



In thin defile along a climbing wall.

THE LOVER OF TREES IN ITALY

By Sophie Jewett

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
(If our loves remain)
In an English lane,

Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands)—
In a sea-side house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge.

—BROWNING, *De Gustibus*.

"I CANNOT understand," said a lover of Switzerland to me, "your content in Italy in the summer. I want depth of shade, and masses of green, and the coolness that comes from evergreen forests. Italy is beautiful, but it is so treeless." I listened, as one who has the taint of Italy in his blood listens to criticism of her, without resentment or jealousy, rather with toler-

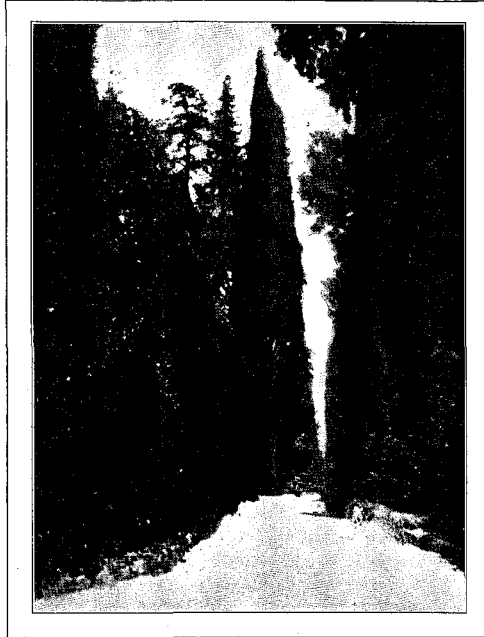
ance and pity for the critic. Yet I suggested that the southern side of the Alps is Italy, not Switzerland; and I recalled the oaks and walnuts in the valleys and ravines of Umbria, the beeches of Vallombrosa and the hoary chestnuts of the Pistoiese Apennines, for, even to one who does not know its greatest woods, Italy affords abundant green shadow.

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The Lover of Trees in Italy

In the spring I made with my devotee of forests a Franciscan pilgrimage into the Casentino. The broad summit of Prato Magno was snow-covered, but the lower slopes of all the mountains were a glory of young oak foliage, too golden to be green, too green to be golden. When we stood among the towering beeches and hemlocks on the height of La Verna, my friend said

nut, the characteristic trees of Italy are detached, sharply outlined, impressive from loneliness and contrast. In groves, in groups, in avenues, in files, in couples and singly, they cut the sky, and it is the general treelessness of the landscape that gives to the infrequent trees their peculiar beauty. They are so defined and individual that one remembers the cypresses



