

NEAPOLITAN DAYS

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I.

“SEE NAPLES ———”

THE *Hakusan Maru*, ten thousand tons register, is a floating fragment of the new Japan. Her name signifies “white mountain,” just as “Beinn Bhreagh” does in another ancient tongue; and it is well deserved. Brilliant with snow-white paint, inside and out, superstitiously clean, free from the least suspicion of engine or galley smells, *White Mountain* is assuredly a pleasant ship to travel in. Cabin, lounge, saloon fulfil western requirements of comfort. Officers and crew are Japanese of all types, not very expert in English perhaps, but eking out defects in speech with ingratiating smiles and endless good will. The chief steward is fluent and correct. It is curious to reflect that the rivets of this most modern steamer were hammered in by shipwrights of Nagasaki whose fathers belonged to the feudal age of Japan.

At regular intervals there comes through the corridors a strange ringing, singing music, as it were an Aeolian harp blended with a peal of fairy bells. It proceeds from a dulcimer, played, not by an Abyssinian maid, but by a moon-faced young steward to call the passengers to meals. There are two menus, one exotic for the Orientals, served in doll’s dishes and eaten with chop-sticks, and one European for the commonplace travelling English who ply the knife and fork. The bill-of-fare was a jumble of French and English dishes and names, but two-thirds of the card was covered with cool, green, two-dimensional pines overshadowing pointed Japanesy roofs. But mark the conquering advance of western conventions. The score of Japanese passengers, young and old, men and women, donned black tail-coats and *decolleté* dresses to dine with decorum. Their grandsires doubtless sported a brace of swords, and their grandams went in kimono and obi. This conformity with ways of the outer barbarians must, I suppose, be reckoned as a sign of progress.

The voyage had but one drawback; it ended too soon. Instead of the promised two full days from Marseilles to Naples, we were fubbed off with a bare thirty-six hours. Mrs. Sindbad felt

pecially defrauded, for her ship at sea is her delight. Departing from the great French port on Friday afternoon, and going round by the north of Corsica, the *Hakusan Maru* reached the great Italian port early on the Sunday morning. It was a perfect May day, clear, windless, hot and blue. The Bay was a level floor of blue, measuring along the sweeping curve of the shore fifty miles from extreme point to extreme point. Vesuvius was smoking like a chimney. Thick, cloudy-white vapor welled up alarmingly from the broad, flattened cone of the volcano, and, rising very slightly above the summit, poured away to the eastward in an unbroken streamer. More favorable conditions for viewing the Bay, the City and the Burning Mountain could hardly exist. Fortunate indeed were the travellers from Canada on that first of May.

Maps mislead. Unconsciously the student of geography learns to regard the earth as flat, because the paper is a level surface. It comes as a surprise to learn by seeing how mountainous are the shores of the Mediterranean. Marseilles, our port of departure is a rocky precipitous city set in a ring of jagged hills. Once free of the docks and breakwaters, our vessel skirted bare desolate rocks, like the approaches to Yarmouth. On the left, till night fell, the French coast showed only rock, without a sign of earth or vegetation. Next morning early, the northern end of Corsica was visible as far off, bold cliffs overhung with white mists. So was Elba, and the Italian coast, later in the day. Then Naples was revealed as a flat-roofed city built between the sea and the mountains. Like Marseilles it is a city of steep hills. The Neapolitan cart has the shafts above the horse's back, a device which is said to make the grades easier for the poor beast. A large part of the city clings precariously to the face of perpendicular cliffs, long flights of steps lead down from one ledge of a street to another; a funicular lifts passengers from a square to the summit. In passing, be it recorded that, at first sight, the far-famed blue of the Mediterranean was the hue of lead, under a cloudy sky, as grim as the North Atlantic, for water acts as a mirror of the sky. At Naples, it was as blue as the poets say, for the sky was cloudless and the sun was shining in its splendor.

