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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 40 page Religious, Literary and Family journal, specially intended as a work of common history. Price, per volume of 20 numbers, $1.50 per year, $1.50, mailed.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Italian Shepherds.

[Special Correspondence of the DESERET NEWS.]

About the year 1400, at the dawn of the golden age in Italy, there were daily gathered at the table of the chief citizen of Florence such men as Pulci, Filippino Lippi Botticelli, Ghirlandajo and Michael Angelo. The host, whose wealth and matchless attainments made him known among the potentates and savants of southern Europe as "Lorenzo, the Magnificent," wrote a pastoral poem of wondrous sweetness and power called "La Nencia Da Barlarino." I was once in a position (being an editor, worse luck!) to have the little known though surpassing composition translated for the first time into English, in the original metre, by no less a scholar and poet than Sir Edwin Arnold. The poem comprising 300 lines, depicts in simple though glowing words and imaginary the hopeless and unavailing passion of the shepherd lad, Ricciardo, "for a dainty peasant-girl, "Nencia." One cannot read this lovely little heart-cry without the awakening in his own soul of a thrilling and commiserative tenderness for the humble lives it so pointedly reveals; and it was with the feeling that I sought, perhaps over-much for the poetic and romantic side of the picture, to know the real every-day lives of those who tend the flocks and herds of Italy.

My first wanderings were in southern Italy, the territory of olden Apulia. Once this was part of Grecia Magna. Its great cities were Arpinum, Luceria, Arpi and Canusium. Partly on foot, partly by the antique carriage of provincial Italy, partly by letting, the lectis of the ancient Romans, and partly on the backs of tiny donkeys of wondrous sagacity and marvelous power, I made my way in a zig-zag course back and forth across the infrequently traveled, little known, weird and lonely, yet always transcendantly beautiful and fascinating peninsula. Upwards of 300 castles, modern, mediæval and in ruins, strikingly recalling the splendor and decay of Ireland, were counted. The few remaining relics of Canusa, where the Romans met their crushing defeat of B. C. 216, and where the historic city was finally destroyed, in 1083, by Robert Guiscard, one of Tancred's heroes, were found. Bari, upon the Adriatic, is famous now for its fish as in the time of Horace, was seen. The ancient abbey and church of S. Nicolo, where are found the paintings of one of the earliest Italian masters, Vivarini, and where, in 1098, Pope Urban II. held the famous council which sought to reconcile the church of Greece with that of Rome, was visited. I climb past Melfi, with its glorious castle of the old Norman servantigos, to the extinct volcano, Monte Vulture, the "Apulian Vulture" of Horace, whose crater, overgrown with oaks and beeches, now contains two lakes, perched above one of which is the most sacre monastery of Europe, possibly excepting Montserrat, in Spain, and from whose lowers the blue waves of the Mediterranean on the west, and those of the Adriatic on the east, could be discerned. I tramped, too, with hundreds of returning pilgrims, camping with them at night by the wayside; sat with the carrettiji as his cart and ox waited by the fountains; climbed to the shrines with reverential pilgrims; waited by the mountain blocks with reddish-brown faces, and countless and astounding excuses to get into the interior of cuisine for draughts of acqua di bidi and sauda, butter-milk and strange water, which you can get everywhere in the country for the value of half an American cent; struggled from town to mountain with the peons and his flocks; assisted more than one shepherd in building a rude hut of stone, after the manner of the Pagan "bee-hive" cell upon wind-swept moors; and after making my home for a brief season among the shepherds of the eastern mountain range of Ortanto, followed on foot, the classic Appian Way to the shepherd haunts of the olive and vineyard hills of Tarentum. Shepherds, shepherds everywhere; but nowhere was the dream of shepherd-life breathing from "La Nencia," so the after from the heart of a poet, fulfilled.