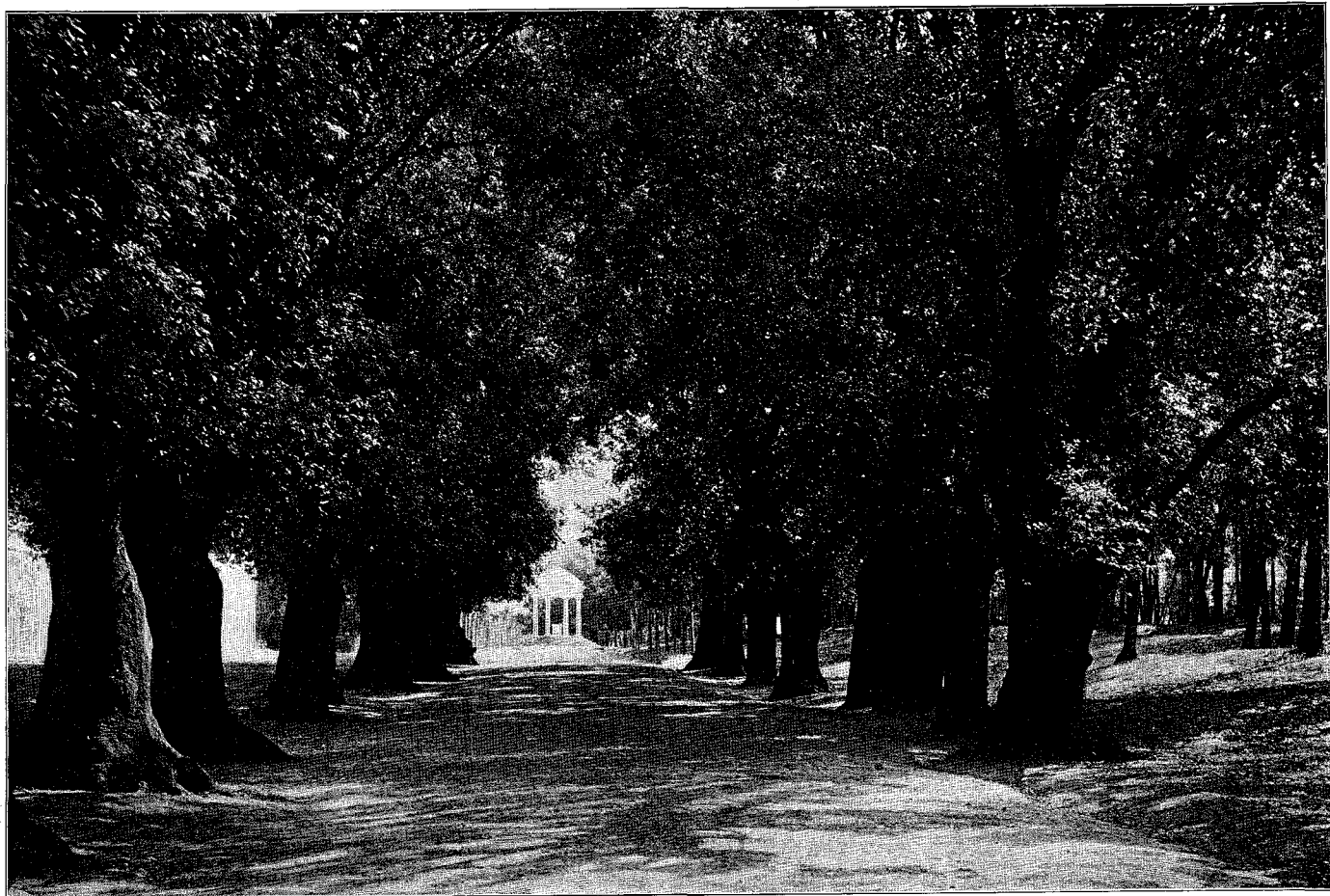
Ilex path, Boboli Gardens.

penitently, "I shall never again think of Italy as treeless."

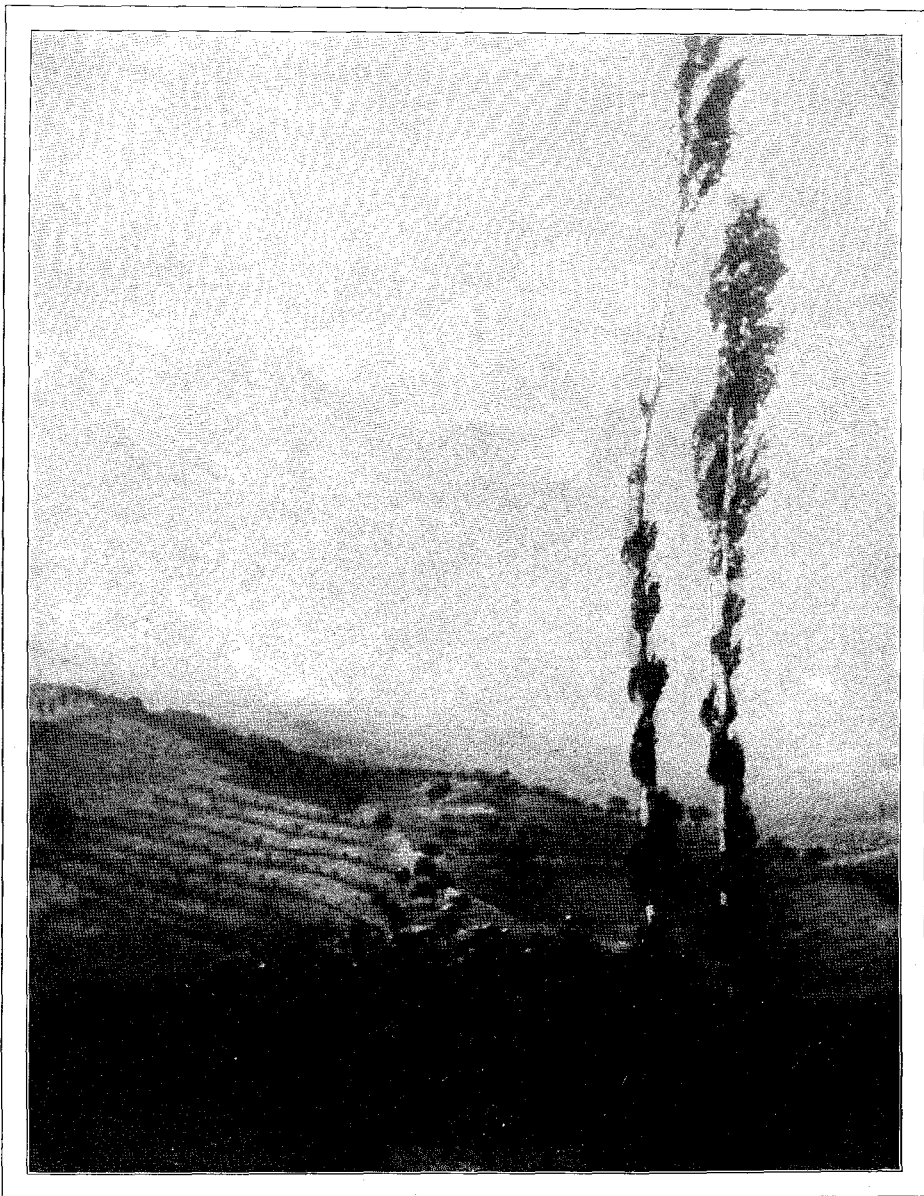
None the less, next day, as we left the sharp firs of the Consuma Pass and its bleak winds behind us, and drove down toward the sunset glory of the Arno Valley, past fields of rose-colored vetch and wine-dark clover, of bright poppies and pale iris, into a world where acacias in full flower stood white among the cypresses, I reflected that it is not for its forest trees that one loves Italy. When the heart seeks broad oaks or cathedral firs, it is the North that calls, and if, in Italy, the feet of a Northerner stray into some unlooked-for *selva oscura*, he finds himself presently thinking of home. For, in spite of great exceptions, forests of pine, or fir, or chest-

