I approached to the Sun, the less I saw of His Majesty. The truth is, that the month of April or May is the best month for the mountains or interior of the island. No invalid should travel here in the month of March. As our driver said, March is the month for caps and bonnets, and she changes them daily with the fickleness of female caprice. It is the only month, however, which tries the perennial geniality of this climate. The mountains now seem full of clouds, which are a reservoir of rain and snow. The clouds above them may hang heavily; when all at once the sky and sea are changed, and we have the air and shine of an English June. One thing, however, never occurs to mar our enjoyment: it is not cold; never, unless you ascend very high into the snow-mountains. That you can do; for the roads are excellent to every part of the island.

Before we start, it is best to procure one of the departmental maps, issued by authority of the French Government. The French engineering is nearly perfection. Not only so because of the roads which the engineers construct, but because they publish their labours in such perfect style and with such abundant detail. Arrondissements, communes, post routes, bureaux of letters, big towns and little towns, Roman and Moorish ruins, châteaux, the canals of irrigation, and even the population; but, most useful of all, the routes are marked with precision. The Corsican roads are of three kinds: the imperial, the departmental, and forest roads. There is not much difference in the quality of these roads, strange as you may think it. The English roads are not better. Except here and there where the big timber carts have rutted them, they are superlatively excellent. The Central Park Commissioners of New York, with all their police, taste, vigilance, and skill, have not made any

better roads for equestrians or carriages than we found in the very midst of mountains here, four or five thousand feet above the sea. This is owing mostly to good engineering. It is due somewhat to cheapness of labour and proximity of good stones for macadamizing. The water is drained skilfully and

runs harmlessly from or under the road.

Yet, with all this expense and care, comparatively few, as yet, use these roads. On a ride of four days we met not one carriage. The diligence goes; donkeys and women—(excuse me for the connection)—bearing burdens, and the famous tough, ill-kept, but spirited Corsican pony—these are to be met with; but it is such a rarity to meet a carriage that when we pass through the mountain towns all the population turn out to see!

This may account for the trouble we had in obtaining a conveyance. At Ajaccio, but one man, Jean, had carriages, and he had but few. These were already let. We found what is called a breck at another unpretentious stable—owned by one Rivies It is a cross between a small uncovered omnibus and a jaunting car. We paid for it twenty francs a day, and had to 'eat the driver.' When I proposed, in a horrible way, manger le cocher, that humble person standing near-Caggini, by name-was not merely pale, he was paralysed! He thought it was an American custom. To give drink—pour boire—is a common and rather expensive custom all through France; but we had improved on it. I do not complain, however, of our vehicle, and I found Caggini very brisk and serviceable. We had a very pleasant day to start, all Sunbeams. Our first route lay along the sea from Ajaccio to the north. We took the Imperial route, which has nearly been completed round the island. It has only one gap, soon to be filled. We started on the rise from Ajaccio. As we gained the heights, we perceived a good deal of cultivation. Besides the sheep-pastures, there were patches of bright green, which we find to be flax, and vine-yards in plenty along the terraced mountain sides.

The sheep are nearly all black; one white for twenty of that hue. The white are small, and have coarse wool: the black have a sort of hair-much used here and elsewhere for mattresses. Their hair is long and nearly straight. I might call them a little "conservative." The mountains and valleys were dotted with them as thickly as Carlyle's page with capital letters. A shepherd, here and there, was on the watch, with his dog. Occasionally he would hurl a stone at the flock to remind them that they were under supervision. Goats were nearly as common as sheep; but they looked and acted more like vagrants. Indeed, the goats have much to answer for in Corsica. They have spoiled the land. They live around among the macchie or brushwood, and are voracious of every green thing. They furnish nearly all the A cow here is a curiosity. We like the goat's milk, especially the broccio, or curd boiled in sweet milk. Among the picturesque objects to be met with upon the roads in the mountains, are the processions of country women, bearing upon their heads large boards covered with little dainty baskets, in which the broccio is moulded and borne to market. It was not uncommon to see the milk dripping, in unctuous rivulets, from the baskets about the handkerchief-clad heads of the bearers.

