

ber of avenues leave this space and cross the wood in all directions. At the south-eastern end the labyrinth (maze) is being constructed, and near by are the pomarium (orchard) and the vinea (vineyard) with a long pergola. For the general scheme of the lucus the architect has faithfully followed the descriptions of Nietner, Tuckermann, and other scholars who wrote about old Roman gardens.

Beeches, oaks, chestnuts, ash trees, pines, firs, and laurels rise everywhere. There are flowers and fruit trees, and then, immediately beyond the lucus, over another nine and a half acres, a marsh full of reeds, and pastures and fields. Thus it is hoped that specimens of all the trees, flowers, fruits, and cereals mentioned in the works of Vergil (which are said to be 190) will be collected in the wood and in the adjoining stretch of land. Here are his "herbs sweeter than sleep," the "pale violets," and the hyacinths now "gloomy," now "purple-colored," now "so suavely reddish." Here are his "black mountainous cypresses destined to challenge the perils of the sea," and the "keen holm-oak with its indented leaves and black trunk."

The Poet's Birthplace

The lucus Vergilianus ends where once rose Andes (old Pietole), the birthplace of Vergil. But was Andes really there and was the poet born three Roman miles from Mantua? Nobody ever doubted it until 1762, when the poet Scipione Maffei, basing his argument on the epithet "Venetian" given by Macrobius to Vergil, identified Andes with Bande, a small village twenty miles from Mantua on the hills of Lake Garda. Others later advanced the theory that Andes was Rivalta. Recently Professor R. S. Conway put the birthplace of Vergil in Calvisano, in the province of Brescia, where he conducted a few days ago a pilgrimage organized by the Hellenic Travelers' Club. Returning from Calvi-

sano, Professor Conway and his English pilgrims visited also Mantua. Professor Bruno Nardi, who has just published an essay to confute the theory of Professor Conway and vindicate the Mantuan origin of Vergil, accompanied him and his party to the spot where old Pietole stood. There, pointing out to him certain undulations of the ground and showing down below the marshes formed by the Mincius, he endeavored to convince Professor Conway that that could very well have been the scenery described in the ninth Eclogue, where Vergil speaks of the hills sloping down "usque ad aquam." His eloquence was apparently not successful. But the two scholars, like the two knights of Ariosto, shook hands over their difference and Professor Nardi made a present of his recent essay to his English opponent with a graceful dedication.

MON VOYAGE EN CORSE

I HAD been in Europe for more than a month, when I was given a week's vacation, early in September. The hot days of August had found me plunged deep in my books—*Grammaire, Composition, Explication de textes*, and several *Histoires de la littérature française*—and the vacation which the *Université de Nancy* now saw fit to offer came none too soon.

It was going to be such fun, a vacation in Europe—traveling by myself in a foreign land, feeling the flush of independence which being alone and unknown brings, and which is only augmented by being forced to use a foreign tongue as one's weapon of defence and of aggression. But Europe offers so vast a choice of vacation lands that it is almost a hopeless task to make a decision. Close at hand lay Germany, smilingly clean and blond, with shining porcelain stoves and the beautiful Rhine and Schlosses galore; and a bit further was Austria, with Vienna beckoning to the

seeker of old-world beauties and romance. But I should see these neighbors later, at the end of the term, in October. I must go really far away, seeking something altogether exotic. My eyes dropped from the pink outlines of Northern and Central Europe to the blue ones of North Africa. *Afrique!* That was it—Algeria, Tunis, Morocco. Only an investigation at the railway station brought with a pang the knowledge that a trip to Africa, even in third class, is costly. It was too late, now; my thoughts turned irrevocably southward, and harassed the greater part of my examinations.

It was not all definitely decided even yet, when at five in the afternoon I finished my last *examen*—a dissertation on *Classicisme*, and mounted breathlessly the long sloping hill to the avenue de Boufflers, pushing my bicycle, which refused absolutely an ascent so nearly perpendicular.