Pleasant was the Sabbath calm, brooding on the face of the still blue water, and very pleasant it was to sit in my own room, my own if only for the day, and lose myself in the contemplation of such beauty. French windows open on a balcony, gapping the wall; the city lies two hundred feet below; and between me and the silhouette of Capri, thirty kilometers away there is nothing but air. It is like hanging in the basket of a balloon. Outspread for my delight is a panorama of city, hill and sea which has no rival

in the world. Not a ripple troubles the misty turquoise surface of the Bay. In the middle distance a fishing boat obligingly poses for me. Hull, mast, jib and the poetic curve of the lateen—which is Latin—sail are given back line for line and shadow for shadow, in the watery glass. So did this same mirror reflect the sails of Nelson's fleet, when British policy propped the tottering throne of the decadent Bourbons. Out of the mountain top poured the thick, white, evil-looking smoke from quenchless, subterranean fires, a portent of destruction. Destructive it has often proved, and yet about the volcano's base, the city has grown and spread, a mass of confiding roofs along the curving sweep of the shore.

Directly opposite the open window is the romantic island of Capri. I shall not set foot upon it, to wonder at the Blue Grotto, or to muse on the ruined villas of the monster Tiberius. I have better dreams. Capri unvisited will remain an enchanted island, the home of Graziella—"Sea Swallow"—the heroine of Lamartine's love story, which took me prisoner in my far off college days. It will remain the visionary region J. Kerr Lawson brought back to Hamilton, in the seventies, on a series of panels painted in the new mode the world has since learned to call impressionistic. So I am content merely to watch the play of light upon those distant cliffs, as I try to transfer their craggy outline to my notebook as a memorial of one perfect day.

"See Naples", in the proverb may be construed as a command, with the verb in the imperative mood. To do so, there is no better means than the decrepit victoria, drawn by the decrepit horse, and guided by the decrepit driver, which is an institution in Italy and the south of France. From such a comfortable, crawling chair did Mrs. Sindbad and I view the main streets of Naples on that sunny first of May. Our route was first westward to Posilippo, where we did not dismount to see the mythical tomb of Virgil, then eastward along the renovated water front following the windings of the shore. The broad highway bears the name of Carraciolo, the rebel admiral, whom Nelson had hanged at the fore yard-arm of the *Minerva*. We reached another world of docks, and ships built for pleasure, commerce or war, and, lastly up the dominating hill, which is crowned by the castle of St. Elmo, completing the circuit at our hotel door. In two hours we had obeyed the command implied in the famous proverb and seen Naples in superficial tourist fashion, at a total cost of forty Canadian cents.

Naples is a city the size of Toronto with broad, clean, well-paved avenues and a good tram service. The notorious squalid water front has been tidied up and turned into a magnificent marine drive. A spacious, gracious, bowery park, encloses the famous

aquarium. This is the first specimen of Mussolini's reforms to meet my eye, but by no means the last. I saw no slums among the endless rows of tall apartment houses. Here and there were rich villas standing in walled gardens planted with palms and overflowing with roses—in May—and trailing luxuriant purple wistaria.

There were scenes not to be found in any Canadian city, men walking barefoot, for example. It seemed strange to see a gray-haired man shoeless, but tramping steadily along. Men and boys carry heavy weights on their heads, balancing them without a touch of the hand. I noticed one double-decker, a loaded basket on top of a loaded tub. Vendors of chestnuts carry their wares in a long string at the end of a pole over their shoulders. The mode suggests China. Carts loaded with household furniture push past our leisurely observation car. Seemingly May Day is moving day also in Naples. There were no iron bars observable before the ground-floor windows, as in France, though the city had an ill name for criminals, and the *Hakusan Maru* officially warned her passengers against thieves, "particularly at this port". On the contrary, all along the streets there were open arched recesses in the basement of the sky-scraping tenements, where family parties were eating and drinking. Over doorways might be seen the sign of the hand with the projecting index and little finger, which is a sure counter-charm to the evil eye. In the walls were little shrines for the Virgin, or some saint, dressed dolls with candles and artificial flowers. By the water-front, on the smooth sand and in the shallow water a horde of small, brown, well-made boys were playing happily, naked as the day; farther on, another joyous mob of bigger boys wore breech clouts. In a crowded thoroughfare I saw a youngster, stripped to the waist, washing himself at a hydrant. In the south humanity is nearer to nature than in the north.