Have I mentioned the moufflins, or wild sheep? They are very common, and have been much hunted. They are larger than the tame sheep. They are more like deer than sheep. Their horns are thick and bend forward. You can easily separate them in

your judgment from the goats. They are thoroughly conservative—as to hair; but their colour is mixed—and an eye like that of Genius, quick and fine. They are hunted by dogs and men. When caught they are easily tamed, and become pets with the children as affectionate as dogs, when domesticated. They are, and they are not tender of their foster mother. They instead of milk. Indeed, everything in Corsica has a the animal life.

On our upward way we perceived villages upon the mountains, perched high, like all the little towns on the Italian and French coast; so high, that during the invasions of the Saracens, they were comparatively protected in their rock-bound strongholds. on the road, occasionally, women carrying on their heads their burdens of broccio, wine, fruit, or faggots, and invariably knitting as they walk. Now and then they ride upon the donkey, and ride—will you believe it?—à califourchon, astraddle. Indeed, I met, upon a donkey, a man riding upon a side-saddle and a woman behind him astride on the meek little bearer of burdens. Our upward route was splendid, having now and then entrancing glimpses of the sea, which was lashing itself against the rocks, and blanched with beauty. Alata on the left, Appietto, farther on, and the almost unpronounceable Calcatoggia village, show that somebody does live hereabouts, though cottages and huts are scarce outside of the hamlets and in the country. At last, after some dozen miles of ascent, we reach the chapel of St. Sebastian. Here we have a famous spot for sea views. We obtain a glimpse of

the white-clad mountains on our right, into whose heart we are to penetrate, and whose glistening scenery beckoned us thither. There is one peasant living near the chapel. His house is a jail-like, stony edifice. The smoke comes out of the windows and doors. The cactus is abundant. The 'proprietor' is, as all proprietors are here, clad in cheap brown velvet cloth. He seemed utterly at leisure. The land is cut up into little patches, sometimes separated by stone walls or hedges of the macchie, but, on the whole, it looks desolate. The little dashes of green which smile as the sun glances upon them through the changing clouds, give some relief to the general desolation.

As we wind our way round mountain sides and over the valleys and under the shadow of overhanging rocks, we discern, in cultivated places, workmen in gangs, either digging round the olive, making terraces, or working the soil for the vine; or, what is very common, making holes in the ground to hold the rain, to assist the work of irrigation. Indeed, the vineyards, which furnish the full-bodied wines of Corsica, are everywhere perforated with holes. Every other hole has in it a labourer. As we go by, he rests upon his spade, and wiping the sweat from his brow, respectfully lifts his Phrygian cap, with a 'buon giorno.' If he were before the footlights he would make a capital personation, in attitude and costume, of the grave-digger in Hamlet. But who are these workmen? Not Corsicans. The small 'proprietor,' who wears his velvet clothes, and owns a few chestnut or olive trees, or his flock of goats and sheep; and his more wealthy neighbour, who has his vineyard or lemon grove in some sequestered valley, are not the workmen of this isle. These gangs of labourers are Lucchesi. They live in Italy. They come over to Corsica for a few months, make and save a few

hundred francs, and return to their homes. They work for two francs a day. In their industrial and economic migrations, they are like our Chinese; and are equally despised by their superiors. In fact, they are the only labourers of this land, so favoured by sky and sun, and so neglected by the 'proprietors.' What work the Lucchesi do not do here, the women do.

Before leaving St. Sebastian, the ladies of our party, not content with glances at the sea through the magic aerial mountain prospective so eulogized by Ruskin and so illustrated by Bierstadt, led me, not unwilling, along a steep track for a mile beyond the chapel on the road, to a point overlooking the coast and almost overhanging the wild foam beneath. There, amidst jagged and ragged rocks, ripped and torn by the mad elements from a dateless epoch, we enjoyed view upon view, 'splendour far sinking into splendour without end.' Far along the shore to the south, and reaching along the Culf of S. along the Gulf of Sagone to the north, even as far of as the Greek colony of Carghese (which we afterwards found lost no beauty by being near to it), the eye could see, in the clear air, made more clear by the bright cerulean of the water, all the indentations of this wonderful coast. The sea was not calm. It made me think of Tennyson's line:-

'League-long rollers thundering on the shore.'

