

SCENES IN NAPLES.

The Metropolis of Italy a Great City that Seems Far Back in the Past.

Some Decidedly Uncomplimentary Comments Upon the Character of Its People.

Outdoor Lodgers.

The three cities in Italy which the traveler finds most interesting are Rome, Venice and Naples, writes a correspondent from the last-named city to *The San Francisco Chronicle*, and the interest they excite stands in the order in which they are placed. Considering the number of pages it filled in the world's history Genoa should offer more enticements to the tourist. So also should Pisa, Lucca, and other cities in the north, whose deeds are recorded at length in Sismondi's "Italian Rambles." But though every part of Italy has its legends, its queer customs, and its quaint rural modes of existence it is only the great cities or the places of fashionable winter resort that present sufficient allurements to retain the swift and unresting seeker after the world's novelties. As to Milan, it is handsome, but too enterprising and too modern to suit the taste of the migratory American, who sees at home quite as much of life in the active form as he desires. Naples is still ancient and dreamy enough in spite of the efforts of modern enterprise to infuse some of the spirit of progress into its inhabitants. What medicine is there drastic enough to cure the malady of traditional idleness? What invigorating remedies can enable the system to successfully resist the languors of a climate whose soft airs seem to invite to everlasting repose? So it is half awake, yet dreaming, while representatives of the northern nations, Germans principally, though the English colony are numerous, try to infuse the energy of the cooler regions into its veins, whose stagnant blood is filled with a latent fire. The passion of its people is, like that of its volcanoes, ready to burst out at any moment.

There are symptoms of progress, educational, industrial even, but they are slight, and they do not seem as yet to touch the seat of the disorder. To the American visitor who comes here full of the life and movement of his own country the great and not unbeautiful city seems far back in the past. It is more modern than Pompeii, but has it really made any advances on that memorable city of the dead? It curves the green sickle of its quiet shores about the blue waters of its tranquil bay. Vesuvius lifts forever its unquenchable torch beside it, and its people, idle or laborious, according to their social station, their necessities, or their inherited customs, labor, dream, drowse, sleep, lounge, saunter, or indulge in characteristic amusements much as they did a century ago, or long before the railroad startled the quiet of the valleys and disturbed the murmur of the sleeping sea.

There are among the Neapolitans some very admirable persons, but as a whole the manners of the people are in marked contrast to those of the citizens of Rome. At Naples the lower classes are vicious and disagreeable. The boatman who takes you on shore from the steamer, the coachman, whose draft animal is neither a horse nor a pony, but somewhere between the two, will endeavor to collect a fabulous amount of money from you if you do not stand constantly on the defensive. The conductor of the street-car is often out of humor, and scowls upon you. The guard of the omnibus will quarrel with you on slight provocation, and it is by no means impossible, that he will threaten you with a knife should you become a little too earnest in your remonstrances. The entire population of the city, as at Suez or in Algiers, expect you to take them into your service. If you ask a person in the street about some distant locality he insists on accompanying you to the spot, and then demands to be liberally paid. If he even lifts his finger to indicate a place not fifty feet distant he expects at least 2 soldi. If you wish to make a purchase some pretended interpreter intervenes and asks payment for the useless and unasked service. Efforts to exploit you are constant at the hotels—though in this respect honorable exceptions may be noted—while at the cafes everyone seems to be looking for an extra copper, and is ill-natured if it is not forthcoming.

Although among certain classes at Rome the stranger finds himself imposed on, it is not general. There is an amiability that pervades all classes of the people, not alone the aristocratic and middle classes, who are almost universally kind and polite, but the coachmen and conductors of street-cars and omnibuses, petty merchants, and even laborers seem to partake of the general good will. And though crime is not always proportionate to the amount of politeness in any given community, yet in respect to Rome and Naples it may be said that one may be taken as a gauge of the other. The rudeness and coarseness of the common classes at Naples is in direct ratio to the coarseness and rudeness of their character and manners. The peasantry about Naples are hardworking. Some foreigners who have observed them for

years may sometimes be heard to declare that they are the most industrious people in the world. It is true that in traversing the country one sees them forever in their fields and vineyards hard at work and seemingly full of vigor in spite of the enervating climate. In the city itself there is also a certain amount of activity to be seen everywhere. The life of a great city could not move on without it. Shopkeepers are busy. Shoemakers are carrying on their trade in the streets, not only in the daytime, but far into the night. The lemonade sellers, who have their queer apparatus on the street corners, and who vend a glass of lemonade and water for 1 cent, carry on a brisk trade.

