

THE IONIAN ISLES

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see Nausicaa. I had no desire to see her mummified in a coffin like Saint Spiridion. I wanted her with some life in her eye and grace in her limbs. Is it unreasonable to ask a girl to keep her youth for twenty-five or thirty centuries? If the fountain of perpetual youth is to be found anywhere, is it not in this land of fruit and flowers?

We applied at the old residence, but the princess had moved. The garden was blooming, but where was the maid? I felt confident that we must go to some of the wash pools to find her. Gastouri, a suburb of the town, is renowned for the beauty of its women, — why not there? Mavilla declares that “the drives on the island of Corfu are beyond the power of pen or camera,” which may be a gentle hint to me that *I* must not attempt to describe them. “Even the warmth of the painter’s brush is unsatisfactory. The sweetness of the air, the delicious heat of the November sun, and the fascination of being there are inseparable.” Nevertheless, Mavilla would have been sorry enough if I had not taken my camera. Perhaps the hint, after all, is that I had better quote from her diary instead of trying to improve on it:

“We saw but few people as we drove toward the Empress of Austria’s summer palace. One or two little whitewashed cottages basked in sunny gardens. Under the trees by the roadside were shepherds with their flocks, idle and peaceful, as if life contained neither care nor worry. In front of a group of tiny cottages sat three old women, spinning in the sunshine. I was sure that they were the sister Fates, and so looked anxiously for the shears. Evidently