The immediate surroundings of this romantic spot were beyond all expression wild and grand. At the extreme point of the promontory there was an amphitheatre, resembling in form the Cirque or Oule, peculiar to the Pyrenees, except that the latter is a basin for water, while the former is as dry and warm the rocks can be under winter sunbeams. The walls, and especially the varied shapes of loose and scattered

rocks, give the impression at some distance of human handicraft, and even human beings. The semi-circle might, with no extravagance of fancy, be likened to a grand granite Congress. True, these petrified Congressmen were as silent as Congress is not. Their postures were rather stiff for eloquent gentlemen. Their heads—I speak with parliamentary respect, under the rules—were hard. We picked out of the group the notabilities. There was one half-boulder, halfgranite sort of member, whom we all agreed was a general as much renowned in debate as in war-in discussion as in concussion. With all regard to the proprieties, I clambered on the top of this honourable member's bald head, and undertook, under the fiveminute rule, to give him voice. The surf below bellowed its applause. The lizards, which were lobbying around, came out to see. An occasional goat looked down from the galleries of rock above and seemed to shake his head and beard in grave acquiescence. My time expired. Down came the gravel and down came I. The ladies called the previous question, which was 'lunch,' and we were soon off to the chapel again. Thence, for the mountains, striking eastward for St. Andrea upon a forest or bye road.

Even this road gave our Corsican ponies but little trouble. We reached the small village of St. Andrea; and having bowed to the old curate standing before the church, we were greeted heartily by him in return. Learning that we were American, he tendered what we have invariably received in this island from the Catholic priests, the utmost of courtesy. They are as scholarly as they are urbane. Indeed it astonished us not a little, being such strangers, to receive such unbounded attention. 'Would we alight? Would we enter his church? What do we think of Corse?' He eulogizes the wine of St. Andrea. 'Would we do

him the honour to try it?' We did. Under the convoy of some twenty children who had gathered about us with inquisitive eyes, we drive through the little village, down a narrow street, so narrow that our hubs grazed the houses on either side, and are met by the curate and a delegation of his flock. One of the latter bears a platter with two bottles of wine and three glasses. The white wine is for the ladies; the red—a full-blooded, spirited wine, emblematic of the fiery qualities of the Corsicans—is for the gentleman. Healths to the priest; to America; to Corsica; and blessings from the heaven above, so bright and so near! May it ever be near to the venerable father! Before we go, we desire to present something substantial for the wine and kindness. Our douceur was offered to the curate: 'No, I offered the wine with my heart.' Then to the cup-bearer, 'Oh no, monsieur! we are not poor.' Finally to the church we offered it, and it was accepted. With many kind farewells, we were again on our upward way. meet one of the guards of the royal forests, gun on shoulder, and dressed in green. We talk with him. He will not drink. He is on duty. He looks quite like a picturesque forester.

All along this route the sides of the road are white with a fringe of marguerites. The shrubs furnish a surfeit of perfume as evening comes. The bells tinkle upon sheep and goat in the valleys far below. Our afternoon is one oft-repeated exclamation! Magnificent! glorious! We reach the chestnut groves; but they alone are leafless. No winter sunbeams clothe their branches. Then the forests of ilex or evergreen oaks appear. These, like the rocks, are old, storm-worn, and twisted. Each one is a picture;

almost a grove of itself.