The first Italian paper I bought contained two items which showed that I was in Italy. The first was a two column account of the annual miracle of Saint Januarius, which had just taken place, stating the precise hour and minute when the liquefaction of the blood began and exactly when the process was complete. The other told how a young Fascist dying desired to kiss his "tessera" or card of enrolment in the Fascist army. On the wall of a "dopo-lavoro", or rest room I saw this inscription, a word of fear,

*Combattere
Verbo delle Camicie nere*

"The Black Shirts' motto is 'Fight'."

These were all food for serious thought.

II.

DIGRESSION ON PAVÍA

This business of sight seeing is subject to zigzag excursions of the spirit. No one can tell when or how his mind will be turned aside from the present and visible to the past and invisible. Tapestries at Naples turned me aside from the common tourist routine to a king's tragedy.

In America, tapestries are rare exotics, seldom to be seen except in museums; and they are not popular in their appeal. One happy summer at Gerry's Landing I lived on intimate terms with a small but choice example of the French school; it was always before my eyes as I read or wrote in the hospitable study. The subject suggested Watteau—one fortunate youth playing "drop the handkerchief" with a dozen strait-corseted, exuberant, baby-faced beauties. That was the only tapestry which really interested me until I saw what Europe had to offer, and the most magnificent offering was here at Naples in the great hall of the *Museo Nazionale*.

At Aix-en-Provence, the old palace of the archbishops has been tuned into a museum of tapestries. The walls are hung with scenes from *Don Quixote*, woven at Beauvais from designs by Natoire, dainty, brilliant, spirited things, reputed as the finest in the world, but there was no time to study them. I had given no more than a passing glance to those woven pictures of medieval life in the Cluny, and the two exiled Raphael cartoons, which have strayed from Mortlake to the Palace of the Popes at Avignon. But these at Naples surpassed anything I had ever seen or had imagined. The hall of the old library seemed like the nave of a cathedral, and it was hung with seven great painted cloths representing the Battle of Pavía.

The sight convinced me of shameful ignorance. On assembling my scattered ideas, all I could remember was the *mot* of Francis I, *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*, and a naughty story of Balzac. Memories of our own King Hal's part in the Field of the Cloth of Gold came back to me, and of delicate carvings in the courtyard of Château Bourghéroulde. I recalled the old house at Sandwich, whence the English monarch sailed for the Field of the Cloth of Gold; but that was all. I did not know that the fight at Pavía was a battle of kings for no less a prize than the overlordship of Europe, and that it was a sixteenth century Waterloo.

This was the posture of events. Francis had driven the Imperialists out of Provence, had crossed the Alps, had taken Milan, and, in February 1525, was besieging the city of Pavía. He had

divided his force, between the park and an entrenched camp at Mirabello. The Imperial troops were massed to the north of the city.

The seven huge woven pictures represent the chief phases of this decisive battle in seven scenes, the main currents of the heady fight. In the first, the Spanish arquebusiers and cavalry under the renegade Constable of Bourbon are advancing against the centre of the French army, which Francis is gallantly leading. The second represents the dogged struggle in which the Black Bands were annihilated. They were lansquenets supporting Francis in the thick of the fray, but they had manoeuvred in front of the French artillery and put it out of action. In the third scene, the Imperialists are moving on the entrenched camp, and the Swiss in the French service refuse to advance. In the fourth, del Vasto's lansquenets have broken into the entrenched camp, ammunition dumps are blowing up, and, in the foreground, a number of well dressed, attractive looking ladies are making their escape, some on foot, and some on horseback. At the head is a girl in blue stockings carrying a lap-dog. None of them manifests the least alarm at this turn in the fortunes of war. The next phase is the rout of the French cavalry. The Duke of Alençon is riding for his life across a pontoon bridge, which is being broken down behind him. The sixth tapestry represents the sortie of the Imperialist troops from Pavia. They fell upon the flank of the Swiss rear-guard and completed the overthrow of the French. In the background is an excellent picture of the city, its ring of walls, its many tall square watch-towers. Some details seem to illustrate a line in Faulconbridge's flyting of the French invaders. He is bragging how the English made them run in France and seek any hiding-place,

"To dive like buckets in concealed wells."

