

We reach the summit and pass into Italy. Cold is the mountain night air, and we get inside the diligence. But now the motion is changed. Instead of a slow, laboured walk, the horses seem to have commenced a mad run down hill. The scene by night would have been to weak nerves fearful. There lay the dark deep valley below us, into which we seem madly rushing. The way is zigzag again. The window is one moment against the mountain side, and then jerked suddenly round so as to look over the depth of the valley. You would almost imagine that the speed at which we were going would sweep the diligence and all into the chasm, when whirling around the corners of the zigzag. We stop at last at Chiavenna.

Chiavenna, or Clavenna, as the Romans of old called it, is situated at the junction of three valleys, each rich in the beauties of Italian landscape. The grape is now cultivated on long vines, trained over frames and lattice-work, and large, long bunches of the luscious fruit hang temptingly suspended from the branches. We start on foot for Lake Como. We descend rapidly. Italy's dark blue sky is overhead. Another river now marks our way. Stone walls along the roadside are alive with lithe lizards. Chestnut groves wave in the balmy breeze, and we are charmed with the black eye and coy look of many a barefooted Italian damsel, sometimes kneeling at the image of a wayside shrine.

We reach the lake, and continue our walk along its edge as far as Bellano. Let us spend Sunday here. Bellano is nearly half-way down the narrow, long lake; just below it forks off into two branches, one running to Como and the other to Lecco. We can see the opposite shore distinctly, and can count the villages on the water's edge, and the tasteful villas, half-hidden in groves of chestnut, orange, and fig. The breeze comes over the cool fresh water of the placid lake, rich with the fragrance of the mountain forest, blended with that of the fruit-laden hillside. Softest strains of the guitar and human voice float over the balcony where we sit, gazing at the scene.

I don't wonder at all at the fact that Italians are lazy. I defy any man to be anything else, amid the charms of a Como autumn. However, it is Sunday, and we must go to church. The women and a few of the men get inside the building, ornamented with none too much taste. But most of the young men get there just in time to meet some Mariana or Juliette. Juliette comes