It may not be amiss here to say a word about the

chestnut. It is the bane and the blessing of Corsica. It grows in the higher latitudes. It requires no care, as the olive does. It never fails to yield a crop. It is more plentiful on the eastern side of the island. In fact, there is on that side a circle of land, called Castagniccia, or chestnut country. There the people live almost entirely on chestnuts. Where the chestnut forests abound, a little olive oil, a little wine, a few figs, and sometimes a kid or a wild sheep complete the diet. To this chance food, the chestnut, picked without labour, may be attributed much of the improvident, lazy, and independent habits of the Corsicans. The dry chestnut is given as food to the horses. They like it. It is hard, but they grind it in their mouths as a sweet morsel. The people use it roasted sometimes, but generally made into flour. It is said that there are twenty-two dishes made out of the chestnut in Corsica! The chestnut cakes we had at Cauro, from an old brigand hunter, were delicious and nutritious. They are baked in square, flat pans, and have the colour of our buck-wheat. When the Pisans, Genoese, and French undertook to subjugate Corsica, the 'Chestnut Boys' beat them. Their rations cost little. Hemmed in by mountains and rocks, or hiding in caves, while other parts of the island succumbed to the voke of the foreigner, the independent chestnut-eater was unsubdued. It is not a new kind of food here. It is as old as the earliest traditions of the island. When Æneas deserted Dido, and when his companion, Corso, a bad young man, from whom the island is named, eloped with Dido's niece, Miss Sico (hence Corse-Sico), and when the young people were followed hither by the irate brother of the bride, they celebrated their honeymoon in a chestnut grove, had baked chestnuts for breakfast, chestnuts à la poulet for dinner, and chestnut cakes for supper.

mother of Napoleon, it is known, had a dairy, when at Paris, for goats' milk and broccio. Doubtless the young and old Napoleons preserved this family affection for the food of their native land. There is a good deal of fight in chestnuts. The brigands, who have hardly yet been exterminated, had a constant and ready supply of this home-made, belligerent aliment. They retired on it to their fastnesses and defied starvation and surrender. Perhaps the world is indebted for

its Bonapartes—to chestnuts!

Above the region of chestnuts, is that of the live oak; then the big larches, 170 feet high; then the beech and birch; and then the ever-during snows. In saying so much about the Corsican trees, it would be unfair to omit the olive. The tree does not grow here so large as on the Riviera coast, but it is very productive. If one tithe of the expense and time put upon the olive on the coast were bestowed on it here, the yield would be immense. The olive requires care and skill. These the Luchesi, who are mere labourers, do not give. All the care given to the olive is by the women. The olive requires water, and water here can be had only by directing it into reservoirs and thence Corsice Pink the trees. The olive is indigenous to Corsica. Birds bear the stones about the isle. These little olive-planters are almost as thick as the leaves amidst which they hide and carol. When these bird, borne seeds grow up they are called 'sauvage olives. Not many years ago, the authorities took a census of the savages. They then numbered twelve millions. Two years ago Corsica showed at a fair 250 different specimens of olive oil. Were this land in America, with its sweet sun and energy of soil, as yet unworn by tilling, what a revenue it would bring! How many of these young 'savages' would be civilized! How they would set off—æsthetically speaking—with 600) 2.250 000

their sombre green, the pale pink blossoms of the almond and the gorgeous pink of the peach! How the rich verdure and golden fruit of orange and lemon would contrast with the foliage of that tree which has been made sacred by its memories of Olivet and the Holy Land! How the endless macchie, the myrtle tree, the arbutus, with its red, ripe berry, and the laurustinus, would make this island a magnificent bouquet worthy to be laid before the Olympians! Yet many of these fragrant and beautiful plants are being made into-charcoal. The bright, blue flags of smoke which float here and there upon the mountain sides, proceed from the carbon-makers. The heavyladen carts we meet have their sacks full of black diamonds—for is not the diamond of carbon? The cuisine of France, so celebrated, is lighted by the coals which are made from the most aromatic plants known to the sun and earth! In fact, the sunbeams I have searched for and found, afford, in one analysis, the fuel for cooking the elegant viands which furnish the entertainments of millionaires and kings!

There is little work in the Corsican; but how much he might produce from his isle! Out of the two millions and a quarter of acres of which Corsica is composed, it is estimated that only one six-hundredth part is under cultivation! In a land where the seasons are one—even as the sun is one—and where perpetual vegetable life is the law, the great body of the 250,000 people of the island are content with chestnuts and the memory of Paoli, goat's curd and the glory of Napoleon! Instead of soldiers everywhere seen, we might see fewer goatherds, more shepherds, and still more

labourers in vineyards and around olives.