In the foreground several persons are scrambling out of round holes, which may be dry wells. A woman is being helped out of one.

The seventh tapestry represents the dramatic close of the battle, the capture of Francis. His charger has been hamstrung. Blood is pouring from two deep gashes in the poor creature's haunch as well as another in the chest. It has stumbled forward on its knees. There is Flemish humour and realism in the zealous man-at-arms who grasps the horse's tail with both hands. Several knights have seized the king. At the left, the viceroy is dismounting to receive the defeated leader's sword. A king could surrender to no one of lesser rank. High in his saddle in the centre, the renegade Constable of Bourbon is exulting in his victory.

Well might Francis write to his mother that he had saved only his honor and his life. His army had been annihilated. Nine thousand knights were left dead on the field, and he himself was a helpless captive in his enemy's hands. For a year he was imprisoned at Madrid, where the scene of the aforesaid droll story is laid, and where he was forced to sign a humiliating treaty.

These truly magnificent tapestries were designed by Bernard van Orley and woven in Brussels soon after the battle, when the art of the tapestry weaver was at its height. They were presented by the wealthy merchants to the high exalted conqueror to feed his pride. For more than three centuries they remained in private hands, the treasure of a noble family. They were first exhibited to the public in 1902; and only in 1927 were they lodged in their present regal dwelling place. As yet they are hardly known, but they deserve to be. They combine great beauty of color and pattern with rich and realistic detail; they succeed in the difficult task of representing large bodies of men in violent action, and they depict the phases of this long forgotten battle with Flemish realism which approaches photographic accuracy. As an historical record they must be well nigh unique. Versailles is hung with pictures of French victories, the triumphs of Louis le Grand, and Napoleon Bonaparte; some have even been painted twice; but that is different from a seven-fold panorama of one battle from its beginning to its fatal close.

III.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

The visitor to Pompeii is well advised who studies it first in miniature. An exact model of the buried and resurrected city, street for street, and house for house, stands in a large, well lighted room of the *Museo Nazionale*. It is just at the right height from the floor, and can be conveniently viewed from every side and every angle, like the model of Quebec in the Archives of Ottawa. The leisurely student looks down upon a city planned like Chicago, in rectangles of straight streets and blocks of houses. Temples, baths, market-places, dwellings lie, as it were, in the hollow of his hand. The dwellings are roofless, and the inner walls are painted in vivid colors, blue, red,—Pompeian red—canary yellow, saffron, green, or else a dead black. Rooms without windows needed such cheerful hues.

In the same hall as this model are many relics of the buried city and of the civic life which ceased nearly two millenniums ago.

A case of charred black tablets from the house of the moneylender calls up the unchanging world of business, of bargain and sale, debtor and creditor, as it was then, and is now, and ever shall be. Another, full of charred black loaves, round like a Scotch bonnet and scored with lines like the spokes of a wheel reminds the reflective traveller of the indispensable daily bread for which Christians are taught to pray. On these two main nerves, business and food, the ancient city moved. One loaf is stamped with the baker's name in an oblong cartouche. Near by are blackened, damaged, but recognizable iron ranges, which might easily be used again, and a couple of sitz baths. So modern was Pompeii two thousand years ago.

