

diameter, covered and chinked with mossy earth and then fired in a central hollow which has been filled with chips of dry timber, fir cones, chips from the logs and dead leaves and grass.

Once well ablaze, this flaming funnel is covered with moss and earth, and the pile is left to smoulder for five or six days. When reduced to carbone or charcoal, the carbonaro delivers it to the owner, packed in sacks, two sacks comprising a donkey-load, for which he receives about ten cents, or about two dollars for each burning yielding forty sacks. At this camp, an unusually large one, a score or more carbonari were at work; and as the burning was to be for an extended period, some six or eight of the carbonari had built temporary huts and removed their entire families to the forest.

This gave life and picturesqueness to the scene, especially at night. A few iron cressets had been fastened to the tree-trunks, and the crackle and flarings of cones and knots lent weird colorings to the motley groups of women with dazzling teeth and eyes, and men grimy and swarthy beyond all description. I could not repress the feeling that I was at my old wanderings with my gypsy friends again; and as the night gathered over the majestic forest-trees above and one, by one some strange instrument of music was produced from the shadowy huts, while melody and dancing added their fascination to the wild, strange scene, a thousand recollections of days with the Romany swept back on Pratomagno's darkened heights.

Deeper still grew this feeling as I was shown to a couch of fir branches for sleep. It came not for hours; for in the gentle southing of the fir, the calls of the watchers to each other, and here and there through the camp, suppressed tones of melody as those who watched grouped together and reassuringly sang low and soft the *Stornelli* of Italy, I was with my vagabond friends by their witching camp-fires in my own loved land. When the morning came, after a breakfast of pan unto, or bread fried in olive oil, and many a kindly "addio!" and "vale!" from my grimy hosts, I found my own way back to the friendly villagers of Tosi.

The traveler in Italy will remember of Naples itself that it possesses no one grand predominating place, thing or characteristic of surpassing interest. This might perhaps be modified by saying it was a city of wonderful contrasts—of the tremendously rich and wofully poor; of the oldest and best Italian nobility and the most wretched of titled adventurers; of dazzling beauty and most hideous haggishness in women; of most learned savants and the most sodden ignorance, of the highest virtue and the most disgusting lewdness, so shamefaced that even male devils accost one everywhere with printed tariffs for licentiousness; of the latest modes in dress and garb among the lowly as ancient as the time of Tiberius: of frightful activity and tropical siesta; of deafening din and solemn hush; of the shrillest and most ceaseless shriekings day and night and meanwhile the most sibilant and melodious of tender voicings; of content and despair; cruelty and kind-heartedness; loyalty and treachery; and—just as all Italy physically seemed to be in a flower-embowered heaven smiling over a threatening volcanic hell—of

laughing-eyed humans with hearts in which the worst of human passions forever brood, ready at an instant's kindling for sedition, rapine or murder.

In every part in southern Italy you will come upon a broad, grass-grown highway. It is called the "tratturo." For twenty centuries it has served the same purpose. On this "tratturo" occurs the yearly spring exodus from the lower valleys and coast-wise moors and marshes to the Apulian mountain summer pastures. In the autumn, hundreds of thousands return along the 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. But 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 herdsmen, goatherd or shepherd, he is usually given charge of a flock or herd of from 50 to 100 animals.

These folk rarely intermarry with other classes. When they do they instantly 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 of their own descent, in the exclusiveness 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 interests 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 neck, tiny at the throat spreading quickly and heavily in protuberant muscles, like a broad-butted 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.

Straight as an arrow, this shepherd is clad from head to feet in undressed skins. A bifurcated garment of untanned hides, fashioned after the pattern of that one so well known to American dress reform ladies, forms a sort of waistcoat and trousers combined. The latter are opened at the sides, below the knees 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 rainproof storehouse of meager treasures. A jaunty, brigandish hat sets perkily upon his fine, curly head, and brings into striking relief his olive skin, his large, grave eyes and crinkly, curly beard. 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 inseparably capsella 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 *tableaux vivants*—complete the picture. And it is always a picture; for this fellow with the face of an apostle and the eyes of a saint is so deliciously languid and inexpressibly lazy, that his splendid form is forever in pose and repose.

Nearly every shepherd of southern Italy is married. He marries young.

He rears, or rather there grows, seemingly all unconscious to himself, a large family. The sons marry other shepherd's daughters; the daughters, other shepherd's sons. Himself perhaps born in the grass by the side of the "tratturo," in a cleft of some rock in the edge of a torrent's gravina, or in some low hut on hill or moor, he emerges from childhood to manhood a nomad; is a nomad in youth and manhood; he mates as a nomad; and never ceases a nomadic life until the quicklime of some village Campo Santo consumes his bones. So that to every flock belongs a family.

The tatterdemalion group possesses no home 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 Wallachian Gipsies they squat 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 field 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 consciousness of his vacuous ignorance, his unvarying cruelty to his flocks, and his utter sodden, rather than active, brutality to his wife and children, who serve as his pack-mules, like the American squaws, for transporting his slender belongings to the hills.

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 death, come whistling over peak or howling through gravina. 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 terrified brood. 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 doomed where he sets his snare. It is a wild, strange, melancholy land, he looks down upon, if he has the energy for looking. His wife and children around him are as voiceless as himself and his flocks. The very melody of the sheep bells becomes a meaningless din. 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, insensate to the trumplings of eternal nature around him. The sheep browsing at his side are his equals in intelligence; his superiors in demonstrable forces and activities. The lone kestral wheeling above this Apulian shepherd has a wider horizon of view.

Those who care for the flocks of Piedmont, Lombardy and radiant Tuscany are a different folk of whom a sunnier picture can be drawn. In the main they are the little children and youths and wives of all the peasantry. In northern and Alpine Italy the beauty of the cities,