In the elder day, Rome was mistress here. There are innumerable traces of her power and greatness. Witness the ruins, coins, aqueducts, and theatres!

This isle, then, had 2,000,000 of people. Now the labourers are imported, and the French government pays ten dollars to help Corsica, while she gets one in revenue! Yet the isle is pre-eminently rich in undeveloped wealth. Not to speak of wines and woods, olives and oranges; marbles and porphyry—precious stones, incident to its mountains—are here found in abundance. Lead is found at Barbaggio. But there are two things lacking—capital and enterprise. Now that Corsica is recommended by eminent physicians as a sanitary resort—not as the rival, but as an adjunct of the Riviera of Italy and France—travellers will come. They will observe. They will print their observations. Already my eminent friend, Dr. Henry Bennet, in his volume of 'Winter in the South of Europe,' has called attention to facts and deductions, showing the advantages of Corsica for its climatic and remedial influences in some pulmonary disorders. Corsica owes him a lasting debt of gratitude.

Hitherto the island has been so far apart from the ordinary routes of travel that few have observed, even what has fallen under my eye. I think the very wildness, not to say, reputed inaccessibility, of these mountains, with their great forests and ready subsistence, have had much to do in forming the Corsican character. They have left Corsica fifty years behind its neighbours. The people are made hardy, independent, and defiant, but vengeful and lazy. But they were full of heroes. Della Rocca, Sampriero, Paoli, Napoleon—a constellation—and, I may add (for I have seen him, yet alive, in his own garden, where his great General Napoleon planted lemons and wandered when a lemons and these wandered, when a boy), General Sebastiani,—these illustrate the martial daring and obstinate character of the Corsican. The people, naturally, are very proud of these names; and but for Napoleon, they say, their

soil would not now be a part of France. Indeed, it is common to hear them say: France did not annex Corse—Corse annexed France!

As I think over the salient points of the Corsican character, I forget that we are on the road. Night is coming on, and clouds and storms are gathering over the mountains above us. We are several hours from our destination. We are nearly 3000 feet above the sea, and have just in view the town of Sari. We meet a "solitary horseman." He is coming down the mountain by a by-path. We inquire of him our "Three hours yet to Vico." He dismounts from his pony; asks me to ride it. Without any bridle, only a rope halter; with a saddle almost as big as the pony, and stirrups as big as the saddle,—I mounted. My companion is a "proprietor"—has a vineyard of two acres—is curious about America. I explain to him the homestead law. He looks incredulous. One hundred and sixty acres! and all that, for next to nothing! He shrugs his shoulders. He points out to me the mountains, by name. To the east is the range of Monte Rotondo. It is the highest in the island, 9000 feet! It is surrounded by other mountains of less altitude. The mountains we are now ascending are covered with vegetation and forests. The range of Rotondo is made up of pinnacles, towers, castles,—as grand as anything I have seen in the Alps. If not, they seem so; from our having such grounds of vantage for observing them. I ask my conductor of the pony, half playfully: "Why is it, that here on this mountain, we have oaks and chestnuts; the laurustinus and purple cyclamen, ferns, and violets-foliage, flower, shrub, tree-all in such tropical profusion; while right yonder, as if in reach of our voice, is rock and snow-desolation, sublime desolation?" He gives me for answer, with much seriousness: "It is the caprice of the Eternal Father." An answer worthy of the scene.