Nor should the inquisitive visitor fail to climb the narrow, ladder-like stair into the third storey, and see the latest treasure trove rescued from the ashes and oblivion of ages. It is a complete silver dinner service abandoned by some luxurious family in its hurried flight from the doomed city, which would grace the table of a king. The beakers, scyphi, casseroles, the modern looking "cream jugs" are charming in the refinement of their forms and extraordinarily rich in surface decoration of exquisite *repoussé* work. Amongst the designs were men rowing a boat, a man holding a struggling goat by the long curved horns, a man pulling an Amazon from her horse, a man fighting an octopus, like the hero in "The Toilers of the Sea", or it might be Hercules and the Hydra. The tiny figures are finely modelled with incredible vigor and freedom, and they are adjusted to the surface they decorate with the utmost nicety. They make the best of our modern silversmith's art look sorry, mechanical, wooden. One handled beaker was partly destroyed; but the damaged side bore a spirited design of wheat-ears and a crane struggling in the coils of a serpent. There was also a treasure of silver spoons in old patterns which are now being copied for a grace which does not depend on age. In the same show-case was a round silver mirror from some Roman lady's toilet. The rim was perforated, and the back was decorated with such a Greek profile as Leighton used to draw.

The journey from Naples to Pompei Scavi takes an hour by the electric train. My first surprise on the way thither was the intensive cultivation of the land outside the city walls. Every square yard of land bore its thriving crop. In tidy plots and beds, celery, beans, peas, lettuce, onions were growing thick and lusty. No bare ground was to be seen, or neglected, weed-grown patch of unfruitful soil. And on every hand were vineyards. According to the Italian method of viticulture, the vines are trained upon

trellises and into continuous arbors. In France, the stocks are planted in close lines, and ruthlessly cut back to within a few inches of the ground. Near Aix, I saw rows of wire stretched on iron stakes, over which the vines were trained. The French fashion is probably more practical; the Italian is certainly more picturesque.

The next surprise was seeing for the first time oranges growing on trees, not in crates or packing-cases. That was what Italy meant to homesick Mignon, when she asked wistfully

*Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen. . . . ?*

This is the land, and here are ripening the golden globes amongst the dark green leaves, like the apples of the Hesperides. Over some of the tree tops matting was spread to save the precious fruit from the hail, which spots it, and spoils, not its flavor, but its looks, and makes it unfit for export, said my guide.

In the eruption of 1906, this whole area was covered thick with volcanic "ashes", which is triturated stone, or plain dirt, to the depth of three feet, and at once these indefatigable Italians covered the new surface with new kitchen gardens. The soil is dry but fertile in this rainless climate. Along the line were machines for raising water worked by a horse plodding in an endless round, Here and there piles of broken, brown slag marked where the rivers of lava had flowed down from the crater of Vesuvius to the water's edge. They remained as blots and warnings; but wherever else I looked, I saw nothing but evidence of untiring energy and applied intelligence, which did not square with popular notions of the lazy Neapolitan and the degeneracy of the Latin races.

This region, said my guide, is noted for the purity of its air, and it is specially favorable for the making of macaroni. Here are concentrated the macaroni factories of the country.

In driving to the railway station I passed through the Porta di Nola, which is protected by an image of S. Gaetano. The fenced and guarded entrance to the excavations at Pompeii is directly in front of another Porta di Nola of a far more ancient make. A rough narrow road, paved with heavy, five-sided stones leads uphill to a round-arched entrance in the massive, antique wall. Through this opening and beyond it was nothing to be seen but the intense sunny blue curtain of southern sky. This door-way seemed to promise nothing, to lead to nothing, but it was the portal to the City of the Dead.

That was the name Scott gave it, when he came here in the last sad year of his life, in his vain search for health. He kept repeating the phrase, which recalls a verse of Dick Burton's,

They do neither plight nor wed
In the City of the Dead.

This Pompeii, a Roman Brighton, as it has been called, is a city of roofless houses, as if the demon Asmodeus had waved his wand, as he did over Paris, and laid bare the life of the community. The walls are standing, for the most part; partitions divide the chambers; atrium, peristyle, 'oecus' retain their outline; but all is open to the sky. Here are the places where the people of Pompeii feasted and drank wine, and worshipped and lusted, and bought and sold, and went to law, and lounged in the baths and watched the 'games' of the amphitheatre; but the city is without inhabitant, lifeless and silent. Irrelevant knots of tourists of all peoples and kindreds and tongues drift slowly through the deserted streets. Their talk and laughter break in for a space upon the grave-yard peace; then they drift away again, as they came. The deserted streets recover their quiet; the custodians leave their posts at the appointed hour; all the gates and barriers are shut. Night and silence reign undisputed and supreme; the moon and the seven stars look down upon the waste, and all the winds of heaven are free to beat or breathe upon these lonely walls.