My bags were packed, and I was literally "all dressed up with nowhere to go." All Europe around me, and no place to go! I thought with shame of Miss Flora McFlinsey, who had nothing to wear . . . I grasped my atlas, determined to settle the problem definitely.

But why hadn't it occurred to me long since? During my breathless considerations of African splendors, my thumb must have obscured from view the little tempting island of Corsica, lodged so snugly off the coasts of France and of Italy. Now that I discovered it, thither I should go. It was south, it was Mediterranean, it was exotic. The train to Marseille left at six-thirty; one hour and a half. I completed arrangements for my departure in great haste, told my French family *au revoir*, and galloped off to the Gare de Nancy (*Chemin de fer de l'Est*) to get my ticket—*aller et retour*, 500 francs, about twenty dollars.

It was with a feeling of definite relief that I sank back against the hard, yellow-varnished board of the seat next the win-

dow in my third-class compartment, having arranged my grip and coat and hat in the rack above my head. Across from me sat a teacher of mine, going to Switzerland for the holiday. We should travel as far as Dijon together, where she would take a train east before I should take one to Lyon and Marseille. My first "literary thrill" was at the sight of a tall column on a hill near Nancy, in the heart of the province of Lorraine, in commemoration of the novel by Maurice Barrès. But express trains—even in Europe—do not allow one much time for due consideration of such landmarks, and soon we were whirling along toward Dijon amid the fast-descending night. The thought of going to Burgundy by darkness was a bit disappointing, but if one chooses Corsica, he can't have Bourgogne too. Louis XI had discovered the difficulties which *la Bourgogne* can offer, long before I did, I thought, as we neared the province which had held out so valiantly under Charles-le-téméraire against the domination of French rule.

I decided to wander around in Dijon a bit, between trains, regardless of the night. I'm afraid that all I can recall is a sleepy view of the *Grand Hôtel de la Cloche* and a noisy railway station, where trains passed very frequently pulling cars bearing inscriptions something like this: *Compagnie de tourisme internationale; sleeping*. And in red letters on square cards hung at either end of the sleeping-cars, *Paris-Lyon-Mo-dane-Turin*. So they were going to Italy, from Paris! Italy—why hadn't I planned to go there, instead? Europe is so upsetting, with its wealth of names! But I clenched my fists and shut my eyes and repeated tenaciously: *La Corse, la Corse!*

A crowded train; yelling travelers; sleepy-looking compartments; baggage-loaded corridors; the train to Lyon and Marseille. Where could I sleep? Third-class cars all bursting with people; impossible to stay here. So I moved up to the second-class cars. That was better—I

could at least put my bag on the floor and sit upon it in peace! Only I might have to pay extra if the conductor came along. Luckily he did not. Hours dragged themselves past—two, three, four, five. A sudden jerk of the train opened my startled, sleep-filled eyes. I had managed to slide into an almost horizontal position, my head couched on my baggage, and my face turned toward the ceiling. But, to my horror, a great bare toe stroked gently the end of my nose with each jolt of the moving car. Ugh—how inconsiderate are these French peasants, who insist upon solid home-comfort in the train, and take off shoes and socks to sleep, protruding their untrammelled feet often into the corridor, and even—this time at least—into their fellow-travelers' faces! I shoved the foot away, suppressing my strong desire to tickle it, and pulling forth my pocket handkerchief in great disgust, I unfolded it protectingly upon my outraged visage. Would morning *never come?*

It did come—and with it papal Avignon and Arles and Tarascon, all celebrated by Alphonse Daudet. *En plein Midi!* How nice it was to be so far away already and pushing ever onward! The great Rhone flowing at the left, and beyond it the glory of a sunrise in Southern France.

Noon brought Marseille, with Edmond Dantès' Château d'If, in the harbor, and a roar of city life all around. From the Place de la Gare one could see the lovely chateaux and gardens which surround the bay. But the train for Toulon—on the way to Nice and the Riviera—left almost at once.