From the spot where I left my pony and his "proprietor," I counted fourteen conspicuous peaks, each white with a "diadem of snow." Above them hangs the threatening storm, in rolling masses of clouds. The air grows cool, then cold. The wind blows wildly. We are summoned to walk; for our ponies have come to a halt. We can barely see the thread of our road, winding around and above and before us. lights of Vico shine afar like stars. The convent is reached and regretfully passed, for we had letters to those in charge of the institution. Soon we are at the hotel of Vico, bearing the imposing title of Hotel Pozzo di Borgo. It is named after one of the illustrious families of Corsica, represented at Ajaccio, and very wealthy. The hotel itself is kept by one of the family. It is the same family whose escutcheon may be seen on a Genoese palace in Ajaccio. That palace was built by the famous diplomatist Carlo Andrea di Borgo. One of the Borgos, Carlo Maria, was, in the earlier days of the French Revolution, a rival of Joseph Bonaparte for popularity in Corsica. He was a lawyer; quarrelled with the Bonapartes; took the side of Paoli and the English against the French, and was made Procureur Général under the brief English rule. the Bonapartes rose he followed their star with true Vendetta hate. He entered the Russian service; and, on the field of Waterloo, saw the fall of the rival family. He died, in 1842, very rich and distinguished. His relatives keep the hotel at Vico. It is curious that here there are the strangest contrasts of fortune and position in members of the same family. very wealthy and eminent, some are hirelings and servants. The relationship may be recognised by both; but the pride of the poor relations is indomitable, and

there is no intercourse. The mother of this Vico-Borgo family did the cooking and the daughters the work for the inn. The latter received us at the door of the bleak, three-story, stony hotel. The invariable handkerchief was upon their heads. We enter and find traces of refinement. A guitar is peeping from a closet and an embroidery frame is near. We are met, on entrance, not alone by the daughters, but by a bouquet of unpleasant odours. I cannot commend the fragrance of the Corsican hostelry as I do that of the macchie. Soon a fire greets us. These are not the radiant beams we are in search of; but they are comforting. We change our wet garments and prepare for our supper. The rooms are not plastered; only flooring for ceiling. The windows have a touch here and there of fractured glass. The ventilation, for an invalid, is rather too free. The dinner comes: chicken, kid, beefsteak, no butter; but the broccio does its office. We slept soundly, and were awakened in the morning by the crowing of chickens in the-hotel, and by the sound of the Sabbath bells reverberating through the valley from convent and church. The storm has gone by; but the weather is only changing its cap. I must seek advice before venturing further into the mountains.

We had started from Ajaccio for the great forest above Evisa; the forest where the wild boar and the bandit, the great larches and the snows, hold their sway. We desired to see the celebrated trees, known as the King and Queen. This forest is some 4700 feet above the sea. It is known as Valdoniello, or the Black Forest of Corsica. Corsica is written down in ancient lore as shaggy and savage. Theophrastus, Strabo, and others, mention its rugged inaccessible nature, covered with dense forests, whose excellent timber has been celebrated in all ages. These classic

writers illustrate the Corsican character by the ruggedness of these wildernesses. Although they attribute to the people a rude sense of justice (La Vendetta?) they regard them as wilder than the beasts and more undid not make than their lands. The truth is the Corsicans did not make good slaves. It was impossible to accustom them to domestic habits. Their mountains and forests, which have survived all the changes of man, still remain to attest these ancient accounts. Immense pieces of timber, drawn by some half-dozen or more mules on some sort of "timber wheels," the timber dragging its long length upon the ground, were frequently met by us on our journey thither. They furnished impulses for us to go up still higher. We were told of one tree, already felled and hewn, so large that there was no team big enough or lumbermen enterprising enough to haul it out. It would bring 2000 francs in Genoa. If only it could be taken to the sea, it would almost supply timber for a ship. Maine or Michigan lumberman would not long hesitate to undertake the job.

I had a note of introduction to the doctor of the village—Dr. Multido. I called on him. He was a young man of fine presence. He had been educated at Marseilles, was a native of Vico, and had just inherited a fortune of 200,000 francs from his uncle, the curate. He gave us all the information we desired, and advised us to go as far as Evisa and to watch for the storm. After a hearty breakfast, during which we were waited upon by a fat girl who brought the "things in" on her head and who did not look as cleanly as her glasses and spoons,—after many good wishes from with many misgivings and amidst a crowd which must have comprehended half the town,—our driver snapped his whip at the ponies, and we were off. So was an