

breathed a wholly different sentiment. Here, too, as I looked at pine-grove or rock, or at small rudely-terraced vineyard, bodiless presences showed themselves to that organ of sight which sees them. But they were not nymphs or naiads; they issued from a different stratum of history. Sometimes a knight in armour flitted like a shadow through the brushwood; sometimes in front of me plodded a mediæval pilgrim; once or twice I heard the voice of a troubadour; and near the vineyards I saw Provençal peasants dancing. No doubt my imagination committed many anachronisms and confused together many incongruous centuries; but the wayward pageant for me had a perfect inward congruity; nor could the spectacles of any professor of history—not even those through which Professor Freeman makes faces at Mr. Froude—have shown me anything fit, for pleasure's sake, to be compared with it.

Nor were the real sights that saluted me less delightful than the visions with which they blended. The way continued to dip into rivulet-haunted dells, to climb bushy banks, and to skirt luxuriant slopes. Here and there through the world of greenness a living peasant came, with a sash like a red poppy, and sometimes a goat or two or a couple of desultory bullocks. The greenness was of all kinds and shades. Tall reeds grew by the shadowy rivulets; glossy caroub trees dotted stretches of sun-warmed soil; cypresses and poplars towered in slender companies;