

Charlie''), who ended here in Frascati his sad and blighted life; deserted by all the friends of better days, even by the frivolous wife, who never gave up the style and title of Queen of England.

The afternoon we spent exploring the villas that cover those lovely hills. From the earliest times wealthy Romans have had their Summer residence here, and their ruins remain side by side with the medieval and modern villa. It is all a land of enchantment, the views from the heights are surprisingly lovely. We go up to the villa of Cicero, on the site of the ancient *Tusculum*, mounted on donkeys, with such comfortable saddles that there is no fatigue. The donkey with his tranquil pace is the best friend of the mountain traveller.

I must not omit to mention the beauty of the peasant women, whom we met in great numbers, in all the bravery of their native costumes. Miss Julia Kavanagh who, although a Protestant, has written many beautiful things about Catholic countries, was deeply impressed by the modesty and unconscious loveliness of the contadine (country-girls). I quote the following passage from her "A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies:"

"She came down the mountain with the step and mien of a mountain nymph. Her dark hair was drawn back from her white brow; her eyes had the clear light of stars; her features were open and radiant with smiles and beauty; her complexion of pure red and white had never felt the burning sun; all her life she had lived in cool orange gardens. She wore a violet silk jacket, long gold earrings, and numberless rows of chains passed around her white neck and falling down to her waist. As I looked at her, mute and breathless, her rosy lips parted in a smile that disclosed two rows of pearl, and bending her head, saying sweetly: '*buon giorno*' she passed on.

"This beautiful creature left me a sense of joy which brought to my mind a little speech which an old Franciscan made to us: 'Signora, there was a time, before we had railroads and tourists, when, if you went up to Santa Agata, or any of these mountains, and met a young girl on your way, you saw her so lovely and so pure, that you could not help saying: blessed be the hand of God that has created thee so beautiful!'"