of a Tuscan city exactly as one remembers its *campanili*, and it would be as easy to forget the dome of St. Peter's as to forget the single palm tree of St. Bonaventura. I have even seen it from the Pincian Hill on a gray winter day, pale against a paler sky, yet distinct in outline as the convent itself. It looked lonely as a seventeenth-century ghost, keeping uneasy watch between the advance of archaeological excavation and of modern building.

I shall always remember a May morning years ago, when, on the journey from Florence to Rome by way of Arezzo, I made discovery that the attenuated trees of Perugino are real, not fancied. It was my first lesson in the faithfulness of the Umbrian and Tuscan landscape painting.



Helix avenue. Villa Borghese, Rome.
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Two slim sentinels.

I soon came to know that, so long as the hill-sides bear feathery alders and tufted poplars, and almonds pink with bloom in February, so long will the angels of Fra Giovanni and Benozzo Gozzoli flit before one's eyes. Outside the walls of Urbino grow two thin sentinels so alive with the spirit of Perugino that one half expects to

see Our Lady of Sorrows, purple-vested, standing beside them in the fading light with St. Bernard at her feet.

In Italy every tree has its peculiar significance and charm—fig trees, medlars, mulberries, with their garlands of vine, acacias, oaks, walnuts, chestnuts, firs—yet the most characteristic trees that stand



An avenue of Cypresses, Urbino.

along the way of the ordinary traveller seem to me to be the ilex, the olive, the cypress, and the stone-pine.