One of the most interesting facts regarding the shepherds of southern Italy is that they are not only a distinct class, but, through holding themselves aloof from all other peasant classes, are almost a distinct race. In ancient times this country was subject to scourging depredations by the Saracens, to an extent requiring that people should herd together in walled towns for protection of life and property. Then nearly the entire population of old Apulia were shepherds. They drove their herds from the towns to the mountains, returning for safety at night. The descendants of those is a direct line for more than two thousand years are doing that identical thing today, not for safety but from traditionary custom. All those who exist in southern Italy today who are not shepherds, goat-herds or herdsmen, form the population of cities and towns and comprise the centuriai or field laborers; and the ancestors of all these may be said to have gradually grown away from the shepherd's life, rather than that the shepherds of our time are a product of new forms of rural economy. It is possible. They rarely intermarry with other classes. When they do, they invariably depart from the flocks, are absorbed in lower orders of the cities, or become the most desperately hopeless of the human cattle that labor in the fields. The pride in their own descent, in the earliest verses of their class, in the long line of shepherd ancestry they can trace, amounts almost to a passion. It is practically the one pride they possess. This isolation of blood and interest has preserved interesting traces in physiognomy. They are wonderfully Saracenic in their look. The tall, slender, supple figure, the oval face and shining skin, the lack, they at the throat, spreading quickly and heavily upon wiry muscles, like a broad-knotted tree, to the shoulders, the yellowish-blue tinge of the white of the eye, the distended nostrils and the dazzling teeth, all pronounce the Eastern origin and retained physiological affinities.

In every part of southern Italy you will come upon a broad, grass-grown highway. It is called the "trazzera." For twenty centuries it has served the same purpose. It can be nearly likened to our own vast western stock-trails leading from "grass to grass" when herds are driven northward, fattening on their way to the great livestock markets. On the "trazzera" occurs the yearly spring exodus from the lower valleys and coastwise moors and marshes to the Apulian mountain summer pastures. In the autumn, hundreds of thousands return along these ancient ways. During the winter the herdsmen and shepherds live in town-hovels, or in huts near the towns and villages. The herds and flocks are then driven out to and returned from daily grazing. In the summer-time on the mountain-sides is the real out-door life of the guardian of the flocks and herds. Whether he be herdsman, goat-herd or shepherd, he is usually given charge of a flock or herd of from 50 to 100 animals. Among the cattle, and herding in common with them, are large numbers of a species of buffalo, smaller and less hairy than the now extinct American bison. In a herd of 100 cattle, twenty will be provided with ornamental bells. In a flock of as many sheep twice as many will have bells, some of which are exceedingly melodious; and the quality of his bells are of more concern to the Apulian shepherd than that of his sheep. The latter are odd little creatures. Nearly all are black. Their legs and hoofs are black and shiny as ebony drum-sticks. Their eyes are exceedingly small and of a brilliant yellow; while the little creatures are as agile as chamois. Weird, strange groups are these which follow the flocks and herds in the mountains. Nearly every shepherd of southern Italy is married. He marries young. He rents, or rather then grows, seemingly all unconscious to himself, a large family. The sons marry other shepherd's daughters, the daughters other shepherds' sons. Himself perhaps born in the grass by the side of the "trazzera," in a cleft of some rock in the edge of a torrent's gorsina, or in some low hut on hill or moor, he emerges from babyhood to childhood a nomad; is a nomad in youth and manhood; he makes as a nomad and never ceases a nomadic life until the quietude of some village Campo Santo consumes his bones. So that is every flock belongs a family.

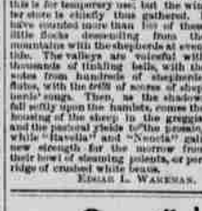
The tatterdemalion group possesses no house but that of the daily grazing land of the flock. Their sole possessions never equal five dollars in value. Their total earnings do not exceed eleven cents per day. Like Walt, often gipsies they equal anywhere for rest and sleep, and eat anything that will sustain life. If they possess a single aspiration on earth, it is that secret one of so many other Italian fiefs and moor laborers to "take to the hills," that is, to become outright brigands. Universal indolence and repugnance to effort are safeguards against this. The Apulian shepherd himself is a picturesque fellow enough, despite your conscious ness of his vacuous ignorance, his unvarying cruelty to his flocks, and his utter selfish, rather than active, cruelty to his wife and children, who serve as his packmules, like the American squaws, for transporting his slender belongings to the hills. Tall, and straight as an arrow, he is clad from head to foot in undressed skins. A bifurcated garment of untanned hide, fashioned after the pattern of that one as well known to American dress reform ladies, forms a sort of waistcoat and trousers combined. The latter are opened at the sides, below the knee, often displaying gaudy buttons ornamenting the sides of his half-gaiter, undressed skin boots. Over his waistcoat is a long, loose armless jacket of hide, provided with numberless pockets, his mine-proof store-houses of meager treasures. A jaunty, telgaudish hat sets jaunty upon his fine, curly head, and tings into striking relief his olive skin, his large, grave eyes and crinkly, curly hair—a half Egyptian type, one would say, to see it reproduced in painting. Slung from his right shoulder across his left hip by a broad band of hide, with occasionally the priceless treasure of a polished brass or bronze buckle, is the inseparable cupola or shepherd's pouch. A rusty carbine, which is never discharged, or a stout staff as high as his breast—but never the shepherd's crook of olden tales and modern rubbiner romance—completes the picture. And it is always a picture, for this fellow with the face of an apostle and the eyes of a saint is a delicously languid and inexpressibly lazy, that his splendid form is forever in pose and repose.

