

could any reasons be stronger? Where, without it, would be the charm that lurks in the iron *grilles* of mediæval Italian palaces, in the twisted ciphers and coronets forlornly rusting on their gates, in the shadows of the grimy archway, or the discoloured marble fountain? Except for literature it probably would be almost imperceptible; and the more literature the traveller has been able to apply to quickening and expanding his own emotions and prejudices, the more potent and enthralling does this charm become for him. It is thus that, as he wanders amongst scenes of the kind I have alluded to, he moves in a world of sights and sounds and associations undreamed of by the tourists who flourish at *tables d'hôte*, and eye with interest each other's luggage and labels, and unvalued by the student—that odd intellectual Methodist—who has his life in his books, instead of having books in his life.

Such is the sort of person whom I call the true traveller. Such is the sort of person I should now desire for a reader. What the *frou-frou* of petticoats and the odour of *poudre de riz* is for the devotee of the modern *Vie Parisienne*, that for him is the odour of antique life which still clings to so many existing walls, and the murmur of which in certain places is still alive in the air. For him the present is masculine, and he deals with it as he would deal with a man; but the past is feminine, and he loves it as he would love a woman, of whom he never could weary, because he could never entirely win her. Or to treat the matter to a