

their race. I was much amused at the impassioned gesticulation and intonation of a young lady and a military officer, who seemed to converse as much by gesture and tone of voice as by articulate expression. Our military friend was very polite, and took evident pleasure in answering my questions, and pointing out places of interest on the road, and on leaving the carriage, raised his hat, as was the general custom, to each person in the compartment.

Our train was somewhat late in reaching Verona, allowing very little time for lunch before taking the northern train for Tyrol. But as lunch for the party had been ordered by telegraph, it was all ready, seats reserved, and even the coffee poured out that no time might be lost. The act was well appreciated. The conductor had to hustle around and re-check some left luggage, including a bundle of alpenstocks, which weighed heavily on his mind. The difference of language in the names of places is sometimes a little perplexing. It is somewhat difficult to recognize the same place under the names of Botzen and Balsano; or to identify in Venedig, or Venezia, the familiar Venice.



TYROLESE PEASANT.

The Brenner Railway here follows the course of the old Roman Via Claudia. It is certainly an attractive contrast, to depict to ourselves the change which the traffic has undergone in twenty centuries—Drusus with his eagles marching northward along this highway of Rætia Prima to destroy the strongholds of the barbarians, and the Roman express, with the porters calling out as the train enters the station: "Fifteen minutes' stoppage, examination of luggage, all change here—quindici minuti di fermata, visita dei bagagli, si cambia convoglio!"

We pass through the famous Gorge of Verona, a rocky passage which the Adige has forced through the limestone mountains. For 2000 years hostile nations have contended for the mastery of this pass. On many a coign of vantage is perched a grim fortress. High on the left bank lies Rivoli, which has given its