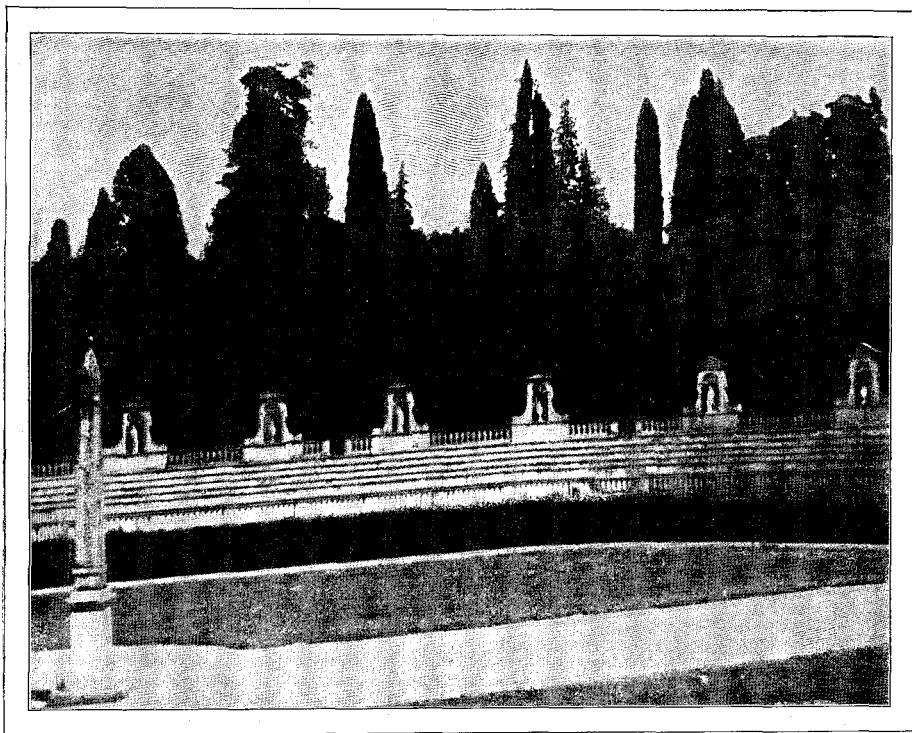
The ilexes present rather masses of shade than clearness of outline, but this is the impression from the outside. Beneath them, among them, as one becomes used to the dusk, one sees that not even an

Italian gardener has been able to prune them of their individuality.

On the Latian hill-sides they belong to the ancient world. They are symbols of Roman myth and of Roman rite, but as one sees them in villa and palace garden they are retainers of the ducal days. Indifferent and uncommunicative to the curi-

ous stranger, they, who grew old so long ago, whisper to themselves through the sunny noons of dead lovers whose secrets they have shared, of princely traitors whose crimes they have hidden, and, silent o' nights, they listen for the festival music that used to sound from the bright windows. Though they are wrinkled and

The ilex is reserved, patrician, but the olive is of the people. It loves broad slopes, where it may fraternize with mulberry and vine, and with the peasant as he ploughs and plants. It chatters to fig tree and medlar across the garden-wall. The sheep and the shepherds are its familiars, and the children who gather its fruit



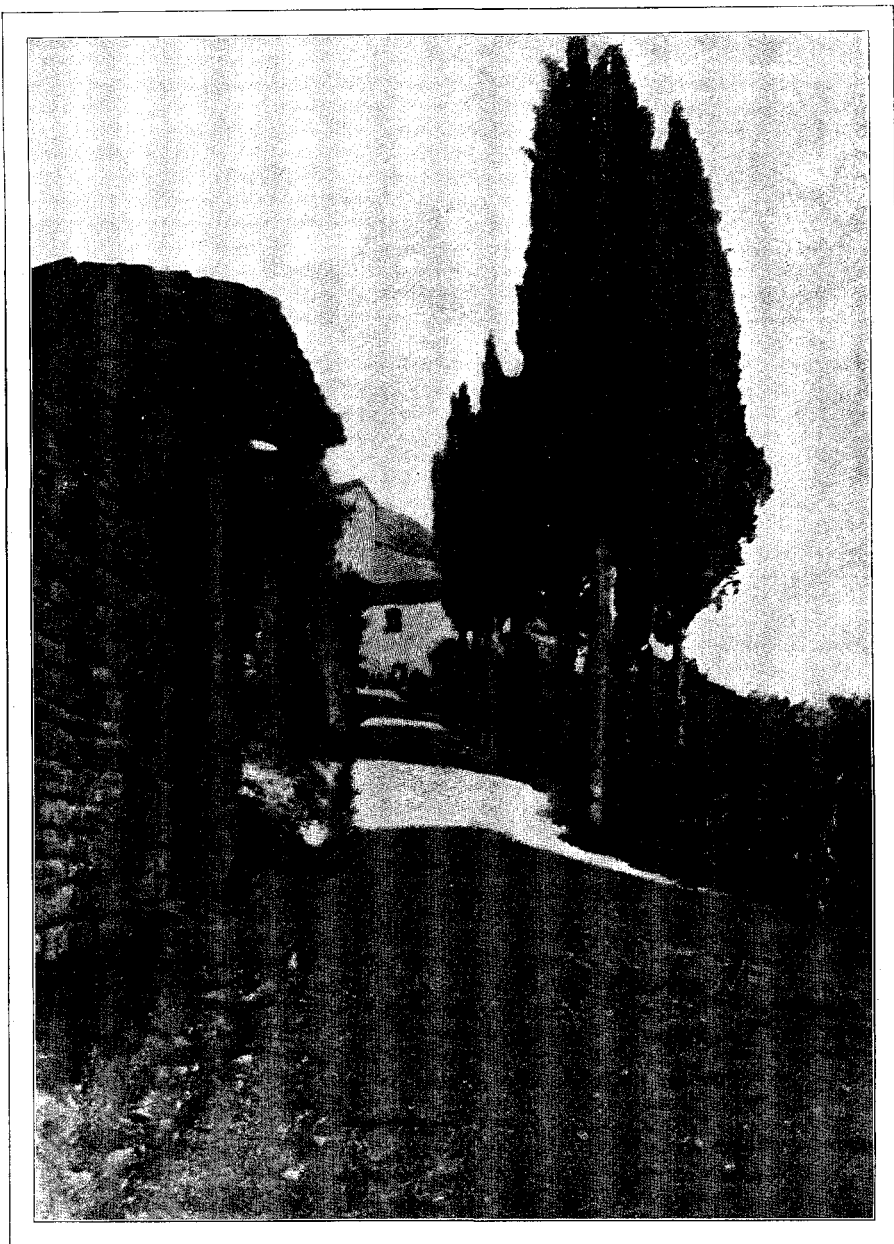
Ilex hedge in the Boboli Gardens.

