

strange contrast this to the flowers that spring has sown far down its fertile slopes. No flowers here but the bloom of an inextinguishable fire and the yellow beds of sulphur, barren, and having within a hidden temper of potential fire. Here on this terrible height, fearful in its remorseless force and hungry barrenness, the spectator looking down catches a far-reaching vista as beautiful as Vesuvius is horribly sublime. Far away over the waveless bay lies the purple mountain of Capri, vaguely indistinct and dreamy, with its celebrated Blue Grotto and the towns of Capri and Anacapri perched high up the mountains. Here came Tiberius centuries ago and built his castle, but the people of Capri have forgotten him long ago, and have turned his palace into a cow-house. I asked my mule-driver, a woman of Capri, who Tiberius was; she replied, she was not sure, but she thought he was a Frenchman.

Close to Capri, on the mainland, is Sorrento, the early home of Tasso, within sound of the purple sea, closer Castellammare under Mount St. Angelo on the ruins of the smothered Stabiae, where the elder Pliny lost his life in giving assistance to the people, and in taking observations of the eruption of Vesuvius in August 79 A.D. Castellammare is an enchanting spot in April, when the moon comes down upon the bay in all its southern beauty, and the flames are seen rising and falling at the summit of Vesuvius, unless the scirocco, a prostrating wind that blows from the African shore, makes itself felt, laden with hurricanes of heat. Opposite are the excavations of the ruins of Pompeii. There is the black streak of lava still visible that ran straight through Torre del Greco, the home of the coral fishers. Under the modern Portici and Resina, about 60 feet below the surface, Herculaneum, so called from its worship of Hercules, lies buried. The discoveries in the latter have been much richer, in proportion to the area of excavation, than those of Pompeii. Pompeii was covered with ashes, and is more easily excavated than Herculaneum, which was covered with lava—and is also situated under the town of Resina. Some of the most beautiful bronzes, and the two equestrian statues in marble of the Balbi, were found in the theatre, in one of the villas and in the Basilica, or hall of justice, of Herculaneum. The Museo Nazionale in Naples is full of such treasures, found in these two lost cities, which make it the first gallery of sculpture in the world—in regard to the history of art. "By their works ye shall know them." How forcibly this strikes one as he wanders through aisles and galleries of this splendid museum. The coins, the vases, the frescoes, the busts, the statues, are here just as they left the hands of their makers—warm with their lofty inspiration, beautiful in their resemblance to nature, which impressed the sensitive genius of the Greeks with the noblest of all desires, the passion to reproduce her various inspirations of beauty and sublimity in the immutable glory of art. Nature, art is but the shadow of thee. Nature, with the voice of birds, and winds and woods, and streams and seas, art is but a shadow of thee. Nature, thou art the mighty unbridled, the ever-changing sea. Art, thou art the little shells upon the sands—that have caught but a little of its music. Nature, thou art a maiden, drooping for a moment, breathing a melancholy sigh. Art, thou art the Clyte of the sunflower, with the brow and eyes and neck, pensive forever in the breathless marble. O, the maximum of life in the minimum of time. O, this positive, this Divine and visible immortality,—expressed, created by the hands and eyes and minds of mortals who, in a little while, lie down under "the beautiful uncut hair of graves." Thank God, the shadows of ourselves are immortal. God help the carrion-fed, the miracle-fed sensationalist, the myth-corsetted soul that shuts itself up in a dark corner of the universe, out of the reach of nature's voice. Do you ask for a place to worship in? The whole earth is a cathedral whose windows are the dawn and sunset, whose dome is the sapphire sky inlaid with moon and star, whose floor is paved with woods and streams and fields, whose altar is the mountains that hold forever the incense of mists and winds, whose chalices are the golden flowers. Do you ask a priest; fool, let thine own soul be

thy priest. Nature loves to reproduce herself, her canvas is the waters of the earth, there is not a cloud, a tree, a flower about a bush-pond that it does not see and hold up to be looked at and admired. O, ye blind, go and take a lesson from a bush-pond. Ye of little thought, if you have lost the possibility of immortality here, how shall you find it beyond the grave? Stand out of my light, ye middle-men, ye apostrophizing shadows, let me feast mine eyes on the nudity of nature, on the nudity of soul. Feed on the fleshpots of sensationalism ye who will, but let me take larger inspirations, that are vital with life. If the dead are beautiful, if the dead are sacred, how much more beautiful, how much more sacred are those forms in their animation. How sacred are the photographs of the dead; oh, God, how much more beautiful if we could see them after death, as they were in life, in marble, in the painting, in the poem. Give us the gold of the flower, of the cloud, of the wheatfield, of the Indian summer, and we will give you the cruel riches of Midas. Give us ten years of intense life, intense nature, intense art, and we will give you an immortality of Puritanism. Ah, stay, we would take your gold if they were like these Greek coins, not death-laden, but aglow with life. This one with the head of Juno or Minerva, or the Medusa; this one with the head of Augustus, or that with Hercules and his Nemean lion skin. Look at these vases with the curves beautiful as a winding shell, and sad as Keats' Ode to a Grecian Urn! Urns for ashes, urns that have adorned the home, and at last are laid in the graves of their owners. Vases with highly-wrought reliefs, battles of the Amazons, Orpheus in Hades, Marsyas and Apollo, death-scenes and funeral sacrifices, the vase of Darius, the vase of the Athenian Salpion with dancing Bacchanals, and others representing scenes from the tragic poets.

Here on the walls are frescoes taken from the houses and temples of Pompeii, with representations of animals, flowers and fruit and architecture,—some are tragic scenes, as Perseus and Andromeda, Theseus deserting Ariadne; others are comic scenes in the lives of actors and scenes from real life, as a concert, the attiring of a bride, the painter, a school, the chastisement of a scholar (a grand old custom that still exists and to which our own school-days testify abundantly), a baker's shop, and caricatures. Amidst such scenes lived the Pompeiians, and under their very feet in the mosaics of their floors were pictured, maybe, copies of original paintings by the great Greek painters whose works have been lost. Let us take a look at these splendid busts and statues in marble before the curtain rises. Along the Portico de Capovavori are ranged the masterpieces of the Greek chisel or copies of those of the Greco-Roman period, classic marbles from 500 B.C. to the time of Hadrian. Here are the slayers of the tyrant Hipparchus, who gave up their lives for Greek freedom and in hatred of the tyrant. They stand together in the severe pre-Phidian style, muscular, hard, upright, unyielding, as Antenor immortalized them. There is little of the Phidian art here, but there are copies of his great rival, Polycletus, the prince of Doric sculptors, the spear-bearer and the Farnese Juno in the so-called "lofty style." The post-Phidian school is represented by the beautiful relief of the parting of Orpheus and Eurydice; he has looked back at her, and Hermes will bear her again to Hades.

Here is the Venus Callipygus, after the softer style of Praxiteles, the work of the Alexandrian period, the dying Amazon, the dead Persian, and the wounded Gaul from the school of Pergamum; the colossal Farnese Bull to which the sons of Antiope are tying the body of Dirce; here the Greek canon of repose is violated for the impression of a violent scene. This once adorned the immense baths of Caracalla at Rome. Then come the Orestes and Electra, the work of the school of Praxiteles who introduced the antique renaissance towards the end of the Republic, the colossal statue Hercules, with the apples of Hesperides, weary after his toil by the Athenian Glycon, a work of the early Roman Empire, portraits of Emperors and Empresses, of the old Greek poets and heroes. Here is the famous head of Homer, the invincible Cæsar, the melan-