On the mountain-sides the life of this shepherd family is a changeless one the whole summer long, unless the terrible hail-storms of southern Italy fall upon the mountains, or the still more destructive wind-storms, that frequently fling both shepherds and flocks from the crags to lie, some whistling over peak or howling through gravine. Then the human marmot awakens from his lethargy and accomplishes prodigious feats of strength and wondrous acts of valor, in rescuing endangered members of the flock or of his own lorrtled breed. His food is polenta and chestnut-flour bread. He is the one Italian who drinks water instead of wine. His field-lore, though unconscious to himself, is marvelous. When spurred by extreme hunger, all mountain moorland birds are dumbed where he sets his snare. It is a wild, strange, melancholy land he looks down upon, if he have the energy for looking. His wife and children alone him are as voiceless as himself and his flocks. The very melody of the shepherd's bosom is a meaningless tin. One carries away from his environment and companionship with him only a pathetic sense of his hopelessness and degradation. You can only remember him as another animal in hairy hide, inseparable to the trumpeting of eternal nature around him. The sheep brown of his side are his equals in intelligence; his surpassing in demonstrative forms and activities. The lone herdsman wheeling above the Apulian shepherd has a wider horizon of view.

But there are other shepherds in Italy of whom a sombre picture can be drawn. These are the shepherds and shepherdesses of the peasants' house flocks in Piedmont, in Lombardy, in radiant Tuscany, and even in pestilence, death-breeding Maremme, on the Tyrrhene Sea. There are many among these who, like the Apulian shepherds, have descended from shepherd ancestors, and who all their lives solemnly follow the one vocation. But in the main they are the little fellas and the youths and wives of all the peasantry. In northern Italy the peasantry are a happier folk than those of the south. The beauty of the cities, quaintness and peacefulness of the villages and hamlets, the radiance of the valleys and the noble picturesqueness of the forests and the high mountains seems to have given a reflective peaceful fulness, sunniness and even virility to the people. Their shepherds do not possess the grave, sad, vacuous faces of the south. Companionship accounts largely for this. In the north the shepherd is always one of the villagers. He or she shares their every-day life. The feasts, carnivals, marriages, funerals, all are theirs for enjoyment and contemplation. Nearly every family has its own little flock. Often several of these are merged into a larger flock and taken to the highest mountain lands for the entire summer. In such cases a shepherd and his family accompany them, and they live much as do their kind in Apulia. In October the same flock will be driven to the moors and marshes of Maremma, where the shepherd and his family exhaust almost entirely on scared wild-fowl, which come here in droves to escape the winters of the British Isles, the Baltic regions and the German forests.

But tens of thousands of little flocks, herds, goat-herds and little shepherds and shepherdesses, leave the village greggia or sheep-fold and home every morning for the higher glades. Sometimes a little dog, often a pig trained to herd the flock, goes with them. If a maiden has charge of the flock she will have her spindle or knitting, and work and sing and tend her flock the whole day long. If a lad or stripling lead a flock, he will let the pig or the dog herd the sheep, with an occasional moment of executive observation, and the rest of the day he gathers mushrooms, hunts the young of birds, all of which are eagerly sought save those of the swallow and hawk, coarse forest fowl, or pipes on his flute in idle fantasy. Both must bring a back-load of forage, grass, oak, elm or vine leaves, with the flocks at night. Some of this is for temporary use, but the winter store, carefully has been gathered. I have wanted more than one of these little flocks descending from the mountains with the shepherds at evening tide. The valleys are resonant with thousands of tinkling bells, with the notes from hundreds of shepherds' flutes, with the trills of scores of shepherds' songs. Then, as the shadows fall softly upon the hamlets, comes the housing of the sheep in the greggia, and the pastoral yields to the peasant, while "Ricciardo" and "Nencia" gain new strength for the morrow from their bowl of steaming polenta, or porridge of crushed white beans.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.