It was magnificent, that ride from Marseille to the delightful seaport town of Toulon, with the rugged foothills of the French Alps on the left and the gorgeous blue of the Mediterranean expanse on the right. Now the train passed high above the water; now it swept down to its very edge, along the rocky crags, where lovely tropical flowers were waving with the branches of

the palm trees in the warm breeze which comes from the sea and sweeps the full length of the *Littoral*.

The little boat which I was to take for Corsica did not sail until nine-thirty that night; so I had ample time to wander all about Toulon, mingling with the gay sailors and their sweethearts—these in the brightest of dresses, those in blue uniforms, with deep red tassels on their tam-o-shanters. It was indeed a picturesque sight, those hundreds of couples, wandering arm in arm along the harbor, watching the fishermen come in as night fell, their little craft loaded with the fruits of a full day's labor. And dozens of little children played together on the wharf, hiding from one another behind the huge bales of cargo which were strewn everywhere. I had a delicious sea-food dinner, which I allowed to last full two hours, on the public square, sitting out of doors in front of the restaurant, where I could watch the passing show.

I had picked up an acquaintance on my trip to Toulon from Marseille—a Corsican named Angelino, if I remember correctly, who had shown me the greatest courtesy, initiating me into all the customs of Mediterranean travel. So it was that I discovered the necessity of claiming one's place on the outside deck early in the day, and had therefore placed my baggage on a folding chair, which I had rented for the voyage from one of the sailors on the shore. You see, those who travel third-class do not have the privilege of a cabin; but I was glad of it, for otherwise I should have missed one of the most thoroughly interesting experiences of my life.

There was a great aggregation of people on shore when the ship embarked. One heard nearly every language called from the vessel to someone on land. I think that life at Toulon is not so occupied but that one has always the time to go to see a ship sail or arrive. It reminded me of the sleepy villages here in Virginia, where all

the citizens come to see the train pass by! With a lurch and a heinous shriek from the whistles, the sailors hauled in the gang-plank, and we were leaving France! I watched for a long time the lights along the harbor, and regretted not a little to leave the picturesque town where I had passed so many charmed hours.

When the last light had faded in the distance, I went back to my deck-chair and settled down. My little Corsican, Angelino, was there before me, and we entered into a conversation in Italian. (I was soon to learn that Corsicans prefer Italian to French, even after a hundred years of French possession.) Around us were many young girls, going home after a year or two in France, and it did not take long for numerous flirtations to get under way. It was such fun hearing the sailors and girls chatter away together and suddenly burst forth into some lilting melody in French or Italian, or both. I remember particularly a tall thin Salty who prided himself upon his linguistic attainments and sang lustily sea-going ballads in some six or seven tongues. No one seemed to want to go to sleep, and I the least of any. Angelino took great pleasure in presenting me to different members of the crew—he evidently made the voyage frequently himself—and I wanted not a whit for company.

Fortunately it was a clear September night, and the sea was not unusually rough. I cannot recall a more enchanting spectacle than the rising of the moon, whose beams silvered completely the dark waves on which our ship was sailing. I had to pinch myself to be sure that I was not dreaming; it all seemed too wonderful for words, to be in such a thoroughly foreign element, sailing on the Mediterranean, in which I had swum for over an hour that very afternoon at Toulon! I watched, fascinated, the ever-changing scene which the sea and stars presented, and always, all around me, was the strumming of a ukulele, the incessant

crooning of soft voices, and the intermittent musical laughter of some girl, pleased no doubt at her own repartee.

I don't know at just what moment I allowed myself to fall asleep; but it could not have been very early in the evening, for it seemed quite close upon my last recollection that I became aware of excited voices and, opening my eyes, learned that we were reaching Corsica.

