often modelled from early works of the Athenian School, and altered them to his ideal of symmetry and beauty. An excellent example of his style is seen in the fine bronze reproductions of his Doryphorus, from the palæstra at Pompeii. In this Neapolitan collection we find also many excellent examples of the school of Praxiteles, especially in the bronze "Apollo" from Pompeii, a work probably of the fifth century B. C., and the only bronze statue hitherto found at Pompeii of a natural size. The eyes are of marble, and the left hand probably held a lyre. In fact nearly all stages of Greek art may be traced in this collection. A very early period is represented by the head of a youth remarkable for the soldering on of the hair.

The so-called "Dancing Women," five large bronze statues, which are represented at the back of the picture, are supposed to represent actresses, as they were found in the theatre at Herculaneum. There are three others similar, but rather smaller. A strange effect is produced, by the use of the stone eyes, giving the features the appearance of living negroes. These figures are said to belong to the same cycle as the sculptures at Selinus and Olympia.

A bearded head, another interesting work, once erroneously called Plato, illustrates the artistic form of the stage represented by Myron; while later art, the authorities tell us, is shown in the world-famous statue of Narcissus, now called Dionysos. You recall the story of Narcissus, the beautiful youth with whom nymphs and naiads were always falling in love. Poor Echo, a young nymph, who had been punished by Juno for having talked too much, and had had her voice taken from her, except to repeat what others said to her, had also fallen prey to the charms of the beautiful Narcissus. Tradition has it that she wasted away until nothing was left but her voice. Narcissus listened to her praises, and in this posture we see him in the bronze. The story says he remained unmoved by her love, and as he had remained unmoved by all the affections bestowed

upon him, the avenging Goddess Nemesis caused him to fall in love with his own image reflected in the fountain, so he, in his turn, was punished. The story ends rather sadly, for we are told, that gazing upon his lovely form, he pined away, until he was eventually changed into the flower that bears his name. It rather offended my illusion that some sober professor now prefers to call the beautiful figure Dionysos, since the listening posture distinctly suggests the myth of Narcissus and Echo.

The bronzes from Pompeii and those from Herculaneum are easily distinguished by their different colors. Those from Herculaneum are of a dark black-greenish color, while those from Pompeii are oxidized and of a light blue-green hue. The difference is due, it is thought by some, to a difference in treatment, while others maintain that the bronzes from Herculaneum, being protected by much lava, escaped the oxidizing which the falling ashes gave to the bronzes from Pompeii.

Almost the first bronze that meets our eye when we enter this place of wonders, is the "Colossal Horse," reconstructed from over two hundred fragments. We feel that it must have been one of a quadriga, and as we stand before the huge creature, it seems ready to prance out of the Museum at any moment. Strength

and beauty are in every line. There is another enormous horse's head, that was a part of the horse that decorated the vestibule of the temple of Neptune, in the days when Naples was Neapolis, and the guide tells us, that this head was converted into a bell by a superstitious priest at the Church of St. Gennaro; it was later taken to the Museum. We are shown many small bronzes intended for fountains. Among the most interesting to me was the "Boy with the Wine-skins," from which the water flowed, and to-day, in Naples, the boys may be seen carrying water in precisely this way, in the same sort of skins.

A strangely interesting discovery was made in a Herma of Lucius Cæcilius Jucundus, erected, as the Greek inscription tells us, by his freedman Felix, and found at Pompeii. That he was a banker, is proved by the finding of a carbonized box at Pompeii in June, 1875, containing about five hundred triptychs, and receipts for money advanced by him. The head is so life-like with its stone eyes, colored pupils, the gaze so searching, that I immediately congratulated myself that my January 1st bills were all paid.

It is impossible to tell you about all this vast collection in detail, so I am coming now to the

great masterpieces, having saved the best for the last.