lichen-stained, though their hearts are eaten with decay, they cling to life with the tenacity of sage and subtle *Monsignori*. Their trunks may be built up with stones and cement, as are those of the giants of Castel Gandolfo; their mighty lateral spread may be propped by timbers as in the Boboli Gardens, yet they refuse to "die at the top." In spring the blackest of them all is covered with a faint glory of new green that changes it as a sudden thought of youth changes an old face. The nightingales have sung in its depths through three hundred Junes. They may find green shelter there for a hundred more—who knows?

and trim its branches. From root to topmost bough, it is a creature of the sun. The swaying tracery that it casts over red soil or brown sod is tempered sunlight, not shadow. Even the hollow heart of an old olive shows, not decay, but a warm, silvery surface as if the rain and the sun had cleansed and polished it.

The olive, like its peasant neighbor, works till the end. On an Umbrian hillside each broken shell through which the sky looks as through a ruined arch wears a fringe of fruit-bearing boughs, dancing and shining in the light as if the crown of old age were joy, not sorrow.

I have heard the olive called dull and



Cypresses by the roadside—Gubbio.

colorless. Profane lips have even called it dusty and dreary. The charm of it, like that of all soft color, is a matter of combination and contrast. The single tree, if one look at it from the ground, enhances every mass and every touch of vivid color

about it; the red poppy at its foot, the green lizard on its trunk, the blue of the sky over it. Or, if the earth be dun and the sky gray, the olive gives delicate values, fine gradations, of tone that please the eye as faint-heard harmony pleases the ear.



The Pineta of Ravenna.

If this be true of a solitary tree, it is truer of wide orchards in the general landscape. In the large, the effect of the olive is more translucent than opaque. Over the steep slopes of Tuscany, where the trees are small, the color lies like a thin veil. In Umbria, and farther south, it falls from hill to plain in soft waves of a tone that is indescribable because it changes with every mood of the varying sky.

The most marvellous color-effect of the olives that I remember was in the Alban hills, when, between the ranks of trees, the vineyards were vivid green with a hint of gold, and the grass had become actual emerald in the autumn rains. Though standing in the midst of this bright verdure, these Roman olives looked less silvery and more green than those of Tuscany, and I received the same impression from the orchards about Naples.

I instinctively incline to think of olive and cypress as local symbols, the olive Umbrian, the cypress Tuscan. Both trees are wide-scattered over Italy, but the olive is essential to the spirit of the Tiber Valley, and the cypress to that of the Arno.