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"I've promised my husband never to kiss Green
"It has good enough for anything
"Well, I'm sorry I've offended you, Brown,
"I ought to know you better
"That's where you're wrong," said Brown
"I'm married myself."
"I beg pardon," said Fitzbud dented
"Don't mention it," said the husband.

"Well," replied Green, "there was no harm
I was left out in the cold, so I kissed Mrs. Green
Yesterday. I accept your apology
Good night."

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To Horse-Owners.

The Split Nail in this book seriously injured the horse from which it was removed by taken in Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail came just in the proper place for clinching, and so doubled the blacksmith who shod the horse. The other point went in the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the tender part of the foot called the "quick," from which the horse was made sore for one nearly two weeks.

This is not an isolated case. The same thing is happening every day. It is the nature of the nail complained. Many times the wound so inflicted does not show lameness for a month or more. The pain is quite severe.

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CURRENT TIME TABLE, JAN. 1, 1891.

East Bound Trains.	No. 1. Atlantic Mail.	No. 3. Atlantic Express.
Lv. Ogden	6.00 a.m.	4.15 p.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	7.30 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	10.45 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Ar. Provo	11.45 a.m.	11.15 p.m.
Ar. Thistle	12.40 p.m.	12.10 a.m.
Ar. Spanish Fork	12.55 p.m.	12.25 a.m.
Ar. Green River	5.10 a.m.	4.30 a.m.
Ar. Grand Junction	9.05 a.m.	8.45 a.m.
Ar. Glenwood Springs	11.45 a.m.	11.15 a.m.
Ar. Leadville	6.30 a.m.	6.30 a.m.
Ar. Denver	9.00 a.m.	9.30 a.m.
Ar. Pueblo	3.50 p.m.	3.25 a.m.
Ar. Colorado Springs	4.45 p.m.	4.15 a.m.
Ar. Denver, Col. Mid.	8.35 p.m.	8.05 a.m.

West Bound Trains.	No. 2. Pacific Mail.	No. 4. Pacific Express.
Lv. Denver	9.00 a.m.	11.00 p.m.
Lv. Pueblo	10.00 a.m.	1.15 a.m.
Lv. Colorado Springs	11.45 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
Lv. Denver, Col. Mid.	6.45 p.m.	6.45 a.m.
Lv. Leadville	7.00 a.m.	12.45 p.m.
Lv. Glenwood Springs	10.15 a.m.	10.45 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	1.45 p.m.	2.15 p.m.
Lv. Green River	5.40 p.m.	6.05 p.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	9.50 a.m.	9.35 a.m.
Lv. Thistle	3.10 p.m.	12.35 a.m.
Lv. Provo	3.57 p.m.	12.35 a.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	4.40 p.m.	1.45 a.m.
Ar. Ogden	6.00 p.m.	3.00 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS.
SALT LAKE AND OGDEN.
Leave Salt Lake 7.30 a.m. and 11.15 a.m., 4.15 p.m. Returning, arrive Salt Lake 9.40 a.m., 4.40 p.m., 7.00 p.m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Salt Lake 8.30 a.m., returning, arrive Salt Lake 11.00 a.m.
AMERICAN FORK, PROVO, SPRINGVILLE, LEHIS, MT. PLEASANT AND NEPHI.
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PARK CITY.
Train 1 arrives Park City 11.00 a.m. 8.00 p.m. "Narrow" 4.00 p.m.
FREIGHT TRAINS.
Leave Salt Lake 7.00 a.m.
Arrive 11.00 p.m.
Leave Park City 8.00 a.m.
Arrive 11.00 a.m.
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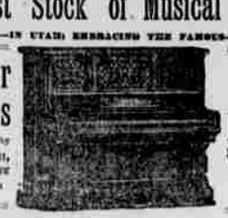

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OH, MY BACK!
STOP IT NOW, SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE

I have been troubled many years with a lame back and the kidneys and have tried many different remedies and have spent much money for relief, but obtained no lasting relief. About three years ago I was suffering from a very violent attack that almost prostrated me on my back, I suppose that I was beat over. When I saw Brown it was almost impossible for to get up or down, or to jump or dance, when Brown Pendleton sent Dr. Hamlin's Wizard Kidney Pills to me. I took a box at my hotel. I immediately commenced the use of them. It did me almost miraculous effect, and to the astonishment of my friends I was able to be about in a few days, I am happy to state that I am well and hearty, and recommend the use to all afflicted as I have been.
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