Nothing in the world of art is more graceful, and more beautiful than the "Resting Hermes," commonly known to us by his Roman name of Mercury. Here is a perfect representation of vigorous, lithe youth at a moment of complete relaxation; yet one feels that at any moment the figure may spring into life, so real is the portrayal of reserve strength. It always rests me to look at the perfect calm, thus wonderfully represented, and the Museum authorities have most wisely arranged a bench near by, where every one involuntarily goes to rest with the statue, and admires while resting. Our heads were nearly turned by the numerous wonders that demanded our attention. We were so glad to see again the world-famed statuette of the "Dancing Faun," found in the house named from the statuette in Pompeii. He is all movement and careless merriment, while on the other hand, the drunken "Silenus" seems to be all effort and muscular exertion. We turn from these to the statue of the "Sleeping Satyr," with his filled pigskin (used as a wine-flask) at his side. He is surely asleep, and it is a great work of art, though not as pleasing to the eye as some others. Of course one must admire

the incomparable art of the utterly irresponsible "Drunken Faun," who lies back, laughing at all the world in his drunken debauch, and snapping his fingers at the possible consequence of his revel. I agree that it is a *capolavoro* (masterpiece), but it is too frightfully realistic to be agreeable, and I slighted him to-day to enjoy the marvelous strength, activity and alertness of the "Wrestlers." Surely nothing can be more perfect than their beautiful limbs trained so admirably for muscular action, and one cannot but admire their perfection and bodily development, that was attained to be displayed in the great national religious festivals of the Greeks. No wonder the Greeks were great sculptors with such models. If it were a part of the religion of to-day to perfect human health, I fancy our race would be nearer physical perfection than it is. I am always somewhat surprised at the statue of "Diana," with her strange, glass-enameled eyes. Her left arm is broken off and is hollow, and at the back of the statue is a little hole in the neck, from which priests spoke, at the temple of Apollo at Pompeii, where the statue was found, making people believe that the voice proceeded from the oracles above, when in reality their own voices resounded through the hollow bronze. The lovely Diana looks at you quite

frankly, as if resenting the deception practised through her.

One of the most recent treasures found at Pompeii is the silver-plated statue called "Effebo" (Ephebus). The silver has become quite oxidized by the ashes, but the perfection of line and form of the statue is in no way injured. That silver was used not only in plating bronze, is proved when we behold the silver bust of "Galva." I admit that I had to be told that it was silver, but on examining it I was convinced. It is curious and interesting, but I should not call it beautiful. Some of the busts show bits of gold-plating, proving that sometimes statues were also gold-plated.

We passed from room to room filled with countless busts, some wonderful portraits, and some heads of unknown Greeks, many bearing Greek inscriptions. I was much interested in the small collection of little bronze busts; in the portrait bust of Epicurus, especially because it so resembles a famous statesman, the Hon. Mr. F., whom I know in Canada.

Indeed, we learn here that bronze was most extensively used by the ancients. We saw in the upstairs bronze rooms this afternoon, many kitchen ranges of different sorts, some wonderful tripod lamps, tables and hundreds of other ornaments.

The collection of small bronzes includes tripod

candelabra, lamps, braziers, money-chests, jars, jugs, bracelets, chains, such as Tiffany is glad to copy now; kitchen utensils, doctors' instruments, all sorts of weapons, armour, and many other things that make us realize that there is nothing new under the sun. Will you believe it, even the rouge-pots were found, with the polished silver mirrors, at Pompeii? The women then, as now, were always trying to please the other sex. The exquisite collection of Greek coins remind us that we are in a land that once was the thriving and envied seat of Greek culture, and we should be thankful that the Romans, instead of destroying that culture, knew how to use, maintain and encourage it.

This collection of bronzes is surely unrivalled in the world; the number and magnitude of the works, the delicate treatment adapted to the material, and the skilful mastery of every kind of difficulty in casting and chiselling, afford the best possible insight into the high development of this branch of art in ancient times. As I left the Museum, tired and weary, I made my very best bow to Vesuvius for having given me the privilege of enjoying these priceless and unique treasures.

IX

To E. F. D. B.

