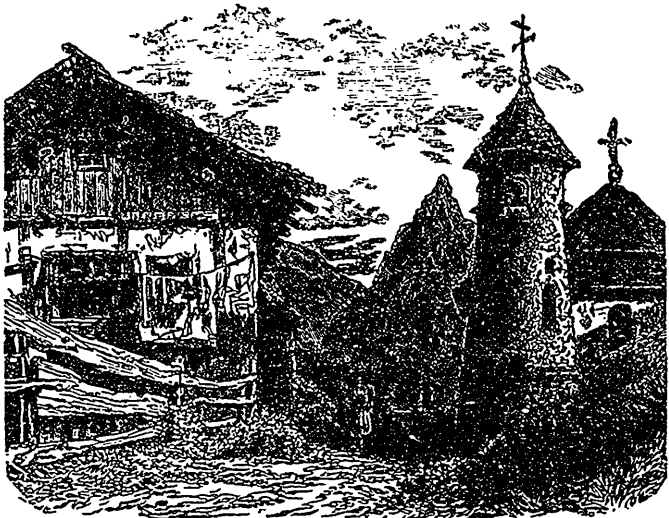


through which they travel. Some of my most delightful memories are of casual acquaintance made with foreign fellow-tourists. And Italian tourists are exceedingly polite. It is quite amusing to see a gentleman parting from his travelling friends at a railway station. The hat is doffed over and over and over again, with profuse gesticulation, "with nods and becks and wreathed smiles." At Milan I observed that every porter and railway man on the platform took off his hat and waved a salute as the train moved away. An Italian lady and her husband, in our compartment, were exceedingly agreeable and polite. It was very warm, and the offer of a fan by a lady of our party led to a pleasant conversation—the naiveté of the Italian lady's imperfect English and French giving a fine piquancy to her remarks.



ON THE FRONTIER.

Our impressions of Italian peasant life, as caught from the windows of a railway carriage, were of its extreme poverty. We saw hundreds of poor peasants returning from market, brown as berries, riding in their paltry little carts, or on their meagre donkeys, but mostly toiling on foot along the hot and dusty highway, driving a few goats or gaunt and hungry-looking swine—both men and women coarsened with field labour, unintelligent, and in appearance anything but the light-hearted, picturesque race they are so often portrayed by poet or painter. The Italians of the better class who shared our railway carriage, possessed more of the vivacity and sprightliness attributed to