I got up from my chair, a bit cold and stiff from my night's journey exposed to the racing winds on an open sea, and went to the prow of the boat. In front of me, a little more than a mile away, I could discern a bright pink cliff rising sheer from the rolling blue of the waves. It was Corsica. As we neared it, the outlines of objects grew more and more distinct, and I could see a high stone wall on the top of the cliff, and behind it, steeples and rooftops and trees. The cliff itself was covered with a wealth of green vines, spotted generously with red. Angelino informed me that it was the *figue de Barbarie*, a vegetation peculiar to the Mediterranean lands. When I finally set foot on Corsican soil, I ate many of these figs and found them most delicious. The town which we were approaching is Calvi, which claims, in contestation to Genoa, to be the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. In fact, one of the children of the town conducted me to the very hut in which he is said to have been born. I shall not swear to the veracity of the tale, but I really did feel a certain thrill upon allowing myself to accept it.

I cannot go too much into detail, for if I did, I should end with a whole volume concerning the parts of Corsica which it was my pleasure to learn to know and love. But I should like to trace briefly, at least, the principal points of interest in my ten-day visit to the island home of the little corporal who became emperor.

Calvi itself is a delightful little fishing-village, nestled there on the northwestern

extremity of the island, across the bay from Ile-rousse (in Italian, *Isola rossa*, name infinitely preferred by the natives). I spent two days and a half there swimming in the gulf and chatting in delightful intimacy with the residents of the place. I had rented a room for twenty-five cents a day, in an inn which is kept by a very beautiful young woman and her sister. Their mother became particularly friendly when she learned that I could speak Italian and was not one of those "sacrés Français." Evidently she was of a generation which still resented the French invasion. I found almost immediately that the Corsican is an unusually hospitable person, glad to befriend the stranger who touches upon his shores and eager to learn all he can concerning that stranger's travels. So it was that I sat long hours in the evening under a palm tree, talking with those of the inhabitants who could stop a while at the inn on their way home from fishing or from tending the flocks on the hillside. I shall never forget the astonishment which these good people experienced when they learned that I spoke English too, and how they plead with me to teach them words for things in that language. There was one dark-eyed little girl of fourteen or fifteen who went with her mother, the village laundress, to wash clothes each day in the gulf. She had observed me attentively one afternoon as I was swimming near a certain reef which became my favorite point of departure and return; and when she and her mother passed in the evening, the little girl nudged her forbear to announce, doubtless, that I was the person whom they had remarked in the water some hours before. My good hostess called to them to stop with us a while, and so they did. People in Corsica seem always to have time enough to stop a while, no matter what the hour of day or night! The little girl became almost hysterical when I told her how to say "fishing-vessel" in that strange jargon which I

seemed able to reel out as naturally as could be. She could not conceive of any reason whatever for making such funny vocal noises to designate so simple an article of everyday existence (at least in Corsica) as a "*bateau de pêche*."

I really felt very sad upon quitting my newly-made friends at Calvi, and I promised to try to return to France *via* that port, if it should be at all possible. The charming hostess of the hotel packed me a bit of lunch to eat on the train, and I should most certainly have had to go through with a tearful farewell, had I not heard the whistle blowing and been forced to dash headlong to the station, leaping the fence to the railroad track, throwing my baggage on the car ahead of me, and racing frantically along with the train, which moved more and more rapidly, until I finally jumped on the bottom step, aided most thoughtfully by a train employee and a lady passenger.

The train was an invention all its own. I thought of the Toonerville Trolley, and almost began to look for the conductor! Among the passengers was a very lively young lady (who in America would have made a perfect ten-cent store clerk) wearing a flaming red dress with white spots, and chewing gum, or whatever it was, at an alarmingly rapid rate. She was from Bastia (which I *must* see if I really cared to know the best of Corsica), lived with her sister and brother-in-law there, and had been to France only once, three years ago, but never to Paris, which must be a really nice place. I thought I should groan if she said *Heureusement que* again, but managed to keep my *sang-froid* until she left the car at Corte.