THE JOURNEY TO ROME

January 7, 1905

My dear Mother:

HERE we are in Rome most comfortably settled at the Hotel Bristol. We had to leave Naples at half-past five in the morning, but some way we did not mind it at all. The landlord, the porter, and our ever faithful Pasquale, stood at the door and wished us a *buon viaggio* as if it were mid-day. We were sorry to go, but we always say *a rivederla* to Naples.

The train was supposed to be heated—when the thermometer is 56 degrees Fahrenheit here, the natives think they are quite comfortable—but we had taken all proper precautions, and had furs, rugs and warm over-shoes, and a small flask in case of emergency. Fortunately we had a whole compartment to ourselves; we spread out our rugs, and kept the windows closed, so that when the mists rose and the sun appeared, we became quite comfortable. As

the train passed along through the out-lying farms of Naples, it seemed as if it must be spring, so much planting was going on. The farms are usually quite a distance from any house, so that rude little huts are built, where one or two men stay at night to watch over the gardens. Now and again, the train passed herds of the Italian water-buffalo. They are smaller than our American buffalo, with dark brown, shaggy hair, and their horns grow straight back from their ears, giving them a most unusual appearance.

Quite in the American way, a very nice dining-car was attached to the train, and we passed a delightful day, enjoying the beauties of the scenery. As the train wound in and around the valley of the Garigliano, we had fine views of the rocky summits of the Abruzzi Mountains, and numerous glimpses of many of the picturesque little hill towns which we mean to come and visit some day. It seems as if some one had picked up a handful of tiny stone houses and dropped them deliberately on top of a hill or mountain, so that the last ones had slidden into place as best they could on the sides.

High up on the mountain tops were perched severe, solid-looking monasteries, surrounded by high, massive stone walls, and bespeaking isolation, rigid

self-discipline, and bodily deprivation of all kinds. A rough, steep path could generally be traced from the monastery on the hill to the village below, showing that after all, these high-minded, spiritual friars are obliged to come in contact with every-day man and his life now and then. From Cassino, we were able to see the famous monastery of Monte Cassino, high up on the summit of the rock above us. That was the first and most famous of the monasteries founded by St. Benedict in 529 A. D., on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo, and it was there that the Saint died the 21st of March, 543. You remember, Dante alludes in his "*Paradiso*" to Monte Cassino and San Benedetto.

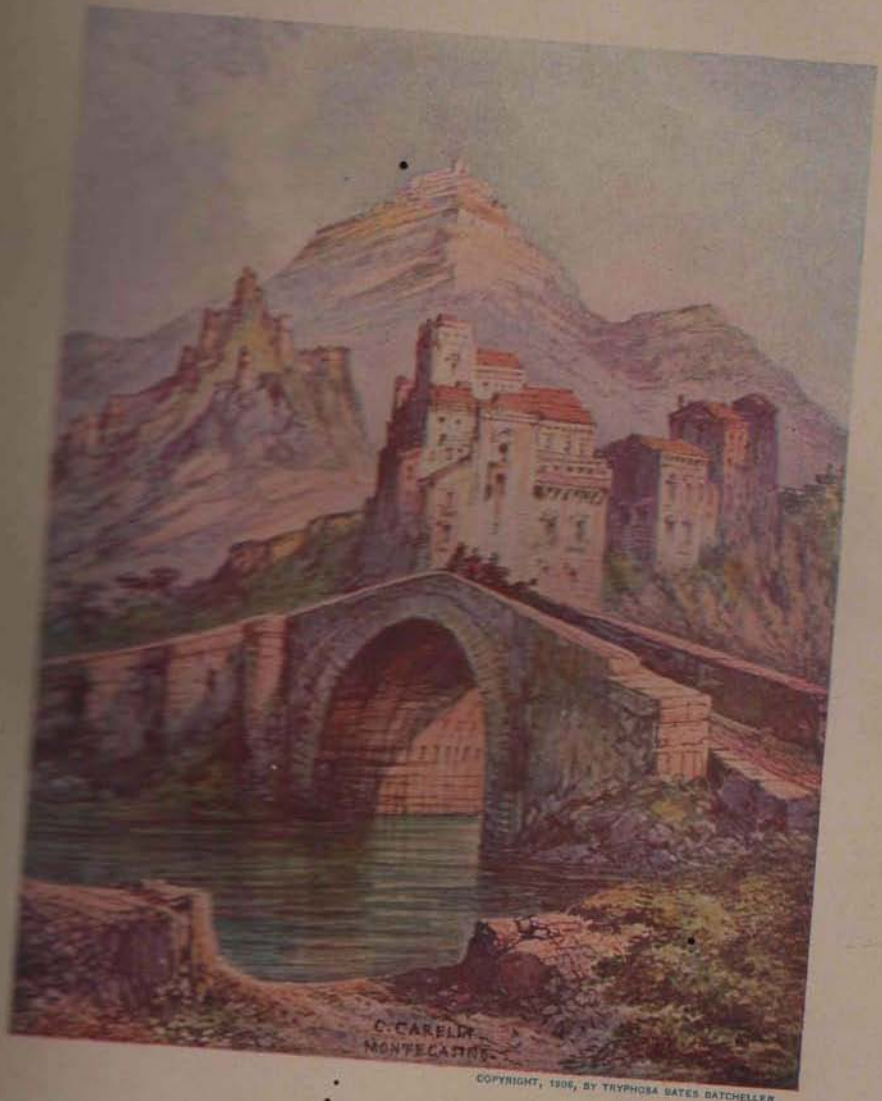
"Quel monte, a cui Cassino è nella costa
Fu frequentato già in su la cima
Dalla gente ingannata e mal disposta
E quel son io che su vi portai prima
Lo nome di Colui, che in terra addusse
La verità, che tanto ci sublima
E tanta grazia sovra me rilusse."