Why was not this corpse city allowed to rest in its quiet grave? Why did man the ghoulish busybody violate its age-long sleep, lay bare its nakedness, and make it a show for all the world to see? The place is charged with an inexpressible melancholy that weighs upon the heart like lead.

So I made the usual tourist round to see the usual tourist shows, under the guidance of a fluent, familiar, polyglot Italian, purchased for the day from Cook's. He was stoutish, middle sized, middle aged, clean-shaven; he wore a youthful wig and a beret. Before the day was over, he told me his life history, how he was educated to the mystery of inn-keeping in a Swiss school of languages, how rich he was before the war and how poor since. He was evidently accustomed to address himself to the average sensual man, and he never failed in his duty of calling my attention to any carnalities I was in danger of passing by. Now I understood the omen of the strange but universal emblem chalked broadly on the dock-side warehouse at Marseilles, and what Howard Carter told us at the Arts and Letters Club about the lack of sensual suggestion in the remains of Egyptian civilization, and the constant quantity in Graeco-Roman. No view of the ancient world is complete which leaves out this consideration.

In three hours I had made the round. Entering by the Porta di Nola I traversed slowly the long melancholy perspective of the

Strada di Nola, for I turned aside to examine house after house. The street was a main thoroughfare and is deeply rutted with parallel wheel-tracks. There are stepping-stones at street corners. Grass grows between the heavy pentagonal paving-stones and flowers sprout from crannies in the walls. At the wall foot, the green acanthus flourishes tall and rank, a lovely form in spite of its commonplace name in English. To-day I saw it for the first time, and I seemed to understand why the Greek architects employed it in the capital of the Corinthian column. One of the tranquil joys of the Lotos Eaters was,

To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine.

I plucked a leaf and put it in my hat for a memento.

Flashes of bright green, which are leaping lizards, spring and dart across my path, more like birds than reptiles. Perhaps these Pompeian creatures are nearer to their Darwinian transformation than their kindred elsewhere and they are just about to take to their wings and fly. They too are a new sight. And always the gentle summer breeze is blowing.

From the Strada di Nola, I turned into the Strada Stabiana, and walked on until I could see the stone pines on the far hills beyond the Porta del Vesuvio. The guide gave them their alternative name, umbrella pines, which is the more descriptive. Turning back I passed through Mercury Lane to Modesto Lane and on to the noted house, where a fierce, life-like, mosaic ban-dog eternally threatens invaders. He seemed to have the points of an Alsatian.

"The most precious and wonderful document of antiquity," says the guide-book, of Pompeii, "the complete vision of a whole city, whose life was arrested in a moment of time, violently interrupted but not destroyed." This being so, it is manifestly impossible for any tourist to read it through—it covers one hundred and sixty-four acres—in three hours. The most he can hope is to spell out a few words, a phrase or two, or perhaps a whole sentence, here a little and there a little.

The first and most enduring impression the hasty traveller carries away is of luxury. These were pleasant houses in which the wealthy Pompeians lived. They had what the English are fond of calling the amenities. The type plan is rectangular with rooms opening off a colonnaded court, in which might be a garden or a fish-pond. Pavements were laid in mosaic. Marble was freely used for the interior walls; and they were gay with vivid color. Mural decorations were few, but of fine quality. Single panels illustrate the Fall of Icarus, the Punishment of Dirce, Orpheus with his lute

and other ancient tales. There are friezes of cupids with butterfly wings, that mimic human activities, and there are purely conventional designs, festoons and borders which were copied by the artists of the Renaissance, popularized by the brothers Adam and may be seen in such modern buildings as the Province House, Halifax. In the torrid Italian summer, when the stone walls shut out the heat, and flowers bloomed in the courtyard, when the fountain flashed and tinkled, the Pompeian house must have been an agreeable retreat.