Corte is nestled most picturesquely in the very heart of Corsica, high up in the mountains—so high up, indeed, that one of the peaks to the left of the town is always snow-capped. The name of the peak escapes me, despite the fact that a very proud native of Corte repeated it to me some

thousand times, until I thought it must be graven most legibly on my forehead. Be that as it may, Corte is another "garden spot of the world," with its rolling *châtaigneries* (acres and acres of chestnut trees) in all their summer verdure. Up to Corte, from Calvi, the trip had been a steady ascent. Now it began to slope downward to Ajaccio and the sea.

I must not fail to mention Ponte Lecchia, where I had to change trains, with a goodly wait of two hours. But I ate lunch by the side of a mountain stream, and enjoyed crossing a fascinating old bridge with a hump in the middle and several stones missing, which the Geonese had built heaven knows how many centuries ago. I took a picture of the bridge and one of Madame Filippi, an elderly lady dressed, as all Corsican ladies dress, in a long black costume, with a black kerchief over the head, on which she bore an enormous basket of something or other, like a Tuckahoe dorky! I promised, if the picture turned out well, to send her one from "the little box"; so I presume she has it now carefully framed, or at least securely nailed above her bed, beside her Crucifix!

We reached Ajaccio at about six in the evening, and I soon found a hotel, which was called *Hôtel du Golfe*, just like my hotel at Calvi. I never did straighten myself out altogether as to the proprietorship of the establishment, but I shall never quite forget the hordes of young women who swept, cooked, sang, waited on tables, and made themselves generally attractive to the transient, despite their daily chores. However, it is Madame Pasqualaccio who stands out foremost in my souvenirs of the *Hôtel du Golfe d' Ajaccio*. She must have been forty-five, because she appeared seventy. She learned that I was from Nancy, and immediately set her cap for me, because her daughter had eloped with a man from Lunéville (just outside Nancy) and lived in Nancy itself. She had a most peculiarly

fawning manner, and used to drive me nearly frantic stroking my arm or patting my shoulder, or punching me in the ribs or plumb in the stomach (which habit I thought altogether unworthy of a lady of her years, and, as she added, breeding). Her chief accomplishment was certainly the expert laundering of a shirt, for I found myself lacking in that detail, and confided to her care and treatment two or three of my best linen ones. I did so with fear and trembling. But my dear friend Pasqualaccio proved equal to the task, and brought them back next day white as snow and very neatly ironed. I think she asked the exorbitant sum of five cents apiece, but I am not sure. Yet, with all her ability in this line, the double-bed which I had was none too clean, and I received some terrific bite from a purely Corsican insect which has left a mark on my left wrist to this day. I regard this scar highly, nevertheless, as an absolute proof of my trip to Corsica!

Determined to explore the beauties of this section of the island, I entered bright and early one morning the American consulate, to ask advice. Of course, no one was there; so I had to go about the affair according to my own better judgment. I found an English travel agency which advertised itself as connected with the P-L-M (*Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée railway*), and entered its beckoning portals. Sure enough, despite the early morning hour—it must have been fully eleven o'clock—the clerk was in, and he supplied me smilingly with all the information I needed. The trips in automobile or autocar were fearfully expensive. I suggested this idea to him, and he told me of two young Englishmen who were planning to make the trip which in particular interested me. It was soon arranged that I should share expenses with them, thus going in a private car from Ajaccio to Piana, Evisa, and the Calanches, part of the Corsican mountain.

We started off early in the morning, the

three of us with a chauffeur, a native Corsican who prided himself upon his English, which I found far more easily understandable than that of my fellow-travelers. Only the *bonhomme* soon found that I knew something of his own tongue and, following the line of least resistance, he refused to speak another word of that jargon which had so thoroughly delighted the washerwoman's daughter at Calvi. Hence my trip was enlivened by the prospect of playing interpreter to my companions.