"That mountain on whose slope Cassino is, was of old frequented on its summit by the deluded and ill-disposed people, and I am he who first carried up thither the name of Him who brought to earth the truth which so high exalts us: and such grace shone

VIEW OF MONTE CASSINO

SHOWING MONASTERY ON TOP OF MOUNTAIN

From a water-color by C. Carelli



upon me that I drew away the surrounding villages from impious worship which seduced the world."

The monastery was declared a National monument in 1866, but continues to exist now as an ecclesiastical educational establishment, with about forty monks and two hundred pupils. I was very sorry we had not planned to stay there a day or so, for the monks, who are of very high standing, allow people to stay over night, though ladies are given apartments in a building outside the monastery. The whole place is wonderfully picturesque, and the views from the monastery must be magnificent.

A short time before we reached Rome, the train passed through Anagni, once the summer residence of Pope Boniface VIII, who was taken prisoner there and barely escaped death. The town looked very old and interesting, and I wished we might have stopped, but sometime I mean to motor through Italy, and then I can see all these interesting little places I have read about so much.

When the train rolled into the broad Campagna, we saw the long line of broken aqueducts that you see represented in so many pictures. No wonder they are often painted; they certainly formed a beautiful picture against the pink sunset sky, as we saw them last night. The dome of St. Peter's seemed

like a pin speck in the distance, yet it was only a very short time before we were in Rome. The train was excellent—really.

The custom-house officials were very nice to us about our spring water, although they looked rather incredulous, and I fancied a bit contemptuous. The idea of bringing water to Rome! It seemed to them like bringing coals to Newcastle; you do hear people say, that the water in Rome is very, very fine, but those same people are the ones who say, "Water is water," or, "Do try our well water, it is so nice and hard." Of course we paid no attention to the smiles of the officials, as we knew "jolly well!" the worth of our own blessed *Quabaug;* yet when we told a lady yesterday, that it was the softest water in the world, and that a famous scientific friend in England had said it was a sure cure for gout, she replied, "I much prefer hard water, though it ruins the boilers in my house in an incredibly short space of time." Poor dear! I don't suppose she saw the irony of her own contradiction, for her "tumtum" must be stronger than her steam boilers, according to her own story.

The landlord at this hotel is an Italian, and very agreeable and obliging. The dining room is cheerful and pleasant, and all the waiters speak three or four languages. We have a delightful suite on the sunny

THE BARBERINI PALACE AND GARDEN