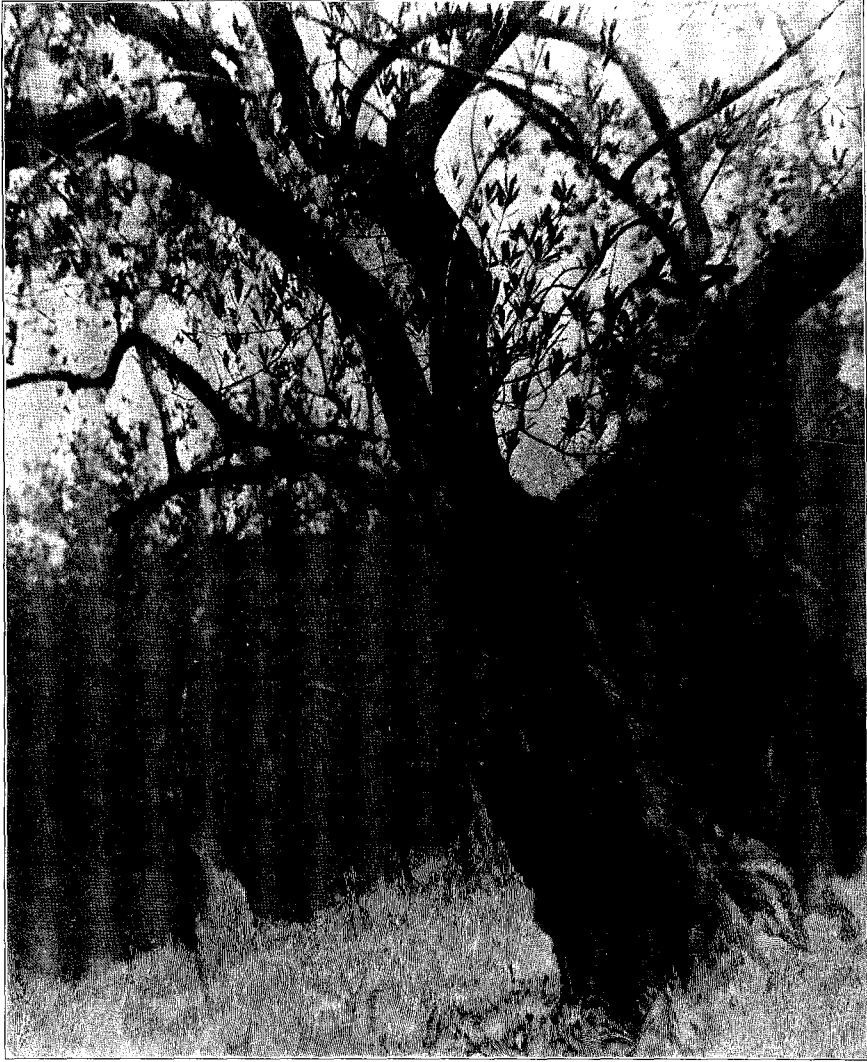
The eyes that find the olive dusty, have found the cypress mournful and stiff. They have found the early Tuscan and Umbrian painters also stiff and mournful, and it would be futile to argue in defence of either painters or trees. But lie on the sunny side of an old cypress through a mid-summer afternoon and look at it long, till you are alone in the world with it. Below, it is "ripe fruit o'ercrusted," and all a-flutter with singing birds, but the top soars away from you and pierces the sky as no other wingless thing can do. As your eye climbs the green spire, the blue seems to deepen and draw down till you are conscious not so much of infinite distance as of infinite nearness. But, if you chance upon the same cypress standing against the sky at evening, how black and sombre it can be! Withdrawn and austere, as becomes Dante's compatriot, it broods on tragedy. It will not even tell you if the song-birds that fluttered about it in the sunshine, are hidden in its heart.

Despite their simplicity of outline, the cypresses are not monotonous nor changeless. I know an avenue of ancient trees

in an Alban villa. Their vast trunks are cut and seamed and hollowed by the years. Their tops are blasted and broken. They have suffered and resisted through a thousand mountain storms, but, in the failing

there is a tall young cypress that sways with every breath. Slim and green as a martyr's palm, it is, like that, a thing of joy and victory.

The cypresses are companionable and



The hollow heart of an old olive.

light of an autumn afternoon, they look weary and frail, as if the moment were near when their enduring mortality must yield to "the unimaginable touch of time." At the end of another road in the same villa

protecting. Two and two at tall gateways, in thin defile along a climbing wall, in close ranks like battalions, they guard the homes of the living, and watch where the dead sleep. Their welcome greets the trav-

eller on each return to "the land of lands," and their farewell follows him when his north-bound train pulls out into the dusk.