There is really little reason for my trying to describe the magnificent scenery which unrolled itself as we sped along over the mountain highways. Incidentally I was quite surprised and pleased to discover that this Mediterranean land had modernized itself to the extent of having a really "navigable" thoroughfare, even if the hotel conditions were a bit appalling. I say pleased, but I think I'm guilty of hyperbole; for it really is unfortunate that every nook and corner of our globe must be victimized by what the French call derisively "*confort américain*." I sometimes wonder if some fifty years hence one will be able to discover any section of the world where there are no modern highways, no modern hotels, no "*confort américain*," which is death itself to the picturesque and the death-knoll, certainly, to natural beauty.

Piana is a charming little village which has retained much of its erstwhile state. It is situated most advantageously on the shore, with the high mountain just behind it, so that the inhabitant has the advantage of sea and hill at the same time. There are numerous beauty-spots in the town itself, such as a quaint well whence the maidens of the villages fetch water throughout the day, and where the entire populace gathers at twilight to sing and dance, wearing their colorful attire.

We passed from Piana to Evisa, which is a remnant of the Greek culture that once flourished in Corsica. One of the most in-

teresting points of view from which to see Corsica seems to be that of history. At Evisa can be found vestiges of the Greek invasion; at Bastia and Bonifacio are genuine Roman remains; all over the island is the spirit of Italian civilization, and, of course, at the present time France dominates the entire land. I was fascinated in particular by a tiny Greek orthodox church situated in the heart of the village of Evisa. Here are Greek inscriptions on the wall and above the altar, and someone in the neighborhood told me that there are still several Greek families who attend services there, although the Greek language is not spoken among them. It is, however, used in the church service, I was told. Evisa is also 'twixt sky and sea, and is one of the most delightful spots I have ever known.

Leaving this bit of Greece cast far from the native shores, we mounted steadily toward the blue heights which we had been admiring all along the route. The ascent was indeed very steep, but worth the effort. The road is wide and serpentine, and the points of vantage over the ocean are numerous. We stopped at a small refreshment stand built out into space from a rocky crag. There was a swift breeze which mounted ever and anon, and I was told that this continued throughout the year, day and night. The view was magnificent—a tremendous expanse of rolling blue framed by the sheer, massive cliffs of the mountain, and topped by a clear blue sky which reflected the blue of the Mediterranean, or else whose blue was reflected by the Mediterranean. We were in the heart of the Calanches (which of course the guide announced in Italian, *Galancie*) which is a very beautiful formation of red rock. From below, these cliffs appear blue; but when one is in their midst, they are of a decided red hue, a result of the ferrous something or other, the guide explained. I can think of no better way to describe this unusual type of mountain scenery than suggesting

that one imagine a cave with its top ripped off, and a sea almost surrounding the whole—but a mammoth cave, whose stalactites and stalagmites be hundreds of feet in height and in diameter. We continued our ascent until we had reached the very topmost point of the Calanches, and there we remained to wander about and experience the much-desired and rarely-discovered sensation of being “on top of the world.”

But even a Corsican cicerone tires of this sort of thing, and so he urged us to climb into the car once more, assuring us that the descent was something even more remarkable than the climb up had been. Of course it was a trick of his whereby to get home to supper on time, and I scarcely blame him, since he must frequent Piana, Evisa, and the Calanches every day. Only I regret not having been able to remain in this quasi-paradise a bit longer.

And withal, the descent was a lovely drive. We came through several tiny hamlets whose names slip my memory and finally passed by Piana once more. We arrived in Ajaccio in time for supper, which I know must have been a great relief to the guide and his family. For, I reflected, as I gave him my tip, suppose they were having omelette and he had been late?

The next morning I consecrated to seeing the city of Ajaccio itself. It is indeed an interesting place, but it lacks much of the charm of the smaller towns, such as Calvi and Evisa. The chief point of interest is naturally the birthplace of Napoleon. And the citizens of Ajaccio, after the fashion of the best of Americans, capitalize to the utmost this bit of chance. Everything there is Napoleonic; from the dirtiest alleys to the most important public streets and public squares, one finds names reminiscent of the little corporal and his family.