The large class of traders who make and dispose of ornaments in lava and coral as souvenirs seek custom with untiring assiduity, though fashion no longer decorates itself with either of these specialties. As a class they have a keenness bordering dishonesty, for there can be nothing precious about lava so near such a source of supply as Vesuvius, and the coral fisheries furnish far more of that pretty material than the world wants. Then their gold is almost always pinchbeck and their work bad. A branch of the coral trade is carried on by a class of itinerant vendors with the steamers that visit the port. No sooner is the steamer fairly at her anchorage than the deck is alive with them, and covered with their pink wares, spread out in every available spot. They have a sliding scale of prices, the minimum of which repays them amply. There are, besides these classes, the laborers of the manufacturing establishments belonging to individuals or the government. But all this individual activity and industry fails to remove the slumberous impression made by Naples on the traveler accustomed to the quicker and more energetic movements of the chillier north. A vast proportion of the population is still unemployed, still sleeping, lounging, and conveying the *dolce far niente* idea which seems to be inseparable from southern Italy.

In books of travels written thirty or forty years ago one reads much of the Naples lazzaroni, who subsisted entirely on macaroni, which they devoured in strings several yards in length, and fairly incumbered the pavements with their presence. They are said to have disappeared, and this fact is given as an evidence of the industrial progress of the city. It is possible that they have disappeared, but the number of those who can sleep as tranquilly the night through on a stone pavement as on a spring mattress still astonishes the person who knows the luxury of a comfortable bed.

Nearly all these persons are said to have honest employment, at least those who pass the night on the sidewalks of the principal streets. The summer nights are warm, and the architecture of Italian cities, like that of France, forbids all sensible means of ventilation. So when night comes the denizens of the close quarters in the narrower streets swarm out into the more airy thoroughfare, where they ensconce themselves on the pavements, on the steps of adjacent churches, or in any place where they are not in danger of being trodden on or run over and a breath of sea wind renders respiration possible. The person who has read of the lazzaroni in books and is pleased with the tradition can regard all these street sleepers as belonging to the class if he sees fit. They pass their nights as did the lazzaroni, and as to honest occupation, though they may have it, it is no doubt often imaginary. Italy is exceedingly indulgent to the poor. They can sleep where they please—on the sidewalks, about the fountains, on the steps of churches, with their heads resting on the foot of the altar, or in the middle of the street—so long as they do not endanger their own lives and impede the still restricted commerce of the country. In Milan and other cities of the north there is less sleeping in the open air, for the municipalities have other use for the public thoroughfares and do not care to encourage mendicancy.

A Vast Difference.

Some went out West,
With eager zest,
For some land and a home to gain;
To work with might,
From dawn till night,
And "border settlers" became;
While some went East,
To work the least,
Which they did with eager accord;
They lived for self,
And cheated for pelf,
And never would settle for board.
—*Goodall's Sun.*

Johnny's Opinion of Huntington.

"Yes, Johnny, C. P. Huntington was once a poor Connecticut Yankee peddler, and tramped it over the country with his pack on his back."
"How'd he git so rich?"
"By being economical and constantly working hard."
"What'll he do with his money when he dies?"
"Leave it to his relations, I suppose."
"Then he will have worked all his life for other people's benefit, won't he?"
"I reckon so."
"Well, then, he's a fool, that's what he is; and I don't want to be no Huntington."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

STUFFED STEAK.

Take a good slice of steak, about one pound, cut in one piece and pretty thick; then prepare a breakfast-cupful of bread or hard scraps of bread, and pour over them as much hot milk or water as will just soak them; if too moist, squeeze out as much as possible. Beat it up with a fork to break any lumps, then add one large tablespoonful of suet chopped finely, one tablespoonful of parsley chopped up, one small onion chopped, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and mix all well together; use a little flour to mix into a large ball. Roll it up in the steak, and tie it into a nice round shape with string. Dust all over the outside with flour. Put into a small stewpan one tablespoonful of dripping, and let it get quite melted; put in the steak, and fry it all around carefully till the outside is quite brown, then put in a very little water, perhaps half a teacupful, and cover down the lid; let it stew very slowly, turning it over often; add from time to time a little water. Let it cook one hour and take off the string and serve with the gravy over it.