Only less beautiful than the cypress, and perhaps equally beloved of Italy's lovers, is the umbrella-pine. It would be hard to say where it is most essential. On the Neapolitan coast, on the Roman Campagna, within the walls of Rome or on the environing mountains, crowning the cliffs of the Italian Riviera, or covering the plain between Ravenna and Rimini, it is "the joy of the whole earth."

In spite of the ravages of time and fire and frost, the Pineta of Ravenna is lovely still. It takes only feeble imagining to figure it in the days when it skirted the sea. Now the sea is far away, and even the rice-swamps are being converted into firm wheat-bearing soil, yet deep among the pines all the modern life slips away. One walks with Dante

*per la pineta
In sul lito di Ciassi,*

or one hears the sorrowful voice of Fran-

cesca yearning in the castle of the Malatesta that she might be

*posata dolcemente
Su la marina di Ravenna.*

As I write, the pines come back to me, picture after picture. I see the tall grove where it was good to lie on a September morning looking off over the Campagna, past Rome to the bright line of the sea, till, over-impressed by manifold beauty and suggestion, I turned back to find rest for eyes and spirit in the tossing boughs and "blue, rejoicing sky."

I remember, on the path to Tusculum, a group of pines that always gave a softening grace to a certain bare, nameless, and dateless tomb. Higher up, a little forest, like a company of gay guests, stands singing on the scarcely traceable site of a Roman villa. But of all the Alban pines, I shall remember longest one, strong and solitary, that used to watch with me, evening after evening, when I climbed an upland meadow to see the ineffable colors of sunset visit the Sabine Mountains.



One, strong and solitary.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXI



SHORTLY after dusk, that night, two or three wagons moved quietly out of Lexington, under a little guard with guns loaded and bayonets fixed. Back at the old Armory—the home of the “Rifles”—a dozen youngsters drilled vigorously with faces in a broad grin, as they swept under the motto of the company—“Our laws the commands of our Captain.” They were following out those commands most literally. Never did Lieutenant Hunt give his orders more sonorously—he could be heard for blocks away. Never did young soldiers stamp out manœuvres more lustily—they made more noise than a regiment. Not a man carried a gun, though ringing orders to “Carry arms” and “Present arms” made the windows rattle. It was John Morgan’s first ruse. While that mock-drill was going on, and listening Unionists outside were laughing to think how those Rifles were going to be fooled next day, the guns of the company were moving in those wagons toward Dixie—toward mocking-bird-haunted Bowling Green, where the underfed, unclothed, unarmed body of Albert Sydney Johnston’s army lay, with one half-feathered wing stretching into the Cumberland hills and the frayed edge of the other touching the Ohio.

Next morning, the Home Guards came gayly around to the Armory to seize those guns, and the wily youngsters left temporarily behind (they, too, fled for Dixie, that night) gibed them unmercifully; so that, then and there, a little interchange of powder-and-ball civilities followed; and thus, on the very first day, Daniel Dean smelled the one and heard the other whistle right harmlessly and merrily. Straightway, more

guards were called out; cannon were planted to sweep the principal streets, and from that hour, the old town was under the rule of a Northern or Southern sword for the four years’ reign of the war.

Meanwhile, Chadwick Buford was giving a strange journey to Dixie. Whenever he dismounted, she would turn her head toward the Bluegrass, as though it surely were time they were starting for home. When they reached the end of the turnpike, she lifted her feet daintily along the muddy road, and leaped pools of water like a cat. Climbing the first foot-hills, she turned her beautiful head to right and left, and with pointed ears snorted now and then at the strange dark woods on either side and the tumbling water-falls. The red of her wide nostrils was showing when she reached the top of the first mountain, and from that high point of vantage, she turned her wondering eyes over the wide rolling stretch that waved homeward, and whinnied with distinct uneasiness when Chad started her down into the wilderness beyond. Distinctly that road was no path for a lady, but Dixie was to know it better in the coming war.

Within ten miles of the Turners’, Chad met the first man that he knew—Hence Sturgill from Kingdom Come. He was driving a wagon.

“Howdye, Hence!” said Chad, reining in.

“Whoa!” said Hence, pulling in and staring at Chad’s horse and at Chad from cap to spur.

“Don’t you know me, Hence?”

“Well, God—I—may—die, if it ain’t Chad! How air ye, Chad? Goin’ up to ole Joel’s?”

“Yes. How are things on Kingdom Come?”

Hence spat on the ground and raised one hand high over his head: