

She nodded, but did not speak. A lump seemed to rise in her throat and prevent all utterance. As she gazed after him, and measured his figure with Jim's, she felt glad and proud that he did not suffer in comparison. And then she murmured to herself:

"If he left his books and lived on the sea, how I could enjoy being with him!"

The smack pushed off. Marjorie was gaily chattering to every one. Only the two young wives stood silent and motionless, watching the little craft that was bearing away their belongings.

Then suddenly they were startled by old Patty's voice. She had crept up unseen, and now was standing in her favourite position on the top of an old stone pillar. Kathie shrank close to Una in fright, as her voice rang out:

Waves be wakin', waves be callin',  
Waves be watchin' for thy mate,  
Bonny wives! But wailin' widders,  
When your husbands meet their fate.

Una shook off the feeling of fear that crept into her heart, and stepped up boldly to the old woman.

"Now, Patty, don't try to frighten us by your songs. You should comfort people

when they are sad; do you not know that?"

"Ay," said the old woman, getting down from her perch and dropping Una a succession of quick curtseys one after the other, "but thee art in no need o' comfort, my pretty! Sadness hath not touched thee yet, but 'tis on the way,—

'Tis flyin' fast and free  
Over the deep blue sea.

An' then will Patty comfort the weepin' eyes that be now only filled wi' laughter."

"Oh, come along, Una," said Marjorie, a little impatiently. "She will be turning to me and saying something gruesome next. I hate her sharp little twinkling eyes. I believe she is, as they say, a witch."

"I will come and see you, Kathie, to-morrow."

Una laid her hand on Kathie's as she spoke, and two tear-dimmed eyes were quickly raised to hers.

"Bless you, Missy; I will love to have you. 'Tis a lonely house I go back to."

The girls separated; but after they had gone the fishers drew nearer together, and black looks and muttered curses were rife as they speculated on the possible errand of the *Flying Gull*, Jim's fast sailing-boat.



## Brigandage in Sardinia

By L. Villari

THE island of Sardinia is one of the wildest and most uncivilised parts of Italy, and its inhabitants and its manners and customs are almost unknown, even to Italians. The country has little in the way of "sights" to offer to the ordinary tourist, while the discomfort and the danger of travelling though it effectively prevent most people from visiting it unless they are obliged to do so for business purposes. For an Italian Government official or army officer to be sent to Sardinia is looked upon as an appalling exile, a *relegatio in insulam* in fact, and many are transferred

to that undesirable residence by way of punishment.

The chief scourge of the island is brigandage, which has always been rampant, and there is a constant state of war between the authorities and the bandits who infest the rocky fastnesses and forest-clad hill-sides. What makes the task of the Government particularly hard is the fact that the inhabitants are mostly in sympathy with the outlaws. They extol their prowess, compose poems and songs about their great deeds, speak of them almost as of national heroes, and what is more important, they inform them as to the

movements of the gendarmes, bring them food, and help them in every way. This sympathy is partly owing to the reign of terror which the bandits exercise, which makes the people feel that it is safer to be on good terms with them than with the authorities, and partly to an innate distrust of the law and of justice common to all the lower classes throughout Italy.

A couple of years ago brigandage having become exceptionally virulent, especially in the district of Nuoro, where murders and highway robberies were of daily occurrence, the Government determined to resort to unusually stern measures; a large number of soldiers and carabinieri were sent to the island, and the police were instructed to make a clean sweep of all who in any way aided the bandits with supplies or information. The story of this "drive" has been told by an officer who took part in it, in an interesting little book, called "Caccia Grossa" ("Big Game").

Sardinian brigandage, unlike that of Sicily, has no other object than plunder, and it has hitherto proved a most lucrative career. One brigand, named Torracorte, possessed cattle to the value of £1600, and he also lent money at interest. The total amount owed to him is said to have been over £20,000, and there was no fear of his not obtaining payment, as he well knew how to dun his creditors. The brothers Serra-Sanna had also amassed a considerable fortune, and lived in luxury, feeding on the choicest viands and drinking the costliest wines. Another, named Corbeddu, after a successful career retired from business, and was looked upon as the father and adviser of all the brigands. Sportsmen who came over from continental Italy to shoot, often placed themselves under his protection, and he would then give them the run of his well-stocked forests. He frequently visited neighbouring villages to watch some religious festival or a dance. The brigands maintained their influence by murdering any one who dared to disobey them. One of them, named Solinas, was almost the dictator of his district, and issued proclamations and decrees signed, "Solinas, the Judge without a Code." He managed the elections, disposed of the lives and property of the in-

habitants, and put prices on the heads of his enemies. On one occasion a bandit believed that a certain peasant had informed against him. He waited for him as he was returning home, held him up although he was accompanied by fifty other labourers, all on horseback, and most of them armed, forced him to dismount and go down on his knees, shot him dead, and rode off. Women and children were shot and barbarously mutilated in the presence of numbers of people, even in the village street, because suspected of giving information to the authorities. The two Serra-Sannas were greatly aided by their sister, who was called the "Queen of Nuoro," a sort of Joan of Arc of brigandage. She lived in the town, and was the life and soul of all their nefarious enterprises.

Sig. Bechi gives a most graphic account of what he calls the Night of St. Bartholomew at Nuoro, when the town was surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, and a house-to-house visitation carried out at the dead of night. Hundreds of people, including the mayor, the municipal councillors, and all the most prominent citizens, were arrested on the charge of aiding and abetting the bandits. Even the dreaded "Queen of Nuoro" was arrested, and the property of the outlaws and of their relations and friends was confiscated wholesale. The blow was quite unexpected, as everything had been arranged in secrecy, and the brigands were completely discomfited. Then a *battue* was arranged to capture the few irreconcilables who were in hiding on the wild mountains of Morgolias. An immense number of soldiers and carabinieri were stationed all round the forest, and a few picked men crept up to beat up the quarry. The brigands defended themselves desperately and shot several of their pursuers dead in attempting to escape, but, one after another, they were all either killed or captured. Similar scenes were enacted all over the island, and numbers were arrested and met with condign punishment.

Brigandage still exists in Sardinia, but it will be a long time before it recovers from the effects of this blow, and if the authorities would only continue in the energy displayed for a short time, there is no doubt that they could crush it out almost entirely.