VEAL PILLAU.

This is a savory and economical mode of preparing veal, three pounds being cut from the neck and shoulders being used. The other materials being needed are a cupful of rice, three tablespoonfuls of butter or a quarter of a pound of salt pork, an onion, three large tablespoonfuls of salt, half a strained tomato and four cupfuls of boiling water. Cut the veal into small pieces and season well with salt; chop the onion fine, and put it into a stewpan with the butter; stir until the onion turns a light straw color; then add the veal, and stir until that is browned a little, being careful not to burn the onion; add the tomato and a cupful of water, and simmer gently for an hour and a half; now add the other three cupfuls of boiling water, the salt, pepper and the rice, after washing the latter carefully in three waters; heat the mixture to the boiling point, then cover closely and set back, where it will cook slowly for an hour. The rice will absorb nearly all the liquid and be tender, yet every grain should be distinct. Turn the pillau out upon a platter and garnish.

TOMATO SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.

One quart of stewed tomatoes, one quart of new milk, one rolled cracker, one teaspoonful of soda, a small bit of butter and a little salt. When tomatoes are sufficiently cooked add the soda, then the cracker, butter and salt. Heat the milk in a saucepan and pour into the kettle, and as soon as it boils remove from the fire and serve it at once.

TOMATO CATSUP.

Take half a bushel of tomatoes, wash them and cut them in pieces; put them in a preserving kettle with one quart of water and boil until soft; then pass through a sieve and add half a pint of vinegar, one tumblerful of salt, four red peppers, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of whole black pepper and two ounces of whole allspice. The spices should be put in muslin bags securely tied. Put the whole on the fire and reduce one-half. When cold bottle the catsup and cover the corks with melted beeswax. The bags of spices must, of course, be removed before bottling.

MACARONI AND TOMATO.

If you wish to prepare a quart dish for your table, fill your dish about a third full of macaroni; put it in a saucepan and cover with plenty of boiling water to allow for swelling, and boil twenty minutes to half an hour; it must be soft but quite whole; drain off all the water; stir in a piece of butter the size of a small egg and a small cup of grated cheese, and place in your dish; stir over it a quart of well-stewed tomatoes while hot and bake an hour, or until brown; salt and season tomatoes to taste before adding to macaroni.

RULE FOR COOKING CABBAGE.

Boil the cabbage gently until cooked, and drain it; put two ounces of butter into a saucepan; set it on a good fire, and, when melted, put in the cabbage with some salt and pepper; add half a pint of cream or milk, and one teaspoonful of flour, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Simmer until the sauce is reduced and serve hot.

COLD SLAW.

Put three teaspoonfuls of vinegar in a saucepan with a little salt and pepper; beat two eggs very light and mix with a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of ground mustard. Set the vinegar on the stove and when it boils stir in the mixture, adding half a cup of milk. Cook for two minutes, stirring constantly. Pour the sauce over the shred cabbage and let it become cold before serving.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Shave a hard, white cabbage into small strips; take the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, a cup and a half of good cider vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of thick cream, one teaspoonful of mustard; mix in a little boiling water, salt and pepper to suit the taste. Mix all but the eggs together and let it boil; then stir in the eggs, rapidly turn the cabbage into the mixture, and stir well. Make enough for two days at once, and it keeps perfectly, and as an excellent relish for all kinds of meat.

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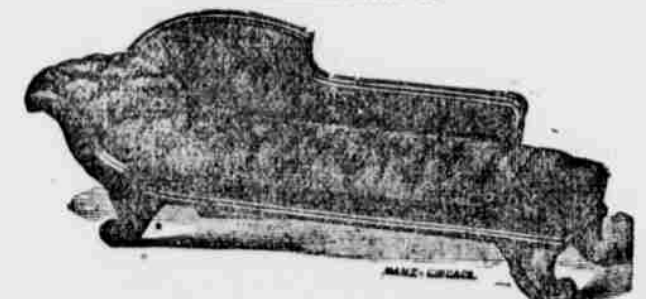
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