The house in which he first saw the light is about ten minutes' walk from the sea, and about five from the large public place which is undoubtedly Place Napoleon or Place

Buonaparte! It is a large rambling structure without a front or side yard, and situated on the corner. One gets tickets for entry at a little house across the street. There is a *suisse* who greets you at the door. He must have been greeting people at the door this past century, for he is so antiquated that I kept wondering if he should be able to finish the tour of the huge old home alive. The ground floor is not very interesting, since it is always on the “first” floor that people really live in Europe. We were shown a large salon furnished in the most formal mode possible, and next to it a dining room which would surely drive miles hence the keenest appetite, so cold an atmosphere it has. Then came a small living room, where *Madame mère de Napoléon* is said to have spent most of her time. Next a bedroom, that of *Madame mère*. After this came the bed-room of Napoleon himself—the youngest child always sleeps near his mamma, even in Corsica—with a trap door through which it is whispered that young Buonaparte made his escape from some political enemies or other in such and such a year. He is supposed to have slipped quietly through this very door, to have glided noiselessly along the corridor of the ground-floor to the cellar door, and to have gone out through the basement to the side street. (The guide will show you the very street door through which he issued, when you go downstairs, so it is useless to crane through the window in an effort to discover it yourself.) It was shortly after this escapade that the corporal Buonaparte began to draw attention by his manoeuvres at Toulon, where Nelson lost an eye.

I cannot distinctly recall anything else about the Buonaparte home. Nearby in the town hall is a museum containing numerous portraits of members of the family, and one very large one of Napoleon I in his emperor's robes. The young woman who “explains” everything to you for a certain consideration will gladly set you straight on the

"who's who" of the Buonaparte family; but you will notice that all she has to say and more is written most legibly in two or three languages underneath each portrait, bit of uniform, or whatever the souvenir in question may be. Still, ladies in Corsica have to have a means of self-support, I suppose, and I am sure that Napoleon would rejoice to think that he can indirectly furnish this item to so many of the descendants of his fellow Corsicans!

The rest of my time I spent wandering about Ajaccio, swimming in the Mediterranean and turning daily browner and browner, eating *figues de Barbarie* to my heart's content, and picking up acquaintances at every turn of the path.

The little boat back to Nice sailed at about nine in the morning. I was glad of the opportunity to travel on the Mediterranean by day—but alas, the sea was tempestuous, and when you travel *fourth class* (I *did* going back, for the boat contained so low a grade) it is altogether unpleasant.

I hated to leave the little island where I had spent so happy a vacation—surely the most interesting of my life. But there was nothing else to do; so I mustered up the courage to get my return ticket, packed my bags, bought fruit enough to last the voyage through, and climbed on board just before the gang-plank went up. There was less of a crowd at Ajaccio to see us leave than there had been at Toulon, for Ajaccio is really quite a city and furnishes plenty of other means for killing time. My eyes drank in to their fill the animated scene which the harbor presented as we gradually pulled away. It was market day, and that speaks for itself, even in America. Add to it the excitability of a meridional group, and you can doubtless conceive of the picture which still lies plainly imprinted in my mind's eye.

I finally settled down in my deck chair (I believe I swiped this one, I am not sure, but at any rate finances were at rock-bot-

tom) and had just started to doze off, when I was startled rudely by a terrific noise immediately behind me. I did not jump overboard from astonishment, but retained my equilibrium and merely turned round to discover the cause of so much commotion, of so rude an awakening. It was easy to ascertain. Immediately behind me were four donkeys, whose presence had escaped me until then. And they had decided that traveling on sea was not what it is "cracked up to be," very evidently, for they were braying as though their hearts would break. But no one seemed to care; no nurse-maid came to quiet their wailings, and the poor beasties finally decided to suffer in silence. I am glad they did.