Other sights were not so pleasant. Suddenly I was confronted with a glass partition behind which lay the whitened bones of a whole family. Their pleasant home had proved their grave. There were two thousand such victims, and more may be hidden in the large areas still to be explored. The City of the Dead!

The tourist from the New World is impressed by the modernity of Pompeii. London and Paris never had a water system until the nineteenth century, but this Roman Brighton had its central reservoir and its distributing pipes at the beginning of the Christian era. The pipes were of hammered lead about the diameter of modern gas-pipes and were made in eight-foot sections. These people wore white woolen togas, which naturally became soiled and had to be washed; so Pompeii had a public laundry and a soap factory. The black cinders of loaves which I saw yesterday came from a large bakery equipped with four flour mills.

The flour mills were huge heavy stone querns, shaped like a dice-box, set up on a round platform. The grist was put in at the top, and the flour came out between the quern and the nether mill stone, falling on the round top of the stand. It took two men to turn this heavy contrivance.

The lofty-vaulted, many-chambered public baths are not modern. They are too magnificent. Our mechanical age can show nothing of the kind so splendid. Nor are the little wine-shops at the street corners modern: they were simple stone counters, or bars, with barely room behind them for the wine-seller and his jars of wine. The whole area would be about twelve feet square. Some of the earthenware *amphorae*, long, narrow, two-handled, remained *in situ*, piled in a corner. At one place they had been laid across the opening of a well to cool the wine.

After passing through many narrow streets and still narrower lanes, traversing half-lighted corridors and exploring low dark chambers, it was with surprise and a sense of release that I suddenly came out upon the main forum of Pompeii. Nothing had prepared me for this abrupt emergence into a long, broad, luminous area

with no canopy but the brave o'erhanging firmament. At the upper end, the point where I was freed from the complex of streets, stood the temple of Jove on a raised platform. From it came the magnificent head of Jupiter which dignifies a great hall in the *Museo Nazionale*. A dozen steps led up to the platform. The treads were so hollowed and worn down by the sandals of countless worshippers that the stair was almost a slide. I turned and mounted to the platform, while the guide remained below, and I was rewarded with a superb view that was more than a view. The ground slopes away gently to the invisible river Sarno and far beyond the city walls towered a ring of Apennines, dark purple, mysterious, crested with stone pines. The effect of these amplitudes is indescribable. Once again I felt as if I had left the earth below me and was floating in the air. "I will lift my eyes to the hills", says the Psalmist. It is a universal impulse; and help comes from it. Forgotten were the guide's jocosities, the commonplace, the sin, the luxury and the tragedy of the ancient city, so swift is nature to impress her loveliness and grandeur upon the soul in tune. I drank deep from inexhaustible fountains.

Then we went back to the railway restaurant for lunch.

On our way, we saw the lesser, triangular forum, the two adjacent horse-shoe shaped theatres, carved out of the hill side, and the newly discovered election cards in Abundance street. The Porta di Nola looked even more lonely as I went out, than when I came in. I sketched it in my guide-book, for remembrance.

After three hours scrambling about, it was pleasant to sit down, even to an indifferent and ill served lunch. There was compensation in the foreign scene. Two mournful youths sang and twanged on guitars, then walked about the tables to collect the infrequent *centesimi*. For a small gratuity I induced them to sing the heart-stirring Garibaldi Hymn. My nearest neighbor was the spectacled, bearded Franciscan I noticed sight-seeing yesterday in the *Museo Nazionale* with white cord around his waist and binoculars slung from his shoulder in a leather case. He had met friends in Pompeii, one a stout friar like himself, with Mephistophelian eyebrows and beard, the other a secular priest. They talked German over their *pasta*, and pledged one another in the white wine of the country. I fancy they were Bavarians. The friendly cool wind blew through the open window. Just outside was a small field of green, heavy-headed wheat swaying constantly, in rhythms of infinite grace, a sight I could not tire of watching. The Dance of the Wheat was as memorable as that sudden view of the high, remote, mysterious, purple hills.