

**MARY BROWN AT NAPLES,
POMPEII, AND HERCULANEUM:
AN INSTRUCTIVE STORY FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS**

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Mary Brown at Naples, Pompeii, and Herculaneum: an instructive story for boys and girls by
Esther Fenn

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ESTHER FENN

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P R E F A C E .

For the benefit of my young friends in America, who have not read about Vesuvius and the cities which once lay at its foot, I have written this little story of Mary and her Mother. While I write, the great volcano is before me, sending up a column of white smoke, which turns to a soft purple when the sun is going down. I trust my young readers will find as much pleasure in perusing this book, as I have found in writing it for them.

NAPLES, *March 8, 1856.*



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MARY BROWN

AT

NAPLES, POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a bright day in February, 1856, that Mary Brown and her mother arrived at the gay city of Naples, and took rooms in the Albergo di Geneva. This hotel amused Mary very much, because the outside was painted a pale pink; but she soon saw that it was the fashion in Naples to paint the houses pink and yellow, as well as white. After a few days she would hardly have thought of noticing it, had it not been that her attention was again called to it by some things about which I shall tell you.

Naples, as all my young friends know, is in Italy. They know, also, that Italy is shaped something like

a boot, and that Naples lies on the front of the boot, just above the ankle. They have, perhaps, heard that this noted city is situated on the shore of one of the most beautiful bays in the world. Hills rise all around the Bay, and between them and the shore are several towns, made up of white houses. Off at one side is Mount Vesuvius, which everybody knows, is a famous volcano.

Mary Brown had often heard her mother talk of the Bay of Naples, and of her great desire to see it. She was not much surprised, therefore, when her mother said, "Mary, my dear, put on your bonnet and we will take a walk and see the Bay before dinner.

Mary was ready in a minute. They went down the great stairway of the hotel, and out into the street. They stopped to admire a fountain. It was of bronze, and represented a man standing on a large, flat basin, which was supported by several bronze figures of women. The man held in his hand a trident, from the prongs of which the water spouted up above his head, and then fell into a great basin far below. Mrs. Brown told her daughter that the bronze man was Neptune, the god of the sea, who

always carried a trident for a sceptre. Mary well remembered that she had seen a picture of Neptune in a little book she had left in America, which told about the ancient gods of Greece and Rome.

"The figures that hold up the basin are Nereids, Mary," said Mrs. Brown.

"What are Nereids, mamma?"

"Nereids were beautiful, fabulous maidens who lived in the Mediterranean. They dwelt at the bottom of the sea, and were kind to sailors."

"And what are those little men in the basin below? They are riding on some queer-looking animals," said Mary.

"They are probably Tritons," replied her mother.

"But, mamma, I do not know what Tritons are."

"They, too, were inhabitants of the sea," said Mrs. Brown. "They accompanied Neptune, the great sea-god. They used shells for trumpets, and when they blew on those shells the sea became quiet."

Mary stood for some minutes, looking at this pretty fountain. At last she said: "If those men were really alive, mamma, I am sure they would not like to stand so long in such a shower."