At about noon people began to eat their lunches—fruit and sandwiches. The stench of donkeys, banana peelings, garlic, and oranges soon became almost unbearable. I left my place and slipped cautiously up to the first-class deck. No one seemed to observe me, so I stationed myself right in the prow of the ship, where I could at least breathe freely, and could watch the rolling sea. I almost became sea-sick, which mortified me greatly, since I never had been so before. But the Mediterranean presents a problem all its own. However, I retained my self-respect and tried to be nonchalant by reading Alfred de Musset. Unfortunately I chose *A quoi rêvent les jeunes filles?* which I found almost as nauseating as the stormiest sea, despite the fact that I am quite an enthusiast for Musset. Perhaps it was the environment. Some day I shall give the play another trial, but on land—not on sea!

We passed several vessels, and somebody suggested that Italy could be seen at the right. I really did remark a stretch of land far off on the horizon, but I am not thoroughly convinced that it was Italy. We reached Nice at about nine in the evening. The large harbor lined with lights presented quite a lovely aspect as we drew near.

The people on the ship began to get excited, and the commotion spread throughout every deck. I was myself quite glad to be reaching the shore again, after so unpleasant a voyage, and I crowded up to the place where I knew the gang-plank was to be hung. And so, for once in my life, I was the first among the passengers to set foot on shore. It was with a feeling of profoundest relief. But the only part of the whole *voyage en Corse* which I had regretted was the ill-smelling journey to Nice. And at thirty steps from the customs house that odor had gone, and I began already to enhance the passage with a halo of romance! So is it ever, fortunately, that we forget the unpleasant details to let the happy ones dominate our memory.

When I found a hotel capable of sheltering me for the sum which I felt able to afford, I counted up my expenses for the trip—thus far twenty-eight dollars (including the return ticket to Nancy, the boat to and from Corsica, hotels, meals, automobile and train fare on the island, tips, dozens and dozens of postal cards and postage for them, one or two inexpensive objects which I had purchased for souvenirs, and the ten cents which Madame Pasqualaccio had asked for laundering two linen shirts!)

I did not go straight home from Nice, where I stayed two days. I decided to take a few days' leave and go into Italy, *via* Torino. And so I did, returning to Nancy by Modane. But that's another story.

PERRY CORNELL DECHERT

GOING TO FRANCE FOR STUDY

MORE and more the idea is growing that our teachers of French can and ought to study in France. This was the key-note of the meeting of the modern language teachers of Virginia in Richmond last November. We

read that the New York Board of Education recently approved of no fewer than 947 requests for leave of absence for study abroad, and that, of the foreign students at the Sorbonne, about 50 per cent are American. Although not considered university students in France unless already in possession of the Bachelor's degree, 5,000 Americans were reckoned as "serious students" last year in Paris. Ten times this number from our land are residents of that city.

From the Institute of International Education (2 West 45th Street, New York City) may be had valuable information as to available fellowships and other sources of help, financial and general—for instance, through their *Handbook for American Students in France* and their bulletin on *Fellowships and Scholarships Open to American Students for Study in Foreign Countries*.

Most fellowships of this kind are for teachers and other graduate students, but the group of Smith College juniors and the Delaware University group (of undergraduates from more than a score of American colleges and universities) are notable examples of how admirably is working the plan of the "Junior Year Abroad"—in which students with definite programs of study and under suitable supervision achieve such fine results.

The Delaware group had this past year, among its 67 members, 16 to whom the Institute of International Education had awarded \$300 scholarships and four who had won \$1,000 fellowships through that channel. Among the four was Perry Cornell Dechert, of Harrisonburg, who has an article elsewhere in this issue.

Edwin C. Byam, of the University of Delaware, gave, in the *French Review* for February, interesting figures concerning their group of the preceding year.

This also numbered 67, but four withdrew "either voluntarily or involuntarily."